





UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS  
LIBRARY

Class

052

Book

DW

Volume

76

Ja 09-20M





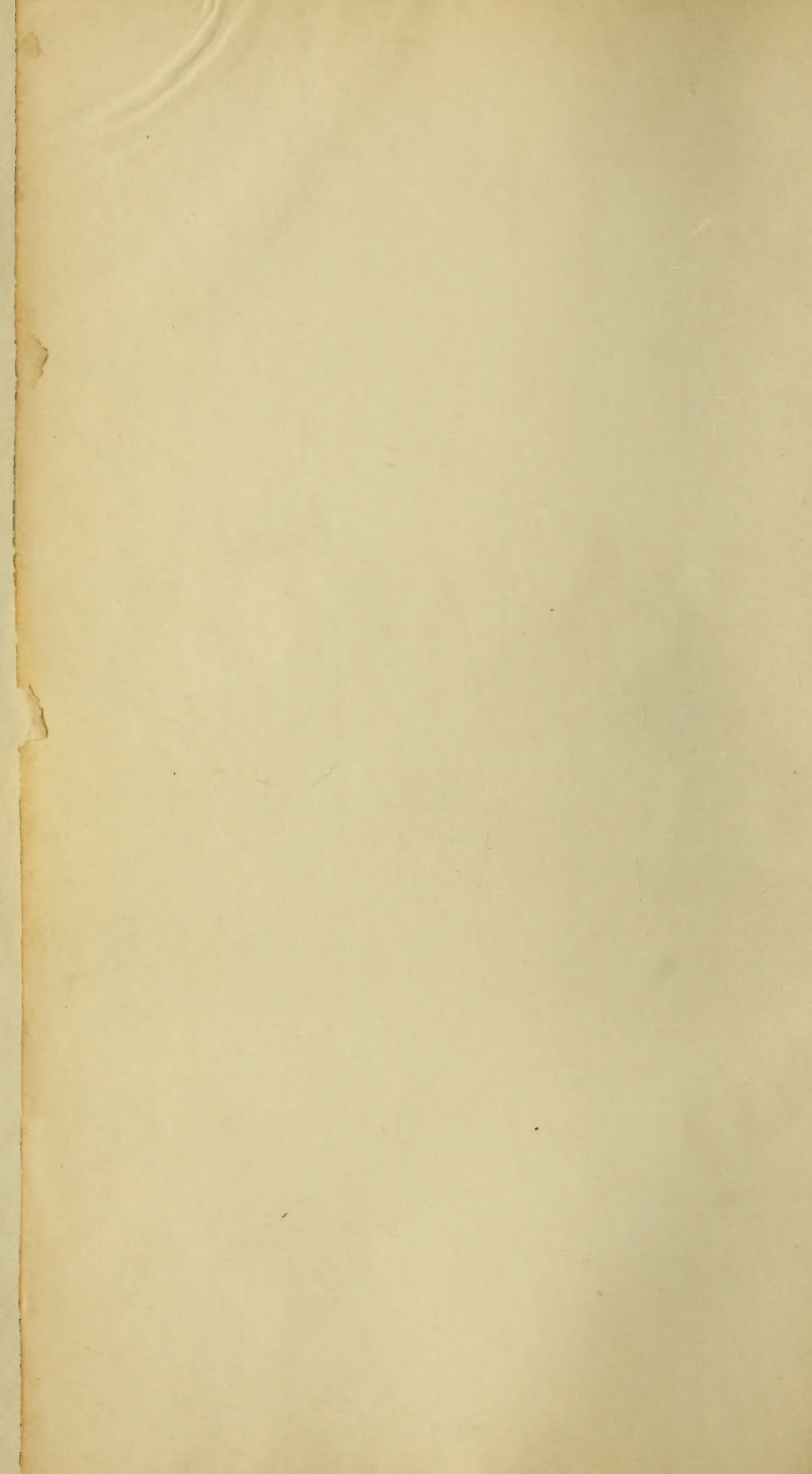














DUBLIN  
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE,

A

Literary and Political Journal.

VOL. LXXVI.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1870.

DUBLIN:  
GEORGE HERBERT, 117, GRAFTON-STREET.  
HURST & BLACKETT, LONDON.

---

MDCCCLXX.

052  
IIU  
v.76

LONDON:

C. F. ADAMS, PRINTER, BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE,  
WEST SMITHFIELD.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
LIBRARY



# INDEX TO VOL. LXXVI.

## Ancient Magic, Legal and Illegal:—

What is meant by Magic; Analogies in the Hindoo and Mohammedan Systems; Demoniacal Possession; the Influence of the Imagination and the Will on the Faculties; Lunacy at a Premium in the Old Times; the Oracles; Search for Health, &c., in the Oracle Caverns; the Cavern of Trophonius; how the Priests Used and Abused their Power; how the Oracles gave Information; Decay of Paganism; Purification under Difficulties; some undesirable Pagan Legacies; the Fireside Story a Pagan Relic; 121.

Antipodean Highwaymen; 280.

A Parson's Experience about Sermons; 460.

A Sylvan Story (Poetry); 676.

Britany in Transition;—The Difficulties of a Local Legend Hunter; St. Malo and Chateaubriand; a Search for a Pardon; the North-West Coast and its Stone Desert; the Land's End; a Second Visit to Finisterre; Traffic Peculiarly Breton; Loose Threads gathered up; 241.

Charles Dickens. In Memoriam. (Poetry); 108.

Christmas Eve; or, The Sale of Cloonmore; 688.

Confession and Absolution; 331.

Constancy (Poetry); 96.

Clona of Munster. An Ancient Fairy Legend; 481.

Culdees (The Irish); 706.

Danaë. From Simondes. (Poetry); 399.

Day in the Cleveland District (A); 263.

Dining in Rome; 468.

Druids and their Religion (The); 38.

English Rule in Ireland; 83.

Episode in the Life of Sontag; 529.

Exclusive Intelligence. Reminiscences of an Elderly Member of the Fourth Estate. Fonthill Abbey; 196.

Excerpts from a Clergyman's commonplace Book; 355.

Fairy-Land; 591.

French Defeats and French Victories; 646.

Great Singers of the Last Century (The); 447.

Group of Old Stones (On a); 550.

Highway of Cloud (The); 676.

Holiday Notes; 389.

How I got Cured of Consumption; 200.

Illusions of Youth (The); 478.

Incidents of Early Christianity in Ireland; 437.

Irish Culdees (The), and their Abbey of Monaincha; 706.

Introduction of Christianity and of St. Patrick (The); 321.

Jottings from my Journal. Part II.; 78.

Lazarus (Poetry); 150. †

Leaves on the Stream; 117.

Lord Chancellors of Ireland (Lives of the), from A.D. 1186 to 1870; 54; 161; 255; 378; 518; 635.

Love and Strength (Poetry); 359.

Massimo D'Azeglio and his Recollections; 508.

Monks of the West (The). From St. Benedict to St. Bernard; 349.

MRS. GREVILLE; or, TWICE HER AGE; Chaps. IX., X., XI.; 97.—Chaps. XII., XIII., XIV.; 186.—Chaps. XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX., 301.—Chaps. XXI., XXII., XXIII., XXIV., XXV., XXVI.; 405.—Chaps. XXVII., XXVIII., XXIX., XXX., XXXI., XXXII., Conclusion; 562.

My First Criminal Case. Part II.; 30.

Need of Sanitary Knowledge to Women; 343.

Observations of Jupiter; 485.

Old Prisons of Paris and their Inmates (The):—The Luxembourg; the Bicêtre and the Salpêtrière; L'Abbey; the Temple; the Madelonette; the Great and the Little Châtelet; 21.

One Year of a Life: Chaps. I., II., 44.—Chaps. III., IV.; 146.

"One more Unfortunate;" 400.

Oneirocritica; or, The Art of Dream Interpretation; 427.

Origin and Progress of Monachism in Ireland; 583.

Pagan State of Ireland and its Remains; 139.

PHILOSOPHER (The). A Novel.—Book I.: Pencillings, Faint and Strong.—Chap. I., "The Four Angels; Chap. II., An Imprisonment and a Release; Chap. III., The Dawn of Memory;

- Chap. IV., Our Village; Chap. V., Coming Events cast their Shadows before; 492.—Chap. VI., Coming Events cast their Sunbeams before; Chap. VII., Explanatory; Chap. VIII., My Education; Chap. IX., An Ineffaceable Pencilling by a Firm Hand; Chap. X., the Shadow of a Coming Event grows more Gloomy; 659.
- Poetry; 228.
- Pleasure and Pleasure-taking; 1.
- Popular Errors; 337.
- Power of Sound (The); 175.
- Queen Bess at Tilbury: being a Ballad Sung near the Conduit at West Cheap, by Nicholas Sturdy, Halberdier of Trainbands,—a Messenger from the Camp; 596.
- Queen Zenobia; 597.
- Recollections of Bermuda; 223.
- Richard Savage; 15.
- Romance of Nutlea Mill (The); 272.
- Society in the Schwarzwald; 230.
- Socrates. Part I.; 410.—Part II.; 207.
- St. Paul; 601.
- Story of Ruth (The). A Modern Version; 289.
- Sylvan Story (A); 674.
- The King's Idylls (Some of) Unvarnished; 616.
- The Twilight of Danish History—Some respectable Authorities; the Coming of Odin; the Northern Olympus; Gods and Worship well matched; the Preservation of the Myths; the Expedition of Rollo; Iceland Colonised; Greenland Discovered; Alleged Discovery of America; a Glance at Northern Home Life; a Warrior's Boyhood, Manhood, and Old Age; the North-woman's place in the Household; how Regner Lodbrog won his Wives; Harold Fairhair's Bride; the Runes; 361.
- Ulleswater (Poetry); 195.
- Up Moel Siabod; 72.
- Who are the Zingali or Gipsies? and what is their Ultimate Destiny? 315.
- Zulu Kaffirs (The); 217.



# DUBLIN

## UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCLI.

JULY, 1870.

VOL. LXXVI.

### PLEASURE AND PLEASURE-TAKING.

AFTER all the wise disquisitions on matter and theories of its non-existence, no philosopher has been able to supply us with a quotable phrase expressive of the discovery that solidity is not a quality pertaining to objects; but purely a creation of the mind, built upon certain misleading physical sensations. In the days of our enlightenment we are compelled to utter the language of ignorance, and to refer still by the old names to things which have been conjured into shadows. It may be remembered that when metals were really thought to be heavy, and iron just drawn from the fire was supposed to contain in itself the property of heat, on the simple showing that it had power to shrivel human flesh by contact, there were accounted to be such things as pain and pleasure; and though, probably, it would elicit smiles of covert contempt in the least learned company for anyone now to maintain that these respectable abstractions are anything more, we are forced all the same to make use of the words in their worn-out sense as indicative of absolute and distinct entities. We have even gone beyond our forefathers in outward deference for the nothings we have deposed from their places of honour as somethings; for while they lavished their capitals, or letters-patent, on all nouns indifferently, we have drawn forth these two from the degraded class and raised them to the rank of personifications. But what avails the importance of

large initial letters? Should some bold writer go so far as to array pain and pleasure altogether in capitals, it could not reverse the fell decree which has reduced them to mere arbitrary terms, nor make clear precisely what we mean by them. Though in using the words here it must be at least understood that something more is implied than content or discontent. Cold acquiescence in our fortunes may be concluded to be our normal condition. It is only when the consciousness of elation or despondency displaces the unconsciousness of distress that we can be justly called happy or miserable.

Shakespeare, who has forestalled almost every turn of thought, has made Hamlet say

"There is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so."

And with this single fixed assurance, that the mind is superior to circumstance, we are forced to be satisfied, since neither poet nor metaphysician has ventured to put forth an interpretation of the mysteries lying within that mystery.

To explain the sensations of pleasure and pain by saying that the former is produced by stimulating particular nerves which govern the faculties of sight, hearing, association, or comparison, and the latter by over-tension of other or the same nerves, resulting in confusion of these faculties, would be as prosaic as hazardous, and who in the region of conjecture would not choose rather to follow poetic guid-

ance than make a show of reasoning without hope of result? Still, there is no keeping inquisitive thought away from the subject, which casts over us, every now and then, a sudden gloom of perplexity, and a humiliating sense of detected charlatanism, that we cannot get at a knowledge of our own mechanism, while pretending to fathom every other secret of Nature. No matter how complacently we may take it as proven, that emotions, blending like rainbow hues, are never to be for above a moment distinguishable; we are none the less startled when experience first proves to us that seeming opposites may exchange places, and diverging lines run into a parallel. That, for instance, Love, the chief source of happiness, should show as anything else than the antithesis of Death (the busy sower of tears) must needs strike us with inconsistency; yet, seeing that all which has ever borne the name of Pleasure or Pain, can be reversed by the action of the heart, it should afford no surprise to find that devotion often foretels agony, and that the king of terrors may reveal himself a welcome deliverer.

What is really stranger than that given causes should act so differently on different temperaments, and at different periods of life, is that joy should be so transitory, and sorrow so enduring. It cannot be that joy expires of its own intensity, for griefs that rise to equal pitch will retain a great portion of their influence for years; nor is it that the distance between agreeable excitement and tortured frenzy is so slight that the frolic spirit passes insensibly and accidentally from one to the other; if this were so, pain could be reached only through the means of pleasure, and would display itself always in the one form of madness. Unless we conclude that either "the anguish of patience" is no anguish at all, but the suicidal satisfaction of a deceased brain; or that joy, being more foreign to our constitution than sorrow, must of necessity be lost as soon as it is gained,—I know not in what manner we can account for the phenomenon.

Our happiness and unhappiness being chiefly imaginary—or self-made—how comes it, again, that, while past griefs are so often renewed through memory; we have no power to retain former bright impressions in their brightness, but that, instead of presenting themselves in their old forms, they should absolutely become changed by the action of time into regrets? However, as part compensation for the brevity of happiness, it must be owned that, except in extraordinary cases of hardship, there are from birth to death more invitations held out to our pleasurable susceptibilities than to our painful ones; and I cannot but hold it as a great part of education to open, as it were, the doors of the soul to the various delights waiting to enter.

As ministers to our happiness the passions stand pre-eminent, being less dependent on the advantages of fortune or culture than the functions of the understanding; and when we complain of their tyranny, it will be found that the fault lies with ourselves either in endeavouring to push their capacities of usefulness too far, or in suffering them to form mischievous cabals against us. How frequent are the secret bemoanings of Love's insufficiency, as though love alone should constitute perfect satisfaction; it is past its province to do so, nay—it would be making a dishonest encroachment on other passions were it to fully possess the mind for very long. Then we hear a great deal about the ill effects of ambition—its scorpions and fevers. The complaint is slanderous; it is not Ambition that stings and burns, but Envy and Hate, the misbegotten todies which are ever bent on forming a faction under the leadership of Ambition.

In surveying the passions as instruments of pleasure it may be well to divide the social from the contemplative, that is those which inherit their chief force from Nature, and those which are solitary, egotistic, and in some measure derivable from mental training. The social, or objective passions may be said to comprise, besides Love, Jealousy, Anger, Pride, Fear, and Mirth, the love of gain which can never be exerted in retirement; the subjec-



tive passions being Hope, Ambition, and Melancholy.

As it is ever with a feeling of resentment one sees any slight cast upon

“That sweet spell

O’ witchen love,

That charm that can the strongest quell,  
The sternest move,”

it is with a sort of compunction I refer back to my remark, that it is past the province of love to accomplish all that is expected of it. Remembering what marvels this passion has accomplished, and does daily accomplish, how to each devotee it remakes the world, how potent it is to raise in us whatever is capable of receiving the gloss of spiritualism, and of stamping out, or at least obscuring, that which is sordid or vile, it seems almost an impiety to hint that the power of this universal deity is on any side limited or limitable. Nevertheless, it is possible to overrate the gift of love, and it is to the fatal error of demanding from it nothing less than the whole fruits of labour, self-control, and cheerfulness. that the principal torments of wounded affection are attributable. Though, in truth,

“All who have loved, or love, will still allow

Life has nought like it,”

it is a thing to be thankful for that we cannot will to be in love. Intoxication, however produced, is not our fitting state of being, and instead of cursing past delusion on our necessary return to chill reality, it is self-robbery, as well as ingratitude, not to bear in mind, as far as we are able, that if the ending of the passion be trite or sorrowful, the dawn of it was divine. At worst the miseries of love are reactionary, and no more than proportioned to the transport it has at first awakened. We hear jealousy spoken of as inseparable from love, and supposing it were so, who would decree the banishment of jealousy from the earth on the understanding that with it love also must disappear. Taken with all its drawbacks of rivalry, treachery, fickleness, and despondency, we must confess, in the words of Tennyson, that

“Were there nothing else

For which to praise the heavens but only love,

That only love were cause enough for praise.”

In turning to the passion of Anger it is needful to premise what, however, few people, I should think, will be found to dispute, that all passions—which are intrinsically passions, and not habits—are born with us; that they are a part of our brain, incapable of being eradicated, except partially, by disease or age. To suppose passion to centre in an object, and from that object reflect on individuals, is to suppose everybody swayed in the same manner by the same causes, a thing which is so far from being observable that it is rare even to find two or three persons equally excited by a like occasion. The terms an ardent or choleric nature, would be absurd if they did not mean a nature prone to be roused to desire or wrath. It would be a strange spectacle if a judge’s seat should be the highest aim to all men, or if a sneering phrase could equally transport them with vengeance.

Granting, then, that passions have a quiescent as well as dominant state, it appears that anger is painful and detestable only in its extremest licence of fury, and that its general dormant condition is only that of combativeness. The word is phrenological, but the principle is known to everyone as a most excellent motive to mental exertion. Some minds can, indeed, never be brought to the point of straining their abilities to the full, unless in answer to a challenge. To resentment more or less burning we owe some of the finest ornaments of literature. The spirit of resistance, or qualified personal rage, is also the best seconder of patriotism, and perhaps, if the truth were known, always comes to the statesman’s aid when he is wavering between aspiration and calculation, thus giving him the triumph either of temporary popularity or of abiding self-approval.

Together with Anger, which I would fain rescue from its maligners, pride and fear have got very bad characters, these three still passing, I believe, with some people by the name of evil passions. Now, that I call a bit of well-intentioned blasphemy. There are no evil passions any more than evil eyes; both may be diseased, but disease is of man’s seeking, not of God’s bestowing. This confounding of wise means and perverted ends, this theory of God’s and the

devil's partnership in the work of our creation, is to me something more cynical and revolting than anything which pious people have ever been ingenious enough to charge upon infidels. If we can retain faith in nothing else, let us believe we are not less favoured than the rest of living creatures, whose every function is manifestly designed for their benefit and happiness.

Self-esteem, puffed into pride, as naturally brings its punishment of inward restlessness and outward scorn, as appetite, swollen into gluttony, produces bodily disorders; but none the less are self-esteem, and a desire for food, gifts needful for the preservation of our existence. A man with absolutely no inclining to his own judgment, over and above the judgment of other people, could, as a matter of course, do nothing ill or well except as chance, persuasion, or example, directed. Every power of his mind would lose its weight and value by the abstraction of the capacity for pride. Humility, in any other sense than that of temporary inclusiveness, or of designed submission to comprehended, heart-confessed, superiority of law, custom, or personality, must ever lead to the worst of actions, and the most miserable of lives. Of what worth could experience be to him who dare not make use of it? wherein would the virtues or pleasures of that being exist, who had not self-reverence enough for his own convictions and tastes to follow at their call? The fable of the old man and his ass but inadequately portrays what he would be reduced to—a creature devoid of affection, of honour, desire, or will.

What is more wonderful than the many-sidedness of our nature is its complexity; the complete dependence of our powers on each other. It would appear, surely, a small thing to lose one of our "infinite faculties," yet, subtract one, it is like removing the piston-rod from an engine; the whole becomes disorganised and inert. Fear is a small thing—a thing unseen amidst the revolving of the large wheels of motive; but were it not ever at work, under the name of caution, our professed virtues would griev-

ously come to naught. Does not fear undertake to regulate our appetites till reason is educated up to the point of guardianship? is it not fear a good deal that keeps our desires, our sensibilities, our prejudices, within bounds; thus saving us from endless pain and disgrace, and so indirectly conducing to our pleasure?

The love of gain, another of our "evil passions," which works more openly, noisily, and under favour of certain licences and regulations, might tell us something about the serviceableness of caution, if it would. Imagine each of our passions being called upon for a reference of its fellows—what revelations of hitherto undreamed obligation should we have! how strangely would that concrete Goodness become dissected before our eyes; Love, Pride, Anger, Fear, Mirth, all passions, good and "evil," laying claim to having contributed.

To Mirth—the last on my list of objective passions—we owe wit, and all those momentary displays of fancy which refuse to be aroused, except by means of mutual intercourse. The delight of seeing others smile, and of being able to share in the causes which excite their merriment, is one of the best of our fleeting joys. There is benevolence mingled with our laughter when it leads, or echoes, the laughter of others, and, instead of deeming excuses necessary for sports which neither give pain to persons nor animals, the example and incitement to diversion may be deemed a merit. It is generally complained that mirth is in the present day little understood, and that in the "good old times," when mirth was accounted a goddess, and invoked in rude minstrelsy, or in deep tankards, there was more of genuine fun than now, when we have taken to analyse our emotions like our food, and spoil the relish of both. This complaint I regard as mistaken. It is true there is less abandon in our outward show of mirth, or, as the lovers of the good old times assert, more constraint and fastidiousness in the employment of means, but, granting this to arise from our proneness to self-inquiry, it by no means proves the union of self-con-



sciousness and action to be less enjoyable than an unbalanced flow of animal spirits. Young people, fond of dancing, will not less warmly surrender themselves to the charm of moving to music, because they may, perchance, trace with a smile the source of their gratification through the channel of romping May-day games, savage war dances, childish skippings, and meadow friskings of young colts and lambs. If we cannot satisfactorily come at the why we are pleased, the wondering about it rather adds piquancy to the occasion, and certainly never lessens "social glee," which is really a species of contagion—a thing unescapable except by flight. If people will overdo their merriment, and think to carry the time for laughter into the time for reflection, it is small wonder if they mistake the consequent flagging of spirit for remorse, and henceforth set down forgetfulness of care as forgetfulness of God. It is a good deal the abuse of mirth, the turning recreation into a palling feast of jollity, which has led to the coining of such phrases as "vale of tears," "world of disappointments," "place of trial," and the like. On the whole, the passions would faithfully perform their friendly designs if we were less given to rash favouritism, and would only let each sway according to its season.

Of the contemplative passions, Hope is the first to exercise its functions, and the last to resign them; it not merely lends a picturesque illusion to the shapeless mists of the future, it gilds our present by promising a continuance of all in it that is agreeable. Hope is more than the medicine of grief, sickness, and oppression; it is our support as much in painful labours and habits, whispering to us that in time the bitter will be extracted, and the daily aliment of herbs made palatable.

Hope has been poetically called the daughter of Desire, and, in like manner, Ambition may be said to be her heir. Ambition is Hope revived and strengthened into purpose. Of itself, therefore, Ambition is cheerful, steady, and pure; not looking backward with regret, nor askance with envy, but always fully

forward, unable, in fact, to do other, piercing with its clear eye through all surrounding clouds of misunderstanding, or opposition, into the beyond of futurity, not the futurity of the next generation, not the futurity that is to do honour to the obscure of our own time, but the futurity of truth. Ambition cannot be selfish; what goes by that silly compound name is greed, and greed only: the really ambitious man seeks to do a glorious thing, not to be paid for it, nor especially to find praise; neither plunder nor feasting is the aim of ambition, only victory. "If this cause for which I work and suffer be good," is his thought, "it will prosper, and then, when my successors shall go about applauding themselves for gathering the fruit of the matured tree, my ashes, over which they tread, shall bear witness before Heaven for me that I fenced round the tender plant with my allegiance." Exalted to its best mood the eye of Ambition becomes the eye of Faith, the language of Ambition the language of Faith.

Like Hope and Ambition, Melancholy finds its nurture in solitude, for though the effects of these passions are constantly carried into the world, it is only in retirement that Hope can create, Ambition plan, or Melancholy sigh.

That Melancholy, as well as madness, has its pleasures, is generally admitted, but with a vein of error; the pleasure being inexplicably supposed to form a part of the distress, not a consequence, as it really does. Of the uses of Melancholy there exists also serious misconception. I cannot believe at all that the capacity for Melancholy, or causeless sorrow, was given us to make us remember death; reason should lead us to do that, but to quicken our curiosity and discernment with regard to the workings of our minds. When we are content, the manifestations of our feelings take up so much of our attention that we can spare little time to reflect upon the concealed instruments. It is melancholy alone which can with any degree of intentness throw us back upon ourselves. There is no metaphysician like the disappointed, un-

nerved man, who, retiring into quietude, at first freely to vent his pain, perceives himself gradually involved in a curious process of self-unravelment, this unravelment forming, as I am persuaded, both the reward of his anguish, and the sole basis of the ambiguous expression, "indulgence in sorrow."

Even more numerous than the pleasures derivable from the passions are those due to mental bias, or to the influence of education and habit. Each of the arts and sciences are passionate and inexhaustible delights to those who pursue them through sheer love, but, being rare and sacred, combined with much pain and heroism, they form no necessary part of my subject. The intellectual pleasures I would confine myself to are the humble ones in reach of most persons, and not long hence, I trust, to be within reach of all, the appreciation of knowledge, excellence, and beauty.

Nature proves her motherhood in nothing so much as in the art of "management." As we are not reasonable enough always to be convinced that life is good, she bribes us with hope, and terrifies us with death, to prevent us quitting it till our course is ended. Desiring to let us into her confidence as much as is compatible with our weak understanding, she has made curiosity—the alphabet of knowledge—for ever a charm, only second to the triumph of comprehension and acquirement.

Untiring in her efforts to win our attention and regard, she does not, however, trust wholly to our mental, improvable faculties for leading us to the path of investigation; but, lest curiosity should flag or become sated, endeavours to attack us by elaborate displays of freakishness, discarding in all her labours any approach to uniformity, and giving to every object, from rivers and mountains to waves and blades of grass, their own individuality.

But the love of knowledge does not signify a blind groping about for discoveries any more than a love of art calls for a jingling of rhymes, daubing of canvas, or chipping of stone. On the contrary, to

vainly go over grounds of research that others have prospered in, or to be tempted to prove how far remote is admiration of genius from genius itself, is to turn our power of delight into an instrument of mortification. The results of legitimate scientific labour can never be so overwhelming that we need keep below the mark, nor the best of poems too perfect that we should aim at making infinitely worse. Grateful, diligent study of recorded facts, admiring acceptance of art, as it is revealed to us by master minds, these are the only means in which we, who are not of the chosen, inspired band, can pleasurably, as well as usefully, exercise our intellectual faculties. Thus books become our grand resource. Do we crave to know something of the planetary system, the formation of the earth, the parentage of plants, the habits of animals, we are at liberty to invite to our fireside the astronomer, geologist, botanist, or naturalist, and to draw from them, without trouble of cross-questioning or dread of rebuff, not merely all that they, our gracious visitors, have discovered for themselves during the whole course of their lives, but all that thinkers of past ages and other countries have gathered on these subjects. Or if, after irritating cares or hours of wearying application, the mind desires solace or stimulus, both are to be found in the pages of poetry. Even the most exacting, those whom no living companion could long satisfy, may, at their fickle will, commence, through the medium of print, with wisdom, wit, and fancy by turns, now interrupting the historian or biographer to consult an essayist; and again, passing from a consideration of real characters, events and observations, to beg the novelist tell them tales, enthralling as the fairly tales of childhood, and at the same time suited to their matured critical capacity.

Of as wide scope, and more exclusively delightful than the exercise of the reasoning faculties, are those of imagination. This, as a matter of experience, will be admitted on every hand, while, perhaps, the odd question arises, of what is imagination? In Ad-



dison's famous papers he goes so far beyond the accepted definition of imagination, as conception of things absent, images of the mind, as to include, besides, all the beauties of nature, architecture, painting and statuary. He seems indeed to have set down as pleasures of the imagination all that the eye can compass, and to make no distinction between the real and illusive, the past and present, or rather, if I may venture to say so, to have mistaken almost from the outset the word imagination for that of simple perception. Perfect as are his introductory remarks, in which he points out that the mind can *acquire* no images except through the medium of the sight, it becomes a matter of passing bewilderment and final surprise that he should so seldom afterwards appear to remember the existence of such images, or any save the direct ones produced by visible objects; and the more strange is this as he takes occasion to mention that "there are few words in the English language which are employed in a more loose and uncircumscribed sense than those of fancy and the imagination."

Loose and uncircumscribed truly, when he classes as pleasures of the imagination the sound of falling water and the fragrance of flowers, thus in effect breaking down the barriers of fancy altogether, and throwing the bright field of creation into one wide waste with the domain of the senses. But although imagination in its proper light is to be regarded as wholly an inward process of the mind, it does not follow that it is essentially self-productive and independent of the assistance obtainable from outward apprehension. Not alone may a poem—which forms Addison's single instance of true imaginative speculation—lead the mind to conjure up for itself ideal personages and scenes; each of the senses is equally potent to drive us from the consciousness of existing facts into the realms of fancy. A summer cloud, the sound of a church bell, the flavour of a fruit, the scent of a herb, the touch of a hand, may severally summon images little connected with the awakening causes and all purely imaginary;—

to the lover of his absent love, to the mourner of his buried friend, to the gourmand of bygone feasts, to the housewife of domestic reminiscences, to the desolate of sundered ties.

By means of the wondrous faculty of association everything we see, hear, or can obtain any conception of through the channels of the passions, intellect, or the senses is capable of exciting the imagination to activity. Association is the moving spring of fancy, as it is of admiration and wonder; and save as sources of association, nothing in nature or art, sight or sound, can have anything to do with fancy. Very beautifully Addison expatiates on the delights afforded by objects grand, beautiful and novel, choosing for his examples the choicest in their spheres; and had he either entitled his subject the pleasures of sight, or made use of the words recollection and fancy where he has constantly employed those of the eye and the attention, I should not have risked the charge of presumption through my regard for accuracy; but whatever symbol of the vast, the lovely, or uncommon he brings forward, whether it be a wide expanse of water, the glorious colours of a sunset, or the charms of newly-sprung vegetation, he ever regards these as necessarily spread before the eye of the imaginist, by this means entangling himself in a complete contradiction. Perhaps it may be another heresy I am committing in observing also upon the undue prominence which he gives to natural objects as food for fancy; yet if, when in the actual presence of hills, water, trees and flowers, the mind is prone to stray to the distant or visionary; if the fairest prospect of woodland or tinted cloud often performs but the subordinate part of a prompter to imagination, an escort into dream-land, it may be concluded that seldom, comparatively speaking, do the creations of our night-watches and in-door seclusion affect the pastoral. As a rule, it is not rugged rocks, tuneful groves, and gliding rivers that arise before our mind's eye when we give the reins to fancy, nor even the simple remembrance of well-known views, but



actions, and persons, and passions—events that never occurred, faces unlike those we are acquainted with, triumphs that might have been, joys that are not. Only the melancholy mind hangs so much on the past as to recreate frequently what it has seen and experienced, and only the rarely endowed and poetic can separate the stored-up images of the mind, the objects of nature, art, and sense, in order to magnify, alter, and re-arrange into complete mental pictures. The play of imagination with some persons is even restricted to ideas which shut out all illusory shows and forms whatsoever, whether of nature or humanity: they can, and do, delight in framing to themselves a conversation or in developing the traits of an unreal character, but are utterly averse to the effort of supposing what the Niagara is like, or of voluntarily calling up a sketch of some miniature waterfall they have actually seen.

The distinguishing quality of imagination is its freakishness; it loves impossible combinations, revels in dim chaotic visions, half folly, half inspiration, which neither memory nor anticipation could approach. It is, besides, almost always Utopian, full, in its exuberant vitality, of schemes, general and personal, which would not for an instant stand the test of speech, desirous ever of amending and beautifying all that is visible or invisible.

Beneficent as imagination is intended to be, and mostly is, one does not like to charge it with becoming now and then too much of a beguilement, and sometimes a positive curse; yet true it is that there is danger of being hurried away by the appearance of vague, distant possibilities, from the object of pushing probabilities, to an issue; and when it happens that the delights of passionate, active life, and conscientious mental advancement are forsaken for the secret illusions of fancy, the body and understanding, shorn of their due, are apt to take terrible revenge. By most of the poets, who are, of course, deepest penetrated with the influence of imagination, the extremes of blind felicity and beggared awakening are but too faithfully portrayed,—

“By our own spirits are we deified,  
We poets in our youth begin in gladness,  
But whereof comes in the end despondency and madness.”

Thus says Wordsworth; and not less forcible is the moral put by Coleridge, in his “Ode to Despondency.” Describing imagination in its fairest dominion, he declares that,—

“From the soul itself must issue forth  
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,  
Enveloping the earth.”

But what follows this overstrained vision, this intoxication of fancy?

“A grief without a pang, void, dark and drear,  
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,  
Which finds no natural outlet or relief,  
In word, or sigh, or tear.”

Hence, absurd as may seem the conjunction of the words “well regulated” with that of “imagination,” it is clear that unless some sort of guiding discipline be applied to this so-called untamable faculty, it will afford but a tithe of the pleasure it should, and that too at the cost of after pain. Imagination, even in its highest form of insight, I can never believe was given as the sole life of anyone, but rather as a refuge from depressing reality; and though, certainly, there is no better means of becoming reconciled to the world than by shutting it out from our consciousness at particular intervals, there is, on the other hand, no surer way of disgusting fancy, and leading her to cast us headlong into silly and gross pursuits, than to be continually calling on her for amusement. Like every other friend, she must needs be treated considerably, if her friendship is to last. Pay her short visits, however frequent, and she is all sweetness, but attempt to press your society on her, and her spirit flags; she begins to pout and frown, and, finally, when pushed to desperation, either flies off in disgust, or deals out a shower of threats and taunts for every former compliment.

From all I have remarked, it may be seen that in the rise and progress of our emotions and thoughts, from minute to minute, we imbibe, knowingly or unknowingly, an almost constant dew of gratification; but this calm blessing, not being able to satisfy our craving for pleasure any more than the morning and evening

dews of heaven compensate the parched earth for want of rain, we are ever looking out for excitement. Accordingly, as we cannot at will rouse our dormant passions, nor contrive that they shall coalesce with the understanding and imagination, in order to give us the satisfaction of being fired with ambition, love, revenge, or whatever else we had determined on, we have no resource save in the senses. These zealous, untiring, and manageable vassals at once arouse at the call; taste, touch, and smell deferentially waiting for opportunity of service; sight and hearing solicitous and on the alert.

The three first, as essentially domestic senses, count for little in the matter of pleasure-taking. A good dinner, kisses of sunshine or breeze, with the odour of a nosegay or cigar, may be enjoyed perfectly in one's own house and garden. There are no lordly whims about these senses; their likings are readily describable and readily supplied. Not so with the eye and ear; nothing sufficiently varied and lovely to give them even temporary satisfaction is to be found without much research and labour.

Amongst the million of busy thinkers and workers in the world, how great a part of them are set in activity by the aim of affording gratification to the eye alone! Were everyone blind, the Indian's blanket would everywhere be voted sufficient covering, and even his rude ornament of shells superfluous. And with sight gone, how much should we gradually lose with respect to the other senses! Streams, which are now celebrated in verse as babbling, would be allowed to become choked and silent; flowers which depended only on their scent for attraction, would soon be deemed to encumber the ground; even the palate would have its domain restricted, for though the capacity for distinguishing different flavours is said to be improved by loss of sight, the absence of appetising appearance in a dish or a fruit must check experiments in eating, so that with guests and host invisible to each other, dining would quickly fall from its rank as a species of elegant amusement into a simple affair of appetite or necessity, demanding despatch like any other business.

How much we owe to our sight

we can hardly estimate till we begin to think over the subject. Besides conveying to us the perceptions of bulk—form and colour—it has equally the power of impressing on us a consciousness of smoothness and softness, being, as Addison remarks, “a more delicate and diffusive kind of touch.” It partakes, further, of the quality of touch in enabling us to derive ideas of warmth and cold by means of rich and pale tints, and aspires often, in its pride, to outstrip the slow work of experience and judgment by reading disposition at a glance.

Then for the ear, what an army of composers, musical-instrument makers, and teachers of music and singing are constantly employed! How great a part of a speaker's care is it to mould his appeal to the intellect in phrases and tones which shall first win the approval of the ear! In short, it is almost exclusively to the sight and hearing we are indebted for whatever we call diversion; those diversions being, of course, the most sought after which stimulate and engage both these ministers of delight at once.

Various as are the paths of pleasure to which the ear and eye lead us, it would be strange if pleasure-takers were not devisable into many species; they are, in fact, too diversified to be set forth with that particularity they merit, though a few classes may be mentioned.

There is the high-art pleasure taker, who is “nothing if not critical” and exacting, never finding delight in anything easy or unpremeditated. Of all performances he must apprehend the difficulty and behold the conquest before he can be stirred to anything like animation, or indulge in the flow of commentary which, with him, is equal to other people's simple expression of gratification. Need it be said that he abounds in technicalities, and that, there being most room for their display in the attendance at concerts and picture exhibitions, he in a manner holds all other founts of enjoyment, including Nature, under the protest of his scorn.

Real cascades of water may be beautiful in themselves, and lark notes may be precious considered unscientifically, but there is no



effect about them ; they give no scope for criticism, only for commonplace praise. The drama he regards with little favour ; its successes are so much below vocal feats or “ manipulations of colour,” that there becomes a difficulty in commending, or censuring them from any other stand-point than that of feeling, experience, or instinct ; things which to hear about sadly ruffles the highly educated susceptibilities of the professor of pleasure.

But here, lest the professor of pleasure should be rashly confounded with the professional pleasure-taker, I must hasten to draw this distinction between them : the former makes pleasure a business ; the latter makes it existence. The one, therefore, seeks pleasure that he may make capital out of it, and display the powers of discernment and depreciation, the other crowds himself with pleasurable engagements that he may by no fatal chance be caught in the toils of usefulness. The professional pleasure-taker having in his social calling literally nothing to demand his attention, no constituency to work for, no profession to pursue, no hobby to follow after, makes it his fortieth and most binding article of faith that he was sent into the world to please himself. Sometimes, indeed, the means appear to him lamentably deficient ; hunting, billiards, dining, betting, shooting, are apt to grow monotonous ; but then what can an unfortunate landed proprietor, or eldest son, of mediocre talents do, except hunt, play, dine, bet and shoot ? However sorry work flying darts at Time may be, there Time is, presenting every day a new target, bearing so many distinctly-marked hours, each of which must be aimed at with some kill-time shaft, if the luckless marksmen would avoid beholding everyone of the fourteen or sixteen divisions of wakefulness spread into twice its ordinary limits.

The habitual pleasure-taker, though liable to be mistaken for a variety of the professional, properly forms a separate species. Early losing the substratum of inclination which first drove him to make pleasure his grand occupation, and unable to come to the soothing conclusion that he is fulfilling the part for

which he was expressly designed in the order of creation, he wears rather a resentful than complacent, or even resigned, air. He is inwardly convinced, in his not unfrequent moments of reflection and enthusiasm, that he was born for better things ; is even disposed to fancy he has a mission, if he could only find it out, and not having any hope of doing so, boldly sets himself up as an example of the tyranny of adverse fate. Nevertheless, “ infernally bored ” as he always is by friends and foes alike, good luck or ill-luck, he would no more listen to a downright proposal to change his mode of living, than a discontented clergyman would permit it to be suggested that he had better leave the church. Do you call life a lottery ? then has destiny given him a blank ; do you count it a battle ? then it may be said that his task is that of the sentinel, to watch others struggling, falling, triumphing, craving succour, needing encouragement, while he through it all, with sick heart and whirling brain, must maintain his place, idle and to all appearance useless. To be driven by the mere force and leverage of association and habit into a neglect of every secretly-desired aim, knowing no other choice than that of following one of the many hurrying groups of pleasure-seekers, is but to find that vacant waiting to be amused is one of the worst kinds of pain.

Opposed to the habitual pleasure-taker are the pleasure-takers extraordinary ; one branch of this numerous class swallowing their recreation every midsummer “ on principle,” just as they take doses of medicine in the spring, not because they want it, but because it is prescribed by custom ; the other, burning with the inborn, and never-to-be-satisfied, thirst of the professional pleasure-taker, snatching a surreptitious joy amidst every breathless pause of worldly toil. Cast, then, like a starving horse into a meadow he bolts whatever comes nearest, be it clover or saffron, sweet or poison ; and unable afterwards to digest his hurried feast, falls a prey to the usual lot of feasters in having to confess that scarcity may be more wholesome than plenty.



But miserable as is the position of the pleasure-taker extraordinary, being self-chosen, it is just and satisfactory compared to the horrible condition of the compulsory pleasure-taker. What a list of long-suffering fathers, husbands, and brothers are there who, for the sake of bringing smiles to dear faces, consent, in disguised tribulation, to be partakers of alien pastimes, to wait in shops wherein there is nothing that can be of use or interest to them; to take part in diversions that are slower progressed than any earthly thing save fame; to crawl through rows of skirts and flower-stands at an horticultural show; to sham listening to music while the head is full of figures, and then to be forced to praise the *morceau* as exquisite; to be universally charmed, sympathetic, and active-minded; to have to give up during whole hours the very thought of business, newspapers, and smoking! "Is this nothing? why, then, the world and all that's in it is nothing."

Yet, perhaps, after all, amongst these poor "forced volunteers," these helpless, manacled victims of pleasure, there are even more women than men—mothers with grown-up daughters whom it is incumbent on them to chaperon at parties, at theatres, in their walks and in their visits. To be sure, it is very delightful on occasion, if the daughters are pretty, amiable, and intelligent, to see them admired; but all daughters are not pretty, and some are vain, silly, and self-willed, counting for naught every well-meant endeavour for their advancement and comfort; and though by chance the sight of their vivacity may for an instant call up the "forgotten heat" of days gone by, it cannot do other, as a rule, than exhaust and vex the declining matron to take outward part in the pleasures she can no longer share in spirit.

Then, what tortures must ladies' companions endure; misplaced as they universally are; middle-aged, quiet, loving women being selected as ballast for youthful maidens desirous of seeing everything, while emancipated school-girls, hungry to death for a little mental food and excitement, are just as surely doomed

to the society of used-up dowagers or waspish invalids, whose grand craving is to do nothing, and with whom the sole possible pleasure to be partaken of by the companion is probably a drive of three or four miles between lane hedges, or a saunter round a grass-plot.

Delicate, nervous wives, again, frequently swell the ranks of the compulsionists, having to be drawn by pure force or shame into accompanying their husbands from home, and entertaining people they would be relieved to see changed into ghosts round their table on the condition that they would be silent and motionless.

Amongst other strange varieties of pleasure-takers there is none more remarkable than what I must call the chemical, their pleasure being transmuted by inward process from something so contrary to the ordinary pleasure-making material, that one marvels as much at the result achieved as at the production of the beautiful aniline dyes from coal tar. Everyone must have met with one or more of these alchymists, men to whom a dissertation on stock, a share in the dearest of dead arguments, or the hearing from a platform an address, every word of which they cannot fail to anticipate, affords the highest gratification; and women still further skilled in the art of manufacturing pleasure, who are able indifferently to produce it out of disagreeables and out of nothings. To the Misses Prude, what concerts, plays, fine scenery, or pictures could compensate for the gratification of setting their abused acquaintance right with respect to the "real character" of Mrs. Somebody's daughter, or Mr. Nobody's wife? To the "nagging" women how infinitely agreeable must it be to find out imaginary grievances, and to see disgust, avoidance, and fear on the faces of husband, children, and servants, since to this pleasure she resorts more often than to all other available recreations put together.

Without entering into the special characteristics of any more sections of the vast pleasure-taking fraternity, I will close the list with the wise and independent body who, taking warning by the other

classes I have mentioned, neither do their pleasures like the "high-art professor," nor are guilty of overdoing them, as is the "professional;" nor of mechanically going through them, as is the case with the "habitual;" nor of gluttonously swallowing them after the fashion of the "extraordinary," nor yet of vicariously receiving them through other people's tastes and sensations, as does the "compulsory." Men and women belonging to this choice set know there is a proper and an improper way of seeking delight, so deliberately selecting their pleasure with regard to opportunity, and their constitutional wants really *feel* them. To such, travelling signifies neither spending of time nor compliance with society's observances; it is purely and simply a means of becoming acquainted with different aspects of nature, architecture, and custom. They therefore travel at seasons when they can see all this in its fullest; in the spring, when vegetation is freshest, when buildings of all kinds, from Venetian palaces to Tyrolese huts, show most picturesquely beneath the clear sky of impending summer, and when interesting peasants are most numerous engaged in out-door labours.

At home they impartially carry their willing admiration to any place where there is a fair likelihood of deriving amusement, for they have no strong leanings, musical, artistic, or dramatic; if they had, their enjoyment would be seriously curtailed, as a connoisseur of any kind must inevitably underrate everything opposed to his particular delight. If the pleasure-taker I am speaking of has any prejudice, it is in favour of extempore diversions, with just a trifle of hardness towards grand dinners and balls, where everyone is either fatigued or chagrined, shut out in conversation, or shut out on the landing or stairs leading to the dancing or supper-room. Genuine pleasure-takers, as I may call them, include, of course, the large class of exuberants, school boys and girls generally, young ladies just "out," and a good many of their elder brothers, in spite of the bored, taken in, and

contemptuous air, they may have deemed it fitting to assume in their recent undergraduate days, when the "commemoration" was secretly numbered amongst their most vivid delights.

But, alas! there is nothing exempt from change. Burns tells us—

"Pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed:  
Or, like the snow falls in the river,  
A moment white—then melts for ever,"

and pleasure-takers the most respectable are apt to sink into degraded ranks. Amongst those who, neglecting neither duty nor benevolence, enter with timely moderation into congenial amusements, amongst the sparkling clique of legal "infants," basking, with natural and unaffected ardour, in the fulness of life and merriment, how many are in danger of falling victims to weariness or excess, of becoming hopeless slaves of habit, or wretched examples of selfishness!

So hard is it to draw the line between honest warmth and reckless self-abandon, between needful refreshment of the jaded mind and over-indulgence, that, perhaps, the ascetics will never quite lose their strong argument, that to begin is to go on. To speak of rules of pleasure sounds as ridiculous as to speak about rules of love; yet there are, notwithstanding, certain broad regulations worthy of regard. Not to expect too much either from promised or possible gratification has ever been considered an excellent maxim, though one still better is not to anticipate at all. When the mind has achieved control enough to silence even the desire for pleasure, and has become tame enough to experience no general craving for stimulus beyond what is easily accessible in books, walks, and conversation, an occasional turning aside from quietude to gaiety will undoubtedly quicken the powers of both mind and body, while just as surely will pleasure thus rarely entered into resume on every new trial its primitive charm. All who would stigmatise recreation as sin or folly, really war against much that is best in our nature. The craving for change and self-forgetfulness was not given us as a means of mental trial, any more than as a



means of crowding our days with fragmentary, useless aims, but as an additional call to general goodwill, sympathy, and frankness; and he who denies the uses of pleasure either woefully imposes upon himself, or mischievously seeks to impose upon others. When the wheels of existence grate and drag heavily, pleasure is the precious lubricator to make them go smoothly again; though it must be admitted that, beyond the little actually needed, whatever be applied is in waste. In pleasure, as in almost anything else in the world, the worst bane consists in its unequal division. While a few thousands are absolutely tortured by an endless monotony of recreation, steeped in it nearly to drowning, there are millions of poor, rusty human machines brought all but to a standstill for want of a passing change or gleam of pleasure.

Of the different classes of pleasure-takers I have had in my view, all (except the deplorably "extraordinary," who sometimes belong to the shopkeeping grade), are contained in the three select divisions of society—the titled, the rich, and commercial. Not to speak of agricultural labourers, and the worst-paid artisans, to whom the name of pleasure would at present sound a mockery, what pleasures are there within reach of the small trading and superior working classes?"

Though it is to be hoped in London they will shortly have the Museum, National Gallery, and other places of free admission, open to them during the evening (when alone they can visit them without diminishing their earnings), and that with every further spread of the metropolitan suburbs new parks will be formed, this will not help to repair the lamentable deficiency of amusement throughout the country towns and villages, where, as a rule, there are neither exhibitions of pictures nor curiosities, public reading-rooms nor recreation grounds.

The first, of course, could not be introduced in places where the inhabitants numbered less than thousands; but I am convinced that in every little town, containing from five to ten thousand, money would be forthcoming to erect a double-roomed

building for gallery and library, could the generosity of artists, and the public generally, be successfully appealed to for the gift of pictures, statuary, curiosities, and books.

Of all the paintings refused admission by the Royal Academy, and lying hopelessly on hand in their several studies, it would surely be good policy on the part of the artists to offer a portion to various towns, on condition of their being hung in public galleries, with their names plainly readable underneath. And why should not working men, who have been proud to send to industrial exhibitions models of celebrated buildings, busts of famous persons, or any interesting or beautiful piece of workmanship, be equally proud to contribute to the pleasure of their class, either in their own or another town, with the reward of having their name associated with their offering as long after their own lives as it should last.

It seems to me that, were influential men to take up the subject, and by means of public addresses and benevolent example, urge artisans to co-operate throughout the kingdom in one harmonious league for the object of erecting and filling free galleries and reading rooms, there would not long be a town without them. Whatever money can accomplish, that can love. If working men loved their work and their class sufficiently, each to do something according to his talent and means towards the great movement, how easily it could be carried out! Glass-stainers and wood-carvers could give their labour to ornament the building of their native or adopted town; book-binders could rebind coverless, but otherwise valuable, books, picked up at old book stalls, or sent by those who had no better offering to make, while such workmen as were unable by their hands to assist in the progress of either gallery or library, could at least contribute their pence, and thus include themselves into a sort of proprietorship over the venture.

That the local gentry and clergy would support by their countenance and purse such a powerful rival to the public house, and consequent redeemer from pauperism, there can be little doubt, so that the open opposition of publicans, and the pos-



sible luke-warmness of some small sections of the community, could prevail little or nothing against the plan, provided the working class themselves could be brought to see clearly its feasibility. As for the assertion that they care for nothing besides the animal gratification of drinking and feasting, that may be put aside with a blank denial. On the contrary, amongst the genuine working class, as distinguished from the idle class, the eye is so completely depended upon for entertainment that they have coined the phrase, "sight-seeing," as synonymous with pleasure-taking. What is wanted with them is, first, something to draw them from home, and give them occasion to show their thrift and smartness in the matter of attire; and next that the something they have been induced to go out for be a spectacle at once pleasing, comprehensible, and not so elevated above their ordinary experience as to painfully remind them of their educational deficiencies. Thus, in music, it is the ballad that enchants them, and in painting, simple historic pieces, landscapes, portraits, and homely scenes. Yet, as no institution could long maintain its popularity with them unless worthy of being visited by strangers of all classes, it would be an ill compliment for painters, or givers of pictures, to present only common-place familiar subjects. No better mode could, indeed, be devised for expanding the sympathies, and enlarging curiosity, than for the ill-educated and town-confined to have brought before them fine allegorical pieces, and views of glaciers, ravines, waves, and cata-racts, which they are never likely to see in reality.

With art-galleries and reading-rooms, which they could look upon as having sprung from their own exertions, and as constantly appealing to them for fresh gifts, the working classes of towns would have the winter months provided for; and would need only a public garden where they could see and be seen, after the mode of fashionable people in *their* promenades, with the additional advantage of being able to procure from the garden lodge the means of forming a little pic-nic group, and of exchanging during

their meals the home-mingling of close smells for the fresh flower-scented air. "Very nice for the townspeople," the country ones would soon exclaim; "but what is to be done for us?" Well, truly, it is little that either can be done for them, or that they can do for themselves. Government, the paternal, the modern providence, might certainly buy, or beg the means of buying, for every village containing a hundred cottages an acre of ground, on the understanding that the richer inhabitants should provide means, and the poorer labour, for planting, turfing, and gravelling it into garden form.

Like a dream of Arcadia rises up the picture of some such leafy flowery oasis in every village desert, where in the summer evenings fathers and mothers might read, sew, and chat, while their children, according to their ages, danced, sang, or practised games. As amongst aborigines, the first dawn of foresight and contrivance is exerted for the better procuring of food; the last and most signal mark of civilisation is the concern given to means of pleasure. Between these two, the essential physical want and the interpreted spiritual want, there are regular gradations of progress, through which every nation passes, the provision for dress, for commerce, for government, for religion, and for education. At this last England has tardily arrived; when will it reach the point beyond; when will pleasure be understood to be in some form or other a necessity, and in certain forms an unmixed blessing? Not so long, it may be answered, as the devouring mammon-worship amongst the higher and middle classes remains unabated, nor yet while representations of criminals and crime can be counted on for drawing public attention. Fatal in their influence as the disgusting prints of the "Police News" have proved, which confront one continually at newsvenders' doors, they give evidence at least of no more degraded state of feeling in the purchasers than does the existence of the Tussaud chamber of horrors amongst the so-called refined classes, and before pleasure can be rightly understood, and provided for side by side with religion and instruction,

these and other such signs of putrid curiosity will have to be swept aside. Wax-work kings and queens may be very well in their way, for, naturally, as long as kings and queens are amongst existent things, people will desire to have their imagination of regal dress assisted by some such aid; but can there be any question about the inferior degree of pleasure obtainable from wax-works as they

are, compared to wax-works as they might and should be, reproducing for moneyless, untravelled people, the forms of ancient and modern sculptures wherever nations and individuals were willing to let their possessions be so copied for the sake of popularising art, and conferring benefit on those who, humbly loving art, now crave in vain to be brought into closer association with it.

## RICHARD SAVAGE.

At times there breaks out among a certain class of writers a disposition to startle us by boldly asserting to be false something which has long been accepted as true; thus, a sapient scribbler was fortunate enough to discover that Lord Bacon wrote the tragedies of "Lear," "Macbeth," "Othello," "Hamlet," and all the rest of those wonderful inspirations which mistaken people have, for so long, attributed to William Shakspeare. Recently I read an essay intended to prove the whole history of Richard Savage, as given by Dr. Johnson, to be an enormous falsehood, and, doubtless, in two or three hundred years time, some profound dunce will be prepared to prove that the History of England, published with the name of Thomas Babington Macaulay on the title-page, was written by Lord Brougham, or some other of the historian's contemporaries. My belief in Johnson's account is not shaken by the paper to which I have alluded; and I shall proceed upon his authority to give you a rapidly-executed sketch of a man whose life was strangely unhappy, and whose vices were, probably, as numerous as his virtues.

Samuel Johnson has given Savage considerable space in his *Lives of the English Poets*; and, with a kind feeling which the eminent doctor could not smother when misery and want came under his notice, he has endeavoured to tone down the follies, and elevate the virtues of the man of whose misfortunes he was cognisant, and whose fate he sincerely pitied; and, if we can discover that the errors of Savage were accompanied

with great virtues, may we not respect his abilities, compassionate his sufferings, and think charitably of his weaknesses?

Let us, however, commence with a broad start against him, and confess that he was irregular in conduct, obstinate in temper, and improvident in disposition. These are very serious blots which I shall not attempt to erase. Not expecting to make you admire, I shall not be offended if you feel a sympathy for, or, at least, an interest in him whose memory I am now disturbing.

In 1697, the then Countess of Macclesfield (in order to procure a separation from her husband), stated that Earl Rivers was the father of the child of which she was expected soon to become the mother. The marriage was dissolved, the property of the countess returned to her, and shortly afterwards she again married. During the proceedings, in reference to the dissolution, Richard Savage was born. His father was an earl, his mother a countess, and he a beggar from his birth to his burial. The misfortune of being illegitimatised, and so cut off from fortune and title was as nothing to the misfortune of having such a mother; for the affection natural to a parent never entered into her stern and unwomanly nature. Her treatment of her son was, indeed, startling in its cruelty. In the helplessness of his early infancy, she abandoned him to the care of an obscure woman; she regarded him with unmitigated hatred from his cradle to his coffin; from the first to the last day of his life acting the part of his bitterest enemy, at one



time defrauding him of a fortune by uttering a lie, at another endeavouring to procure his death at the hands of the public executioner. The ill-luck which followed this man through life was something wonderful; much of that bad luck was caused by his own follies, but much came upon him, so to speak, fortuitously.

His godmother died when he was ten years old; she had treated him with much affection, and at her death left him three hundred pounds. Her executors evaded the will, and Savage never received any part of the legacy. The Earl Rivers, when dying, felt anxious about his son, for whom he wished to provide; his pertinacity obliged the mother to give a positive account of her child. She therefore resolved to deprive him of the fortune with which he was threatened, and declared him to be dead. To prevent the chance of his discovering his parentage, she tried to get him sent to the American plantations. Failing to procure his banishment to a land of slavery, she had him placed upon probation, with a shoemaker, with the view of his becoming apprenticed; these designs, however, were frustrated; for his nurse dying about this time, he found with her effects, letters informing him of his extraction. The awl of the shoemaker immediately wounded his feelings; he abandoned it and turned author. He might have become a very Lackington of cord-wainers, but he turned author—wrote for his living. That turning author was no joke—the contest with life sustained by the friendless man of genius who seeks a living by the exercise of his pen, must, indeed, be a hard and wearying struggle.

I dare say you have some idea of the shockingly-fast life led by men of letters in the days of Queen Anne; nearly all the wits of that age frequented the tavern: those men of vast intellect were social, gregarious, and free-hearted; even the serene and dignified Addison spent five or six hours a day at his club, drinking and smoking sufficiently to feel a little shaky at breakfast-time. One of his jovial fraternity—big-hearted Dick Steele, as much a tavern-goer as the best of them—finds Mr. Savage in distress, and becomes his friend in

need. Sir Richard was a notorious wine-bibber; Savage always ready to join convivial company, and doubtless some of their evenings together were passed right merrily. What conversations must those have been, in which so many able men engaged in the unrestrained freedom of social intercourse! How common, among those conversational gladiators, was the bright thought, glittering from the well-cultivated fancy! One speaks; suddenly his words become important, and in the excitement of the topic and well-adapted expression, his manner and his language acquire a transitory brilliance, as splendid and inspiring as an unexpected burst of sunlight; then the humour so quaint, the sly sarcasm so keen, yet accompanied with a smile so conciliatory that the victim is appeased, and joins the laugh against himself. So catholic in their minds were these jolly toppers, so free in the expression of their opinions, that the whole intellect of the company would seem to spread itself equally amongst them; the natural and unforced eloquence of one clever man would give such a clear and comprehensive view of the subject under consideration, that the dullest of the party would catch the gist of the argument, and cover a passing fluency of speech with rich and appropriate language. Mr. Savage, when his means permitted, or a friend would pay the reckoning, had no objection to this kind of society. The steaming glasses of potent drinks, and clouds of tobacco-smoke created an atmosphere to which he was quite partial. Had you been allowed the privilege of spending an evening in that wonderful company, I expect you would have found him an earnest disputant, with a voice not particularly melodious, and an expression of countenance not over pleasing to a stranger; one who would maintain his views to the very last, and capable of betraying a little petulance in the event of a defeat.

It happened that Savage (perhaps in the exuberance of unthinking mirth) was so indiscreet as to mention some of Sir Richard Steele's foibles, doubtless colouring the re-



lation with the highly ludicrous. Sir Richard hears of this, and is so much, and so justly offended, that he discontinues an allowance which he had been making Savage, and never again takes him into his favour. At this time Savage was so badly off that he found it necessary to produce something which would bring funds; he therefore wrote a tragedy upon the story of Sir Thomas Overbury. Often, when engaged upon this work, he had no lodging, and was forced to study in the fields or the streets. After a while the money realised by this tragedy enabled him to make a tolerable appearance. He found a friend too in Mrs. Oldfield, a rather famous actress of that day, who was pleased with his conversation, pitied his misfortunes, and as long as she lived allowed him fifty pounds a-year.

Such was his position when an event occurred which brought him before a judge and jury on a charge of murder. It happened in November, 1727, that, in company with two men, Gregory and Merchant, he exercised his violence with fatal effect against a gentleman named James Sinclair.

This trio of roisterers—Savage, Gregory, and Merchant, remained drinking in a coffee-house till the closing of the place. They then turned out with the intention of walking about the streets to find amusement for the remainder of the night. Cannot one easily imagine with what sportive and buoyant spirits they sallied forth upon that sombre November night? There they were, wine fired, and fit for anything; all sorts of feelings were at large in them: excite their pity, and they would betray a maudlin sympathy; excite their anger, and the drink-made devil possessing them would urge to the shedding of blood. Well, it was anger, not pity, that was excited, and the result was—homicide. Near Charing Cross, they entered another house, and acted so offensively towards some of the company that a quarrel resulted. Swords were drawn, and, sad to relate, Mr. Sinclair received a fatal wound at the hands of Savage. That scrap of real tragedy was performed one hundred and thirty-six years ago. It would at this time be a grim sight to see

the unlucky weapon which put finis to the earthly career of James Sinclair. That blood-stained little blade, time-worn and rust-worn, would wear a guilty appearance, and inspire a strange feeling of curiosity. So much for associations; the piece of steel may be as simple-looking as any other piece of lumber; but the shadow of a gloomy crime is upon it; its rust-patches have a suspicious look, and where is the hand, which one hundred and thirty-six years ago guided it to its guilty use? Truly, the reflections which such a relic would suggest would be somewhat melancholy.

The day came when Savage, Gregory, and Merchant had to play the most conspicuous parts in that criminal court, in which the evidence against them was heard. The jury found that Savage and Gregory were guilty of murder, and Merchant (who had not used a sword in the fray) of manslaughter. Savage defended himself with much ability, and most of those who heard the trial thought he ought to have been acquitted. The only chance of escape from a felon's death was in the mercy of the Crown, which (however incredible it may sound) was obstructed by no other person than his mother. The Countess of Hertford, however, used her influence with the Queen on his behalf, and he was pardoned. He now felt how vain it was to hope his mother would ever relax in her cruelty towards him. He, therefore, declared that, unless she made him an allowance, he would expose her by publishing the whole particulars of her conduct. The threat succeeded, and (upon his promising to abandon his intention) Lord Tyreconnel received him into his family as an equal, and allowed him two hundred pounds a year. His biographer says, "This was the golden part of Mr. Savage's life, and for some time he had no reason to complain of fortune; his appearance was splendid, his expenses large, and his acquaintance extensive. He was courted by all who endeavoured to be thought men of genius, and caressed by all who valued themselves upon a refined taste. To admire Mr. Savage was a proof of discernment, and to be acquainted with

him was a title to poetical reputation. His presence was sufficient to make any place of public entertainment popular, and his approbation and example constituted the fashion. So powerful is genius when invested with the glitter of affluence. Men willingly pay to fortune that regard which they owe to merit, and are pleased when they have an opportunity at once of gratifying their vanity and practising their duty."

I suspect such observations will never cease to have an application. I suppose that men of unbounded genius, whose surroundings in life are mean in the eyes of the wealthy, will always be struggling unsuccessfully in this world, and that men with indifferent parts, who are so fortunate as to own that glitter of affluence, will command homage, patronage, and caresses of which a starving genius may be more deserving. Of all unlucky writers, I pity most the poor poet, whose fancy creates an Eden which ever appears beyond his reach; the splendour of the imaginary feast is driven away by the cravings of hunger which he has not the means to allay, and the glories of the poetic scene are lost in the wretchedness of an unfurnished garret.

We have brought Savage to that part of his career which finds him the dependent on Lord Tyrconnel's bounty; to that point in his history which Johnson calls the golden part of his life! You have seen a brilliant sunshine! In its splendour it may be said to make the golden part of the day; but how transient the glory of that magnificent sight! as we look it has passed away, and darkness and night quickly follow. So in regard to this sunshine which fell upon Savage; this sunshine (which I fear was, at best, but imperfect) lasted but a short time. He and Lord Tyrconnel soon quarrelled, and Savage then found himself in a condition more abject and needy than ever. Thus, on went the life of this man; his natural affections blighted, and his mind hardened against reason by those bitter thinkings which suggest themselves to the disappointed, when the spirit of youth has departed, and hopes are daily growing

fainter. I will not weary you by attempting to describe the vicissitudes which befel this man to the end of his life. A quotation will inform you of his poverty and wretchedness. Speaking of him at this time, Johnson says: "He lodged as much by accident as he dined, and passed the night sometimes in mean houses, which are set open at night to any casual wanderers, sometimes in cellars among the riot and filth of the meanest and most profligate of the rabble; and sometimes, when he had not money to support even the expenses of these receptacles walked about the streets till he was weary, and lay down, in the summer, upon a bulk, or, in the winter, with his associates in poverty, among the ashes of a glass-house. In this manner were passed those days and those nights which nature had enabled him to have employed in elevated speculations, useful studies, or pleasing conversation. On a bulk, in a cellar, or in a glass-house among thieves and beggars, was to be found the author of 'The Wanderer;' the man of exalted sentiments, extensive views, and curious observations; the man whose remarks on life might have assisted the statesman, whose ideas of virtues might have enlightened the moralist, whose eloquence might have influenced senates, and whose delicacy might have polished courts." At last his friends, perhaps ashamed of his appearance, undertake to subscribe for him fifty pounds a year, upon condition that he retire to Swansea. He agrees to this, and sets out for Wales. Fourteen days after his departure his friends receive his letter dated from Bristol, where, falling in company, he had stayed until his money was gone. Ultimately he gets to Swansea, where he sojourns about twelve months. He then resolved to visit London, in order to publish a work he had prepared for the press. At a tavern in Bristol he spends the five pounds intended to pay for his journey to town, and, hunted by bailiffs, he leads a life as miserable as the most miserable sinner could do. The officers of the law catch him—he is lodged in gaol; and, after being there six months, in gaol he dies.



Now, what think you of this unfortunate Richard Savage? I am sorry to say there is a great deal belonging to him which one cannot admire, and it is not my intention to be at all dainty in the expression of my opinion against him. Allow me, then, to venture. You might have befriended him at any inconvenience, at any cost, with the best of intentions; and, if at another time you were unwilling to repeat the favour, he would forget your former kindness and treat you as an enemy; he would borrow from you as though he had a right to your purse, and would look upon refusal as an insult, and if he got the loan, would be equally offended if at any time you asked him to repay it. Your defects of mind or person he would be sure to observe, and whenever his importunities obliged you to treat him with plainness, he would take offence, and expose and ridicule you in every tavern he entered.

His experience was of no value to him as a corrector of his follies. He deduced no lesson from misfortune, and was always ready to drown the voice of reason by arguments the most specious and illogical. Nothing could prevent him indulging his taste for pleasure so long as he possessed the means. The future he never allowed to depress him. The to-morrow, which another would have brooded upon as a dismal prospect, never, with him, clouded the gaiety of to-day. The apprehension of calamity never visited him; but when the calamity came (and come it often did) he was amazed. Although his life was a succession of expedients, he assumed a bearing which would have been unbecoming in any ordinary mortal. There are all sorts of objections to be made to his way of living. It is not a manly thing to be satisfied to live upon another's bounty when by exertion you can gain your own support. I do not like that implacable spirit which belonged to his resentment. I do not like his practice of entertaining a company by exercising his powers of mimicry in making sport of people whose liberality towards him should have saved them from such treatment. His opportunities of

making just observations upon men were ample, and it might have been more excusable had he, in pointing at the foibles of others, confined himself to that humourousness of manner which robs scandal of more than half its spite; but I fear there was at times a stern maliciousness in his colouring which would go to make a trifling fault appear as a serious vice. Cannot you see how it was that all attempts to befriend him were useless? The man was so shameless in his exactions that those who had the disposition to help him soon found that, in self-defence, they were obliged to re-monstrate, and that was taken by him to be an unwarrantable interference, to which he would not submit. You know the sort of man well enough—one who always considers himself ill-used, and receives the greatest favour as if he had a right to it, and was born to live at the expense of other people.

It is not easy to believe that one who had so little regard to propriety in the conduct of his life, and who so little contemplated the discharge of obligations, could have a very high sense of honour. Yet, so inconsistent is human nature, I believe he never considered himself in fault, and fancied, moreover, that he had a claim upon all with whom he became acquainted. The greatness of his intellect might be questioned when we find it did not prevent him occasionally acting as a fool; was it not amply on record that men fitted for great attainments have often failed in the same manner and brought upon themselves the greatest misery. In justice I cannot say more against Savage than I have already said, and perhaps you will consider you have read sufficient to prove him a bad and worthless fellow. Gently, my patient friends. I have just concluded the case for the prosecution, and, you know, the learned counsel, to whom the defence is entrusted, always says something for his money.

Are we, then, to qualify the impression which our description of the man has produced by betraying a feeling for his misfortunes. Why not? It is a pitiful disposition which refuses to hear a word in pal-



liation of the sins of another. With a hearty loathing I hate that cold ascetic nature which, vain in its own narrow-minded self-righteousness, harshly condemns every erring fellow-creature, and would rob the criminal of the power to repent and the joy of being forgiven. Have you no pity for one so wretched in this life? Are you devoid of that charity which forbids you to condemn lest you also be condemned? Neither pity nor charity is possessed by the man whose cry is against the transgressor, and who satisfies himself with that cry without an endeavour to rescue. Be loud in denouncing vice; but be wise and manly enough to go to the profligate and the vicious with an honest feeling of pity in your heart and words of kindness and encouragement on your lips, dictated by the precept that charity is the greatest virtue; that, without charity, there is no faith, no hope.

Having stated the case so fully against Savage, it will be but just to mention any good quality with which he can be fairly invested; and let me tell you that, mixed with the blemishes belonging to him, were some of the most manly characteristics which attach to human nature. I have a conviction that the true reasonable soul of the man was for strict honesty and plain dealing. He would do things which, in another, he condemned with a sort of virtuous indignation; but then, he was such a downright earnest believer in himself, and possessed with such a thorough and superlative egotism, that self-condemnation was, in his case, rendered almost impossible. I believe him to have been troubled with one of the things most fatal to human happiness, namely, a belief in his own infallibility. It would be a vain thing to occupy ourselves in the endeavour to find a man with a character entirely free from the leaven of human weakness and wickedness; and God only knows what incarnate rascalities are abroad in the world, sheltered from our perceptions under the most vile and miserable crimes of hypocrisy.

Savage was no hypocrite, and I

think his freedom from that most abominable sin is enough to raise a feeling in his favour. He was humane and benevolent. Amid all his recklessness he was never indifferent to an appeal from the truly distressed; and, although we blame him for ungenerous conduct towards the powerful and rich, he ever exercised a kind-hearted liberality towards the poor. Those who have been blessed with the amenities of a happy home through the plastic years of childhood, who have enjoyed the tender, solicitous love of a good mother, can but poorly understand the influence which a mother's hate, coupled with the misfortune of his birth, may have had upon the life of this man. With no opportunity of practising the wholesome duty which the well-taught child so naturally observes towards a fond parent, was it a wonder that his character should be faulty!

In the midst of misery and privation he was a cheerful and entertaining companion, and is said to have preserved fortitude and dignity of manner under the most distressing circumstances. That cheerfulness and fortitude, however, must at times have deserted him. I have no doubt the full measure of bitterness was at his heart, and, when alone, must have overflowed with a grief too intense to be exhibited before another. The worst of his vices were those common to the age in which he lived—the age which the gentle Addison checked in its follies. Looked at from the present order of things it was a time full of the most serious quaintnesses. To us the bustling importance, the extravagant fopperies, and the cumbersome courtesies belonging to the characters of that day, appear as so much drollery, but if the true tone of that society were sounded in our ears, we should think it rather coarse, and not very gratifying. The descriptions which we have of the life and manners of that date are delightfully humorous, but at the same time they inform us how much gaiety, and pleasure, and foolery belonged to the age, and, to some extent, plead for Savage the excuse of custom.

## THE OLD PRISONS OF PARIS AND THEIR INMATES.

## THE LUXEMBOURG.

AMONG the prisons selected for the detention of the victims of the first Revolution were the three neighbouring ones of the Luxembourg, of the Caserne Vaugirard, and of the Carmes. On the horrors of the massacres of September, 1792, we are not disposed to dwell; they may be readily found in histories. Our business is with the fortunes of individuals presenting interesting traits or situations. Danton, the personal embodiment of the Revolution, after offering numberless victims to the blades of the sans-culottes, and the instrument of public vengeance, the guillotine, at last got a foretaste of his own fate during some hours' leisure in the Luxembourg. Perhaps during these moments he recollected his own address to the Jacobins:—"The metal is bubbling hot, but the statue of liberty is not yet cast. If you watch not well the furnace, you yourselves will be burned."

What a humiliation for the proud and relentless man, to be asked his name by his fellow butchers, now his judges, and some of whom he had himself proscribed! His answer was characteristic: "I am Danton; I have made my name known in the Revolution. My dwelling will be soon in the void, but my name shall live in the Pantheon of history."

In the Luxembourg also were detained Camille Desmoulins and Fabre d'Eglantine (the latter a provincial actor), whose nice names did not prevent them from assisting in bringing about the Revolution.

Another illustrious victim who rested in the cells of the Luxembourg and the Conciergerie before his promotion to the scaffold, was the learned chemist Lavoisier, to whom we owe the knowledge of the composition of water, and the office of oxygen in combustion. Lavoisier's offence consisted in his having been a farmer general of taxes. He was for some time concealed by a noble-minded and devoted woman in the

Rue Féron. He was so fearful of compromising his generous guardian that he made several attempts at escape, but she was very watchful, and at times absolutely locked him up. However, he at last eluded her vigilance, and next day was safe in a cell of the Luxembourg.

The fate of Condorcet somewhat resembled that of Lavoisier in being concealed by a woman for a considerable time after his outlawry, and escaping from her protection in order not to involve her in his danger. Along with the other Girondins he had been obliged to succumb to the Jacobins, and being arrested in the country, he was conducted to the prison of Bourg la Reine, where he poisoned himself.

It is probable that in his last moments he reflected on the coincidence of his approaching death at a town called *La Reine*, after assisting to bring destruction on the king and queen whose liege subject he once had been. His arrest was owing to an indiscretion. Wandering in the environs of Paris, accoutred as a mason, and besprinkled with plaster, he entered a little house of entertainment, and called for an omelet. "How many eggs do you wish broken?" said the hostess. "Twelve," answered he. "This must surely be a suspect," said the bystanders, "who orders a dozen eggs and is able to pay for them." They began to question him, and the examination ended in his arrest. When the chiefs of the Revolution took the fetters off the hands of the people, they little thought that they themselves would so soon experience such treatment as these rough and unfeeling hands could inflict. It is in the order of Providence that the descendants of evil ancestors suffer in this life for their misdeeds. The good-hearted and compassionate king and queen suffered temporary punishment for the heartless and unfeeling mode in which the people had been treated by the reigning powers from the thirteenth to the fifteenth Louis; and it was a blessing sent to the *noblesse*,

male and female, to arrest the career of utter vice and indifference to the condition of the poor, in which they lived.

The Duchess of Orleans, the exemplary mother of Louis Philippe, was confined as a *suspecte* in the Luxembourg, in 1793. In the June following she was transferred to the Conciergerie, the last halting-place on the way to the scaffold. She so understood it herself; but when the agents of the Committee of Public Safety summoned her to the tribunal, the head gaoler, Benedict, asserted that she was dying. Through powerful interest she was afterwards transferred from the Luxembourg to an asylum in the Rue de Charonne.

A woman, by name Jeanne Faurie, another *suspecte*, had, without intention or even knowledge, so enthralled a most rigid turnkey, that he let her have everything she wished for in her cell, and when she was on the eve of being examined he allowed her to escape. The poor man frequently visited the cell, and wept and kissed everything which she had ever touched. After one of these ecstatic visits he repaired to the head-gaoler, Benedict, and acknowledged his crime. The worthy Concierge judged that the poor man was beside himself, and therefore not accountable. Instead of denouncing him he condemned him to live, and go on with his ordinary occupations.

Heron, secretary to that unrighteous denouncer, Fouquier Tinville, relates a little incident in extreme contrast to that of the innocent but intense love of the poor turnkey. A college friend one day paid him (Heron) a visit at the court; gleefully rubbing his hands, and calling a smile over his features, he cried, "Bravo, citizen, bravo! Well done! fifty-four condemned to day! Have you as many for to-morrow?" "Not quite, but nearly so." "Is the list yet signed by the Citizen, the Public Accuser?" "No! Why do you ask?" "I have a little service to demand. Put my wife on the list." "Your wife! go along; you want to have a laugh at me." "No, no, my friend; you will do me a signal favour." "Impossible, my friend. It was not longer than last *duode* (second day), when we dined together,

that you seemed enchanted with the citizenship." "Well, I have changed my opinion." "But the citizenship is a good *sansculotte*." "Not at all; she is an aristocrat, and I'll prove it." "You are mad." "I tell you no; once, twice, thrice, will you guillotine my wife?" "Certainly I will not." "So much for college friendship!" said the disappointed man, retiring in great dudgeon. The best of the story was, that this married pair lived agreeably with each other for thirty years after the Revolution, the poor woman never suspecting the visit to Tinville's secretary nor its object.

Mr. Shandy was not very wrong when he propounded his views on the influence of names. Could anyone with a spark of intelligence expect anything from the owner of the name Fouquier Tinville but servility, baseness, and cruelty?

The future Empress Josephine, one of the most amiable and graceful women that ever existed, passed more than a year at Sainte-Pelagie and the Luxembourg. She became the wife of Napoleon I. on the 8th of March, 1796. Their first residence after he was promoted to the Consulship was the little Luxembourg. It is related of her that one morning there was a stronger charm of grace, beauty, and innocent coquetry about her than usual, the object being to induce the First Consul to visit the cell which she had formerly occupied at the Luxembourg. Bonaparte felt no pleasure in the proposal, but will he, nill he, there was but one thing to be done—obey. When they arrived at the poor chamber, Josephine seemed much affected. She went to a corner, knelt down, and endeavoured to loosen a flag. "Lend me your sword, my friend," said she to her husband; and with its aid she lifted the little flag. She then began to search in the dust underneath, and the next moment she uttered a cry of joy, and held up a ring towards Napoleon. He was all inquisitiveness about it, and soon learned that it had been given to her by her mother. When she learned that she was to be removed from the prison, she was uncertain whether she was to be executed or not, and so she had buried the dear keepsake, that it



might not be profaned by the hands of the executioner.

Later in time the Luxembourg had for an inmate Marshal Ney, whom the powers of the Restoration might have forgiven. It was a very human weakness to have cried *Vive l'Empereur!*" on the great man's escape from Elba. Ney's fault was the taking of service under the restored dynasty. He met his fate in such a mode as to detract nothing from his title of the bravest among the brave. Peace be with him! Later in date the present Emperor experienced the stingy and harsh hospitality of the same prison.

#### THE BICÊTRE AND THE SALPETRIÈRE.

The first of these hospitals or houses of refuge, afterwards converted into prisons, was in turn a religious house, a castle, a stronghold of armed vagabonds, a house of invalids under Cardinal Richelieu, and of refuge for St. Vincent de Paul's abandoned children. The Salpêtrière was devoted to the protection or incarceration of females, young and old. M. de Latude, before-mentioned, has left in his memoirs an appalling picture of living death in the cabanons of the Bicêtre. The interior economy of the institution, part prison, part infirmary, and part lunatic asylum, was of the worst description, and the mingling of the lunatics with the prisoners and the sick produced the most bizarre and wretched scenes.

One of the earliest inmates under restraint as a lunatic was a man in advance of his time as an inventor. This was Solomon de Caus, to whom the idea of economising steam as a moving force had presented itself before the Marquis of Worcester entertained it.

Solomon was a distinguished architect, painter, and sculptor, and having executed commissions for the Prince of Wales, son of Charles I., and the Elector of Bavaria, he repaired to Paris to interest Cardinal Richelieu in the uses to which steam might be turned. The Superintendent of the Finances, Michel Particelli, willing to construct a little palace for the beautiful but unprincipled Marion Delorme, gave the commission to Solomon, who exhausted all his skill on the little

paradise, having become deeply enthralled by the beautiful sorceress who was to inhabit it. He was anxious to make her his wife, but Marion loved liberty too well to consent. Becoming tired of her serious and exacting admirer, she requested one of her influential patrons to have him sent away, or free her from his presence in some manner.

An interview of poor Solomon with the great man was followed by his imprisonment in the Bicêtre, where banishment from the presence of his enchantress, and the evil treatment of the place, effectually deprived him of reason. Cardinal Richelieu, in consigning him to that terrible asylum, really believed him to be insane.

Some years later Lord Edward Somerset, Marquis of Worcester, being in Paris, Cinq-Mars, his friend, absent at the time from the city, requested Marion, with whom he was at the time in favour, to do the honours of the city to the English nobleman. One day she took it into her head to bring the guest to the Bicêtre, but was thunderstruck to hear herself called on by name from behind the bars of a cell, and anxiously implored to get liberty for the voice's master. Poor Solomon, for he was the unhappy prisoner, enlarged on his discovery, and boasted of the riches and splendour it would procure for her and him if he were only set at liberty. She was for the moment finely shocked, for she had till then supposed that her hapless lover had been merely sent out of the country. She induced the Englishman to leave the place, but the answers she returned to his inquiries made him anxious for an uninterrupted conversation with the poor madman. He spent some hours in his cell, and on his return to the little court of Marion, he exclaimed: "Instead of this man being imprisoned, he would have been distinguished by honours and rewards in my country. He is now, however, thoroughly mad. Despair and confinement have made him so. In casting this man into captivity you have assassinated the greatest genius of the age." Who can say but that the communications of the

poor lunatic gave the man of science the first idea of the capabilities of the steam of boiling water?

When the Government of 1733 discovered that the filth and squalor of the Bicêtre had become intolerable, they commissioned Boffrand, the State architect for hospitals, and he, by dint of skill and patience, constructed a draw-well 171 feet in depth and fifteen feet in diameter. The water was first raised by four horses, but afterwards the ruling powers substituted for these the labour of thirty-two prisoners, or lunatics, or blind people. Two vessels, each containing 1200 lbs. weight of water, are brought to the surface by the machinery and poured into a tank fifty feet square. So, if the Bicêtre was not afterwards distinguished by cleanliness, it was not for want of water.

One of the earliest acts of the National Assembly was the selection of four of its members to visit the thirty prisons of Paris. Mirabeau was one of these four,—Mirabeau, who had had such intimate personal experience of prison-life. They found in the Bicêtre three thousand détenus, and three hundred and forty officials. Notwithstanding the unwillingness and resistance of the director, they visited every room and cell, and horrible discoveries they made. This was in 1789. In 1792 the guillotine decapitated its first man at the Bicêtre. The massacre executed by the sovereign people on the prisoners and the officials of the Bicêtre was one of the most appalling scenes of the Revolution; the very children were butchered, and thrown in a pile in one of the yards.

The detestable Marquis of Sade, who had been condemned to death by the *Palement* of Aix, and only saved by the influence of his family, had been some time in the Bicêtre when the massacre was committed. He was one of those whom the temporary judges let off with life. However he was remanded again to the prison by Bonaparte after the memorable day of *Brumaire*. He was at a later day confined at Charenton, where he died in 1814. This wretch, not content with having committed

abominable crimes, had written a couple of infamous books which were burned by the hands of the hangman. His least objectionable amusement while in the Bicêtre was thus enjoyed: he got purchased the finest roses that could be procured for money, and having feasted his senses of sight and smell on each for a considerable time he scattered the leaves on the ground. Then he lay down as if to delight again in their odour, but, instead of that, he scattered them in the mud, and then rising he trampled on them till they formed a dirty colourless mass.

A system of amelioration commenced during the reign of Louis XVI. Doctor Pinel, who presided over the sanitary condition of the prison at the era of the Revolution, was accused before the Committee of Public Safety of a desire to restore the monarchy, as appeared from his treatment of the insane. He explained his system of treating mental diseases, in which he showed that he preferred mildness to violence, and availed himself largely of freedom of movement and fresh air. For a wonder the committee sent him back to tend his patients. Dr. Fernus, who succeeded Dr. Pinel, continued the same system, dictated by judgment and philanthropy. Improvement went on in the same ratio among the females confined in the appendage to the Bicêtre, the Salpêtrière.

Among the lunatics of the Salpêtrière, Theroigne de Mericourt, an infamous woman of the days of the Revolution, was kept for some years. She varied the course of her ordinary life of wickedness by assuming male attire, and doing duty on the aristocrats with a pike and sabre. The very knitters who sat for relaxation's sake round the guillotine considered this conduct unworthy of a woman of the people. They accordingly seized her one day, stripped her, and administered a public whipping of a severe character. This chastisement deprived her of such powers of reasoning as she possessed, and she ended her days at the Salpêtrière. While she was able she occasionally gave herself a good whipping, the result of the memory of her punishment acting on her diseased intellect.

It much interested the body of the



prisoners, as well as the Parisian populace generally, when the day arrived for despatching a batch of forçats to the galleys. They watched with eager looks the laying out of the chains at one end of the yard, and the fastening of the ring which went round each man's neck to this chain, the sinister-looking smiths using portable anvils laid on the backs of the culprits, and giving themselves but small trouble about the sufferings of the poor wretches.

One day, in 1818, there went off from the Bicêtre thus accoutred a man of extraordinary fortunes, Coignard, who had long borne the title of Count of St. Helena.

In 1805 this man, by the interference of a female friend, obtained the title-deeds and other family papers of an Emigré nobleman, who had died in exile in Spain. Henceforward he was Coignard no longer. He was the Count of St. Helena. Quitting France to fight in the Spanish army under General Mina, he behaved himself so well that the title of Chevalier of Saint Vladimir and of Alcantara was conferred on him. In 1808, the Count was found fighting under the banners of France as chief of battalion, and did his best against the arms of Spain till the fall of the Empire. In 1815, the brave Coignard, whose loyalty was on a par with that of the no less brave *Dugald Dalgetty*, found Louis XVIII. ready to accord so tried a warrior a hearty welcome. Under the Restoration he enjoyed the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, the title of Chevalier of Saint Louis, and the cross of an Officer of the Legion of Honour. Coignard, so far, was favoured by the blind goddess.

In 1818, at a review in the Place Vendôme, he was recognised by Darius, a former galley comrade, but he was now too great a man to renew so disreputable an acquaintance. The offended Darius denounced his old comrade to General Despinois, and Coignard was convicted of being an escaped forçat. He contrived to escape, but was recaptured among a band of malefactors, and recommitted to the galleys for life—a very unwise proceeding on the part of the Government, who should have considered

his useful and heroic services for thirteen years.

The last ironing of forçats to be forwarded to some seaport occurred on the 3rd October, 1835, when 180 prisoners were chained and despatched from the Bicêtre. There is a graphic and painful account given of the operation in Victor Hugo's *Derniers Jours d'un Condamné*.

Bicêtre is now a mere receptacle for patients suffering under mental maladies. Its squalor, filth, vice, and crime are things of the past. The same remark also applies to the Salpêtrière.

#### L'ABBAYE.

The cells which the architects of the Monastery of Saint Germain des Près had constructed for the temporary confinement of monks unmindful of their duties, became in time the abodes of young rakes, whom their parents consigned to the care of the institution, with a view to their reformation. Previous to the Revolution, unruly members of the Gardes Français suffered detention there for their misdeeds, and one of the earliest exercises of their power by the sovereign people was the deliverance of these worthies, and the corrupting by drink and the spells of fraternity the guards who were sent to reclaim them. This was three years before the massacres of September.

They gave a legal character to this proceeding at the Abbaye by holding a trial for a few seconds on each. If the individual was not doomed, an officer was sent out, who proclaimed his innocence. If found worthy of death the president pronounced the words, "A la force!" and the victim, supposing he was consigned to some prison, was sent on between two rows of armed men, but he did not live to come to the extremity of the avenue.

The victims butchered at the Abbaye included the Prince de Rohan Chabôt, the venerable abbot, Chapt de Rastignac, Thierry, the king's body servant, Montmorin, minister for foreign affairs, numbers of priests true to their faith,



and of soldiers true to their oath. One priest before being presented before the tribunal, removed his ecclesiastical dress, put on some very ragged clothing, and passed himself off as a beggar. Having been dismissed, he hastened home, but was so imprudent in his joy as to mention his mode of escape to two of his neighbours, one of whom was a butcher. These wretches knocked him down on the instant and killed him.

M. Cazotte, the writer, and his daughter were among the inmates of this Abbaye at the period. She was pronounced innocent, but when her father was about to be assassinated, she threw herself before him, and declared they should reach his life only through her body. Some impressionable individuals raised their voices for pardon, and the philosopher escaped. However, some of his worst ill-willers contrived to have the poor girl confined, and having now no dread of her influence, got the sentence of death executed on her father. Mademoiselle de Sombrueil was more fortunate; she saved her father's life under similar circumstances. Malesherbes' daughter, Madame de Rosambo, when proceeding to the tribunal with her father, meeting the heroic young woman, cried: "Ah, you have had the glory of saving the life of your father; I shall have the consolation of dying with mine."

The Abbé Sicard, the instructor of the deaf and dumb, felt the pike of the assassin at his breast, when the clockmaker, Monnot, rushed between him and death, crying, "'Tis the Abbé Sicard, one of the most serviceable men in the community. I will protect him at the risk of my life." The Abbé thus got time to address his executioners: "I devote myself to the instruction of the deaf and dumb, and as there are many more of the poor than of the rich thus affected, I belong more to the people than to the nobles." This speech nearly procured an ovation, and notwithstanding the exertions of some personal enemies, he escaped with life.

In the sanguine episodes of the Revolution, it sometimes happened that good feeling and natural jus-

tice influenced the folk in power for the moment, and that wicked subordinates met the treatment due to their crimes. The ex-Abbé Schneider, a personification of cruelty and luxury, was a public denouncer in the department of the Lower Rhine. It was his custom of an afternoon to take a choice dinner with a person well-to-do, and superintend his execution immediately after, in the courtyard of the house.

Taking it into his head to marry, and thus increase his popularity, he fixed his choice on an estimable young woman, daughter of a dignitary in Brumath who was at the time in prison. He released him, invited himself to dinner with him, and proposed for the hand of his daughter. The poor young woman, looking out at window, saw the perambulating scaffold in the street, and was at no loss to guess at its import. So she accepted the offer, merely stipulating that the marriage such as the new order of things allowed, should be publicly celebrated in Strasbourg, the seat of the local government, in order that she might not be confounded with his other numerous wives. He agreed, and as the cortege could not arrive before the closing of the gates, Schneider sent on word to have them kept open for an hour beyond the time. This was quite informal, and the Governor, St. Just, was not in good humour when the betrothed pair presented themselves in state in an open chariot, and the death apparatus was seen lumbering on a waggon in the rear. When the carriage stopped, the bride got out, went on her knees before Saint Just, and requested justice in the name of the convention. On her explaining the circumstance in some detail, the Governor, who by the way suspected the apostate monk of a design to displace him, ordered him to be tied to the guillotine, and, after some hours of exposure to public derision, to be sent on to Paris. There, after a short sojourn in prison, he was brought before Fouquier Tinville, accused, and condemned to the guillotine, the fate which he had inflicted on so many others.

Madame Roland and the intrepid

Charlotte Corday, who rid the world of Marat, spent some days in the Abbaye. We do not dwell on the fortunes of the last-named heroine, as they have been so often told.

#### THE TEMPLE.

This prison, the last abode of the ill-fated Louis XVI. and his queen, dates from the 12th century, when the Knights' Templars (so called from the Temple of Jerusalem) requested from the king a piece of marshy land, whose exhalations in summer brought illnesses innumerable on the Parisians. The unhealthy spot was given over to them, and soon trees, esculent fruits, roots, and plants, succeeded to the rushes and the deadly vegetation of the *Marais*. There they raised their military convent, and there they enjoyed the power of life and death within a certain distance of their stronghold. The building was provided with a large tower for the arsenal and the preservation of the treasures of the order, and four smaller ones for the temporary confinement of offending knights. The esplanade afforded room for the manoeuvres of three hundred men armed with cross-bows and halberds.

These Templars, these military monks, from rather an early era in their existence, exhibited a decided preference for arms and armour when placed beside missals and breviaries. Their fortress in the *Marais* afforded a stronghold for the safety of the Royal treasures. They treated with kings on terms of equality; they lent money to the king; they received the keys of cities.

They had the honour of entertaining our Henry III. on his visit to Louis IX., and notwithstanding the size of the fortress, the visitors and the kingly trains could not find room within the precincts. They filled all the hosteleries from the Temple to the Place de Grève. After the kings had paid a visit to the churches, they were entertained at a banquet, and the doors being left open and the tables loaded with food everywhere, any person might enter and take his fill. Saint Louis had King Henry on his right, the King of Navarre on his left; and twelve bishops, twenty dukes or barons, and eighteen countesses sat at table. After the feast

the English monarch presented to the French lords many silver goblets, gold buckles, and silken scarfs. St. Louis carried off Henry to the Palais, jokingly remarking that he was master in his own kingdom at all events.

Fifty-eight years after, and under the orders of Philip the Fair, the Templars were suppressed, many of them tortured, and put to death, and the Grand Master, James de Molay and Guy Dauphin of Auvergne, burned alive in the Isle du Palais, and all the goods of the community confiscated. Under the torture, the Grand Master acknowledged that his knights were guilty of the blasphemies and abominations laid to their charge. But before his execution he revoked this confession, declaring that it had been wrung from him by the intolerable torment of the rack. He cited the Pope to appear before the sovereign judge in forty days, and the King within a year. This was on the 11th of March, 1313. At the time of the first movement against the order, the Temple was occupied by the Grand Master and one hundred and thirty-nine Knights.

A difference of opinion concerning the general depravity of the body at the period of their prosecution still prevails. Philip's proceedings were certainly not motivated by a desire to enrich himself by the general confiscation. All the property sequestrated was made over to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, the king reserving to the crown nothing but the towers, large and small, mentioned above, to be used according to state exigencies. These were afterwards put in requisition when it was necessary to imprison the great of the country or the city.

Among the prisoners of the Temple in the 14th century, was the gentle damsel Odette, who alone had any effective influence over the spirit of the poor mad King Charles VI., the husband of the wicked Isabelle of Bavaria. One of the patient's afflictions was a deep-seated repugnance to change his linen. But a threat uttered by Odette that she would care for him no more, and would quit the palace, always brought him to reason in this matter at least. She was obliged to exert her authority



to induce him to do anything conducive to his health. After his death she was accused by the English of having corresponded with the Dauphin, and done her utmost to make the late king entertain a good feeling towards him. However, the poor favourite was left only three months in the Temple till she was released.

There is but little to interest the reader in the history of the Temple and its precincts till its occupation by the Royal Family some four-score years since. Its dependencies had, during the greater part of the 18th century, given shelter to many workmen, who had not served as apprentices, and debtors who converted it into a sanctuary. We cannot overcome our repugnance to dwell on the treatment given to the well-intentioned king and his family by their unfeeling and maddened people, especially the inhuman management of the poor young prince. Besides, the imprisonment of the Royal Family in the Temple has been a hundred times recorded. Admirers of Bonaparte would be glad that the estimable negro chief, Toussaint L'Ouverture, had never set foot in France, or that the First Consul had shown more respect to the law of nations, or more greatness of soul in his regard. Napoleon fell short of Julius Cæsar and a few other great generals in the oblivion or disregard of personal affronts or selfish interests. Toussaint was imprisoned for a time in the Temple, and later in the fort of Jaux, where he died on 27th April, 1803. His siding with France against the English and Spaniards was not taken into account by the ungrateful powers of the day.

Pichegru and Moreau also experienced the hospitality of the Temple.

#### THE MADELONNETTE.

Of this prison or its inmates, which, at first a Magdalen asylum, was at the time of the Revolution converted into a prison, we should have nothing very important to mention, but for its temporary possession of the bodies of the actors of the *Comédie Française*, and the extraordinary activity and goodness of one of the inferior officers of the Public Safety Committee in pre-

serving doomed victims from the axe. Before mentioning his humane exertions, it is miserable to fancy the sanguinary Collot d'Herbois armed with a dagger, and making war on the poor dogs who came to howl under the windows behind which stood their hapless masters, unable to save the faithful creatures' lives.

The poor comedians were already seven months in prison when Fouquier Tinville wrote to Collot d'Herbois to be brisk and get them out of the way. It was the usage of the commission to send along with a batch of the accused a sheet, on the margins of which were marked capital G's in red after the names of those doomed already in intention. Every one of the names of the six players was furnished with this ominous letter appended. They, as well as many others, owed their safety to Charles Labussière, a comic actor, then superannuated, who, partly in order to save his own head, had entered into the service of the Committee of Public Safety. His official duty brought under his notice the lists of people suspected of disaffection, lists of those incarcerated, of those called on for trial, and of those on whom sentence was passed. Until he discovered the confusion and incertitude that prevailed in the accounts, he proceeded with great caution. When among the roll of names of those marked for death he found mothers and fathers of families, he withdrew their warrants from the mass. Those who came for the victims rarely troubled themselves about the individuals. They looked merely to the number to be done to death, and Labussière made up the number from those who had no chance of escape or were genuine criminals.

He relates an agonising scene which he had to endure in order to save some eminent personages. He easily penetrated to the place where the warrants of death were kept, but dreaded the passing out, as he was liable to be searched. It was summer time—not a fire near—not a lucifer-match available, the invention of these useful articles being yet in the womb of time. His head was blazing with excitement,



he applied some water from a basin to cool it; lo! the idea of wetting the papers, tearing them up, and making them into little pellets, at once started into his mind. He put the idea into execution on the moment, and the doom of several estimable individuals was soon conveyed by the outlet from the bath into the Seine.

The public accuser, Tinville, began to have his suspicions. He found before him only half or so of the accused on the roll, and he suggested to the Committee that there must be some royalists or contre-revolutionists under their employment. Principally he thirsted to see the comedians before him. On the night before the poor players were to be executed, Labus-sière got at the warrants, but in coming down with them to the ground-floor of the office, he heard steps approaching, some from above, some from below. The voices belonged to Collot d'Herbois, Fouquier Tinville himself, and Saint Just. Our worker in the dark took refuge in a large chest which held firewood, and soon he had the comfort of finding two of these worthies sitting on it, and drumming it with their heels, Tinville accusing his worthy colleagues of remissness, as Titus Oates would have scolded some compassionate official, for "stifling the *plaut*." He was relieved at last from his horrible hiding-place, and the heads of the comedians were left on their bodies. He had saved at a certain period in the second year of the Republic some 800 lives.

The disorder in keeping the legers of blood may be guessed from this fact. An order came once to the Conciergerie for the liberation of eighty prisoners, and it was discovered that sixty-two of them had been already guillotined. If the prince of darkness is methodical in his book-keeping, several of his agents were the reverse.

After the Revolution the Madelonnette became a prison for women in debt, and for women accused of crimes. The debtors were in time removed to the Rue de Clichy, where daily relief came to the poor women from the Duchess of Berri, in the guise of two large copper vessels,

borne by two strong men, and containing a plentiful meal for the inmates.

#### THE GREAT AND THE LITTLE CHÂTELET.

WHEN Paris entire was confined to that Island in the Seine which Victor Hugo and Eugene Sue made the centre point of their two unedifying romances, the Great Châtelet was constructed on the northern extremity, the small castle on the southern extremity, both merely for the sake of defence. This was in the beginning of the 12th century, and in the reign of Louis le Gros; under Philip Augustus the Great Châtelet became a prison. Alas! how little value did people in power in former day set on the lives of those who displeased them! Prisoners were let down to their cachots as buckets are sent down into draw-wells, and there they remained, their feet in the water and their backs bowed by the lowness of the vault.

In the year 1564 the Provost of Paris, who by right of office dwelt in the Great Châtelet, and ruled its inmates, was commanded to receive and treat according to his deserts an Italian named Gonsalvi, who had established some houses of ill-repute in the *cité*, where young noblemen assembled to play, to fence, and indulge in other practices of a still worse character. The Italian interested Catherine de Medicis, the Queen Mother, in his behalf, and she requested the worthy Provost, Hugues de Borgueil, to treat her fellow-countryman as indulgently as his duty permitted. This he did, allowing him a room near his own, and affording him frequent hospitality in his own domicile, forgetting that his wife was a beautiful and susceptible woman, and his own appearance rather unprepossessing, for his poor back was encumbered with a hump.

One night the lady contrived to get the keys of the prison into her possession, and at three o'clock every captive found his door unlocked. There was a general escapade, the Italian and the false spouse together, and the prisoners as chance or choice ordained. The poor provost, on learning the disaster troubled himself about the capture of the prisoners

alone, and the major part of these were retaken. He bore the loss of his too charming wife as a philosopher should.

A characteristic trait of the morality of great folk in the same reign, that of Charles IX., happened during the rule of Nantouillet, successor to Borgueil. The King of France, the King of Poland, and the King of Navarre, invited themselves to sup with the unfortunate man, and sup they did, notwithstanding all his excuses to be spared the honour. After supper they searched his strong boxes, and their attendants carried off the contents, along with all the plate they found under their hands. The stout provost, however, captured some of their noble and unprincipled assistants, had them conducted into the Little Châtelet, and laid his complaint before the king, the chief offender. He contented

himself with hinting that the accused were too powerful, and that it would be more prudent to let the matter rest.

Why the Revolution occurred so late in time, and why the innocent were chastised in place of the guilty will be understood some day.

In demolishing the Little Châtelet in 1782, the workmen found medals, arms, and utensils, which were once used by Roman soldiers. They also discovered the Eagle of the Invincibles, who had accompanied Julian the Apostate into Gaul, and had formed the garrison of Lutetia. The greater Châtelet was deprived of its inmates in 1792, and completely demolished in 1802 and 1804. A column now stands on the spot once occupied by the Provost's Donjon.

Space is wanting for a notice of the fortunes of the Bastille, but its history is easily accessible.

## MY FIRST CRIMINAL CASE.

### PART II.

A YOUNG advocate, like a young physician, if either of them be worth his salt, cannot but be greatly annoyed and discomfited by the unfortunate issue of "his first failing case." Should he seek to arm himself with indifference, he will soon find out that it is a weapon only likely to recoil upon himself; and should this feeling degenerate into a total or brutal want of sympathy for the sufferings he is employed to alleviate, still more likely is it that hereafter he will learn, as he goes along, that as genuine charity covereth a multitude of sins, so doth genuine humanity prove to its possessor a trump card in the game of life worth more than rubies and diamonds to him, since the approval given to him by the conscience of the world is endorsed by his own. Besides, it is from such trials that our best and most necessary mental discipline oftentimes springs; we are apt on such occasions to question ourselves closely as to our capability or capacity to deal with a responsibility involving the most

serious issues; to demand if we could not have done more or better; to continue the investigation as to the accuracy of our knowledge or the minuteness of our skill; and to accept our failure as a warning that we have yet much to learn, and that if we fail to profit by the hint, our penalty may not be restricted to this world and its disgraces or neglect, but go far, far beyond it when our lapses are irreparable.

Some such thoughts as these passed through my brain that evening as I sat fiddling with my teacup in my lodgings, while, like Sterne, I placed my prisoner in his cell, and thought over the horrors which must now—at that very moment—be racking his brain and beating at his heart. If guilty, what must be his terror and his despair? If innocent, could even the consciousness of being so compensate for the maddening feeling that the world will believe him guilty—that the brand must remain—and that all who look upon his grave will do so with the loathing which nature im-

plants in the human heart against the perpetration of a crime to which the wisest nation of antiquity would give no name—charitably supposing its commission to be impossible?

In the midst of my meditations my landlady walked into the room, with a sort of subdued terror in her look.

"What is it, Mrs. Phelps? I am not quite done my tea; I did not ring, I think."

She came close to me, and whispered, or rather hissed into my ear, "It's a lady, sir, insists on seeing you;" and then she drew back and looked behind her.

"At this hour!" I said. "Who or what is she?"

"Black," was her answer; "black as soles, or soot, or ravings, not to say blackberries, sir; I never seed anythink half so black in all my life afore—never." She shuddered a little.

"An Ethiopian or a nigger; is her colour so very dark?" I asked, with a smile.

"Can't say for certain, sir," she answered; "for her veil is as black as all the rest; and it's as thick as blankets—thicker, unless the blanket was 'tickerly new, which no one ever sees—or windy-curtains."

"Oh, it is her clothes that are black?"

"From top to toe; it's a *phenomenon*, sir, and is wonderful as a specimen of blackness. Frightful, too, like corpses—only corpses is dressed in white, as being livelier."

"We must not keep her waiting, however, Mrs. Phelps; show her up, if you please."

In a very short time my visitor entered the room and closed the door gently behind her. Mrs. Phelps was right; nothing could be blacker—in fact, I had never seen such a mass of darkness in the shape of a woman before. Black from top to toe—and even the toe included, I fancy! She was about middle height, and there was no angularity of outline about her. I presented a chair, and when she was seated awaited her to begin. She cleared her voice—"Not *old*, by that hem," I thought, and after the pause of a minute she began to

speak, in a low, clear, and very sweet voice.

"You are the advocate who pleaded for Mr.—Mr. William Stevenall to-day, I believe, sir?" she said, uttering my poor client's name in a lower tone than the rest.

"I am. Of course you know that I have been unsuccessful?" was my reply.

"But—but you made some point—adopted some legal means, as I understand, after his condemnation?" she said, earnestly.

"Yes—I did," I replied, hesitatingly; "but the success is doubtful—very doubtful,—and all that we gain by it is delay."

She opened a black leather reticule, and took from it what would have greatly astonished Mrs. Phelps, namely, a *white* pocket-handkerchief. This was raised to her face by her gloved hand under her veil, and I think it must have embraced a smelling-bottle, as the faint odour of ammonia reached me, although the veil was not removed or disturbed. After a pause she said, in a still lower voice—

"And can nothing more be done? Surely, sir, *you* cannot believe him to be guilty of the terrible crime laid to his charge?" This question was asked very earnestly.

"I do not indeed," was my reply; "but whether we are to attribute it to chance or to design, circumstances have proved too strong for us, and our only hope of contending with them depends on matters not altogether within our control."

"What matters are these?" she demanded, almost impetuously.

"Time and money," I replied: "the first is so far ours that we have the long vacation to work in, but the pecuniary part of the business is more doubtful. It is clear that this frightful crime must have been done by *somebody*, and it appears to me that the perpetrator was both a hardened and a clever hand, who laid his plans with wonderful skill, so as not only to protect himself from suspicion, but also to fasten it on another. I may have my suspicions as to the identity of the murderer,—believing, as I do, that my client is *not* he,—but I dare not give expression to my belief openly after the award of to-day



nor can I hope to test the soundness of my opinion, simply because to do so fairly might require more money than this poor young fellow has to spare, or than I could lend him, as I assure you I would feel very much inclined to do, if the means were mine. But young lawyers commencing the world are seldom rich, you know."

"Your humanity does you honour, sir," she said, in a firmer voice, and rising from her chair. Again her hand was plunged into the black receptacle as she advanced to the table, and laid on it a small bundle of crisp, crackly paper, that looked wonderfully like bank-notes. Pushing the little heap over to me, she continued, "As to the pecuniary part of the transaction, sir, there need be no apprehension. I take that upon myself. Be good enough to look over those notes before you, and say if they are enough to commence with. As a friend interested in Mr. Stevenall's welfare, I feel myself called upon to prevent the consummation of a great crime, and to prevent him from suffering for a deed of which I *know*—or at least of which I firmly believe—him to be innocent."

I unrolled the bundle. Five notes of a hundred pounds each! A glorious creature! a friend in need indeed! I hastened to say that the funds were more than ample, and that the very sight of them inspirited me. The case was interesting and important in many ways, I explained, and both as a lawyer and a man it was my duty to do my best for its unravelment.

"You are to understand, sir, if you please," she continued, when I had come to an end of my explanatory speech, "that you are still to continue to look upon yourself as the advocate and friend of Mr. Stevenall, and that I am not to appear in the matter, even to him. Should more money be required, it shall be forthcoming, and all that I ask of you is not to spare expense while a single hope remains. I have learned your London address, and it may be that within a week, or two or three, I shall trouble you either with a visit or an application for tidings by letter."

I insisted upon giving a receipt

for the large sum before me, but this she would not hear of; all her anxiety was to preserve her incognito—which she did effectually,—and to urge me to begin proceedings at once, although she did not enter into any minute inquiry as to what their nature might be. She bound me to secrecy so far as Stevenall was concerned, who was never by any chance to hear of her interference; and finally she bowed and glided out of the room in a very quiet and phantom-like fashion, opening the hall door for herself before Mrs. Phelps could interpose, and appearing blacker than ever to that puzzled dame. To me she was a mystery, and for the present I left it so.

The next morning I saw Jennings, and, in order to insure his co-operation, took him into my confidence, as I knew him to be both prudent and silent. We speculated a good deal about "the unknown female," although we did not make a great deal of our guesses; and we resolved on a course of action, which I was to commence immediately by returning to London at once. Accordingly, I took my place in the mid-day train, and when I had seated myself my only companion was a man whose face I thought I knew, although I had not seen him for many years—not since my school-boy days, indeed. At first he rather shunned conversation, but gradually he thawed when he saw I was friendly disposed, and finally he told me all about himself without much solicitation, and merely to pass away the time.

"You may remember," he said, "that even at school I was always a rolling stone, and a confoundedly troublesome one, too; always breaking my own shins or other people's by my restless humour and love of change. It was the same at home; I could stick to nothing: I might have been a wealthy cabinet-maker, had I joined my father in the trade, but I didn't; or I might have had my choice of law, physic, theology, or commerce; but though I tried them all I soon fell through. Meanwhile, my father died, and my share of the family property was given me. Fifteen hundred

pounds seemed to me to be a sum far too large to be hoarded, so I purchased hunters, frequented races, had a cigar account as well as a wine merchant's, and at the end of fifteen months accepted an engagement as 'low comedian' at a provincial theatre, because I had no other means to procure a meal. I tired of the stage, however, although I was never 'goosed' in my life, and was offered an advance of seven-and-six a week to stay by my manager; but I was in debt, and Nelly Simcox preferred the light comedian to me, and married him, jilting me damnably by the atrocious act. Three courses were now open to me,—*videlicet*, to hang myself, to list, or to turn policeman. I chose the latter about two years ago, and, oddly enough, have never regretted doing so since. The Commissioners like me and trust me; I am now in the detective service, which answers me amazingly. I have a sort of roving commission—here to-day and there to-morrow,—and whether I hit or miss I am paid for it. I wear the dress and live the life of a gentleman, and a very influential one too. I am down here now on business, and if I were to tell you what execution I have done with this flash suit and correct studs it would amaze you. But the thing is done, and before a week is over wigs will be on the green, or I'm no true prophet."

"And have you any other particular engagement on hand just now?" I asked.

"Can't say until I return to the 'Yard,'" he answered. "We are rather hard-worked, we are, and I shouldn't wonder, as Tom Splicer is sick and Jerry Timewell gone to get married, if the rest of us were put on double allowance of duty. But it pays, and Iago's admonition to Roderigo is 'to put money in his purse' at all hazards, you know."

"I have a motive in asking the question," I said, "as I have a job in hand in your way, which craves wary walking, but for the proper performance of which three hundred pounds would not be thought too much; and that sum, in fact, I am ready to guarantee and pay over the moment the deed is done. What do you say to an engagement?"

"Say! why, that I embrace it like a young bride or a flowing can," was his unhesitating reply. "Lord's sake, sir! three hundred is three hundred now-a-days, and it's kind of you to offer it. Go it, my hearties! When shall I open the ball?"

"Call on me to-morrow morning at eight, and I will have all my plans arranged," I said. "You have been on the stage, and know how to disguise yourself, I suppose?"

"I should think so—rather," he answered, proudly. "Let me determine to cast my skin, and not a fish in the sea, a bird in the air, or a snake in the grass, can beat me at the trick. Try me, that's all."

The train stopped, and we parted to meet again. Punctually at eight next morning Mr. Hartwell's card was presented to me by an old woman, and the owner was introduced. A long and interesting conversation followed, and before it ended I felt it was not without reason that Harry's superiors trusted implicitly to his cleverness and sagacity. I had but to open on the scent, when he followed my lead wisely and marvellously, and in half an hour had mapped out a plan of operations for himself that astonished me.

From this period, as he was for a considerable time the principal manipulator, I must take up the thread of the narrative as it was given me, and speak of him and of his sayings and doings in the third person rather than in the first. Our communications were frequent but guarded, and although he spent money pretty freely he kept a strict account, which from time to time was remitted to me. I once again, in a week or two, saw my black friend—as black as ever—in the evening, and sent her away happy in the feeling that we were doing our best to save the life which was evidently too dear to her to contemplate the loss of without exquisite grief. But her secret was her own; and I honoured her too much for her efforts to try to solve it in any underhand way. One day or other I took it for granted the mystery would be solved, and until then I was content that it should remain a mystery still.



A particularly warm and genial summer had brought it an early harvest; and, as usual at such hurried times, labourers were at a premium, and anything worth having was at once picked up. At Triphook farm, now in the undisputed possession of Adam Stevenall's widow, the crops were ready for the sickle, and Martin Hanger (who was now steward and manager, and fast progressing into a very important personage) was irritated and perplexed at the general scarcity of hands. By going to towns, markets, and highways, however, he at last completed his muster, the very last unit of which he had chanced upon while taking his glass of ale at the "Magpie;" which said glass, by the way, he permitted to be renewed at the invitation of the newly-hired man. It proved a lucky hit for Martin, and for Martin's mistress also, as the hand thus accidentally chanced upon turned out a perfect trump in more ways than one. He was a light, lively, active, bustling young fellow of seven or eight and twenty, never tired of work, and always ready to oblige. He was no great things as a reaper, and often cut himself instead of the corn; but he admitted his backslidings so readily, and bore his mishaps so cheerfully, that every man in the field laughed at and assisted him. Martin, also struck with his alacrity, and seeing his backwardness in field work, soon found him other work to do about the farm, and eventually in the house. He was a great relief to the old man, for he wrote a good hand and could cast up accounts, and had quite a genius for calculation of all sorts, so that, long after the harvest was gathered, Phil Norton (so was he called) remained a fixture at the farm, where in the daytime he found perpetual employment for himself, doing everything and shirking nothing, while in the evening there was a perfect jubilee in the kitchen, but always in a very becoming and prudent way. Phil had the good fortune to conciliate the liking and good-will of any female about the place; even the "missus" herself often chatted to him, and listened to his stories and his songs, while the maids (the younger ones particularly) would

have followed him over the world if he had only asked them. His wages were not liberal; indeed, at Triphook liberality was always objected to; but he didn't care for that. He had saved a trifle here and there, and now that he was in a place to his mind, and amongst people so much after his own heart, what better could he do than treat himself and his friends decently so long as the cash lasted? When it ran out, sure hadn't he health and strength to earn more? No one delighted in this sort of philosophy more than Martin Hanger, or condescended to take greater advantage of it. Martin loved liquor, although he seldom had the heart to pay for much of it; and latterly it was observed that he was fonder of it than ever, and was ready and willing to drink with any one who would give it to him. To such a customer Phil Norton was a God-send—a pearl of price—a jewel of the first water—invaluable, in fact. Many a sly potation they had on the hayloft, when all but themselves were asleep; while on Saturday nights, when the week's work was done and accounted for, the two friends made their way to a favourite haunt of Martin's, a sort of dilapidated wayside hostelry, kept by Bob Bullfinch, who was a publican and poacher, and whose character was a great deal worse than his liquor, which was generally of "the right sort," although no one could tell how he came by it. The shore was not many miles off, however, and smuggling luggers had been seen in the offing; while Bob's keep, which had originally been a three-storied house, with vaults, cellars, and out-offices (now in ruins) contained hiding-places which the most astute gauger or gamekeeper would only break their shins or noses in trying to puzzle through. Bob played the fiddle, too, and was fond of music and musical people, so long as they had money to spend. To this worthy Martin Hanger had introduced his favourite, Phil Norton, who spent his money freely, and delighted in the melodious strains of the violin performer, often adding his own voice as an accompaniment. Had Phil been at all curious or particu-



larly observant, he might have observed that Bob and Martin had confidences of their own, to which Mr. Bullfinch would occasionally advert in a sneering or sarcastic way, when he happened to be what is called "half-seas over" at Phil's expense. At such times he would ask Martin when he had seen "the captain," and when he was expected "home to take possession for good and all?" although he would accept Martin's rebuke for talking "nonsense," and say it was no matter what he said when only friends were by. On one occasion, however, when a capital supper of stewed game and broiled trout (both supplied by Bob's talents) had ushered in a deeper symposium than usual, and somewhat relaxed the judgment on both sides, Phil was considerably enlightened on some matters during the conversation of his companions, whose language towards each other became both violent and dangerous. But Phil, although he had at first fanned the flame by feeding it with fresh liquor and suggestive hints, at last acted the part of mediator, and compelled them both to own that they were wrong, telling them to act like Peachum and Lockit in the play—to kiss and be friends. Literally they did so; Martin blubbered and Bob growled, and when he left his friend's arms subsided to the floor, where they left him to the care of a red-headed Hebe, who served both his customers and himself.

The next morning Martin, in an off-handed way, questioned innocent Phil as to the course which conversation had taken at "The Rookery" on the previous night. But Phil's memory was altogether at fault, and all that he remembered was that Bob Bullfinch was in a desperately cantankerous mood, and made a jackass of himself by talking such rubbish as no one could understand. Martin's keen grey eye seemed satisfied, and his usual grin returned as he told Phil that "he was right."

Shortly after dark that evening, however, Bob Bullfinch was interrupted in a cantata on his favourite instrument, and somewhat surprised into the bargain, by a visit from Phil Norton, unaccompanied by his

dear friend and constant attendant, Martin. When questioned, Phil owned that his business there was with Mr. Bullfinch alone, to whom he would be greatly indebted for a private audience of not more than ten minutes' duration, or thereabouts. Struck by his manner, Bob led the way to his *sanctum*, and closing the door, desired his visitor "to sit down and fire away."

"I haven't a great deal to say," began Phil, gravely; but little as it is, it may prove both interesting and important. In the first place, I have an idea that you are anything but rich, Bob,—in fact, that you are miserably poor, and always in danger of arrest, either for debt or something else as bad."

"And what the — have you to do with that?" demanded Bob, fiercely.

"Easy, now—take it easy, and it will do you good!" interposed Phil. "I ask the question for your good, man, and because, if you are willing to help me in *my* way (with a little correct information, that is), I am ready to help you to a precious lot of money for doing so, in *yours*. That's fair, I think; gif-gaf is fair play, all the world over."

"And who are you, my good fellow? and where is your lump of money to come from?" demanded Bob, sulkily and shily.

"By-and-bye you'll know all about me; and as to the money, it's as safe as the Bank," said the insinuator.

"How much?"

"Say a 2 and a nought."

"Won't do."

"Add another round 0 to the tail of the first, then."

"What! Hundreds—two hundreds! You don't say so?"

"But I do say so, and me n it, too, Mr. Bullfinch, I give you my honour!" said simple Phil. "The flimsies are in safe hands, and only wait your acceptance."

"Umph! Is it a plant? Tell me, are we sold?" asked Bob.

"Something like it. But the money is yours, and perhaps a trifle more, if you make it worth while."

"Say another fifty," hazarded the prudent Bullfinch.

"Done."

"Fire away, then," repeated Bob

once more, in a livelier tone, and throwing himself on a chair.

"Good fellow! I knew you'd go in and win," said Phil, encouragingly. "It's about the Triphook murder, of course. You know all about it, don't you? Come!" Phil patted him on the shoulder, as if he were a little child who was about to confess a fault, and gain a lump of sugar by doing so.

"I had neither act nor part in it, —that I'll take my oath of, if I were dying to-morrow," said Bob.

"Just so," said his questioner, coolly; "but then you know who had, and all about it. Out with it, for it is getting late, and I may be missed."

"Well, then, this was the way of it," went on Bob, in a solemn, determined tone; "and I'm not sorry to make a clean breast of it, for it *did* stick in my gizzard, and no mistake. I don't mean the making away with old Adam—for what else was he ever good for?—but the hanging of the poor old chap that hadn't even the tip of his little finger in the dirty pie. The thing was a long time thought of, you see,—ever since the old fool took up with Dick Fothergill's leavings and made her his wife. It was a spurt of madness before death; that's the way I construe it."

"So it was. *Quem Deus vult perdere*, as we used to sing out in school. Go on and prosper, Bob."

"It was a long time before Jess would consent to it; but she did so at last," went on the informer. "Dick and she used to meet here on the sly, and many a drop of *noyeau* she took in this very room, with Dick's arm all so lovingly round her waist—for she'd have run to perdition for him, as may be she has done that trick already. Any way, it was done—and—done between them; an old knife of Will Stevenall's was found by her, and was to furnish evidence. A night was chosen when old Adam was to return late with money in his pocket. Martin, who was up to the whole of it, was to lose a heifer by the way, and to keep a sharp look-out—as he did, the old villain, and implicated Will, whom he knew to be innocent; and, to make a long story short, Dick Fothergill, who had

been in hiding here for three days, left the Rookery at eight o'clock, and returned before eleven, with a black pocket-book, a white check, and hands as red as murder could make them. It didn't seem to trouble him, though—not a bit of it! He ate his supper, and drank a glass or two more than usual, while he opened the book, pocketed the flimsies, gave me a five-pounder and some silver, burnt the loose papers at the candle, and told me to toss the pocket-book into the fire and make blazes of it."

"And did you?"

"Catch me at it!" laughed Bob; "not if I know it; for—*here it is*." He tugged at the breast pocket of his velvet jacket, and produced a faded and well-worn depository, with distinct marks of blood on the inside. "I knew that Dick was tricky, and not the best paymaster in the world, so I held it over, as a sort of rod-in-pickle for him and his darling Jess. Jess is the best of the batch, and gev me five sovs with her own lily hand not half a month ago. Will that do?"

"Nearly. Where is Mr. Fothergill to be found?" asked Phil, as he ran his practised eye and fingers into every corner of old Adam's treasure-chest.

"Is that in our bargain?" asked Bob.

"Of course it is; and if you'll take my advice, you'll answer it, and trust to our generosity, which is pretty bright already, Mr. Bullfinch," said his questioner.

"You know Liverpool?" asked Bob, brought to his senses by Phil's severe tone.

"Well; every corner of it."

"The Pippins?"

"Kept by Mat Kimberly. Well! I owe Mat eighteen shillings and a power of good-will, since I performed at a minor there, for he never pressed me," replied Phil Norton.

"Dick is there now," said Bob; "the races are on next week, and he is making his book. He'll be here afterwards, if you can wait."

"Thank you. And now as to yourself, Mr. Bullfinch," said Phil. "My real name is Hartwell—Harry Hartwell, at your service, and my business is that of a de-



detective officer. Don't be afraid'; you never were in safer company than mine, only I must trouble you to shut shop and accompany me at once to London."

"To-morrow, you mean," demanded Bob, in surprise.

"No, to-night," said Hartwell. "I have a note written to Mrs. Stevenall, to account for my absence to-night, and telling her I will be back to my post to-morrow. You have your maid-of-all-work to answer customers, so we'll be off by the nine express, and you'll get your money all the sooner. So keep moving, like a good fellow, and make your preparations at once, while I take a bottom of rum shrub, to keep out the cold."

Here I come in again.

Next morning the delighted Harry visited me at my chambers and told me of all he had done. His bird was caged, and "quite willing to sing," as Harry phrased it; and he was now on his way to Liverpool, where, as he hoped, another bird of a different kind awaited him. We need not follow him there, however; one thing is positive, that he and the dashing Dick Fothergill travelled up in the same conveyance, leaving Dick's sporting "engagements" to be superintended by others. Gradually, but certainly, all our other birds were netted too; and Martin Hanger, who heard that Bob Bullfinch had "peached," only wished for a few hours of perfect liberty of action, in order that he might "finish the traitor," not remembering, perhaps, that his own treason to his master was rather of a deeper hue. I need hardly remind my readers of the consequences that followed the captions I allude to:—how Mrs. Stevenall died in prison of malignant jail fever; how her co-conspirator and paramour was hanged on the Annandale drop; how Martin Hanger got off for transportation for life; and how William Stevenall, freed from his fetters, came into the possession of a very huge "lump" of money, as Harry Hartwell called it, and made a much better use of it than his unfortunate father had done before him. All this the public, no doubt, has perfectly within its recollection, as it

is always keenly retentive of the marvellous; but what the public does *not* know, and has yet to learn, is the history of "THE WOMAN IN BLACK," if I may presume to paraphrase a celebrated title by calling her so, and as Mrs. Phelps tempted me to do. I am happy to be able to relate it, as it includes a combination of romance and reality—of fact and fiction—of girlish folly and sterling feminine devotion, equally passionate and pure, such as break upon us occasionally in life, and wonderfully ennobles and elevates those who are capable of such magnanimity, no matter what their minor failings may be.

Angela Latablere, then, was the daughter of a mixed marriage, as her mother was a creole and her father a British officer. She was left an orphan at an early age, and the guardian selected for her was Colonel Ogilvie, of whom we have heard above. Angela, although pure in mind and beautiful in person, was both sensitive and unselfish. She knew that she was rich, or would be so very soon, as she was just of age; but when her dark eye rested lovingly on her guardian's tutor, and when her olive cheek became deeper in hue beneath his glances, she neither analysed nor checked the feeling which caused her heart to beat and her eye to lighten in his presence, nor did she seek to curb the course of an affection which gave her great pleasure, and which she was rich enough and independent enough to indulge. She could injure nobody, she thought, by raising a good man to the position which would give him an opportunity to employ his talents; and, candid and impulsive as she was by nature, William Stevenall's timid advances were soon recognised and encouraged; and when under strong temptation and intense admiration, he faltered forth his presumptuous love, honestly she informed him that she was delighted with his proposal, and willingly gave him heart for heart—simply because she could not help it. But when did the course of true love ever run smooth? and when did it *not* happen that envy, jealousy, malice, or sheer love of mischief for mischief's sake, was somewhere close at hand to



blast the promise of happiness with its poisoned breath? Angela's irritable guardian gained certain anonymous information, which led to inquiry, and eventuated in a scene. The tutor was dismissed, the lady denounced, and finally the establishment was broken up, and foreign travel was resorted to, in the hope that amidst Continental scenes and society Angela's senses would return. But they did not. The colonel only reached as far as Paris, when he was first seized with illness and then with death, leaving, by his unexpected departure, his ward a free woman, made doubly so, as it so chanced that she became of age on the very day he died. It was shortly after this that she had read the whole account of Adam Stevendale's murder and of his son's implication in it, in some of the English journals; and on looking to the evidence given before the coroner, she saw what a handle had been made of her lover's "moonlight walk," which she well knew had been undertaken at her own special invitation. The colonel and his family had dined out, and by the assistance of a maid-servant, Angela and William had met in the plantation for the last time—she to renew her vows of truth and constancy, and he to thank her for doing so. She knew all this, and it horrified her; she honoured the young man for the reticent loyalty which had

kept their meeting secret, and she vowed to herself that, cost what exposure it might, he should not suffer by it. As soon as possible therefore, she left Paris, reached London, raised funds from her agents, and hastened down to Annandale to give evidence in his favour. But it was too late. She arrived only to hear of his condemnation, and then, in utter desperation, she appealed to me. Probably, however, her evidence might have been of no great avail, as the murder might have been perpetrated at any hour, and she could only prove an *alibi* for the prisoner between nine and eleven. However, it was all over now; the saddle had been put on the right horse—the sin had been brought home to the right source—the penalty had fallen on the right head. Of course, it was out of the question that the fair Angela's mystery should be kept any longer. Wild with triumphant joy, she was the first to break through it herself; to proclaim and glory in the part she had played; to revel in the idea that she had saved the life of the friend who was all the world to her; to insist on rewarding most munificently every one who had assisted her; and, finally, to murmur, "Thine, ever thine!" upon the neck which, but for her would have worn an uglier bracelet than the loving arms of a beautiful and devoted woman.

## THE DRUIDS AND THEIR RELIGION.

AFTER having treated of the colonisation of Ireland, it seems proper to speak of the religion of the original inhabitants of that isle.

There is not, perhaps, in the extent of ancient literature, a more unaccountable phenomenon than what is delivered by Cæsar of the Druids and their superstition. In the first lines of his Commentary, this celebrated Roman general and author tells us, all Gaul was divided into three parts, and possessed by the Belgæ, Aquitani, and Celtes.

Each differing from the other in language, manners, and laws. The word he uses (*instituta*) for manners, must include part of public and private manners, as their religion, arts, domestic occupations, &c. He is correct in what he advances respecting the diversity of languages;<sup>1</sup> but when he comes to discourse of their laws and manners, instead of the Celtic, he almost literally transcribes the Roman. Whether the evidence to be produced will support the charge now

<sup>1</sup> Cæsar, sup.

made (I confess with diffidence) is submitted to the judgment of the learned reader.

On no subject has fancy roamed with more licentious indulgence than on that of the Druids and their institutions. Though sunk in the grossest ignorance and barbarism, their admirers have found them, in the dark recesses of forests, secluded from mankind and almost from day, cultivating the abstrusest sciences, and penetrating the sublimest mysteries of nature, anticipating the discoveries of Pythagoras, Epicurus, Archimedes, and Newton; and all this without the aid of letters, or of experiments; without those progressive steps in civilisation which polish and refine the mind, and naturally lead it to the study of abstracted knowledge.

The foundation whereon these towering superstructures have been reared is no more than a few imperfect and incidental notices in Cæsar and other ancients. "These," as has been observed, "have been written in so loose and trifling a manner, that all their fragments put together would hardly amount to three or four pages; and these reduced to their just value, would lose one half of their bulk: whether it be that these authors have but just copied one another, or only designed to say the same things." The tenets of the Celtic religion, says an admirer of the Druids, are not as yet fully known.

We are told, the Druids taught the unity of God; were not Polytheists: that Hesus, Teutates and Taranis were only names and titles of the Supreme Being; nor did they worship the heavenly bodies: that Apollo and Beal were the prime deities of the pagan Irish: that the swore by the sun, moon, and stars, and that they venerated the planets as types of the great Creator. Schedius declares their religion differed from the Roman. Borlase assures us, that every tenet and rite which the Druids taught and

practised, every deity which they are said to have worshipped, was common to them and the most ancient idolaters of the East. Some of these notions are opposed by the authors of the "Universal History." "The Celtic history," says the learned Bruker, "labours under such insuperable obscurity and incertitude, that we cannot promise anything beyond a small degree of verisimilitude; this we prefer modestly confessing, rather than, as is common, obtruding uncertain conjectures for undoubted truths."

Cæsar is the earliest writer who mentions the Druids; his account of their religion we shall now compare with the Roman.

I. The Druids presided over divine affairs;<sup>1</sup> took care of public and private sacrifices, and were the interpreters of religion. So did the Roman priesthood, as related by Dionysius Halicarnassus, and almost in the words of Cæsar.<sup>2</sup>

II. The Druids exercised a civil and criminal jurisdiction.<sup>3</sup> So did the Roman sacred College.<sup>4</sup> Cicero informs us, that it was the saying of aged men that he could not be a good pontiff who was ignorant of the civil law.

III. They who did not obey their decrees were interdicted the sacrifices. Among the Romans such a prohibition implied the most atrocious guilt.

IV. There was a head Druid, who had supreme authority. The Pontifex Maximus was a well-known dignity in the Roman hierarchy.

V. One the decease of the head Druid, the next in dignity succeeded; if there were equals, one was chosen by suffrage. The sacred College at Rome was filled by suffrage.

VI. The Druids were exempted from serving in war and from taxes. The Roman priesthood was free from military duty and city taxes: from others it may be collected, that they had an immunity from taxes.

<sup>1</sup> Illi rebus divinis intersunt: sacrificia publica ac privata procurant; religiones interpretantur.—*Cæs.* 1. 6. 8. 13. Ed. Clarke.

<sup>2</sup> *Antiq. Rom.* 1. 2.

<sup>3</sup> De omnibus fere controversiis, publicis privatisque, constituunt.—*Cæs.* sup.

<sup>4</sup> *Diodys. Hal.* 1. 2. lib. 1.—Ad eos, de omnibus divinis utque humanis rebus referretur.—*Cic. de Orat., et pro Domo.*



VII. The Druids taught their disciples a great number of verses. It was the Roman custom for youth always to begin their studies with poetical works.

"Det primos versibus annos,  
Mæoniumque bibat fœlici pectore fontem."

VIII. It was unlawful for the Druids to commit their secrets to writing. The Roman Augurs were sworn to secrecy.

IX. The Druids taught the metempsychosis. This was the belief of the unlearned Romans, and as such is ridiculed by Cicero, Ovid, and Seneca.

X. The Druids discoursed much of the stars and their motions; of the magnitude of the world; of the nature of things, and of the greatness and power of the immortal gods. Such speculations employed the Roman clergy, as we learn from Cicero, Plutarch and Am. Marcellinus.

This parallel, so exactly agreeing in every particular, forms the phenomenon before noticed. Are Cæsar's words either exact or true, that the Celtes, but whom he calls Gaul's, had religious customs peculiar to themselves? They could have no conceptions of the Roman superstition, for the Celtic or Druidic was, according to him, invented in Britain, which the Romans had not subdued. Shall we, then, say with Pelloutier,<sup>1</sup> that he was not fully informed as to the Celtic religion; and that he wrote more like a soldier than a philosopher? It is strange that Pelloutier, who had thus a glimpse of Cæsar's imperfect representation of the Druids and their superstition, should have greatly added to the confusion in which both are involved, by his history of the Celtes; in which we see no attempt to separate Druidic from Gothic or Teutonic practices. The labour of such discrimination will be considerable, and success in the event doubtful, but it will be absolutely necessary towards giving a just idea of the subject. Let us now attend to the sentiments of the ancients who mention the Druids.

Cicero, who was contemporary with Cæsar, and a man of universal

knowledge and great curiosity, never, I think, speaks of the Druids, or even Britain, unless in one or two places, and then as a country from whence slaves alone could be procured. "These you must not expect to find skilled in letters or music," says he, writing to Atticus.

Diodorus Siculus, who lived about the age of Cæsar, tells us the Saronides were the Gaulish philosophers and divines, and held in great estimation; nor was it lawful to perform any sacrifice without the presence of a philosopher. There were also Vates, who from auspices and the entrails of victims predicted future events. The first part of this citation has supplied the moderns with all the fine things they have advanced on the Druids. From their conclusions it is probable they thus proceeded.

A philosopher is a man skilled in every art and science. Does not Isidore<sup>2</sup> define philosophy as the knowledge of human and divine things? Does he not make it consist of three branches: natural, or physics; moral, or ethics; rational, or logics? Physics, according to Plato, include arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy.

These few lines of Isidore have been the occasion of much learned trifling. "The Druids," says Rowlands,<sup>3</sup> "considered nature in her largest extent: in her systems and in her motions; in her magnitudes and powers; in all which they seemed to cabalise. Their philosophy was so comprehensive as to take in with the theory of nature, astronomy, geometry, medicine, and natural magic, and all this upon the corpuscularian hypothesis."—Upon the corpuscularian system!—Truly that is wonderful! Mr. Rowlands, a native inhabitant of Anglesey, and no doubt of Druidic descent, must have had communication with the manes of those venerable Druids, who still hover that famous isle: they alone could inform him how they became acquainted with a doctrine taught in the schools of Moschus, Epicurus, Democritus and Leucippus.

Borlase assures us<sup>4</sup> the Druids were remarkable for learning 600 years B.C. Who are his authorities? Hoffman's

<sup>1</sup> Hist. de Celtes, l. 1, p. 125, 126

<sup>3</sup> Mona Antiqua, p. 62.

<sup>2</sup> Orig. l. 3. c. 21.

<sup>4</sup> Antiq. of Cornwall, p. 74.



Dictionary, Steph. Forcatulus, Picard, Frickius and Castlenau,—moderns who only retail the usual scraps of antiquity, eked out with their own whimsies. Seriously, such assertions and authorities have every appearance of bantering the reader : at least we may say with Martial :

“ Turpe est difficiles habere nugas;  
Et stultus est labor ineptiarum.”

The men who would thus impose phantoms for realities on us, and whom to pursue and detect through every winding of hypothesis and absurdity is extremely irksome, should have applied their time and erudition to the discovery of the real import of Diodorus's words. They then would have found that *Sophia* and *Philosophia*, among the ancients, implied skill in any particular branch of knowledge : thus rhetoric and oratory are the philosophy of words : Government, political philosophy, and so on. But philosophy primarily refers to theology, and the priest is expressly called the philosopher. The idea which Diodorus would convey of the Saronides is their superintendence of the rites of religion. This is explained and confirmed by his adding that no sacrifice was to be made without the presence of the philosopher. The only inducement he might have had for using the word philosopher was from a perusal of *Cæsar*, who mentions their discourses on the stars ; but lest he should be misunderstood, he immediately adds, “ theologists,” as theology included such contemplations. The passage in *Diogenes Laertius*, so triumphantly brought forward as making the Druids the authors of philosophy among the Celts and Gauls, is explained in a few subsequent pages, where it appears the philosophy he was speaking of was theology. Thus the Druidists not only strain, but manifestly pervert, the words of every ancient writer to favour their purpose.

Had they reflected on what occasions the philosopher's presence was necessary, they certainly could never think them such as became an enlightened or civilised man. He was not called from his subterraneous

retreat to communicate discoveries advantageous to society, the result of his application to natural philosophy or politics : it was not to open new sources of trade and manufactures, or new improvements in legislation : no, it was to behold one of his own species stretched on his back, his breast dissected with the stroke of a sword, while the philosopher and Vates stood around, and with curious eyes viewed the convulsions of the members, the streaming of the vital fluid, and from the spectacle deducing cruel presages. The Vates seem to be the same as the Roman *Haruspices*, the lowest of the sacerdotal order ; and so odious their employment, that they were scarcely admissible to the rank of senators.

But it will be said that the intelligent and judicious *Strabo* informs us,<sup>1</sup> the Druids, besides the study of natural causes or physics, cultivated also moral discipline or ethics, which in the Grecian school were principal parts of philosophy.<sup>2</sup> As *Diodorus*, from *Cæsar*'s account of their employment, called them philosophers, so *Strabo*, from seeing them thus named, describes their philosophy in terms solely applicable to the improved state of it in Greece, and by no means adapted to the wretched conjuring tricks of the Druids. If *Strabo* intended a eulogy on the religion and learning of the Celts, as is pretended, he palpably contradicts himself in giving such characteristic traits of national barbarity as are only found among the most ignorant and savage people.

“ Quibus possunt illachrymare feræ.”

Passing over *Mela* *Lucan* and *Tacitus*, who record nothing remarkable of the Druids, I shall proceed to what *Pliny* has delivered concerning them.<sup>3</sup> “ The Druids,” says he, “ who are the Gaulish Magi, hold nothing so sacred as the mistletoe, and the tree on which it grows, if it be an oak. They select groves of this wood for religious purposes ; nor do they perform any sacred office without garlands of its leaves, from whence they derive their name of Druids.

<sup>1</sup> Lib. 4.

<sup>2</sup> *Diog. Laert. vit. Epic.*

<sup>3</sup> *Nat. Hist. l. 16, c. 44.*

*Dickinson, Delp. Phœniz.*

This is done on the sixth day of the moon,—a day so much esteemed by them, that they have made their months and ages (which consist but of thirty years) to take their beginning from it,—the moon at that time being strong enough, though not arrived at half her fullness. This day they call All Heal. The mistletoe (very scarce), when found, is collected with great ceremony. Having prepared their feasts and sacrifices under the oak, two white bulls are tied to it. A priest, clad in white, ascends the tree, and cuts off the mistletoe ; it is received below in a white garment. They then sacrifice their victims. The mistletoe, exhibited as a potion, is believed to remove sterility, and to be a preservative against poison : an eminent instance," concludes Pliny, "that human religion has often no other object than frivolous things." To this Bruker adds, "that we can easily estimate the value of that philosophy which endeavoured to derive credit to its professors from wearing of golden chains, and conducting itself with arrogance and pride." In other places, Pliny relates their magic rites in gathering the samolus and selago ; their stories and charlatanerie about the serpent's egg, and their sacrificing and eating men.<sup>1</sup> A closer knowledge having betrayed to the Romans their character and ritual, they are no longer honoured with the pompous titles of philosophers and divines, but that of magicians or conjurors. In what a contemptible light Pliny held the powers of magic, and the supposed virtue of herbs, may be seen by consulting the places below cited,<sup>2</sup> where we find some very trifling, and some laughable descriptions of those ancient doctors.

As to their inhuman sacrifices, Pliny, after recounting them, adds—it cannot be estimated what thanks are due to the Romans for removing such monsters from society. It is not denied that they

offered men in sacrifice, but that that they ate them is not so readily assented to ; and yet that the barbarians of northern Europe indulged in such repasts admits of the strongest evidence. We have before seen what Diodorus reports of the Britons, who inhabited Iris or Ireland. The Gauls conducted by Brennus into Greece were anthropophagi.<sup>3</sup> St. Jerome, in the fifth century, writes thus :—"In my youth I saw in Gaul, the Scots, a British people, feeding upon human bodies."<sup>4</sup> The Scots here were probably the same people as those of Iris.<sup>5</sup> The delicacy of modern times is shocked at this narration, and endeavours to elude its force by observing that no such custom is mentioned by Cæsar or Tacitus. But this negative proof is of no weight against an eye-witness. Jerome was writing on a serious subject, and was of such an age, and the impression of the horrible deed so strong, that the memory of it could not be erased.

Such is the picture of the Druids and their superstition as given by the ancients. The learned reader must perceive, that, as here exhibited, many of their religious practices were the same as those of every barbarous people. Where they accord with the Roman, as in the parallel above given, we can only say that Cæsar indulged a propensity, which many others have done, of representing the religion and manners of foreign people as similar to their own. The Roman religion was tinctured with that of every other ; for the Romans were permitted to worship strange gods, but not to the exclusion of those of their country.<sup>6</sup>

Dionysius Hal. remarks that a long series of years could not make the Egyptians, the Africans, the Celtes, Scythians, or any barbarous nation forget their country gods, or alter their religious ceremonies, except they were reduced under the

<sup>1</sup> Lib. 24. c. 11. Lib. 29. c. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Plin. l. 26, c. 4 ; l. 28, c. 16 ; l. 37, c. 10 ; l. 30, c. 1. And Bruker : *Druides qui tamen medicinam magicam magis quam physicam excoluisse videntur.—Et hoc quoque nomine Druides et philosophorum albo delentur, anicularum et medicarum choris inferendi—Sup.* p. 34-42

<sup>3</sup> Pausan in Phocic.

<sup>4</sup> Adv. Jovin. l. 2. Baron. Ann. A.D. 429, n. 2.

<sup>5</sup> Macpherson's Diss. preface.

<sup>6</sup> Warburton's Divine Leg. v. i. p. 291.



power of others, and compelled to receive their ritual. To apply this to our subject : we know the Belgæ colonised and subdued the Celtes three or four centuries before our era, and imposed on the conquered their superstition and manners, and also adopted some that were Celtic. If we were not told by Cæsar, it must necessarily follow, that where two people essentially differ in language, as did the Celtes and Belgæ, there will be characteristic variations in their modes of thinking, and also in their modes of life. This remark, so obvious and so important, has not been attended to by many eminent writers and antiquaries, and, of course, their most laboured productions, as those of Pelloutier, Mallet, and Bruker, want that discrimination on which the value of such works must always depend. The very ingenious and learned Dr. Percy, bishop of Dromore, has, in his excellent edition of Mallet's "Northern Antiquities," closely attended to the distinction of Celtic and Gothic or Teutonic antiquities ; and with critical taste and judgment has offered a specimen of what may, and ought to, be done in this way. We have to lament that a preface confined his exertions within narrow bounds.

Druidism was professed by all the Celtic tribes, how widely soever dispersed. Its priests were called Druids from their adoration of, and their celebration of divine rites in oaken groves ; and Ælian expressly tells us, the Celtic Jupiter was a tall oak. When Agricola penetrated into Mona, or Anglesea, he found the Druids enveloped in thick woods ; these, to eradicate their superstition, he ordered to be cut down. "Among the Naharvali,<sup>1</sup> a grove of the ancient religion was pointed out ; it had no images, nor any vestige of foreign superstition." And yet Tacitus adds that it was dedicated to Castor and Pollux, which it could not be, without their images ; and he also tells us the deity adored there was called Aleis. Here, and in other places, Tacitus,

as well as Cæsar before, wishes to assimilate the deities of other countries with the Roman, and falls into direct contradictions.

But what was this ancient religion, that had no vestige of foreign superstition ? It must be the religion of the primeval inhabitants who were Celtes, and that was the true Druidic. It will be objected that Cæsar declares there were no Druids in Germany. Besides the doubt attached to his testimony, there is reason to believe, that the Emperors Tiberius and Claudius, by their severity, banished the Druids beyond the Rhine, where they propagated their doctrine ; or else Druidism continued in certain tribes from the earliest ages. Nor is this last supposition groundless ; for Tacitus informs us, that the Æstii spoke a language nearly British, which was Celtic.

These Druidic groves are accurately marked by Tacitus by his calling them "*Casta nemora*"—undefiled, unpolluted groves. I rely on the idea annexed by the best Latin writers to the word, *Castus*, as meaning perfect purity, which could not be, did the Celtic priests stain their altars with human blood ; a practice of which the Roman writers speak with abhorrence. In describing the religious rites of the Germans, Tacitus lapses into the error common among the ancients, that of not discriminating the practices of the different Germanic people, while, to an attentive observer, he incidentally makes such distinction. Thus, in agreement with what he says of the ancient religion and unpolluted groves of the ancient Germans, he add : "That they thought it inconsistent with the greatness of the gods to confine them within walls, or give human representations of them. They consecrate groves and forests, and call by the names of their deities that secret recess, which they look on with reverence." This freedom from superstition and idolatry made Leibnitz say :—"La religion des Gaulois differoit de celle des Germains en ce, que la premiere plus

<sup>1</sup> Tacit. Germ. c. 43. The Naharvali were seated about the Vistula. Dithmar, in loco.



rafinée." As the Celts had not any knowledge of metals—for the Irish names of them are all Gothic or Teutonic—so they were unable to form stone temples and images; and therefore it is most erroneous to call stone circles and cromlechs Druidic, when they clearly belong to the Belgæ or Scythians. To enumerate the Druidic deities is impossible. If they were, for instance, the Sighe—inhabiting hills—then they were the same as the Gothic Dwergh; so that it cannot

be determined with whom these divinities originated. In the next essay, we shall endeavour to trace the origin of the Scythic superstition, and point out, as far as truth and probability will permit, its union with the Druidic. Because but little notice is taken of the Druids in Irish records, it is argued that there were none; but as original Celts they certainly had such priests, and numerous instances prove that Druidism prevailed over the isle.

## ONE YEAR OF A LIFE.

### CHAPTER I.

THE bells are ringing, ringing out a joyous summons, pealing merrily their invitation from the gray old church tower just peeping up above the trees. The village-bells; calling to old and young, world-weary and light-hearted alike, to join in the afternoon service about to commence.

At intervals all through our earthly pilgrimage do the church bells ring out thus clearly in our ears, and yet how strangely different they sound! how they seem to vary with the feelings of the hour! In our brief moments of sunshine, if the bells are ringing, how they seem a sweet accompaniment to the ebb and flow of joy within our hearts! but oh! when the shadow is around us, the bells with their sound of gladness bring but a sharper throe of anguish to the already sorely wounded soul. It should not be thus, you will say; the bells calling sinners to lay their sorrows at the feet of an all-loving God should rather bring peace and comfort to the heavily-laden; but is it so? You, reader, have you not felt, if the church bells come clanging to your ears, when the bitterness of some great sorrow is in your heart, that the discord is more than you can bear?

But let us return to those particular bells in the old gray tower, ringing out from that Kentish vil-

lage. It is but a hamlet, the inhabitants poor and very simple. Watch them as they wend their way towards the ivy-covered porch; the men in their smock-frocks walking with that peculiar heavy slouching gait characteristic of the English labourer; the young women with their little attempts at fashion seeming to belong to another class than their husbands and brothers, and leaving their elder female relations a whole century behind, in dress at least, if not in other things.

This in the valley. On the hill, rising almost perpendicularly from the road beyond the churchyard, stands a house, large, many-windowed, and of no particular architecture, still, like the hat and wig of John Gilpin's worthy friend the calender, "comely of its kind." Comely from the glorious trees around it, from its trim well-kept garden, the blooming flowers from which breathe their freshness and perfume into the very windows; comely when you enter from the air of home which pervades every-thing.

But it is not with the inside we have to do at present; let us mount the hill higher still, beyond the garden, passing through a wicket; let us follow the path winding upwards, pushing aside the boughs and brushwood which make a network across the path, until we reach

the highest spot in all the country about, and when there looking downwards we see one of the fairest landscapes God in his goodness ever created for the spiritualisation of man.

Here, with the brilliant light of spring sunshine on her—with the cool, fresh spring air blowing her hair from her forehead—stands she whose story I am about to write. A slight young figure, a fair young face shadowed by masses of dark-brown hair, brown eyes in which at times there came a strange far-off look, as though her guardian angel, pausing in his flight, had folded his wings for a while and was whispering in her ear. Standing, gazing upon the glorious scene before her, she is a pleasant sight to look upon, with the warm blood mantling in her cheeks, her red lips parted showing the gleaming teeth between, and with that spirit look upon her sweet pure face. She is but sixteen, her life all to come; the curtain is down, and she eagerly waiting for it to draw up, the play to begin. Poor child, life at the best is but melodrama. Alas! too often tragedy. While she is watching the varying lights and shadows, as they chase each other over the landscape, the bells are still ringing; the sound ascends to her, borne upwards by the fresh spring breeze. Suddenly a hand is on her shoulder, a voice in her ear,

"Madge, what are you dreaming about?"

Her face flushed as she answered sharply,

"You saw I was dreaming, therefore you might have let me alone."

"Don't be short-tempered, my little cousin; I knew you were not asleep, as you were standing here; and surely day-dreams may be broken in upon? Building castles, I suppose, as usual; ah, Madge:—

"Hearts are broken, heads are turned  
With castles in the air,"

The speaker was a young man of two or three and twenty, light-haired, light-bearded, with frank blue eyes and a stalwart frame, every inch a Saxon.

"I was listening to the bells, Alec, and looking at this lovely view; surely no country can be

more beautiful. When I stand here, I always feel better; I think the plains of heaven must be like this. I shall never forget this day; when we are abroad. If I shut my eyes, it will all come back; I shall feel this soft wind upon my face, shall hear the bells as they are now ringing, and see these woods and hills, with the lights and shadows, as I see them now."

As she spoke the bells ceased ringing, and Alec said, "Part of your poetical description is already a thing of the past, for the bells have stopped; every one is gone into church; now, suppose we go back to the house, for my mother wants you to arrange something about your packing."

Margaret turned round, put on her hat, which she had held in her hand, and they retraced their steps to the house.

The reader will have gathered from what has passed that Margaret was on the eve of departure. They were all going; her uncle and aunt, whose adopted child she was, her cousin Beatrix, and Alec, all going to leave, for a time, that home-like and comfortable house upon the hill, the sweet bright flowers, just recalled to new life by spring's soft breath after their long sleep of winter; the lovely wood, with the young green leaves beginning to uncurl themselves in the fostering sun; they were, in fact, going to leave their country home at the time when all country is most fair. It was inevitable, this parting for a time from the pleasant home-life; for Mr. Gordon, Margaret's uncle, had been bitten by the unfortunate mania of speculating, and invested a good round sum in a railway that was being constructed in that part of the country. But the spirit of enterprise and speculation which had so generally prevailed for a few years was followed by a panic. The capital still required for the completion of the line was not forthcoming; it remained unopened, and the shareholders received neither interest nor dividend. It became necessary that Mr. Gordon should retrench; his garden, his horses, and all the many expenses incidental to a country life, running



away with far more money than he could afford. So there was no help for it but to go abroad until things came round, and they had just let the Grange for a year. It was not Mr. Gordon's good sense that was the motive power of this change; he was a weak and vacillating man; had things depended upon him, the move would never have been made; one day of one mind, the next another; waking one morning to tell his wife they were ruined, that nothing could avert the state of penury to which they were about to be reduced; the next, talking as if there were no reason why they should not go on as they were for the next ten years, or, in fact, for ever. It was Mrs. Gordon who saw things as they were; she, with her clear judgment and well-balanced mind, felt at once what was the better course to pursue, and followed it. She was a woman of whom it might be said, that she strengthened as well as beautified the life of her husband; an angel in the house, and not alone in that house, but to all the poorer ones around; not a cottage in the neighbourhood but was happier and better for Mrs. Gordon's presence; faces grew brighter and hearts lighter at her coming.

But ministering spirit as she was to all, it was to Margaret that her large-heartedness and loving sympathy had been the greatest boon: when the poor little sickly child but a few months old, arrived from India, so weakly, so sad a sight to see, she took it to her warm heart and sheltering arms, and, at any rate, Margaret, during her childhood, never felt the loss of the mother who was worse than dead. It was a sad story; Margaret's father, Colonel Babington, had married out in India; his wife was very fair, and frail; how passionately the poor man loved the doll he had set up for himself to worship, he hardly knew himself, until the shock came of her flight with another man, leaving little Margaret a tiny, tender baby, too young to be the healing balm which a few years might have made her, and the cruel wound the mother's hand inflicted was not destined to be cured by the child. Grief finished what the climate had begun, and

while the desolation of his home was still a thing of a few months, all that was left of a brave soldier and Christian gentleman was laid quietly to rest in the churchyard of the cantonment. Before he died the wife of a brother officer took charge of poor little Margaret, and brought her safely to England to the care of her father's sister. Mrs. Gordon adopted her entirely, even making her drop her father's name and take her own married one instead; and Margaret grew up, forgetting she had ever had another, or that there had ever been anyone entitled to the name of mother from her, beside her aunt. Of her poor dead father they would often speak; when she went to her little cot at night, Mrs. Gordon would sit beside her and holding her little soft warm hand in hers, would tell her what a tender-hearted, brave, and honest gentleman he was. As she grew older, at times the pretty brown eyes would swim in tears, and she would say: "Poor mamma, how sorry she must have been when my papa died; Aunt Marion, tell me about her; where was she? where is she?" The answer had to be, "There is nothing to tell," and to "Where is she?" the reply at last came, "dead," as indeed she was.

And so Margaret grew, blossoming in the warm sunshine of her Aunt's love; so grew also Beatrix, her cousin, and Alec; both some years older than Margaret, Beatrix being a pretty little girl of four, and Alec seven, when the forlorn little baby arrived from India. Beatrix was, at the time of the commencement of this story, just twenty, piquante and clever beyond what is permitted to many to be; somewhat masterful withal and inclined to lord it over those in her close proximity. She was engaged to be married to a Major Calthorpe, a brother officer of Alec, a worthy man enough and a complete slave to her. If he ever did venture to measure arms with her, he invariably got worsted in the fight; for certainly in all things except his love he was in comparison—

"As moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine."

Their marriage was to come off in one year—that is to say, on the return of the family to the Grange, by which time Major Calthorpe expected



to get his Lieutenant-Colonelcy. In the meanwhile he and Alec were to get leave and come over to them whenever they could. Poor Alec! he was to go with them now, but to return in a few days, and the separation from Margaret was very bitter to him. As they had grown up together, a warm true love arose in the young man's heart for his pretty cousin, grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. And Margaret; she returned his love, in a way; she liked him much, and when she was a little older she perhaps would marry him, she thought. In early youth marriage to a woman looks so like the end of all things; to Margaret the idea was so vague and misty that it is not to be wondered at if she had reflected in sober seriousness very little about it; the time had passed so happily; so pleasant had it been to have Alec at her beck and call whenever he was home, first as a great school-boy, ever ready to do her bidding, and now as a frank, generous, and handsome officer; no wonder things remained as they were.

Alec and Margaret parted as they entered the house, Mr. Gordon, coming out of his study, seized upon Alec, in order that he might help him to arrange and pack up some curious pots and pans of the time of the ancient Britons, Mr. Gordon much affecting antiquities.

"Bless me, bless me, Alec! pray see to these things! I am much afraid lest they should be damaged during my absence; do, like a good fellow, see to them—your mother thinks nothing of them, abso utely nothing." And then the old gentleman, putting on his spectacles, began to descend upon the beauties of his various vessels, also upon some large white snail shells which he had found embedded in the neighbouring hills. "Dear, dear!" he went on, "it is surprising how little interest your mother takes in these sort of things, and such a sensible woman as she is too on most subjects."

Then, with a little testy shake of his head, he carefully put down his cherished specimens. He left Alec to finish his task, and went off in the same fussy and excited way to call his wife.

"Madam, do come down! here are

I don't know how many boxes in the hall, and expressly put there to break my shins! how stupid people are!"

At his querulous cry, down came his wife to soothe and put things straight, as she ever did. From this you might, perhaps, imagine that Mr. Gordon had some excuse for his irritability, to call it nothing else, in either ill health or old age; but he had neither, being a healthy-looking man, under sixty, rather tall, slightly built, and with a very handsome and refined face; from him both son and daughter had inherited their fair hair, though Beatrix, unlike her father and brother, had brown eyes, and dark brows and lashes. Let me try to sketch Mrs. Gordon as she descends the stairs: dark hair, just tinged with grey; grey eyes, with such a wealth of love in them, yet such wise, thoughtful eyes—eyes that one could fancy would have strange power to calm an angry spirit; such as one has heard of cowing some infuriated animal; so powerful, yet at times so soft; a short, *rétroussé* nose, mouth firmly set; her figure above the middle height, and plump and rounded, as befitted one of her years. She put her hand upon her husband's shoulder, and drew him gently into the study; when he emerged therefrom, the boxes were gone, and he saw them no more until they were on the journey.

In the meantime, Beatrix and Margaret were in their room, talking of the coming change in their lives.

"It will never be the same to me, Margaret, again," said Beatrix; "when I come back, even, I shall be just going to be married; this dear old life is all over for me."

"Not more than for me," sighed Margaret; "for you will be gone."

"Oh! yes, it will be the same house after I am gone," replied Beatrix; and then, after a pause, she went on: "I wonder if we shall like living abroad; at all events there will be plenty to do and see. And, darling Madge, we shall go about together; such much better fun than if I only went abroad after my marriage."

"Dearest Beatrix," plaintively put in Margaret? "don't talk of that

horrid time; when you are gone the sunshine will have left us."

"You sentimental child!" said Beatrix, "let us be happy now we are together, and go and say 'good-bye' to all our farm-yard pets."

Farewells had been said the day before to the friends that would so miss them, and not a few tears had been shed; the good old Rector's voice had grown quite husky as he bid them good-bye, and gave them his blessing, telling them to be good girls, and not come back with new-fangled notions or ultra-French fashions.

They went round into the stables and farmyard, giving directions for the careful keeping of the beasts, who had learnt to know and love them so well; the horses winnied as they passed, little knowing how long it would be ere the soft little hands would stroke their noses, or give them the coveted apple or lump of sugar again.

At last all had had their caress and good-bye, except "Sailor," the

great black Newfoundland dog, and for him they reserved a fond adieu, to be given the next morning.

Beatrix and Margaret went in just in time to dress for dinner, the last dinner they would have for so many months in that familiar room, with the bow windows looking out upon the glorious view beyond—that view always really the same, yet looking so different every hour, as each change of light fell upon the landscape. It was a silent meal, with the exception of various attempts at jokes volunteered by Major Calthorpe, who thought it his duty to do all possible in cheering the others up; and occasional peevish regrets on the part of Mr. Gordon, at leaving his antique pottery or collection of coins—the two consolations of his life since his loss of money. In the evening they sat listening to Margaret singing, and Beatrix joining in. The fresh young voices went up to heaven in hymns of praise. Then came prayers, and the last day in the dear old home was over.

## CHAPTER II.

PARIS! Paris in early June; the Elysian fields of Paris in all their gaiety and brightness. Five o'clock in the afternoon; the blazing sun pouring its effulgent rays down upon the heads of the devoted people. Phœbus is determined to let the Parisians know that the earlier he gets up in the morning the stronger he gets by the afternoon, and this particular afternoon he seems to have chosen for a more than usually arrogant display of his powers. All Paris is out, sitting or strolling, the air is redolent of tobacco, groups of the beauty and fashion of almost all nations are to be seen disposing themselves on the promenade; while gigs and roundabouts are having a time of it, concerts are going on in all directions, the poor and miserable even in the great city have gathered themselves together and are airing their rags in the background and basking in the sun. Ever and anon the bystander is jostled by a man with tisane, or a woman knocks against him with a large basket

covered with a clean white cloth, and a continued cry is going on both far and near of "Plaisirs, Mesdames, Plaisirs et Gofres." The noise, the heat, the confusion of the place is indiscrible; and yet withal the feeling of life, and bright gaiety about it, is like an enchantment. There is a lightness about the very air that makes the heat unlike the heat of other places; altogether a sort of intoxicating medium seems to pervade everything, the heart casts off its load, and becomes ready and eager to join in the pleasure and excitement going on around. A weight is gone, and fresh youth and powers of enjoyment have taken its place.

So found Mr. Gordon apparently, for watching him as he sits under the trees smoking his cigarette, one would hardly know him, so changed and improved is he; the peevish look is gone for the time, and calm serenity reigns in its stead. A certain air of pride, which is so often to be observed in the Englishman abroad, had taken possession of



him; pride in his English attire, manners, and general appearance; pride in the consciousness of its being impossible to mistake him for any but a John Bull. A pride which sat but ill upon him, yet still was there. No change of place, could change the sweet, calm face beside him; the peace depicted there was the peace from within—the happiness given to a good woman doing good to those around her. Sitting close to Mrs. Gordon, with all the enjoyment of the hour shining from their fair young faces, were Beatrix and Margaret. The Gordon family had been transplanted, and there seemed no doubt of their flourishing where they had temporally taken root. They had been two months in Paris; Mr. Gordon had taken an *appartement au premier* in the Maison Rollin, one of the finest houses in the Champs Elysées; the rooms were *au fond de la cour*, and the windows overlooked a garden. Since their stay there, everything had seemed like fairy-land to Beatrix and Margaret, so gay and happy had they been. In the same house as the Gordons there lived a Sir John and Lady McDougal, with their two nieces. The latter were now sitting under the trees on this glorious June afternoon, with Beatrix and Margaret, whose acquaintance they had lately made, chatting and passing the time merrily, as young things will. Sir John and Lady McDougal the while walking up and down, stretching their aged and feeble limbs. Lady McDougal had married late in life her cousin, Sir John, and was a somewhat soured spinster when she did so. She would acknowledge that she and John had both been jilted in their youth, and had at last taken compassion upon each other. She was lean, sharp-elbowed, sharp-witted, and sharper tempered; he, thick as to body, skin, and skull; the nieces fortunately resembled their aunt as to wits, —not elbows—and were kindly, good-natured girls enough. Presently Sir John called to them; Mrs. Gordon then made a move, the chairs were soon vacant, and the whole party gone.

The sun was going down, but still the promenade seemed as full as

ever. Ere many minutes had passed, slowly pacing along came another Englishman, with a great Scotch deer-hound following at his heels, musing as he went deep in thought. When he came up to the chairs vacated by the Gordons, he dropped into one, and stretched himself wearily; there was a listless look about the whole man painful to see in one still in the prime of life; he appeared scarcely more than thirty, yet there was an expression on the handsome face, when still, as though the spirit within were already burdened with sorrow or remorse. The large gray eyes, deep set and rather near together, had lines about them indicative of nights of watchfulness and unrest; the small and beautifully-shaped mouth and chin, whose form the beard so grew as not to hide, had a mournful yet cynical expression. As he leant back and gazed upon the throng around him, he took off his hat and allowed the cool breeze, which had just sprung up, to play upon his forehead. As he did this, the full beauty of the head was seen; the hair grew rather low, and being divided in the middle, waved off on either side the broad intellectual forehead in rings of jet. One great peculiarity about this man was the lightness of the eyes contrasted with the dark complexion, black hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes. After remaining a short time indulging in no pleasant ruminations seemingly, he roused himself, and, whistling to his dog, walked off in the same direction as the Gordon family had so lately taken. As he threaded his way amongst the crowd, people turned, as he passed, to look at him; his height and magnificent figure being as remarkable as his handsome face. "*Mais vraiment c'est un bel homme!*" or "*Comme il est beau cet Anglais!*" you would hear some Frenchwoman exclaim, as he passed. And there was truth in the remark; such a man as George Falconer was not often to be seen. He was at this time wending his way to the house where the Gordons lived, to call upon Lady McDougal, an old friend of his dead mother, and who had always been very kind to George; for ill-natured and sharp as she could be, still her heart was kind, and it



pleased and flattered her to know how warmly this handsome, talented man esteemed her. He had indeed reason to be grateful, for there had been a black page in George Falconer's life, when people had been inclined to view his conduct harshly; and then Lady McDougal had held out her hand to him, partly for his mother's sake and partly for his own particular self; and the storm had blown over for him. Whatever scrape he had got into occurred years ago, and as it happened while he was abroad it did not take long to pass away from the world's recollection. He began his career in the army, but had sold out some time ago, and, devoting himself to literature, had already published some novels which had achieved a great success.

He was now on his way to Lady McDougal to read her some part of a new book he was about to bring out; he was but passing through Paris, and had but little time to spare, still he did not give grudgingly that portion of it which he devoted to his old friend, for he knew it would be the greatest source of delight to her to think that she was cognisant of the contents of his book before other people. He entered the *Porte Cochère*, and as he was going to ascend the few steps leading to the glass door at the opposite end of the court-yard, he came upon Margaret as she was descending. She was about to cross over and inquire of the concierge about some letters. As he took off his hat and stood on one side to allow her to pass, their eyes met. Ah, me! how little a thing to write! Yet in that moment the whole current of their lives was changed; that look, that meeting on the steps, made their future such a different thing to what it would else have been. She passed him, and he turned to watch the girlish form as it sped across the courtyard and disappeared under the great *Porte Cochère*. There was something in that young girl's face, in the beauty which had just dawned upon him, that was familiar; an undefinable something which brought her near to him in that moment, yet which gave him pain. He went up and entered the *apartment* of Lady McDougal; he

found her seated by the open window, fanning herself.

"Ah! my dear George, so good of you," she exclaimed; "so kind of you to think of coming to chat with an old woman! I take your visit entirely to myself you see, for you know very well there is to be no flirting—no love-making to either of the young ladies."

"I came to bring you something you will like better than chat, I hope; here it is," and he drew his manuscript out of his pocket.

"No, is it really now your new book? Well, I feel much flattered and more pleased than I can tell you; sit down close here," and she drew a chair beside her, and read it, like a good fellow. "I hope Sir John won't disturb us; he is really such a fool, he would understand nothing about it, and only make fatuous and provoking remarks."

"Really, Lady McDougal, I wish Sir John would keep you in better order, for you are positively the most disconcerting person I know; out of common politeness, it is quite impossible for me to agree with you."

"There it is, my dear! there's the pity of it! everybody does agree with me. It was only the other day John made quite a good joke,—said something really sharp; but there, nobody seemed to see it, because he made it. Once call a man a fool, and he might say as many witty things as Sydney Smith, and everybody would look as grave as a judge."

It was Sir John himself, as well as his wife, who helped to give "the dog a bad name," for it was his favourite boast that he had lived sixteen years in France off and on, and yet could not speak one word of French. George Falconer began to read, but his thoughts wandered, the bewitching face he had seen but a few minutes before haunted him, and he did anything but justice to his novel. After a little he said:

"It is no use, I must give it up; I will go on some other day. I have changed my mind about leaving Paris; I shall not go to the Tyrol for a week or two. By the way, are there many people you know here?"

"I have made the acquaintance

of a very charming family that has lately come to this house, a Mr. and Mrs. Gordon and their two daughters, both very pretty girls; the eldest is engaged, and soon to be married, the other is quite a child, only about sixteen. But why do you ask? Is there anyone you wish to warn me against? Tell me, George; I thought you had a strange look when you asked me."

"Really your imagination is somewhat apt to run away with you, my dear lady," said he. "I certainly do not desire to warn you against anybody; quite the contrary; but I must go now, so good-bye!" And he was gone.

This man was not altogether bad, but in some respects very unscrupulous; he knew that in no wise was he one fit or likely to be welcomed into the house of people with young daughters; he knew also that he could not be five minutes in the room with any pretty or sympathetic woman without being tempted to make love to her, and he knew also there was that in his past life which made him shrink from the idea of marriage. Of late years his life had been an almost blameless one; the great remorse he carried about with him had sobered and steadied him wonderfully; still the temptation came, and he gave way to it.

"I am resolved I will not make love to her. It is but making the acquaintance of some pleasant people of my own country, for I have no doubt she is the youngest Miss Gordon. She is such a child, too, there is no chance of her thinking twice about me; why I am a sort of Methuselah compared to her. But I must see that sweet, bright childish face again, the soft shy eyes, yet with a sort of defiant look in them too. I mean no harm, at any rate this time, and there can be none. There is something about that beautiful face that attracts me more than any I have seen for, oh, so many weary years!"

The momentary struggle was over; do him the justice to think that, whatever misery came of it, he thought would only fall on him; there was no chance of future pain for her. Thus quieting his con-

science, George Falconer strolled home.

Ere many days had passed a little note came from Lady McDougal, asking him to come and dine there, and naming an evening in the following week.

"I am going to have a little dance afterwards for the young people," wrote she, "to which, of course, you will not care to stay. I shall, however, have some clever people at dinner, but the evening will not be much in your line."

Now George Falconer, being eight-and-thirty years of age, though looking younger, felt somewhat piqued at its being taken for granted that his dancing days were over; and although he had not had the spirits or inclination to do anything of the kind for years, still he at once formed the determination not to do as Lady McDougal seemed to dictate to him. There was also another reason for the answer which he sent his old friend. It ran as follows:—

"Dear Lady McDougal,—I regret so much I cannot have the pleasure of dining with you on the day you mention. I shall, though, be so pleased to drop in during the evening and see the young people dance. The sight is good for old eyes, you know, and will help to keep my memory green."

As he was writing the word memory, he threw the pen down, and burying his face on his arms, as he bent over the table, "O my God!" he cried; "that it were possible there should be no memory for me!" In a moment he had recovered, finished his note, and he left it himself with the concierge. Did he take it in the hope of catching another glimpse of that bright young face which constantly kept rising up before him? If the hope was there, it was doomed to disappointment, for he saw but one face at the window, and it was passing ugly; being that of Lady McDougal's French maid, hard-featured and saffron-coloured, arising, as she averred, from a disappointment in love, though, to the incredulous, it looked more like a suffering liver than heart. As George Falconer turned from the house, he met Sir John McDougal picking his way gingerly as he went, fearful lest



he should adhere to the asphalt that had just been laid down, and which the extreme heat rendered soft and sticky. Sir John stopped as he caught sight of George, and, turning, walked some little way with him, descanting the while upon the extreme brilliancy of his wife's talents. "Ah, she's a clever woman is Lady McDougal," said he; "but plain in appearance—she has, though, one great beauty, and that is her mouth; it is really a perfect *"arc eu ciel."* It will be observed that poor old Sir John loved bringing in a word of French occasionally, also that he did not understand the meaning or sense of the said words, for he, of course, intended to liken his wife's mouth to a Cupid's bow. "Certainly," he went on, "she's no beauty, my wife, especially in her night-cap, and she has got a devil of a temper; too." George saw that the poor old man had been smarting under Lady McDougal's sharp tongue; but he could not help laughing at the absurdity of his appearance and way of expressing himself, as he pottered along, talking as if his mouth was full of pebbles. He soon turned back, and George Falconer continued his way home.

The night of Lady McDougal's little party arrived, and both Beatrix and Margaret had looked forward with eagerness to it; Margaret really because it would be the first party she had ever been to as a grown-up girl. Major Calthorpe and Alec had arrived the night before, and of course were to be present; but somehow the thought of Alec's coming did not bring much pleasure to Margaret; it annoyed her to think he would wish to monopolise her, and just before they entered the room, she said, "Now, Alec, remember I intend to amuse myself, and I am not going to dance the whole evening with you." Alec was humble and meek, as be seemed a poor man in his trying position, and averred his readiness to accept thankfully any stray dances she chose to give him. She looked very lovely in the cloud of white muslin that floated round her, harmonising so well with the pure freshness of her young beauty. It was a gay scene, the rooms so well lighted, the dresses as there were many Frenchwomen

present) so well chosen, and blending together in luxurious colouring. On entering the room you might fancy you were gazing on a fair garden of brilliant flowers lighted up by the gleams of the sun in its noonday splendour; and Margaret shone out from this wealth of gorgeous colour like some pure white lily in the first sweet fragrance of its opening hour; and so thought George Falconer, as he stood watching her from the doorway of the room where they were dancing. He had been introduced to Mrs. Gordon, and then, as Margaret stopped in the next turn, and Lady McDougal was standing near, he was introduced to her. After making sundry commonplace remarks about the beauty of the rooms and people in them, he said,—

"I have not seen you at any of the few parties that have been given lately, although I have remarked your sister several times."

"No," answered Margaret; "I am not out yet."

She repented having said it the next minute, for she feared she would sink in his estimation in acknowledging herself so unfortunately young.

"I supposed not," said he; "but I have seen you before, Miss Gordon—do you remember?"

"I do quite well, it was one day last week," she replied. "I was going to inquire about some letters at the concierge. We find they are so stupid about them—people are perpetually getting ours and we theirs."

She coloured as she said this; for she remembered well she had thought at the time he was the handsomest man she had ever seen. Here the music struck up, and he said—

"Is it not a great deal too soon to begin dancing again. Suppose you sit out a dance; you will be so tired if you don't rest a little;" and then he mischievously went on, "You see, knowing how young you are, how new this sort of thing is to you, I feel I may give a little advice."

Margaret felt annoyed and offended at having her youth thus thrown in her face; and Alec coming up, she went off with him to

join the dancers. She danced every dance for many more, until she felt there was really truth in what George Falconer had said, and she was glad to sit down by her aunt in a little alcove and rest awhile. Mrs. Gordon presently left her in search of Beatrix, and in a moment George re-appeared and was sitting down beside her.

"Now confess," he began, "you repent not having followed my advice, Miss Gordon; you are wearied and exhausted. Are there not many pleasanter things than dancing?"

"I don't think there is anything I like better, except riding," she said.

"You don't look like a person so devoted to violent exercise," went on George; "a fair and fragile plant, I should have thought, to be sheltered from the rough winds of life, and tenderly cared for."

They conversed a little longer, while the music came in with sweet plaintive sound, keeping time to the words they spoke.

Before long Mrs. Gordon returned, and then they went away, George Falconer accompanying them to the foot of the staircase leading to their *appartement*. As he wended his way home, he felt dissatisfied with himself; he determined nothing should induce him to put himself in the way of temptation again; but he felt that for him it was getting late in the day to be cautious. He knew things could never look the same to him as they did before he saw the sweet face and slender form on the steps as he was going to call on Lady McDougal. The next day passed, and the next, until a week was gone, and still George kept to his determination, and did not go near the house where Margaret lived; he feared even to approach the casket which held the gem he was beginning to prize so highly, lest he might be tempted to gaze upon its brightness, and in gazing so covet it in its beauty that the longing to possess it would be more than he could resist.

One day, however, Lady McDougal wrote, begging him to call and resume the reading of his book:—"I am obliged to remind you, George, of your kind promise to

an old woman; really you middle-aged people are far more forgetful than the younger ones. I hope this shot hits the mark, vain man that you are. But come when you get my note, no matter where you are, or what you are about, for I am dying to hear your story, and it is a favourable opportunity now, as John is away." What could he do; he was obliged to obey the peremptory old lady, who had been so good to him. He would not call upon the Gordons lest what would happen, and so he went. He read out his book, and Lady McDougal was gratified beyond measure. He chatted a long time, and then he told her he had made up his mind not to stay in Paris, that it encouraged idleness. And she who knew some part of his sad past life, agreed with him that work was best:—"I am very, very sorry, George, that you should go. I had hoped you would remain here, after what you told me the other day, that you would have stayed until I leave Paris, taking my nieces back to Scotland, and that will be in about three or four months. But it is better as it is, my dear boy, if you feel that restless, dissatisfied feeling you describe. Ah, George, how I wish you had a kind, good wife to whom you could go in your restlessness, who would forgive your past sins and follies, and comfort you in your troubles!"

"Dear Lady McDougal,—best friend to me! you do not even know the impossibility of what you wish; and if things were so that it could be, what a life for any woman to be tied to such a thankless, hopeless being as myself! No; my only chance at all is to work, to keep grinding, grinding on, until the end comes at last."

He bid the old lady an affectionate adieu, and left her.

As he passed the glass door leading into the garden, he saw standing under a tree a figure—a slight young figure of a girl. Ere he had scarcely seen the outline, he knew who it was; his heart gave a great bound and then stood still. Could it be possible the mere sight of that little childish form could so unnerve a great strong man? In a second he was by her side.



"I am fortunate!" he said. "So glad to have the opportunity of saying Good-bye!"

As he spoke and she turned her face full upon him he felt how right he had been in his determination of going. It could not be too late for her! For him, alas! from the moment his eyes first looked upon her, it was too late for him. Merciless, pitiless fate, had brought that man to gaze upon that fair young woman creature, and in gazing, had ordained that his poor heart, already scared with sorrow and remorse, should go out to her in a mighty and unconquerable love.

As he spoke of leaving, a shade passed over Margaret's face, and again that undefinable feeling came over him. Had he seen her face in a dream, or where? Never had he seen a face in reality in the least like hers; never before had eyes so starlike, looked out of their depths upon him. The feeling passed.

"I leave Paris to-morrow, and have just been bidding adieu to Lady McDougal," he said.

"Oh, how sorry she will be!" exclaimed Margaret, "she is so very fond of you."

"Yes, she is the best and dearest old lady that breathes when she likes you; but she is very sharp and disagreeable to some people. How hard she is upon poor Sir John!"

"You, certainly, have gained her love," said Margaret; "for like Kathleen's dun cow—if savage to everybody else, she is gentle to you. Shall you come back to Paris?"

she went on. "It is getting too hot; I think this garden is the only cool place to be found, and it is delightful being out here. The trees and flowers are like the country; I could almost fancy I was at home, it is so still, so quiet, and the breeze when it rises up comes blowing so deliciously over the trees there. Who would think we were in Paris? Sometimes I like to shut my eyes and fancy I am standing on the hill at home; it only wants the church bells to come in, and sometimes I can even fancy I hear them as they used to come ringing out so loud and clear from the church down below."

"You must love your country home very much," he said; "there is no place in the whole world that I should care to recalc in that way, though there are many scenes I wish could be blotted out from my recollection. Still I shall be glad if I can ever see, as vividly as you describe, this garden as we are standing now, you and I, when I am far away; I shall try to dream of it, so fresh and green in the midst of a great city—of the garden, and of the little enchantress who has made it all seem so fair a sight to me."

With this he went up the steps, through the glass door, and she lost sight of him. She stood some time as he left her. Suddenly how cold the garden seemed on this hot summer's noon; how chill, how gray the day had turned! She knew not why, but it seemed as though the sun had gone and the world become desolate.

## LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS OF IRELAND.

FROM A.D. 1186 TO 1870.

(26.) A.D. 1346, JOHN MORRIS.—Patent dated 20th May, 1346.—His commission was read before the Lord Justice and Council at Kylmehallock on the 18th of August following. What the capabilities, if any, of this Chancellor were it is impossible now, after the lapse of five hundred years, to surmise. We

may, however, hazard an opinion that his elevation was due to his father, Sir John Morris, who was sent over as Viceroy by Edward III. The Chancellor's name is never to be met in connexion with any single one of the events of those times. He retired in 1349, at a period that men's minds were

filled with terror at the desolation caused by the dreadful plague, which had just then swept across the land. Fourteen thousand victims perished in the city of Dublin alone, and Friar Clynn, in recording the visitation of this dreadful scourge, says that he had digested his country's annals, and he had left them for other generations, if indeed, another generation should succeed to that, for it appeared to him "as if the whole race of Adam were about being swept away by the raging pestilence."<sup>1</sup>

(27.) A.D. 1350, JOHN DE ST. PAUL, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, had been Prebendary of Mornington, York, and Canon of Dublin; was promoted by Clement VI. to be Archbishop of Dublin, in 1349. He was soon engaged in a contest with the Archbishop of Armagh as to his right to raise the Primatial cross in the See of Dublin. The king, having vainly endeavoured to put an end to this oft-recurring scandal, brought the matter under the notice once more of the Holy See. Pope Innocent VI. at length decided that each of those prelates should be Primate, but, for distinction of style, the Archbishop of Armagh should entitle himself "Primate of all Ireland," while the Metropolitan of Dublin should inscribe himself merely as "Primate of Ireland," titles that are borne to this day by the prelates of both the Roman and the Reformed Churches. In 1353, De St. Paul was constituted Lord Chancellor, and in 1352 he presided at a provincial council in the Church of the Holy Trinity (now Christ Church), when several canons were enacted, which are given at length in Wilkins' *Concilia*, vol. iii., p. 18. In 1358 the Most Reverend Chancellor was appointed Privy Councillor, whereupon the king wrote the Lord Deputy recommending him in all cases of difficulty to follow the suggestions of this able minister. The counsel he then afforded might be remembered even now with advantage. The Lords of the Marches of the Pale, he in-

sisted, should be made to live in their castles and on their lands, and should be compelled to improve and defend them. In the council he invariably strove to reconcile opposing interests, and strongly did he advise that a general amnesty should be granted to those who had fallen under the displeasure of the court.<sup>2</sup> In 1360 he was one of the commoners appointed "to explore for mines of gold and silver, which were considered to be abundant in various parts of Ireland." The anxious care of the Chancellor through his long career of usefulness was likewise directed to works of piety and of art, not the least of which was the building, at his own expense, of the choir, east from the chancel arch, of the Church of the Holy Trinity (Christ Church), then an Arosian monastery, whose prior was, *ex officio*, Lord of Parliament. In 1356 the Chancellor resigned the seals, and, thenceforward, he appears to have busied himself entirely about things spiritual. He died on the 6th of November, 1362, and was buried in front of the steps of the high altar of Christ Church, according to the directions contained in his last will and testament.

(28.) A.D. 1364, RICHARD DE ASKETON.

(29.) A.D. 1366, JOHN DE FROWICK, PRIOR OF KILHAINHAM, was appointed Chancellor in this year. In 1357 he ceased to be prior, and resigned in the same year the seals. The succeeding prior (Burleigh) was then appointed Chancellor. He remained in office until 1359, when Dr. Frowick returned to power, and the hospital obtained a confirmation of their privileges.

(30.) A.D. 1357, THOMAS DE BURLEIGH, PRIOR OF KILMAINHAM, was appointed Chancellor at the salary of £40 a year. Small as this sum was, he found it almost an impossibility to obtain payment thereof. Arrears being permitted to accumulate, permission was granted to him to pay himself by retaining the rents for the Manors of Chapel Izod and the Salmon

<sup>1</sup> Clynn's "Annals of Ireland."

<sup>2</sup> Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. iii. 432.

<sup>3</sup> Close Rolls,



Leap, which he, as Prior of Kilmainham, held in fee-farm from the Crown. In 1356 Burleigh was constrained to resign the seals, until he should clear himself of the high crimes and misdemeanours then laid to his charge. He was accordingly brought to trial in Drogheda before the Viceroy, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, the Chief Justice, and a jury. He stood accused for accepting in a certain suit for court bribes from both the parties thereto, the plaintiff and the defendant, "and also that he, the prior," on the day therein mentioned, "came to kill, and did then feloniously rob the inhabitants of the said town of twelve cows of the value of five marks, and on the same day did feloniously rob one Mathew White, of Carlenestown, of one cow, value half-a-mark, and did feloniously take from one William Stipaird, of Rosings, one cow, value five shillings, and from the inhabitants of Agan the heritage of four acres of meadow." The jury acquitted the accused on all the counts.<sup>1</sup> In 1358, being then Prior and Chancellor, he was sent by the Lord Deputy, together with other commissioners, to treat with the Birminghams, who were in open rebellion. No sooner had the King's commissioners presented themselves than they were seized with their commissions, and thrown into prison. While the other commissioners were ransomed, the Birminghams refused to liberate the Chancellor on any terms whatsoever until their kinsman, James Birmingham, who was kept a prisoner in the Castle of Trim, should be released. Having obtained their terms, Burleigh was discharged from custody, returned to Dublin, and once more resumed his place as Chancellor. The hardships, perhaps, he underwent when in custody shortened his life. He died in 1370 at his Hospital of Kilmainham, having then reached an advanced old age.<sup>2</sup>

(31.) A.D. 1363.—ROBERT DE ASKETON, CANON OF THE ORDER OF ST. VICTOR, AND AFTERWARDS PRIOR OF NEWTON PRIORY, IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF TRIM. In 1366, Thomas Scurlock, the mitred Lord Abbot of the Abbey of St. Thomas à Becket, near Dublin (now Thomas Street), was appointed deputy to the Chancellor, who resigned the seals in 1367. Asketon was appointed Lord Treasurer in 1375, retired in 1376, and died in 1391, at the Abbey of St. Thomas, where he was interred.<sup>3</sup>

(32.) A.D. 1367.—THOMAS LE REVI, BISHOP OF WATERFORD AND LISMORE, immediately on receiving the seals, issued the writs convoking the Parliament of Kilkenny—Lionel, Duke of Clarence, being the Vice-Roy. By this parliament was passed the celebrated statute of Kilkenny, 40th Edward III., which, though recited and amended by the 33rd Henry VI., ch. 3, and in great part confirmed by the 10th Henry VII., ch. 8, is not printed amongst the statutes, and is consequently not within the reach of those who have recourse to ordinary libraries. The explanation of its absence from the statute-book is, that it was lent out of the Rolls Office in 1639, and lost. A copy, however, in Norman French, which still exists in the Lambeth Library, has been translated by the late Mr. Hardiman, and published by the Irish Archæological Society.<sup>4</sup> This act has reference merely to the Irish colonies, such as Cork, Carlow, Waterford, Galway, &c., and to the Pale, which was the most extensive of the English colonial settlements in Ireland, and comprised an area of 1250 square miles, which would be about half the size of the modern county of Galway, as the greatest length of the Pale was fifty miles, and extended from Dundee on the north, to Daltry, on the south, with a mean length of five-and-twenty miles. The parliament which passed this execrable statute was presided over by the Chancellor, and its scope

<sup>1</sup> Archdall's Monasticon.

<sup>2</sup> Cox's Hist. of Ireland. Dalton's Co. Dublin. Gilbert's Viceroys of Ireland, p. 226. Archdall's Monasticon.

<sup>3</sup> Archdall's Monasticon.

<sup>4</sup> Tracts relating to Ireland, 97-106. Hume's Hist. of England, ch. 16.

and intention are sufficiently explained by the preamble :

“Whereas, at the conquest of the land of Ireland, and for a long time after, the English of the said land used the English language, mode of riding and apparel, and were governed and ruled, both they and their subjects, called Betaghies, according to the English law, in which time God and holy Church, and their franchises, according to their condition, were maintained in subjection ; but now many English of the said land, forsaking the English language, manners, and mode of riding, laws, and usages, live and govern themselves according to the manners, fashion, and language of their Irish enemies, and also made divers marriages and alliances between themselves and the Irish enemies aforesaid, whereby the said land and the liege people thereof, the English language, the allegiance due to our lord the king, and the English laws there, are put in subjection and decayed, and the Irish enemies exalted and raised up, contrary to reason,—our lord the king, considering the mischiefs aforesaid, in consequence of the grievous complaints of the commons of his said land, called to his parliament, held at Kilkenny the Thursday next before the day of cinders [Ash-Wednesday], in the 40th year of his reign, before his well-beloved son, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, his lieutenant in the parts of Ireland, to the honour of God and of his glorious mother, and of holy Church, and for the good government of the said land and quiet of the people, and for the better observation of the laws and punishment of evil-doers, are ordained and established by our said lord the king and the said lieutenant, and our lord the king’s counsel there, with the assent of the archbishops, bishops, abbots, and priors (as to what appertains to them to assent to), the earls, barons, and others, the commons of the said land, at the said parliament there being and assembled, the ordinances and articles underwritten, to be held and kept perpetually upon the pains contained therein :

“I. First, it is ordained, agreed to, and established, that holy Church shall be free, and have all

her franchises without injury, according to the franchises ordained and granted by our lord the king or his progenitors. by statute or ordinance made in England or in Ireland heretofore ; and if any (which God forbid) do the contrary, and be excommunicated by the ordinary of the place for that cause, so that satisfaction be not made to God and holy Church of the party so excommunicated within one month after such excommunication, that then, after certificate thereupon being made by the said ordinary into the chancery, a writ shall be directed to the sheriff, mayor, seneschal of franchise, or other officers of our lord the king, to take his body, and to keep him in prison, without enlarging him by mainprise or bail, until satisfaction be made to God and holy Church, notwithstanding that the forty days be not passed ; and that no prohibition from Chancery be henceforth granted in any suit against the franchise of holy Church, saving at all times the right of our lord the king and of his crown, so that the franchises of holy Church be not overturned or injured ; and in case that, by suggestion of the party, prohibition be granted, that as soon as the articles of franchise shall be shown by the ordinary in the Chancery, a consultation shall be thereupon granted to him without delay.

“II. Also it is ordained and established that no alliance by marriage, gossipred, fostering of children, concubinage, or by amom, nor in any manner, be henceforth made between the English and Irish of one part or of the other part ; and that no Englishman nor other person, being at peace, do give or sell to any Irishman, in time of peace or war, horses or armour, nor any manner of victuals in time of war ; and if any shall do to the contrary, and thereof be attainted, he shall have judgment of life and member as a traitor to our lord the king.

“III. Also it is ordained and established that every Englishman do use the English language, and be named by an English name, leaving off entirely the manner of naming used by the Irish ; and that every Englishman use the English custom, fashion, mode of riding, and apparel ;



and if any English, or Irish living amongst the English, use the Irish language amongst themselves, according to this ordinance, and therefore be attainted, his lands and tenements shall be seized into the hands of his immediate lord, until he shall come to one of the places of our lord the king,<sup>1</sup> and find sufficient surety to adopt and use the English language; and then he shall have restitution of his said lands by writ issued out of said places. In case that such person shall not have lands or tenements, his body shall be taken by any of the officers of our lord the king, and committed to the next jail, there to remain until he, or some other in his name, shall find sufficient surety, in the manner aforesaid; and no Englishman who shall have the value of £100 of land or rent by the year shall ride otherwise than on a saddle in the English fashion;<sup>2</sup> and he that shall do to the contrary, and shall be thereof attainted, his horse shall be forfeited to our lord the king, and his body shall be committed to prison, until he pay a fine according to the king's pleasure for the contempt aforesaid; and also that beneficed persons of holy Church, living amongst the English, shall use the English language; and if they do no not, that their ordinaries shall have the issues of their benefices until they use the English language in the manner aforesaid; they shall have respite, in order to learn the English language, and to provide saddles, between this and the feast of St. Michael next coming.

"IV. Also, whereas diversity of government and different laws in the same land cause difference in allegiance, and disputes among the people, it is agreed and established that no Englishman having disputes with any other Englishman, shall henceforth make captior, or take pledge, distress, or vengeance, against any other, whereby the people may be troubled, but that they shall sue each other at the common law; and that no Englishman be governed in the termination of their disputes by March law nor Brehon law, which

reasonably ought not to be called law, being a bad custom; but they shall be governed, as right is, by the common law of the land, as liege subjects of our lord the king; and if any do to the contrary, and therefore be attainted, he shall be taken and imprisoned, and adjudged as a traitor; and that no difference of allegiance shall henceforth be made between the English born in Ireland and the English born in England, by calling them English hobbe<sup>3</sup> or Irish dog, but that all be called by one name, the English lieges of our lord the king; and he who shall be found doing the contrary, shall be punished by imprisonment for one year, and afterwards fined at the king's pleasure; and by this ordinance it is not the intention of our lord the king but that it shall be lawful for any one that he may take distress for services and rents due to them, and for damage feasant, as the common law requires."

Our space prevents us from giving *in extenso* more of this celebrated statute. By the 11th section it was ordained that, "those who are in different marches<sup>4</sup> at war do not henceforth use the plays which men call hurlings, with great sticks and a ball upon the ground; but that they do apply and accustom themselves to use and draw bows and throw lances, and other gentlemanly games, whereby the Irish enemies be both checkened:" penalty for hurling, fine and imprisonment.

It may not be out of place here to remind our readers that the Irish were not then, nor for many centuries after, afforded the protection of the courts of justice, within the Pale or other settlements. Thus, in the 28th Edward III., in the case of Neal *v.* Newlagh, which was an action for trespass on plaintiff's lands, the defendant pleaded that the plaintiff was a mere Irishman, and not of the fine bloods of the O'Neils, O'Briens, O'Connors, O'Moloughlins, and the M'Marroughs, who, though Irish, had protection afforded to them. Again, a similar plea was put in in the case of Butter *v.* Dalmaine; so also in the criminal law of the English settle-

<sup>1</sup> Courts of Justice.<sup>2</sup> The Irish did not use saddles<sup>3</sup> Clown.<sup>4</sup> *Id est* "borders," Coke upon Littleton, 106, b.

ments. In the the 4th Edward II. Robert La Waylis, in an indictment at Waterford, for the murder of one John MacGillmory, the accused admitted the murder, but denied that it was a felony, inasmuch as the deceased was a mere Irishman. Having thus far digressed, let us return to the life of the Lord Chancellor Le Revi. In 1378, he left office for the last time, and thenceforth confined himself entirely to the discharge of his episcopal duties until his death, in 1393.

(33.) A.D. 1371.—JOHN DE ROTHEBY. The troubles which followed the passing of the Statute of Kilkenny rendered it incumbent for the Lord Chancellor to have, for the protection of the great seal, a body guard. An allowance was accordingly made for six mounted archers, and six men-at-arms, the expense of which appears to have been £200 for two hundred days, or £1 a day, the cost of the twelve men—being 1s. 8d. a day per man. In 1372, he retired from office, was restored in 1374, when he continued to hold the seals for a few months, and thenceforward his name disappears from the page of history.

(34.) A.D. 1372.—WILLIAM JANY, PRIOR OF KILMAINHAM, entered in early life into the ecclesiastical state, elected prior in 1371, Lord Chancellor in 1372, and Lord Deputy in the same year. His influence at Court was so great that he obtained for the hospital exemption from the performance of military service, on the grounds that the house maintained, and was devoted to numberless charities. Then, when poverty was no crime, were the hungry daily fed,<sup>1</sup> the naked clothed, the pillow of sickness softened, by the kindly hand of the infirmarian, nor were memories of the deceased forgotten at the many altars of the convent chapel. In 1374, the prior was a second time made Chancellor, he having resigned shortly before. In 1377, he resigned in favour of Archbishop de Wickford, in the same

year that an act was passed by the English parliament, 1st Richard II., enacting that all persons having lands in Ireland should reside thereupon, or have proper persons residing there, or pay an absentee tax of two-thirds of their Irish revenues, those frequenting the English universities excepted. In 1381, Prior Jany was again Chancellor, resigned in a few months, and was once more recalled, shortly previous to his death, in 1383.<sup>2</sup>

(35.) A.D. 1377.—ROBERT DE WICKFORD, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, and Archdeacon of Winchester, was appointed Archbishop of Dublin by Gregory IX., in 1375. De Wickford was held in high esteem by Edward III., and by him employed in negotiations of great delicacy and importance. For example, in 1370, he was commissioned to treat with Wenceslaus, King of Brabant, concerning the entertainment of that prince during the continental war. In 1371, he was sent as ambassador, in conjunction with others, on some diplomatic business to Flanders. In 1373, he was constable of the castle of Bordeaux, and employed to treat with Peter, King of Arragon, concerning a league, offensive and defensive, between him and the King of England; and on the 12th of April, in the same year, he was joined in a commission to take possession of the principality of Aquitaine, then surrendered to Edward III., by his son, Edward, the Black Prince, to whom his majesty had previously granted it for life. De Wickford was then appointed one of the commissioners to hear appeals in that territory, but was soon called away by the king, on other and more important business. During his absence, and before his elevation to the see of Dublin, he was made defendant in a suit in the king's courts of Aquitaine, in which one John Beanttan was plaintiff; without being served, without any process of the court, or other citation, the matter

<sup>1</sup> Vid. Blackstone's Commentaries, book i. ch. 9, on the monasteries. Also Coke-Littleton, 94 a. to 100 b., and 132 a. Vide also Monumenti Franciscana, published by order of the English Master of the Rolls, where the apostolic labours of the Franciscan Friars, in the dreadful plague of 1348, may be read with advantage.

<sup>2</sup> Patent Rolls, Close Rolls, II. f. R 3.



was heard on an *ex parte* statement and evidence, before Sir Guy de Bryan and Mortimer, Earl of March, the king's justices, who, pretermittng all necessary and usual forms, judgment was marked against him, whereby he was condemned to pay 7625 francs, and 200 marks in silver (a sum equal to £405 of the then currency value, or of £9620 of the present), together with two good coursers and one hackney. De Wickford appealed to the court of privy council in London; the case came on to be heard, and a mandamus was thereupon directed to the proper officers to supersede the judgment. Another case, in which the Archbishop was defendant, occurred soon after he took possession of his diocese. The subject-matter in dispute was merely a sum of £10; a judgment was obtained, and a writ of *fi fa* directed to the sheriff in England, who made his return of *nulla lona* thereupon. A writ was directed to the sheriff of the city of Dublin by the English courts, without any judgment whatever obtained in the Irish, and the writ was acted upon. In 1380, the archbishop obtained from Richard II. a confirmation of the grants of former kings to the see of Dublin. This step was taken in consequence of the general want of confidence in ancient grants, by reason of the uprooting of tithes by Edward III. De Wickford was then summoned to England, and the assizes, at which he, as Chancellor, was to preside over within the Pale, and at the several English colonies throughout the country, were postponed until his return. Having frequently, during the remainder of his life, been employed by the crown in state matters, he obtained leave from the Pope to retire to England, and did on the 30th August, 1390.

(36) A.D. 1377. ALEXANDER BALSCOTT, BISHOP OF OSSORY.—Though of English descent and education, the first preferment he obtained in the Church was canon of the Cathedral of Kilkenny. His profound learning and abilities soon brought him under the notice of Gregory IX., who appointed him Bishop of

Ossory. In 1372 he became Lord Treasurer, by the special favour of Edward III., an office he continued to fill with trifling interruptions for the ten years following. In 1377 he became Lord Chancellor; soon after retired; was re-appointed in 1381, and was several times called upon to fill, during the absence of the Lord Lieutenant, the office of Lord Justice and Lord Deputy. While performing the two-fold duties of Chief Governor and Chancellor, he was created Bishop of Meath by the Pope in 1386. It was at that time that the king allowed a young man, Robert de Vere, to acquire an entire ascendancy over him: created Marquis of Dublin and Duke of Ireland, De Vere had transferred to him by patent, which was confirmed by Parliament, the entire sovereignty of the Kingdom of Ireland for life.<sup>1</sup> The Royal standard was lowered and his own hoisted; the writs were issued in his name and sealed with his seal. The influence, however, of the favourite was of short duration; he was soon degraded from power, and driven into exile. It is remarkable that no less than two Chancellors fell into disgrace by reason of the short sunshine of power which he enjoyed. De la Pab, Earl of Suffolk, Lord Chancellor of England, was deprived entirely of office,<sup>2</sup> and Balscott, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, nearly shared the same fate because, he presumed, after De Vere's disgrace, to march against the Irish enemy under De Vere's, and not the Royal, standard. In reply to an angry letter from the king, Balscott having excused himself as best he could, was restored to the Royal favour, and continued to hold office until 1391, when he retired to his diocese; and thenceforward, until the accession of Henry IV., he bestowed his undivided attention on things spiritual, not taking part, even during the invasions of the country by Richard II., in public affairs. In the first year of Henry IV. Balscott once more presided in the Court of Chancery, at the same time that he acted as Lord Deputy. Dying on the 10th of November, 1400, his remains

<sup>1</sup> Hume's Eng. ch. xvii.

<sup>2</sup> Hume's Eng. ch. xvii.

were conveyed with almost kingly state to St. Mary's Abbey, Trim, where they were interred amidst the universal regret of the people. Deeply versed in the civil and canon law, he gave entire satisfaction in the many offices he had filled, while as a Christian Prelatè his worth and his zeal were unsurpassed.<sup>1</sup>

(37.) A.D. 1379, JOHN COLTON, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, was a native of Farrington, in the county of Norfolk, and LL.D. of the University of Cambridge, served as Lord Treasurer in 1374 and 75. Active in the English cause against the Irish enemies, Edward III., by letters patent, directed that he should be rewarded by a grant of £40 for his many and varied services, which were reported by the Chief Governor and privy council to be that when the Lord-Lieutenant had been in Munster many of the king's enemies attacked the town of Athy, which, as well as the priory, they sacked and burnt nearly to the ground. Colton, undaunted by those proceedings, levied a considerable force at his sole cost and expense, rushed to the rescue and saved the country by his remaining there with his arrived force for several days. No sooner did he subdue that part of the country than the O'Byrnes, of Wicklow, with numerous followers appeared before Carreskinines; Colton marched against them, and succeeded in reducing that part of the country to a comparatively peaceful state. For the payment of his soldiery he was coerced to pawn all his goods; and thus, without imposing any burden on the public treasury, he restored public order at vast expense and cost to himself. Continuing in office for three years, his resignation is thus noticed in the annals of St. Patrick's Cathedral: "In 1379 Dean Colton was made Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and continued in the office until the 26th of November, 1381, when William Tany, Prior of Kilmainham, was appointed his successor, to whom he resigned the seals on the 19th of February following, at the Cathedral of St. Loma, Kilkenny, the Lord Treasurer and

other of the king's council being present. His fee for chancellor was £40 a year." On the 13th of January, 1381, the dean was appointed Lord Justice. This appointment, which was of short duration, was caused by the sudden death of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Earl of Ulster, who was selected by the king to fill the post of Chief Governor. He of all others was most likely to extend the king's power north of the Shannon, where the Clanricardes (Mac-William Oughters) and Mayos (Mac-William Eghtus) had abjured, as we have already stated, their allegiance to the throne, adopting the tenantry laws, and seized on the possessions of the lords of Connaught, which facts were afterwards, in the time of James I., nearly three centuries later, established by a verdict of the jury of the county of Galway, which we shall hereafter have occasion to notice. The Earl of March, the better to maintain his plans of seizing on the lordship, commenced a tour through the portions of the country where the Anglo-Normans had settled themselves—for it will be remembered that outside the Pale in many places the English were scattered. The Viceroy took with him the Lord Chancellor and a numerous retinue. Arriving at Cork he was taken suddenly ill, at the convent of St. Dominick, where he expired almost immediately, on the 26th December, 1381. In the following year the dean was made Archbishop of Armagh, and soon after employed to conduct negotiations with the papal court. In the later years of his life he applied himself with zeal to bring about a peaceful solution of the great schism which then unhappily divided the Latin or Catholic Church, and with this view he wrote a work which is still in existence in the library of Merton College, Oxford, entitled, "*De Causa Schismatis, et de remediis ejusdem.*"

(38.) A.D. 1387.—RICHARD WHITE, PRIOR OF KILMAINHAM, though nominally Chancellor, never busied himself about the office, having, as

<sup>1</sup> Ware 147.



his deputy, Sir Robert Preston, a lawyer of considerable eminence. White had frequently served as Lord Justice and Lord Treasurer. On his retirement from the Chancery, Sir Robert Preston was appointed his successor.

(39.) A.D. 1391. — SIR ROBERT PRESTON.

(40.) A.D. 1392. — ROBERT WALBY, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, a native of Yorkshire, entered into holy orders as an Augustine monk, in the monastery of Tickell, in Yorkshire. His powers as a preacher and a theologian soon won for him the favour of Edward III., who appointed him to accompany Edward the Black Prince in his continental tour. He fixed his abode at Toulouse, where, according to Bale, "he was reckoned in the first rank amongst the learned, both for his eloquence and skill in languages. He next became Professor of Divinity at Toulouse, and such an excellent preacher that he was advanced to the highest promotions." These illustrious qualifications gained him the esteem of Edward the Black Prince, who obtained for him the Bishopric of Ayr. On the accession of Richard II. he was commissioned by that prince to treat with John, Duke of Lancaster, who had set up a title to the Kingdom of Castille and Leon; he was also appointed on three other commissions; one concerning a peace with Peter, King of Arragon;<sup>1</sup> another to negotiate a league with Charles, King of Navarre; and a third, to effect the reduction of John, Earl of Armagnac, the king's vassal, to obedience. Immediately after his enthronisation as Archbishop of Dublin, he was appointed Lord Chancellor, which office he resigned in 1390, but was re-appointed in the year following, when Richard II. landed at Waterford with an army of thirty-five thousand men, which had been conveyed in a fleet of two hundred ships. Accompanied by his Chancellor and other officers of state, the King, having reduced to temporary submission the Irish chieftain, summoned a council at

Kilkenny, which was attended by the most reverend Chancellor, when he obtained a confirmation of the privileges, pleas, courts, fairs, franchises, customs, and appurtenances to the see of Dublin belonging. The King then departed for England, and Walby continued to hold the seals until 1386; he was successively appointed Bishop of Chichester and Archbishop of York. Dying in 1397, his remains were brought, surrounded with great pomp, to St. Edmund's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, where an ancient brass figure, in episcopal robes, under a canopy of the same metal, is laid on a flat stone that marks his grave. He was the author of several works against the followers of Wycliffe, a new sect which had attracted great numbers of followers then in England; he also wrote a volume of sermons for every day throughout the year.<sup>2</sup>

(41.) A.D. 1393. RICHARD NORTHALIS, BISHOP OF OSSORY, entered the Church as a Carmelite friar, in his native city of London. Possessed of great learning and ability, he was appointed Bishop of Ossory in 1386, and immediately after was commissioned by Richard II. to inquire into the corruptions alleged to have taken place in the administration of the Government in Ireland. In 1391 he was employed as ambassador to Pope Boniface IX.; on his return, in 1393, he was made Lord Chancellor of Ireland; in 1394 intrusted with a secret mission to the Pope in relation to the state of Ireland; in 1397, created Archbishop of Dublin, when the King made a grant to him and his successors of the see and privileges of the Admiralty of Dalkey, a town then and for centuries after of considerable importance, which had a chart of incorporation granted to it by Edward III., in 1358,<sup>3</sup> the Archbishop's privileges being the administration of justice, and the receipt of fees arising therefrom, as also the customs. Northalis died in 1397, and was buried in the Cathedral of St. Patrick.

<sup>1</sup> Rymer's *Fœdera*.

<sup>2</sup> Dalton's *Archbishops of Dublin*—Le Neve's *Fasti Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*.

<sup>3</sup> Pat. Rot.

(42.) A.D. 1397, ROBERT DE BAYBROKE, BISHOP OF LONDON, a member of a noble family in the county of Northampton, was presented by the Pope to the see of London; from a canonry in Lichfield Cathedral, became Lord Chancellor of England in 1318; while in office he opened two parliaments, and on both occasions delivered speeches against the Wickliffe doctrines. His appointment to the high office of Lord Chancellor of England was distasteful beyond measure to Robert de Vere, then in the height of his power at court. His favourite desire was entirely to get rid of what he supposed to be the tyranny of ecclesiastical Chancellors, and to have laymen for the future appointed to that office. The very first opportunity that presented itself in 1383, De Baybroke was degraded and the seals given to another. On the banishment, however, of De Vere, De Baybroke was restored to the royal favour; and in 1397 was made Lord Chancellor of Ireland, when a distinguished lawyer, named Robert Sutton, was given him as his deputy. De Baybroke resigned the Irish seals in 1398, soon after died, and was buried at the grand entrance of old St. Paul's Cathedral, London.<sup>1</sup>

(43.) A.D. 1398 THOMAS CRANLEY, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, a native of England, Fellow of Merton College and Chancellor of the University of Oxford, arrived in Dublin for the first time in 1397 with the Duke of Surrey, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. While the Archbishop held the seals Richard II a second time landed at Waterford, the very time that his government was surrounded with perils at home. With a magnificent army of thirty thousand men the king was bent on butchering the refractory and faithless chieftains whom he vainly thought were reduced to obedience during his last invasion. The expedition was even more unfortunate than the former, decimated by famine and harassed by the guerilla warfare of the Irish enemies, the king with his shattered army marched towards Dublin, when

men and horses perished from hunger on the way in a hostile country. Famine with its horrors set in, a biscuit in the day between five men was thought a good allowance for a soldier. Arrived in Dublin at last, the disastrous accounts of the rebellion awaited him from home. After an inglorious campaign he set sail for England, leaving the government of the Pale and English colonies in the hands of the Lord Deputy and the Chancellor. Richard II was dethroned; Henry IV succeeded him, and continued Archbishop Cranley in the office of Chancellor. He however, soon resigned; was once again recalled to office in 1401; attacked by a serious illness, he had a deputy appointed in 1404. In 1405 he was prevented from holding the assizes, and the commission was accordingly issued to Thomas Redi, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and John Birmingham, Second Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. Holding office for nine years he caused, in 1407, Lawrence Merbery to be appointed his deputy. During the remaining years of his life he was twice Lord Justice, and Chancellor in 1413. Old age coming upon him, he returned to England, where he died in 1417, and was buried in Merton College, Oxford, of which he had been the first warden.<sup>2</sup>

(44.) A.D. 1410.—PATRICK BARRETT, BISHOP OF FERNS.—Was consecrated in the year 1400, and became Lord Chancellor in 1410. The English influence and interest in Ireland declining rapidly, the Chancellor was ordered to retire to his diocese, as well to restore confidence as for the better protection thereof, Robert Sutton, Master of the Rolls, being appointed Deputy Chancellor in his absence. Resigning the seals in 1413, the remaining year of his life, was devoted to writing the history of his predecessors in the See of Ferns, a work of considerable merit, which he concluded in 1415, in which year he died.<sup>3</sup>

(45.) A.D. 1413.—SIR LAURENCE MERBERY, who had previously distinguished himself in the service of

<sup>1</sup> Campbell's "Lives of the English Chancellors," vol. I. 282. Le Neve's *Fasti Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*.

<sup>2</sup> Dalton's *Archbishops of Dublin*. Hume's *England*. Lib. Museum Hiberniæ.

<sup>3</sup> Ware's *Bishops of Ossory*.



the Crown by several successful engagements with the Irish enemy. In return for his services, Henry IV., in 1402, appointed him Lord Treasurer, an office he uninterruptedly held for seven years; was Deputy Chancellor to Archbishop Crawley from 1407 to 1409, and in 1413 was appointed Lord Chancellor, the mandate thereto from the Crown having been read in the presence of the great dygnatories of State in the Council Chamber of Christ Church. In 1414, he accompanied the Viceroy, Lord Furnival (afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury), on a martial tour through the Pale, the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas having been commissioned to hear cases in Chancery during the Chancellor's absence. Victory followed the English arms for a time; the successes thus gained won the approbation of the Anglo-Norman inhabitants of the narrower boundaries of the Pale. The enthusiasm thus kindled was of short duration, owing to the immediate revival of the detestable coyn and livery tax, an impost which is thus explained in the preamble of a statute passed 81 years later, 10th Henry VII. (not printed), which is as follows:—"Whereas, for long times past there hath been used and exacted by the lords and gentlemen of the land many and divers damnable customs and usages, called coyn, livery, and pay, that is, horse meat and man's meat for the finding of their horsemen and footmen, and over that 4d. and 6d. daily to every of them, to be had and paid of the poor earth-tillers and tenants, without anything doing or paying therefor."<sup>1</sup>

From the commission to the above mentioned justices, it would appear that the Lord Chancellor in his tour was also engaged in hearing causes in districts too remote for the parties to come to Dublin to have same inquired into. Merbery resigned in 1416, and was restored to office in 1420. The next year he obtained leave of absence from "the feast of St. Peter ad Vincula" (1st August), ensuing, when the priest Hugh Danent was appointed De-

puty Chancellor in his stead. Returning in 1421, Merbery resigned on the 21st of August, but was restored on the 14th of October, succeeding at an increased salary of six shillings and eightpence a day, William Young, Archdeacon of Meath, acting as deputy, an ecclesiastic who, in 1437, was excommunicated by the primate for divers wise reasons, which are long since forgotten.<sup>2</sup> Merbury's pay continued to remain, as in times past, forty pounds a year, a lawyer's fee in 1414 being of an equally unpretentious character, as appears from an entry made in the year—"Fee for counsel's opinion three shillings and eightpence, with fourpence for his dinner."<sup>3</sup>

(46.) A.D. 1416, WILLIAM FITZ-THOMAS, PRIOR OF KILMAINHAM, was appointed Chancellor this year, during the temporary absence of Merbery. The prior's name appears in his own handwriting to the charter granted by Henry V. to the City of Dublin; which city, previous to that time, had been governed by a provost, whose powers were of a very limited nature. Thenceforward the corporation annually elected their own mayors, the first of whom was Cusack, ancestor to a chancellor of that name who lived a century and a quarter later. It is stated in the *Liber Museum Hiberniæ* that "the lord-lieutenant on the 21st of August at Drogheda, in the presence of the council, received the great seal into his custody from Hugh Danent, treasurer, and caused the patent to be sealed therewith, after which he sealed up the said seal in a certain leather bag with his own seal, and delivered it to the said Hugh, to keep in the treasury until the Chancellor should be sworn in, who was sworn on the 25th at Athboy, and on the 28th had the seals delivered to him." The prior was several times Chancellor, and died in 1426.

(47.) A.D. 1423, RICHARD SED-GRAVE held the seals from the 8th of April to the 8th of June, and then became Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

<sup>1</sup> Grace's Annals, p. 147, n. Davis's Discovery, p. 143, 144.

<sup>2</sup> Cotton's *Fasti Ecclesiæ Hiberniæ* tit. "Archdeacon of Meath."

<sup>3</sup> Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, vol. xv., p. 12, Part 2.

(48.) A.D. 1423, WILLIAM TINBRAGH, Lord Treasurer, was Chancellor for six weeks.

(49.) A.D. 1423, RICHARD TALBOT, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, brother of Lord Furnival, who had been Lord Deputy, entered early in life into the ecclesiastical state, was appointed Archbishop in 1417, and was acting as Lord Deputy when the Prior Fitz-Thomas died. It would appear that the two Chancellors, Sedgrade and Tinbeagh, had merely accepted the office until Talbot should have leisure to undertake the responsibilities thereof, which he did on the 13th of July, when he was sworn in at his palace of St. Sepulchre before the Privy Council. During the several years he held the high offices of state, Ireland, outside the Pale, was in a state of anarchy and confusion; incessant broils, rapines, murders, and family warfare, unsurpassed even by the wars of the Roses in England, prevailed. In 1427 the Chancellor's presence being required in England, Robert Sutton, Master of the Rolls, was appointed Lord Keeper during his absence.<sup>1</sup> In 1428 a parliament was held in Dublin, when a document in the shape of a memorial was drawn up and signed by Archbishop Talbot, as Chancellor, and entrusted to the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench (Fortescue), and to Strange, who was afterwards Chancellor, to deliver to the King. After complaining of the annoyances the King's subjects had to endure from their Irish enemies, and the happiness they had at having so wise a viceroy, several complaints were set forth, the last of which was the exclusion of the Irish law students from the English Inns of Court, whither they resorted to learn the English laws, as they had done in times past. Translated into modern English, the document is as follows:—

“Sovereign Lord,—These are the articles which we, your humble lieges, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, of your land of Ireland, at your Parliament held in your city of Dublin, assembled before

John Sutton, knight, your Lieutenant in the said land, the Friday next after the feast of All-Hallows: We have commissioned Henry Fortesque, Chief Justice of Ireland, and Thomas Strange, knight, to deliver to you these articles that follow. First, that your said land, for want of good government, suffered by burning, robbing, taking and killing of your liege people here by your Irish enemies, of which misfortunes, after you and your worshipful and wise council there had notice, graciously remedied by sending over one to us to be your Lieutenant, and for which we thank you with all our hearts. And your said Lieutenant, since his coming here, with manly diligence hath made war on and rebuked your said enemies, and hath burnt and destroyed their corn, broken and ruined their castles, and cut down their woods, slaughtered your enemies, burnt their houses, and greatly impoverished them; so thanks be to God, we, your liege people here, are now sheltered from the malice of your enemies, and our persons, corn, houses, and goods, are secured from the burning, robbing, taking away of those men. And we beseech you that your said Lieutenant may receive your thanks which he well deserves, for the great labour and diligence he has been at, so that he may have the more courage further to prosecute his said labours.

“We, your lieges, also beseech that your said Lieutenant may have good and hasty payment of his salary, remembering that he hath been at great personal expense in supporting horsemen and footmen over the number allowed to him.

“Also that divers clerks, merchants, and other honest persons from Ireland have travelled in England, from Chester to Coventry, Oxford, and London, and of late have been robbed of their horses and goods, and they themselves imprisoned, and some of them beaten; and we beseech of you, that steps may be taken to prevent a recurrence of such outrages.

“We also beseech of you to consider the services of James, Earl of

<sup>1</sup> Gilbert's *Viceroy of Ireland*, 311, 322, et seq. Dalton's *Archbishops of Dublin*.



Ormond, to your father, and to you at all times; and that he be thanked by you for his said services, that inasmuch your laws of this land in every of your counties at all times have been used both in pleading and in giving judgments according to the laws used in England, and the learned men here have learned your said laws in the Inns of Court in your realms of England, and they have now been refused to be admitted into the said Inns of Court, contrary to ancient custom that hath been used in times before this; and we beseech you that ordinances may be made there, that your liege people of this land that go into England for their said learning, may be received into the Inns of Court as they have been of old times, so that the laws in this land may be continued to be learnt, considering that otherwise, when those who are now learned therein shall be dead there, shall be none in this land that shall know your laws, unless it be learnt there, which shall be a great disprofit to you and a great misery for us your poor lieges. . . . And at the special request of us, the Right Reverend Father in God, Richard, Archbishop of Dublin, your Chancellor, in your said land, hath affixed your great seal of your said land, unto this our message. Written at your said city of Dublin, the said Friday after All Halwenday."<sup>1</sup>

The ancient quarrel between the Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin was renewed in 1429, the Primate refusing to attend a parliament which was summoned to meet in Dublin, unless he were permitted to have his cross carried before him, a privilege which Archbishop Talbot, in very unmistakable language, forbade. The name of this prelate is imperishable in the annals of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Having been rewarded by Henry VI. with a great portion of the Manor of Trim, his first act was to found a corporation within the cathedral of six minor canons, the principal of

whom was the sub-dean. In 1436 he was appointed Lord Deputy to Sir Thomas Stanley, the Lord-Lieutenant, and in 1440 was Lord Justice under Lord-Lieutenant Willes, and held a parliament in Dublin in the following year at which it was enacted that for the better making provision for war every twenty pounds' worth of land should be charged with the furnishing and maintaining one archer on horseback.<sup>2</sup> This method for providing soldiers, now introduced into Ireland for the first time, had been known in England since the Conquest as knight's fees, the whole of that country being divided into about sixty thousand knights' fees.<sup>3</sup> Whilst this parliament was sitting, it was rumoured that the Earl of Ormond was about being reappointed Lord-Lieutenant. A petition was, thereupon, despatched to the King, praying His Majesty that some mighty English lord, and no Irishman, should be intrusted with that important post,<sup>4</sup> and further alleging that the earl was entirely unfitted for the office. Henry VI., however, remembering the Lancastrian tendencies of the earl, had no regard for the prayer of the petition, and appointed him his viceroy. The earl was not long in office until he was charged with compromising the crown debts, and misappropriating the public revenue for his own benefit, and with divers other acts of corruption and peculation. He was at once arrested and tried for high treason in the Marshal's Court, before the Duke of Bedford, Constable of England, and acquitted. The annals state that Fitzgerald, Prior of Kilmainham, accused the Earl of Ormond of high treason, when he was challenged to a trial by combat, which was appointed at Smithfield; but the quarrel, being taken up by the King, it was decided without fighting.<sup>5</sup> Old age had now come on the Archbishop, who for thirty

<sup>1</sup> Close Rolls. Betham's Hist. of the Constitution of England and Ireland — p. 353.

<sup>2</sup> Betham's History of the Constitution of Ireland, p. 365.

<sup>3</sup> Blackstone's Commentaries, b. ii. chap. 5.

<sup>4</sup> Proceedings of the Privy Council, vol. 6.

<sup>5</sup> M. Annals.

years had filled the see of Dublin. He had been frequently Chief Governor and Lord Chancellor, and long a member of the privy council. Loaded with honours, he died on Lady-day, in August, 1449, and was buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral, at the foot of the high altar, which then stood about halfway between the present communion table and the chancel arch.

(50.) A.D. 1426, SIR ROBERT FITZ-EUSTACE was Chancellor from the 10th of September to the 27th December following. He held the seals during the absence of Archbishop Talbot.<sup>1</sup>

(51.) A.D. 1433, THOMAS CHACE, D.D.—Why this appointment was made by the Crown it is impossible to surmise. True, he was in priest's orders, but held no great preferment in the Church, nor does he appear to have troubled himself much with the cares of state, for, in 1435, he caused Thomas Strange, afterwards Chancellor, to be appointed his deputy. In 1436 Richard Fitz-Eustace, with Robert Dych, Archdeacon of Dublin, were Deputy Chancellors.<sup>2</sup>

(52.) A.D. 1441, THOMAS STRANGE, KNT., Deputy to the Lord Chancellor Chace.—His name, when acting as deputy, is appended to a document or articles of complaint of very great interest, representing the continued decline of English rule in Ireland. The articles were enclosed in a letter to the King, both of which are enrolled in the close rolls of Ireland, and are of date 1435. The letter is headed "*Littera missa regi*," and is as follows:—

"Most sovereign and gracious Lord,—We recommend us unto your high lordship as lowly as we can or may be, &c. Thomas Stanley, your lieutenant, here comes at this time unto your gracious presence, for divers notable matters touching the state of yourland here, and to recommend your said lieutenant unto your grace for the payment that is due unto him for the keeping of the same, and to have him the said knight recommended to your high lordship for his good government here.

"Signed — John, Archbishop of Armagh; Richard, Archbishop of Dublin; Thomas Strange, knight, Deputy to the Chancellor; Christopher Burnewell, Chief Justice of K.B.; John Blakeney, Chief Justice of C.P.; James Cornwalsh, Chief Baron; William Chyvers, Second Justice of K.B.; and all the remnant of your council in Ireland.

"THESE ARE THE ARTICLES OF MESSAGE FROM IRELAND:—

"First, That it please your sovereign lordship graciously to consider how the land of Ireland is well nigh destroyed with your enemies and rebels, in so much that there is not left in the counties of Dublin, Meath, Louth, and Kildare, taken together, thirty miles in length and and twenty in breadth, that a man might ride to answer the king's writ.

"There is the County of Carlow, south-west of the City of Dublin, which, within this thirty years, was one of the keys of this land, and the counties of Kilkenny and Tipperary and the province of Cashel, are now inhabited with enemies and rebels, with the one exception of the Castle of Carlow and Tullow; and within the last forty years there were in the said County of Carlow, 148 castles and defensible buildings well fitted for defence and for battle, and all well inhabited, but these are now entirely destroyed and under the subjection of the said enemies.

"Also the counties of Kilkenny, Wexford, Waterford, Cork, Limerick, Tipperary, and Kerry, are so destroyed with enemies and rebels, that few people dwell therein; these are, however, placed on the sea coast, but the walled towns of the said counties, that is to say, Kilkenny, Wexford, Kinsale, Youghal, Clonmel, Kilmahallock, Thomastown, Fethard, Cashel, and many other towns, are on the point of suffering the horrors of famine.

"The cause of this is that for thirty years your lord-lieutenant and other governors come not here save upon a sudden journey, and they never reside at all amongst the peo-

<sup>1</sup> Lib. Herniæ.

<sup>2</sup> Liber Hiberniæ. Cotton's *Fasti Ecclesiæ Hiberniæ*, vol. ii. p. 123.



ple to punish the rebels of the kings laws. Another cause of this confusion is that the king's courts, parliaments, and great councils have not been holden these thirty years, save one parliament in the town of Kilkenny ten years ago.

"Also the province of Armagh, in the north of Ireland, and the province of Tuam, are inhabited with enemies and rebels, except the castle of Carrickfergus and Ardglasse, and some of the county of Louth, in the province of Armagh, and the towns of Galway and Athenry, in the province of Tuam, none of which were visited these forty years, except for a sudden journey on a hosting."<sup>1</sup>

This document, which is of remarkable interest, demonstrates that while the English power had rapidly declined, that a few years previous, they were possessed of several colonies and tracts of country outside the Pale of great extent. Chace's term of office while Chancellor does not present any other object of interest.

(53.) A.D. 1446, RICHARD WOGAN-CHAPLAIN: he appointed, during the few months he held the seals, William Chevers, judge of the King's Bench, to be his Deputy.

(54.) A.D. 1446, SIR JOHN TALBOT, son and heir of the Earl of Shrewsbury, was appointed Lord Chancellor, and had for his Deputy Robert Dyche, Archdeacon of Dublin, who had been successively Master of the Rolls and Lord Treasurer of Ireland. He was again Chancellor in 1451.

(55.) A.D. 1448, THOMAS FITZGERALD, ABBOT OF ST. THOMAS' ABBEY, had for his Deputy, Thomas Talbot, Prior of Kilmainham. Nothing is known of this Chancellor, and little of his Deputy, save that he brought a groundless accusation against his predecessor, to the effect that he had made unlawful grants of the patrimony of the hospital.<sup>2</sup>

(56.) A.D. 1451, EDMUND OULDHALL, Bishop of Meath.

(56.) A.D. 1453, SIR EDWARD FITZ. EUSTACE was appointed Lord Chan-

cellor by the Viceroy, the Duke of York, who was the fourth in descent from Lionel, Duke of Clarence, second son of Edward III. The Duke was appointed Lord Lieutenant by Henry VI., who derived his descent from the Duke of Lancaster, third son of Edward III. So popular did that distinguished nobleman become in Ireland, which he was sent to subdue, that the native chieftains of their own free will supplied him with as many beeves for the use of his kitchen as he chose to demand. The real object of sending the duke to govern Ireland was to remove him to a distance from a scene where his presence was dangerous to the reigning house. On his return to England, in 1454, he appointed Fitz-Eustace, the Chancellor (who then resigned the seals), to be Lord Deputy. While in this office he held a parliament, at which it was enacted that no appeals be for the future taken to England except for treason against the King's person, and in all false appeals the plaintiff shall pay damages £20 and 100 shillings fine. In 1455 the Earl of Kildare, who was, as all the Geraldines were, a follower of the House of York, was appointed by Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, to be his deputy.<sup>3</sup> Fitz-Eustace retired into private life on his ceasing to be Lord Deputy, and soon died.

(57.) A.D. 1459.—EDMUND, EARL OF RUTLAND, second son of Richard, Duke of York, was appointed by his father, Lord Chancellor, at sixteen years of age. The Duke had been appointed in 1450 Viceroy of Ireland, for the sole purpose, as we have said, of removing him from England, where his presence was distasteful to Henry VI. The appointment of a prince of the blood royal to the Vice-Royalty, as well as the winning manners and honest principles and disposition of the Duke of York, soon won for him the affectionate confidence, esteem, and loyalty of all sorts and conditions of men in this country. An unsuccessful effort was made to place him on the

<sup>1</sup> Betham's Irish Constitutional History, p. 352.

<sup>2</sup> Archdall's Monasticon.

<sup>3</sup> Gilbert's Viceroys of Ireland. Cox's Hist. of Ireland, 164,

throne. The Duke returned to England in 1451, and, putting himself at the head of his army, demanded a reformation of the government. A battle was fought at St. Albans, when Lord Clifford and many others were slain. After a varied succession of victories and defeats, the Duke was defeated and returned to Ireland, and resumed the government of the country in the King's name, an act, however, which was afterwards pronounced, by the 10th of Henry VII., chapter iii., to be "when Richard, Duke of York, was in rebellion, and pretended himself to be Lieutenant to Henry VI." On his return to the government of this country, he appointed his son, Earl of Rutland, Lord Chancellor. The enthusiastic reception they both received in Dublin passes description,<sup>1</sup> and that, too, at the very time that an act of attainder had been passed by the English Parliament against them. The King had now conceded to Ireland the right of coinage,<sup>2</sup> and it was declared by the Irish Parliament that as Normandy and Guienne, though under the rule of England, were separate from her laws, so also should Ireland. The Duke, accompanied by his son, the youthful Chancellor, took his departure for England after the capture of Henry VI. at Northampton. Too confident of success, he marched at the head of five thousand men to meet the King's troops, which numbered over twenty thousand men. Borne down by numbers, his army was swept from the field at Wakefield, and the Duke of York was numbered amongst the dead. A priest on the field of battle sought to shelter the Earl of Rutland. Lord Clifford, whose father had been slain at St. Albans, was attracted by the noble appearance of the youth, and asked who he was. The priest told him that he was the Earl of Rutland, and implored of him to spare his life. The young man falling on his knees begged that his life might be spared. "No," the chief replied; "by God's blood thy father slew mine, and so shall I slay thee." So saying, he

stabbed him to the heart, and thus perished, on the 31st December, 1460, at the early age of seventeen, Edmund, Earl of Rutland, the most youthful Chancellor that ever sat in the Irish Court of Chancery. The Earl had for his deputy John Dynham, who, as a matter of course, was the one who did the work.

(59.) A.D. 1460.—JOHN DYNHAM was appointed Lord Chancellor by the Duke of York immediately previous to his leaving for England, and was continued by Edward IV. in 1461. A sum of £53 6s. 8d., issuing out of the fee farm-rent of Drogheda, was granted for the support of the clerks of the Court of Chancery. Sir Robert Preston was appointed deputy to the Chancellor.

(60.) A.D. 1461.—SIR WILLIAM WELLES, son of Leon, Lord Welles, was sworn in at Westminster before Edward IV., who granted him the butlerage and prisage of wines, forfeited by the Earl of Ormond.

(61.) A.D. 1462.—JOHN, EARL OF WORCESTER.—John Tebetot, Earl of Worcester, born in 1427, after serving in the highest offices of the State, was appointed Lord Treasurer of England in 1462; was afterwards Justice of North Wales, and constable of the tower of London. In 1462 he was appointed Lord Chancellor and Steward of the King's household. Having resigned in 1463, he returned in 1467, appointed by Edward IV., with a strong force of military, as Lord Deputy. The especial object of his mission was to capture and put to death Thomas Fitz-James, Earl of Desmond, who had been the long and tried friend of the King. The history of the transaction is thus told in the quaint language of the "unpublished Geraldine documents."<sup>3</sup>

"This Thomas Fitz-James, immediately after his father's death, succeeded him in all his lands, dignities, Lordships, and happy fortune, vntill about the latter end of his age; for then ineuitable fortune played with him as with many others of his qualite and greatnesse. This Earle was married to

<sup>1</sup> Gilbert's *Viceroy's of Ireland*, 369.

<sup>2</sup> Simon on Irish Coinage.

<sup>3</sup> Vid. *Journal of the Historical and Archæological Society of Ireland*, vol. i., 3rd Series, p. 365.



the Lord Barry, Viscount Buttevant, his daughter, by whom he had a good issue. Alsoe he was called most commonly the great Earle of Desmond, and was fauored by King Edward the fourth, in whose time he liued and flourished, haueing followed the fortune of the said King dureing those long and bloody warres which past betwixt the two Princely houses of Yorke and Lancaster. The Earle being an actor in those nyne battailes which were fought between King Henry the Sixth and Edward, Earle of March; the victory at last falling to Edward by the death of all the Princes of house of Lancaster, Henry the Seauenth only excepted. The winning of y<sup>e</sup> Crowne cost Edward much blood; haueing lost his father, Richard, Duke of Yorke, and his brother, the Earle of Rutland, with diuerse others, brave and gallant men. Among whom Richard Neuill, the greate Earl of Warwick, is worthily accounted the cheife. He was slayne at Barnet feild, beeing in his dayes the setter vp and puller downe of kings. Finally King Henry the Sixth, after he had reigned thirty-eight yeares Kinge of England and France, lost both life and Crowne, beeing cruelly murdered in the Tower of London by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, King Edwards brother. The whole race of the house of Lancaster beeing vtterly rooted out, the young Earle of Richmond only excepted. King Edward, of that name the fourth, heyre of the house of Yorke, being in quiet possession of the Realme of England, and not vnmindfull of the good service done for him dureing those Ciuill Warrs by Thomas, Earle of Desmond, in reward whereof he makes him Lord Deputy of Ireland, with many other gifts and fauours he sent him to his gouernment. The Earle being ready to take leaue of his Majestye, the King, tooke him aside, and, by way of friendship and secrecy, demanded of him what fault worthy of reprehension the people found in his new begun gouernment, that he himselfe knowing it, the error might bee amended. The Earle demanded libertye to speak his mind freely; which being granted, hee told the King; The greatest fault any man would lay to his Ma-

jestye wae the vnequall and too low match hee made when he married Elizabeth Gray, late wife to S<sup>r</sup> John Gray, Kn<sup>tt</sup>, slayne at the first battaile of St. Albans, beeing too vnfit a match for his Majesty, shee being his subiect; adding further, His best course was to cast her off, and to ioyne and linke himselfe to some greate and powerfull Prince, w<sup>th</sup> whose assistance hee might be able to maintaine his newly conquered kingdomes, and to leaue an assured estate thereof to his posterity. The King, knowing well the loyall disposition of the Earle of Desmond, and that what hee spake in that private conference was in loue and loyallty to his Majesty, gave him thanks; adding, furthermore, That he was full glad that that fault of his did hurt to noe man in particular, but to himselfe only. Desmond, thus haueing had his dispatch, and also haueing a great desire as well to come home as to come to his gouernment of the kingdome of Ireland, tooke his last leave of his Majesty, came for Ireland, tooke upon him the gouernment of the kingdom, which, for seauen yeares space, hee both nobly and discreetly managed, and discharged his command; and after countermand hee came home to his country, where pleasantly he lieued and ruled for a long continuance of time, vntil his most tragicall death happened in manner following:—

“King Edward, vpon some discontent, grew angry with the Queene, Elizabeth Gray, his wyfe; and shee, beeing a proud Lady, replies to the King's words with bitter speeches. His Majesty, therevpon growing into farther choler and anger, vttered these following words:—‘Well (sayd hee), had I followed my Cosen Desmonds aduice, your pride had been abated long since;’ which speech the Queene observeing, gaue way (if not wisely, yet craftily) to the King's displeasure, imagined and thought thereby that the Earl of Desmond meant towards her noe assured good will. Nott very long after the sayd King and Queene beeing reconciled, the Queene would needes know what aduice the Earle of Desmond had giuen his Majesty

concerning her. King Edward thinking it lay not in her power any way to endanger Desmond, told her what past in conference betweene him and the sayd Earle touching her. The Queene, a spightfull woeman, sought and studied out meanes how to bee reuenged vpon the Earle, which to bring to passe she stole the King's priuy seale, and then directed a warrant or command formaly therewith sealed to ye Earle of Worcester, who then was Lord Deputy of Ireland, commanding him vpon sight thereof to putt the Earle to death. The warrant was noe sooner come to the Lord Deputyes hands, but hee sent for the sayd Earle of Desmond to come to him to the Towne of Droghedagh, a place somewhat remote from Munster, and whither the sayd Earles freinds and allyes could not easily come. As soon as the Earle of Desmond came, without any kind of examination, or layeing any certain criminall offence to his charge, he was made shorter by the head, to the greates astonishment of the whole nobility of Ireland, beeing att that tyme there presente. This Earle Thomas, att the tyme of his death, left issue fve braue sonns, who heareing of theyre father's death, or rather most tragicall and v unexpected end, tooke it very impatiently, and with Banners displayed sought and intended to be reuenged. Now King Edward himselfe heareing of this most tragicall death of the most worthy and illustrious subject, was herewith wonderfully offended. The Queene, from whome the whole mischeife proceeded, fledd and tooke sanctuary. The Lord Deputy Worcester was sent for out of England, and appeareing before y<sup>e</sup> King and Councell in in his owne defence shewes his commission for the execution of the Earle of Desmond; yett

all his excuses would not serue the turne; off goes his head from his neck to make satisfaction to the angry Ghost of Desmond. Thus this nobleman came to his death by the deceit and malitious workeing of the Queene, Elizabeth Gray. Desmond's sonns, in pursueing reuenge, burned and spoyled the country, not only in the prouince of Munster, but alsoe in the prouince of Leinster, but to the gates of Dublin, none dareing, and none being able, to resist theyre martiall strength. King Edward, heareing how things past and were in Ireland, wrote ouer to the sonns of the said Desmond his majesties letters in kind manner, aduising them not to blemish and infect theyre noble and auncient houses with the infamous Note of Rebellion; protesting for his owne parte that he was most sorry for and noe wayes guilty of theyre fathers death, askeing them to submitt to him, and accept of theyre generall pardon, which he sent them for what was past. The sonns of Desmond immediately vpon receipt of his Majesties letters embraced ye motion, accepted the pardon, came in, and were quietted. The King did grant at that tyme vnto James Fitz-Thomas, the Earle's eldest son, the full and entyre libertye of County Pallatine in Kierry, bestowed the castle and towne of Dungarvan on him and his heyres for euer, with diuerse and sundry other large and ample priueleges, all which his posterity enjoyed, vntil such tyme as all was lost, as you shall heareafter learne."<sup>1</sup>

The Earl of Worcester, who had thus forfeited his life, and who had served as Lord Chancellor of Ireland for the short space of one year, bore the name of being the most learned and eloquent man of those times.

OLIVER J. BURKE.

<sup>1</sup> Unpublished Geraldine documents.



## UP MOEL SIABOD.

Most of the many tourists, passing from Bettws-y-coed to Capel Curig, or from there to Beddgelert, must have been struck with the imposing and isolated appearance of a noble mountain soaring on the left hand, and assuming the character of an extinct volcano, or of a long and huge grassy mountain, according to the position of the traveller. Standing aloof from all other mountains, with three well-defined and picturesque valleys encircling its base, it bears notably a dignified grandeur, eclipsed only by the king of Cambria himself, separated off but by the sweet Nant Gwynant, across which lovely vale this kingly Snowdon and our Moel Siabod can gaze at each other through mid air, save when the frequent clouds linger to diadem their brows.

We venture on detailing our ascent of this great Siabod, since we are assured that very few travellers ever scale his crown, chiefly from his being so very near Snowdon. The time of our ascent, too, was very favourable, and the heights around all free from cloud, so that our chance was excellent for determining the merits of the view.

Two of us had come, one pleasant June day, from the lively bathing-place, Llandudno. And here we may be pardoned for lingering a moment to dwell upon the exquisite effect of sea and cloud, as they were seen by us, on that occasion, from the breezy height of the Great Orme's Head. A rich purple spread the sea, mottled with shadows of moving clouds, and alive with scattered sails; while a rare transparency of atmosphere rendered the curve of the far horizon clear as the rocks about us. But the charm lay over the Conwy bay, where rugged Penmaenmawr had his robe of dark purple, richly contrasted with the colour of the sea, though harmonising therewith; while fairest and lightest of clouds were trailing full leisurely along his flank, above which fringe, as of ermine, rose nobly the bold summit of the stern mountain. The leisure and beauty of those tender clouds, band-

ing the dark rocks, were something to soothe the eye and heart of the town-confined man of business: so restful the scene, so supreme the loveliness of sea and sky. But we had gone by train to the old town of Llanrwst; and after looking through its venerable church, and after refreshing the inner man, had joined another traveller in hire of a trap, bound for Capel Curig. How telling the dashes of sunlight on the wooded heights of Bettws-y-coed, or the noisy reaches of the river Llugwy! Verily, well styled the paradise of artists; and truly there was one, as our driver pointed out, with large-brimmed hat, on the top of a hay cart, working as if for dear life! doubtless as a set-off to long hours by the glens of Lledr, Conwy, or Llugwy, sketching many bits of those picturesque streams. After a short stay at the Swallow Falls, we passed on, and reached Capel Curig about four o'clock in the afternoon, putting up at the first little hotel we came to, on the right-hand side of the way.

After resting some time, possibly half-an-hour, and seeing the afternoon particularly fine, the idea seized the writer to attempt the summit of Moel Siabod forthwith, as about four or five hours of daylight remained. Having no guide-book at hand (and few give any details of this Moel), we inquired from our hostess all we could; and at last sallied forth alone, accompanied only by a good tall and trusty staff.

At Pont-gyfyng we paused before leaving the coach road, to lean over the bridge and gaze long on the struggling waters of the Llugwy, hurrying among the water-worn rocks, and dashing past with that aspect of force confined which mountain torrents always have. The view here is of a grand character, the Glyder and Snowdon mountains showing vast and impassable towards the west and south-west, while around were pretty bits of scenery in the bed of

the foaming river. On we went past a telling cottage or 'two, placed at pretty spots and looking quaint and effective in their stone walls and parti-coloured doorways and slate-formed chimnies, these latter forming a singular finish, as they were often seen made by rearing up three or four slabs, then on these a flat piece, then more upright slabs, crowned with a flat bit to weigh down the whole; most prettily did they add to the effect of the cottages. After this we came upon more open ground, and passed near to some small detached farmsteads, where the sheep-dogs came out to challenge the stranger. Presently we bore away to the left, and reached a rough cart-road leading in the direction of the slate quarries, that lie immediately under the north-east face of the mountain. Following this for some time in a south-westerly direction, it brought us up on a wide, dreary moor, with stacks of peat thrown up beside the sheep-tracks, and numerous prills of water rushing to join the river we had just left. After a long walk, we found this road to the quarries would take us too much to the left, so were forced to quit it for uncertain tracks of the shepherds, following such as led us towards the great cone of the Moel, rearing himself before us in a forbidding and towering manner.

Presently we heard a strong voice on our right hand, which proved to be that of a shepherd calling off his dog. We hailed the man, and exchanged greetings, asking some questions concerning the best way up the mountain, which he in broken English tried to point out. This gave us time to observe his brown and rugged face, with cheeks that seemed channelled by the rains of the mountain side. His eye was bright and keen, fit to spy out a stray sheep on the distant moor, or distinguish one from the white spar of the rocks: an eye often turned to the clouds and hills, while endeavouring to forecast the weather. Accustomed to lone hours among the heather, tending sheep and wild ponies; to many encounters with sharp winds when the air comes laden with snow; to silent

conference with the elements, and the companionship of rocks and clouds,—there was a sternness and gravity about the man, as though life with him were a very real and weighty thing, and as if the solemnity of the silent hills had penetrated his mind.

"You *shall* have a *clean* evening for the mountain, sir," said the shepherd, gazing round before he walked on.

"Thank you, my friend; good-bye!" was our response, to which this soldier of the heather replied by a great wave of arm, as he started down the turf.

Following the advice of our friend, we determined on attacking the ridge of Moel Siabod, though it rose very steeply right in front of us; in preference to making a long *detour* on the right, and so working up by the broad slope of the mountain which extends in this direction, where we were told we should find many bogs among the grass. So we applied ourselves to the steep, steadily leaving the rocks behind us, and passing one after another of those deceptive ridges that looked so near yet took such time to reach. As we rose, so did the neighbouring heights, coming better into view from time to time, while we rested and gazed around, so far as the mountain itself would allow. The toil of the way presently made us excessively hot, so we were fain to take off our jacket and pause to wipe our forehead, while the perspiration streaming from us was such as we had not known for many a day.

Doubtless this severity of exercise, when we take our holidays among the hills, is part of the treatment we need to restore our energies and calm our nerves, somewhat jaded and impaired by close confinement in busy towns. Battle with fresh breezes of the hills, laden as they come with invigorating oxygen, and plenty of sharp exercise, and that change of scene and thought, above all things essential, contribute largely to bracing up the framework of the overwrought man, and imparting to his views of life a more healthy tone.

At several points, when resting on the steeply inclined grassy sur-



face, we observed rare and beautiful kinds of club moss springing up from the turf, like miniature araucarias, or trailing along half buried in the fine grass. Specimens of the cotton sedge we also found below, nodding their white heads in the breeze; whereof we gathered a tuft or two, and placed them in the band of our straw hat, where they remained for months after we had returned to the lowland plains of the midland English counties.

We were not long in reaching the stiffest bit of climbing, which consisted of nothing less than scaling the steep ridge of Siabod at that point where it takes a turn towards the north. This we found no easy matter, for so *sharp* was the inclination that once or twice when we laid down our long staff it *began to slide away*; so we were obliged to seize it quickly or run the risk of losing it altogether. We chose for our track the hollow of a steep cwm or ravine, as the best route that presented itself; up which we toiled, with great rocks on either side of us that mostly cut us off from the view.

While resting midway up this curn, we observed several clearly marked grooves on the rocks, nearly uniform in direction with the general slope of the mountain. It occurred to us at once they *might* be the effect of *glacier action*; since no stream or ordinary action of water could have caused them at this elevation, probably 2000ft., on the mountain side. They may be the result of weather action on the *inclined* stratification, if such this be; but we rather judge them to be caused by ice, at some remote geological period, in bringing down some of the great stones from the summit.

After an arduous climb, not without some fear of falling backward, we lifted ourselves to the sharp ridge of the mountain. But mightily were we deceived in our supposed nearness to the summit. Yonder, across a long tract of stones, rose a peak, evidently the goal of our wishes. On—over the most stony tract it was ever our lot to pass. Grey lichen-covered stones of all shapes and sizes, varying from a few inches each way to

enormous blocks the size of a cottage, lay scattered all over the ridge, of which it indeed consisted, and which were strewn everywhere about the top of the mountain, as though some great convulsion had hurled them into the air, and they had fallen like rain in the vast quantities we found them. A *mile* over these proved no joke; yet it had to be passed before attaining the peak above mentioned. Several times we had to rear our five-foot staff *under* us, but against a great stone, and loose ourselves down, as from some high wall. It needed some precaution not to fall into any of the great hollow spaces between the stones, and to avoid twisting the ankles. But on we went, scarcely heeding the view, though the clouds were well lifted from the hills.

We came to one place where the ridge abruptly broke off to the right. Rounding this corner, we paused to creep to the verge of the precipice, slowly and cautiously. *What a view!* Dropped deeply under us, fully a thousand feet below, lay a dark tarn (Llyn-y-foel) under the very shadow of the ridge we were overlooking, and which seemed to overhang the water like a cornice! A thrill of dreadful delight passed through us as we gazed down this rift of the mountain.

From this point we were not long in reaching the top, as it seemed. When, behold! there, away at least half a mile, rose another peak, unmistakably higher. Well, it had to be reached, so we set ourselves to the task, scrambling over more stones, grey with time, like an old man's beard. More use of the oak stuff! More patience! At last, after a tough bit of climbing, we stood upon the crown of Moel Siabod; 2865 feet above the level of the sea!

Seated by the cairn of stones, we had leisure to survey the grand prospect. On all sides rose mountains and hills, one behind another, like great stones cast from some giant's hand. Of many forms, sharp or smooth, conical or long, they rose in noble file, and wearing various hues as light or shadow played across them. Far to the west extended a long, wide pastoral valley, beautiful exceedingly, reaching as far as

Corwen; its near portion the home of the classic Conwy. Beyond, far to the west and north-west, spread out one vast field of undulating hills with, here and there, some notable range, unknown to us even by name at this distance. Behind some hills in the direction of the Berwyn range we knew lay Llyn Conwy, source of the river of that name, much beloved by the old Welsh bards, and still farther away, beyond Arenig, there expanded the beautiful Llyn Tegid, or Bala Lake, greatest of Cambrian Llyns, but invisible from our station. Carrying the eye round to the south, a great company of the chiefs of the land confronted us, down as far as the princely Cader Idris, lying nigh upon forty miles away, and which we are uncertain about defining. In this direction the view is most mountainous and grand. On looking rather more to the right, over both Beddgelert and Tremadoc, a broad reach of sea greets the eye, which that evening shone brightly and seemed highly *uplifted* in the horizon.

But Snowdon now filled the eye, widening and towering in monarchical pride, his great size from this position dwarfing all else, as with three sharp peaks he cut the sky and filled the western view. Perfectly clear of cloud as he was, we could front his noble profile through mid air, and discern *clearly* the cairn of stones on Y Wyddfa (or the summit). It seemed scarcely possible Snowdon stood from us at a distance, through mid air, of *six miles*, so near seemed that sharp outline bounding the dark mass of the mountain. Perhaps no station is so well calculated to show the greatness and height of Snowdon as this top of Moel Siabod, because each mountain is clearly thence seen to its base, and no obstruction offers to hinder a full survey of the King of Cambria.

What skirmishes of old took place in the woods that once covered the bases of these mountains! One could well imagine how untameable and unconquerable were the old Cumry, when they could retire and hide themselves in such fastnesses as these. What chance, save by greater numbers, had the men of the eastern plains when face to face with the hardy and iron-nerved men of Snow-

don? How long they resisted the Saxon, and kept their nationality and king intact! One cannot but admire the brave national resistance of those men to the thralldom, as it seemed, of the Saxon power; notwithstanding the plain advantages reaped, as a people, from union with the strength of England. Our gaze lingered on Snowdon for a long time, free, as he fortunately was, from even one cap of cloud. We stood only 700 feet or so below his level, and could gaze our fill of his huge proportions. Farther to the right were some grand heights, comprising some of the loftiest mountains in Wales; no less than the two Glyders, Carnedd Llewelyn and Carnedd David, Foel Fras, and others; but however lofty and imposing, their nearness to Snowdon took from their effect. So after a long contemplation of the king, we let our eye wander down into the vales surrounding the feet of Moel Siabod.

And most beautiful were they; more lovely, if less grand, than the heights around. Down below us, in Nant-y-gwryd, shone too clear lakes, Llyniau Mymbyr, *bright* as the clear spaces of the western sky they reflected. On one of these lakes a boat stood, *black* as a tiny spot of ink on pure white paper. Ah, those visitors at the large rambling hotel, close by the lakes, had a sweet time for the water that evening. We wonder if they could deserv a small grey figure on the top of Siabod.

But what was that? smoke, surely, from some mines below. Nay: *cloud spray* hurrying for an instant across the peak of our Moel. We felt we must not linger long, as Snowdon cast a long shadow in our direction, and we should have found it no joke to be enveloped in cloud among the rocks of Moel Siabod.

We turned to look once more into the Valley of the Lledr, on the south side of the mountain: that deep valley lying immediately under us, over which we seemed placed as on an obelisk. With the mass of the mountain at our back, we stood as on the projecting corner of an enormous buttress, the whole face of Siabod on this side for a mile and a half or so being nothing but one continued impassable precipice, springing above the Lledr Valley to the



height of about 2000 feet. Hence the grandeur of the view on this side. It was truly a fine wall of precipice, though not equal to those of Snowdon and Cader Idris, from both of which we have since looked down.

Rocks, streams, and scattered hamlets were below, with considerable hills dwarfed to mere undulations. The grim and solitary tower of Dolwyddelan Castle soon caught the eye, seeming to guard the passage of the Lledr Valley as in days of old. In feudal times what a history had that old weather-beaten tower. This castle, we are told, dates as far back as the year 500! Thirteen centuries old! No wonder it wears to-day a grim and solemn look! In the twelfth century it was the residence of Jorwerth Drwyndwn, or the Broken Nose, eldest son of Owen Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, who was set aside from the succession on account of this defect. It is said to have been the birthplace of Llewelyn the Great, who afterwards took his seat on the throne of the Principality. It was one of those ancient fortresses which encircled the Snowdonian region, and was connected with the defence of the Passes of Llanberis and Nant Francon; and through the turbulent times of intestine warfare and foreign invasion was not unfrequently the stronghold of robbers, and the theatre of deadly conflicts arising from family feuds and private quarrels. There is a somewhat similar tower now in the Pass of Llanberis, being all that remains of Dolbadarn Castle: once likewise the fastness of a Welsh Prince, and the scene of many a fierce encounter. It was worth scrambling over those rocks to gaze on that ruined Tower of Dolwyddelan, and the broad stretch of country beyond, towards Corwen and the Berwyn range.

Darkly by this time below us looked the Llyn-y-foel, Siabod's own little lake with two or more small islands; and the shadow of Snowdon was thrown to a great length across the moors. One more long sweeping survey of the view, letting our eye rest on numerous Llyns, some placed high up on the hills: and we grasped our trusty staff for the descent.

As we paused a moment to bring away a specimen of the rock on the summit, we caught (as we suppose) a glimpse of Llyn Gwynant, reposing calmly beneath the dark cliffs of Snowdon in the soft evening light. The waters of the lake were listening to catch the sound of a breeze among the rocks above. Few images of tenderness, underlying severity, can surpass Llyn Gwynant at rest below the ruggedness of Snowdon. It is a picture of fairest memory, and enters the heart like the brightest smile of a child.

Leaving the ridge of stones, we determined to try our way on the grassy side of the mountain, and so to avoid that long pathless journey over angular rocks. For this end we started down in the direction of the large hotel, and had a famous run on the turf. But we were presently pulled up by finding ourselves sinking in the bogs that treacherously abide among the grass, and are often not easy to foresee. Taking a circuit of these, we passed quickly on, till stayed again in like manner. But presently a more serious obstacle presented itself in the form of an abrupt descent to the lower parts of the mountain, looking too sudden for comfortable passage. So we wended our way to the right hand—that is, in the north-easterly direction, passing over broad surfaces of moor and bog, where stacks of peat showed darkly in the lessening light. While pursuing our way down this desolate tract, we were startled by a wild “halloo!” on our right hand: it was again repeated, in a long-drawn voice. At last we descried two dark figures, away across the mountain side, evidently two miners wending homewards from the slate quarries. We supposed they concluded we had lost our way; so gave them a loud shout in return, pointing at the same time down the mountain.

On we hurried; but the road was by no means smooth or easy, being, in fact, no road at all, save of our own making, over heath, and gorse, and ling, threaded among many grey stones, beautified with nature's clothing of lichens, green and orange. What would we not have given, could we have removed one of those large stones to our garden terrace, just as it was in all its effective

colouring ! But we had to take note of them only as we hasted by. Presently we came towards a lonely shepherd's cottage, *far* down from the summit, yet a long way from the brawling stream at the bottom ; so we went to ask our nearest way, since this was quite a different part to that we passed on the ascent. A rude, but faithful "colly" dog, busied himself to keep off the stranger, and alarm the good people of the house. However, a little girl came out, and called off the angry dog ; but "Dim Saesney" was all we could elicit in the way of words. Yet the little woman pointed us out a certain way through their tiny enclosure of cultivated ground ; so on we passed, thanking her first in words she could not understand. Thus it came to pass, that after a long walk, we again reached the bridge thrown across the noisy Llugwy—noisy, yet most musical, where we again paused, this time to observe the contrast of effect on hill and valley, now that the sunlight had left the landscape, and the streams gave out a clearer and more solemn sound. All was very still, very restful : no motion beyond the hurrying water, and the moving figure of an old Welshwoman, in a tall black hat, walking along the road. How beautiful the pale expanse of clear western sky above those dark stern mountains !

A few minutes later, and we were again with our friend ; nor did we fail that evening to do ample justice to the excellent tea-supper our good landlady provided. Shortly after, we were soothed to sleep by the murmur of mountain streams.

Here let it be mentioned that the route we took is not the one usually adopted by the few travellers who ascend Moel Siabod, but was the most direct and the shortest from our starting-point. Very rarely, we are informed, is the mountain scaled by way of the ridges which we traversed. The usual mode is to start from the principal hotel, and take a diagonal route up the grassy and easy slope of the north-western side ; thus avoiding those tracts of vast stones forming an outbreak along the highest cliffs, but running into more danger of frequent bogs and grass-grown courses of water.

To anyone following this description, and at all likely to try this ascent, it may be acceptable to give a brief extract or two from the narratives of other travellers regarding this mountain. The able account of Mr. Roscoe's travels speaks of Moel Siabod as covering an immense space of country, and describes the ascent as somewhat difficult, from the boggy nature of the surface. "Those," he says, "who cannot ascend Snowdon, *should take Moel Siabod*. The summit is covered with immense pieces of rock, and from it are views of Snowdon, the Glyder Fawr, Carnedd David, and other eminences, including numerous lakes and rivers. The distance from Capel Curig to the summit, although it appears so near, is quite four miles. On the eastern side is a pool called Llyn-y-foel, from which rises one of the tributaries of the Conway.

Mr. Baker's little work on North Wales gives a long account of this mountain, from which we can only find room to extract a passage or two, though the book is seldom seen. He ascended from the large hotel, took the turfy slope to the ridge of stones, describing the latter as very rugged. Gaining the summit, he says the sky was of a deep blue, reminding him of the clear Italian skies as painted by the old masters. Looking towards Capel Curig, his hotel was dwarfed to the semblance of a child's plaything cut out of cardboard, while the lakes there looked mere mountain tarns. Beyond these rose the land abruptly towards the mountain range, which stood like a giant wall, about three miles distant, though seeming close at hand. Two conspicuous mountains with dark forms stood forth in imposing prominence. That to the right was Carnedd David ; that to the left was the Glyder range. These mountains, with a Cerberus-looking monster called Trifaen, whose black brows seem bent in one everlasting frown, are all wild and savage in appearance ; and the country around them seems thrown up from below with that wild confusion of detail which marks the result of earth's violent sobs of agony. The varied colouring of the pools or Llyns, placed high up among these and



other mountains, form, as Mr. Baker truly remarks, a pleasing contrast to their rough outlines, as their water is at one point seen rippling under bright sunlight, at another cast in the shade, and merely a dark even surface of purple. Greatly do these level Llynns relieve the otherwise savage aspect of the scenery.

The great traveller, Mr. Pennant, remarks of the road from Capel Curig to Llanrwst as "affording good views of Moel Siabod, a mountain so lofty as to conceal behind it the crags of Snowdon, and afford an object of admiration from its size and the elegance of its outline."

George Borrow, in his fascinating book on "Wild Wales," speaks of this mountain as "a mighty one and precipitous, with two paps like those of Pindas opposite Janina, but somewhat sharper. The region was one of fairy beauty and wild grandeur."

Such, indeed, it is, "a region of fairy beauty and wild grandeur." How grandly, next morning following our ascent, soared the mighty Siabod, his loaf piercing the sky like a great pyramid, as we sat on a heathery knoll above our hotel before breakfast, and leisurely surveyed that goodly view. That was a grand prospect, also, looking up the Pass of Nant Francon, where the giants of the land were shaking off the early mist on each side that surprising valley, and the purple hue of the mountains vied with the gold of the morning.

To anyone staying at Capel Curig we can strongly recommend the ascent of Moel Siabod, as affording one of the most comprehensive surveys of Snowdon himself, and giving also a marvellous prospect of some of the noblest heights of the wonder-land of Wales.

H. P.

## JOTTINGS FROM MY JOURNAL.

### PART II.

JANUARY 9TH, 18—. When I penned the last lines of my "Jottings," in the May number of this Magazine, it was with the resolve, should opportunity offer, to try the patience of my "much-enduring reader" by a continuation of the same. But this time, my reader, you will not follow me, in cloud and sunshine, by land or water, through the varied scenery of foreign lands, but, leaving Alps and vineyards, Rhenish castles, and the sunny lakes of Switzerland, far behind, turn to a village in our own "merrie England"—place, Yorkshire—scene, a barren moorland—time, twelve o'clock, on a bitter day in January—weather—but we will leave that to our reader's imagination!

Biting was the cold, and leaden the sky, as we set out, a party of four, from busy Huddersfield, on a drive of eighteen miles, to visit the remote village of Haworth, where Charlotte Brontë, the authoress of *Jane Eyre*, lived her patient life for

so many unrewarded years. We were staying with friends in Huddersfield, and it was in pursuance of an ardent desire—inspired by the perusal of Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*—to visit Haworth, should fate ever take us into Yorkshire, that we braved the inclemency of the weather at that most dreary season of the year.

But before we relate what we saw and heard in our short visit to Haworth, it may be as well to give a short sketch of the Brontë family, for the benefit of those who have not read Mrs. Gaskell's book. Charlotte was one of the six children of the Reverend Patrick Brontë, minister of Haworth, in Yorkshire. Their mother died of consumption when her children were very young, and the two eldest girls were carried off very early by the same disease, leaving one brother and three sisters. Almost from their infancy these children exhibited signs of most unusual talent, we might almost say genius.

Their father suspected that their intellects were superior to those of most children of their age, and adopted the following odd device to discover if such were the case. He called the children to him, and, knowing that they would be too timid to reply to his questions face to face, made them speak to him from behind the shelter of a mask ! He asked the youngest, Annie (aged four !) "What a child, like her, most wanted ?" She answered, "Age and experience." Emily was asked, "What ought to be done to her brother, Branwell, who was often naughty ?" "Reason with him first, and, when he won't listen to reason, whip him," answered this sage child. Charlotte, in reply to the question, "What was the best book in the world ?" said, "The Bible." "The next best ?" inquired the father. "The book of Nature." Branwell was asked, "What was the best way of knowing the difference between the intellect of men and women," and replied, "By considering the difference between them with regard to their bodies." On Elizabeth being asked, "What was the best education for a woman ?" the little philosopher of nine replied, "That which would make her rule her house well ;" and finally, Maria, the eldest, aged ten, in reply to the question, "What was the best mode of spending time ?" answered, "By laying it out in preparation for a happy eternity."

We can picture to ourselves the little group of motherless children, huddled together like frightened deer, oddly dressed, precocious, too timid to answer their grave father's questions without the shelter of a mask, and too delicate and subdued for the noisy play of happier children. With their intellects thus unnaturally developed at the expense of their health, can we wonder that these poor little human plants—deprived of every ray of sunshine—drifted away into early graves ; or lived, like Charlotte, victims of lifelong ill health and depression of spirits ? Their delicate health may, doubtless, be attributed in great measure to the situation of their home. Haworth is built with an utter disregard of all sanitary conditions ; the great old churchyard lies

round the parsonage, and above all the houses of the village. But the harsh, mistaken way in which these poor children were brought up added a fatal element to their already small chance of health and happiness.

They were certainly a most peculiar family—as far removed from the every-day world in character as they were in situation. Not pleasant people to live amongst by any means, we should say ; but startlingly original, full of talent and power ; with that union of the fire and passion of Southern nations, with the calm strength and iron will of the Northern, which is one of the rarest types of character.

Even on their death-beds the Bronë's were unlike other people. Branwell, declaring that strength of will could conquer even the weakness of the last mortal agony, died standing upright on his feet ; and Emily, when in the last stage of consumption, refused all help or sympathy, and died as she had lived—lonely and self-contained. Her sister, Charlotte, gives the following account of this extraordinary girl :—

"Emily is *very* ill. A more hollow, wasted, pallid aspect I have never seen. The deep, tight cough continues, the breathing after the slightest exertion is a rapid pant, and she has pains in the chest and side. In this state she resolutely refuses to see a doctor ; she will give no explanation of her feelings ; she will scarcely allow her feelings to be alluded to. Full of ruth for others, on herself she has no pity ; the spirit is inexorable to the flesh. From the trembling hands, the unnerved limbs, the fading eyes, the same service is exacted as they had rendered in health." To the last Emily adhered tenaciously to her habits of independence. On the day of her death (in December, 1848) she rose and dressed herself as usual, making many a pause, but doing everything for herself, and even endeavoured to take up her usual employment of sewing. The servants looked on, and knew what the rattling, catching breath, the glazing of the eyes, too surely foretold ; but still she kept to her work ! The morning drew on to noon. Emily was worse. She could



only whisper in gasps, and at two o'clock she died.

Charlotte and Annie seem to have had much softer, gentler dispositions; but they, too, showed at times the strength of will which characterised the whole family. On one occasion their old servant, Tabby, met with an accident which lamed her for a considerable time, and incapacitated her for work. Mr. Brontë and his sister-in-law—who lived with them at that time—wished to send away the old woman, and hire a more efficient servant in her place. But the girls felt that they would rather work their fingers to the bone than suffer the faithful creature who had reared them all to be turned out of the house.

"There were symptoms of a quiet but sturdy rebellion that winter afternoon in the small precincts of Haworth Parsonage"—we quote from Mrs. Gaskell's book. "Breakfast, dinner, and tea were brought up as usual, but were sent away untouched by the three girls. They 'struck' eating till the resolution was rescinded, and Tabby was allowed to remain a helpless invalid entirely dependent on their care."

Charlotte herself, in a letter to a friend, gives the following amusing account of the hard work they had to do in consequence: "We are at present rather busy, as we are without a servant. I manage the ironing, and keep the rooms clean. Emily does the baking, and attends to the kitchen. We are such odd animals that we prefer this mode of contrivance to having a new face amongst us. Besides, we do not despair of Tabby's recovery, and she shall not be supplanted by a stranger during her illness. Human feelings are queer things: I am much happier black-leading the stoves, making the beds, and sweeping the floors at home, than I should be living like a fine lady anywhere else. I intend to force myself to take another situation when I can get one, though I *hate* and *abhor* the very thought of governess-ship. But I must do it, and therefore wish I could hear of a family where they need such a commodity as a governess."

The daily life of these girls was

quiet and domestic in the extreme. Visits to the poor in their father's parish, walks over the moors which surrounded their home, or to the neighbouring town of Keighley for books, formed part of the usual routine. "It was the household custom amongst these girls," says Mrs. Gaskell, "to sew till nine o'clock at night. At that hour they put away their work, and began to pace the room backwards and forwards, up and down—as often with the candles extinguished for economy's sake as not—their figures glancing into the firelight and out into the shade perpetually. At this time they talked over past cares and troubles, they planned for the future, and consulted each other as to their plans. In after years this was the time for discussing together the plots of their novels. And again, still later, this was the time for the last-surviving sister (Charlotte) to walk alone, from old-accustomed habit, round and round the desolate room, thinking sadly upon 'the days that were no more.'"

But while the existence of Currer Bell, the author, was like part of a dream to the quiet inhabitants of Haworth Parsonage, who went on with their uniform household life, the whole reading-world of England was in a ferment to discern the unknown author. Even the publishers of "*Jane Eyre*" were ignorant whether Currer Bell was a real or an assumed name—whether it belonged to a man or a woman.

Charlotte Brontë was married on the 29th of June, 1854, to the Reverend Arthur Bell Nicholls, her father's curate, who had known and loved her long. She and her husband lived at the Parsonage with her old father, where they enjoyed nine months of uninterrupted happiness, to be cut short too soon, alas! by the stern hand of Death. "In January, 1855," says Mrs. Gaskell, "she took to her bed, too weak to sit up. A wren would have starved on what she ate during those last six weeks. Martha (the servant girl who succeeded Tabby on her death), tenderly waited on her mistress, and tried to cheer her with the thought of the baby that was coming. 'I daresay I shall be glad some time,' she would say; 'but I

am so ill—so weary.' In the third week in March there was a change; a low wandering delirium came on, and in it she begged constantly for food and even stimulants. She swallowed eagerly now, but it was too late. Wakening for an instant from this stupor of intelligence, she saw her husband's woe-worn face, and caught the sound of some murmured words of prayer that God would spare her. Early on Saturday morning, March 31st, the solemn tolling of Haworth Church bell spoke forth the fact of her death to the villagers, who had known her from a child, and whose hearts shivered within them as they thought of the two sitting desolate and alone in the old grey house."

It is now time to give our readers some idea of Charlotte Brontë's personal appearance—of the casket in which such a treasure of intelligence and sense was set. She was extremely small and slight, with large irregular features, fine eyes, and an abundance of light-brown hair. She was gentle, almost timid, in her manners, and shy and reserved to a degree. "Much of her nervous dread of encountering strangers"—we still quote Mrs. Gaskell,—“I ascribed to the idea of her personal ugliness, which she exaggerated to herself in a remarkable manner. ‘I notice,’ said she, ‘that when a stranger has once looked at my face, he is careful not to let his eyes wander to that part of the room again!’ A more untrue idea never entered into anyone’s head. Two gentlemen who saw her during this visit, without knowing at the time who she was, were singularly attracted by her appearance, and this feeling of attraction towards a pleasant countenance, sweet voice, and gentle, timid manners was so strong in one as to conquer a dislike he had previously entertained to her works.”

“The churchyard of Haworth,” writes another lady, “is a dreary, place, literally *paved* with rain-blackened tombstones. The parsonage is close to it, a small, oblong stone house, with not a tree to screen it from the cutting wind. Miss Brontë put me so much in mind of her own ‘Jane Eyre.’ She looked smaller than ever, and moved about

so quietly and noiselessly, just like a little bird, as Rochester called her, except that all birds are joyous, and joy could never have entered that house since it was built. There is something touching in the sight of that little creature entombed in such a place, and moving about herself like a spirit, especially when you think that the slight, still frame, encloses a force of strong, fiery life, which nothing has been able to freeze or extinguish.”

We will now return to our own visit to Haworth on the inclement January morning we have described at the commencement of this article. Our road lay through a hilly country, which grew wilder at every mile after we had passed through Halifax, until the scenery attained the climax of blackness as we reached Haworth, and caught sight of the leaden-coloured sweep of moorland beyond. We alighted at the foot of the single street of the village, which is so steep that the rough stones with which it is paved are raised at one end in order to give some hold to the horses’ feet, and prevent vehicles from rolling backwards down the hill. Some few of the houses looked old and primitive enough, but the introduction of modern-looking shops, with plate-glass windows, took away all claim to picturesqueness from the aspect of the place.

On the left hand side of the street, as you ascend, stands the inn of the Black Bull, where Branwell Brontë’s wit and powers of conversation were so often called into requisition for the amusement of travellers over their wine. Higher up the street, and at right angles with it, is the church, and opposite stands the “grey old Parsonage,” with which every reader of Mrs. Gaskell’s book will be familiar.

Surrounded as her home was on three sides by the crowded churchyard, with the desolate moorland on the fourth, stretching to the extremest verge of the horizon; with no relief to eye or mind from the peopled solitude of the graveyard, but that sullen sweep of blackest, bleakest moss;—can we wonder that Charlotte Brontë’s health and spirits both failed in that stagnant atmosphere? We can only admire, from the bottom of our hearts, the wonder-



ful energy with which she struggled, year after year, against poverty, loneliness, and ill health; and the devotion with which—left the sole survivor of that loving band of sisters—she clung to her old father, in spite of every temptation to leave him, until death released her after a few short months of wedded happiness. There are few biographies of celebrated women more elevating and ennobling than the touching record of this poor girl's life in the remote Yorkshire parsonage. To those who would not read her works, we would recommend her friend's history of her sad life—so unselfish, so heroic, and so uncomplaining.

The clerk, who had lived, boy and man, at Haworth ever since the Brontë's first came there, let us into the church, an old building, with pews of dark oak, and pointed out the corner of the Brontë's pew where Charlotte used to sit every Sunday. It was sad to turn from it to the tablet beside the altar with its long list of names, beginning with the mother and ending with Charlotte, the last of that family of six children.<sup>1</sup> The clerk seemed devoted, heart and soul, to the "Parson" and his family, and desired nothing better than to talk about them. He poured out a flood of reminiscences and anecdotes with the garrulity of old age, intermingled with many sighs and shakings of the head as he spoke of those who were gone, and calling them all by their christian names, with a familiarity that was touching, in spite of its oddity. "Emily," he said, "was tall, and by far the best-looking of the sisters; Charlotte very small and slight, 'with hands and feet no bigger than a child's.' Branwell," he continued, in his broad Yorkshire dialect, "he played t' flute not to say badly, and Emily and Anne, they played t' piano a bit; I dunno if Charlotte did or no; but they warn't music-folk no ways—none of them." He had often, he told us, gone into the room where Charlotte was writing, and confirmed Mrs. Gaskell's account of the extreme minuteness of her handwriting, and the small scraps of paper—backs of envelopes, &c., on which she wrote. She used to leave these scattered about on the

table, as none but herself could read them, and he had often picked up some of these scraps, which had blown through the open window, and brought them to her.

One of the gentlemen of our party had sent up his card to Mr. Brontë, who lived alone at the parsonage with his son-in-law, Mr. Nicholls, and received a message that Mr. Brontë would be happy to see us. We accordingly crossed over to the parsonage, and were shown into the study, where the old man, between eighty and ninety, sat alone in his arm-chair by the fire. Tall and thin, with long white hair, and good aquiline features, dressed with scrupulous neatness in the old-fashioned costume of knee-breeches, and long silk stockings, and with a white cravat wound in many folds round and round his neck, till it reached as far as the mouth, he was the picture of a stately gentleman of the old school. He spoke of his daughter quite frankly, and seemed gratified when one of our party expressed his admiration of Charlotte's genius. *Jane Eyre*, he told us, has been translated into French, Italian, and German. Such swarms of tourists, many of them Americans, visit Haworth every summer, to see the spot where *Jane Eyre* and *Villette* were written, that Mr. Brontë said he had been obliged at last to deny them admittance to the parsonage. He made an exception in favour of us on hearing that we came from Dublin, as his heart warmed, he said, to anyone connected with Ireland, his native country.

Before we left, he took us into drawing-room, at the opposite side of the hall, where all Charlotte's novels were written, and showed us Richmond's portrait, in crayons, of his daughter. It is said to be a very good likeness. Hanging round the room were portraits of Branwell—that ill-fated brother, whose miserable career was one of her sorest trials—and her favourite heroes, the Duke of Wellington and Thackeray. We then took leave of the courteous old gentleman, who insisted, in spite of the cold, on accompanying us to the hall-door, which was opened for us by Martha, the little servant maid, so

<sup>1</sup> Since this was written Mr. Brontë's name has been added to the list.

often mentioned in Miss Brontë's letters.

We stopped at a little shop in the village, to buy some souvenir of our visit to Haworth, and were very anxious to procure a photograph of Miss Brontë which we saw in the shop, taken from Richmond's portrait; but the man said he was not at liberty to sell it, as the photograph had only been done for the family, and strict orders had come down from the parsonage that no copies were to be sold. We had, therefore, to content ourselves as memorials with

photographs of the church and parsonage.

After a dinner at the Black Bull, which we pronounced as bad as it was dear, we drove back in the gathering darkness the long eighteen miles to Huddersfield, and through its bright lamp-lit streets to our friend's hospitable house, more than ever thankful that Fate had not condemned us to drag out a weary existence, like poor Charlotte Brontë, in the remote village, amid the desolate Yorkshire moors.

E. V. J. S.

## ENGLISH RULE IN IRELAND.<sup>1</sup>

FACTS are not wanting to prove that in former periods the English rule in the Sister Isle has not been all that could be wished. The lives of some of the Irish Chancellors, and the laws enacted during their rule, as shown in another part of this issue of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, are sufficient proof. Incidental history will often bring an indignant blush to the face of the candid reader; and the "Carew MSS." confirm this statement.

Sir Henry Sydney's administration was followed by that of Sir William Drury A.D. 1578; after whom succeeded Sir William Pelham, the Lord Grey of Wilton, first Sir John Perrot, Sir William Fitzwilliam, Sir William Russell, Thomas, Lord Burgh, the Earl of Ormond, and Essex; and, finally, Blount, Lord Mountjoy was appointed Deputy in February, 1600, and Sir George Carew was nominated Governor of Munster. What took place under the rule of these last is in this volume clearly told.

Lord Mountjoy began his administration by a charge to his officers, which shows his character and principles. He enjoins morn-

ing and evening prayers, frequent sermons, and enforced attendance on the part of the soldiery. God is to be duly served; blasphemy against the Trinity is to be punished with death. Other offences, less to the derogation of God's honour, are still to be severely punished. Death is the penalty for duelling, for stealing from the Queen's stores, for dealing treasonably with the enemy, for desertion, for a soldier sleeping on his post, and for exceeding his furlough, "except he can prove he was stayed by the hand of God." For drunkenness, for ill-treatment of women, native or otherwise, there were stringent penalties, and it was enacted that "every private soldier, upon pain of imprisonment, shall keep silence when the army is to take lodging, or when it is marching or imbatling, so as the officers may be heard." In short, it was resolved that as far as possible the army in Ireland should be not only soldiers but Christians. Mountjoy's administration, however, was not much the better for such resolution. Indeed, every administration in Ireland was rendered ineffective for good by intrigues carried on in England, by the uncer-

<sup>1</sup> Calendar of the Carew Manuscripts, preserved in the Archbishopal Library at Lambeth, 1601-1603. Edited by J. S. Ewew, M A., and W. Bullen, Esq.



tain humour of the Queen, at one moment angry at laxity, and at another more angry still at some stroke of severity, on the part of her lieutenants. It was besides impossible to put trust even in the apparently noblest Irishman who took oath to serve the Queen; and there was little chance of satisfying men so selfish and savage as many of the Irish chiefs were; for the satisfaction of more than one great "O" was only to be obtained by confiscating and making over to him the property of his cousin 'Mac.' Besides, the power of the priesthood was greater than the temporal sword of a governor. Not that the Irish would do anything of themselves. They were ever looking for somebody else to come and deliver them, and they remained all but passive when that somebody came. The whole story of the Spaniards at Kinsale, as given in this volume, is curiously illustrative of Irish character in this respect. Irish confederates could never be brought to act in concert. O'Neill was foiled by the jealousies of his own friends and supporters; Desmond could not depend on his own kin of the Geraldines, nor Ormond on *his* kinsmen the Butlers; and when Fitzpatrick, of Upper Ossory, was thrown into prison, it was at the suggestion of this chief of the Butlers. The administration found themselves compelled to take solemn promises from O'Neill which, they knew, were made to be broken. The Burkes murdered the O'Connors. The White Knight "set" and betrayed the Earl, James Macthomas. Ireland appears to have been always the same.

Part of the Carew Manuscripts is taken up with the details of the intrigues between the Irish and the Court of Spain. That the former did not keep faith with each other is sufficiently proved. The following from Sir Henry Sidney's relation of his public services affords, amongst interesting circumstances, some sickening details:

"When I was but ten years of age, and awhile had been henchman to King Henry VIII., I was by that most famous king put to his sweet son, Prince Edward, my most dear master, prince, and sovereign,

the first boy that ever he had; my near kinswoman being his only nurse my father being his chamberlain, my mother his governess, my aunt by my mother's side in such place as among meaner personages is called a dry nurse, for from the time he left sucking she continually lay in bed with him, so long as he remained in woman's government. As that sweet prince grew in years and discretion so grew I in favour and liking of him, in such sort as by that time I was twenty-two years old he made me one of the four principal gentlemen of his bedchamber. While I was present with him he would always be cheerful and pleasant with me, and in my absence give me such words of praise as far exceeded my desert. Sundry times he bountifully rewarded me. Finally, he always made too much of me. Once he sent me into France, and once into Scotland. Lastly, not only to my own still-felt grief, but also to the universal woe of England, he died in my arms: within a while after whose death, and after I had spent some months in Spain, neither liking, nor liked as I had been, I fancied to live in Ireland, and to serve as Treasurer, and had the leading both of horsemen and footmen, and served as ordinarily with them as any other private captain did there, under my brother-in-law, the Earl of Sussex, where I served during the reign of Queen Mary and one year after; in which time I had four sundry times, as by letters patent yet appeareth, the government of that country by the name of Lord Justice; thrice by commission out of England, and once by choice of that country; such was the great favour of that Queen to me, and good liking of the people of me.

"In the first journey that the Earl of Sussex made, which was a long, a great, and an honourable one, against James Mack O'Neill, a mighty captain of Scots, whom the Earl of Sussex, after a good fight made with him, defeated, and chased him with slaughter of a great number of his best men, I there fought and killed him with my own hand, who thought to have overmatched me. Some more blood I drew, though I cannot brag that I lost any.

"The second journey the Earl of Sussex made into those quarters of Ulster he sent me and others into the island of Raghlyns, where before, in the time of Sir James Crofts' deputation, Sir Raulf Bagnall, Captain Cuff, and others sent by him landed, little to their advantage, for there were they hurt and taken, and the most of their men that landed either killed or taken; but we landed more politicly and safely, and encamped in the isle until we had spoiled the same, all mankind, corn, and cattle in it.

"Sundry times during my fore-said governments I had sundry skirmishes with the rebels, always with victory, namely one, and that a great one, which was at the very time that Calais was lost. I (the same time being Christmas holidays, upon the sudden), invaded Firkaol, otherwise called O'Meloyes' country, the very receptacle of all the rebels, burned and wasted the same, and in my return homewards was fought withal by the rebels the O'Conors, O'Mores, and O'Meloyes, and the people of Mack Gochigan; albeit he in person was with me in that skirmish, I received in a frieze jerkin (though armed under it) four or five Irish arrows. Some blood I drew with my own hands, but my men beat the rebels well, and truly I went through their paces (passes), straights, and woods lustily, and killed as many of them as saved not their lives by running away; among whom the chief captain, called Callogh O'Meloy, was one, and his head brought me by an English gentleman and a good soldier, called Robert Cowley. I tarried and encamped in that country till I had cut down and enlarged divers long and straight paces (passes), whereby the country ever since hath been more obedient and corrigible. Somewhat more I did; and I received from the Queen comfortable and thankful letters, signed with her own hand, which I have yet to show; and when I was sent to her (as I was once or twice) most graciously she would accept me and my service, and honourably speak of the same, yea, and reward me.

The rest of my life is, with an over-long precedent discourse, in part manifested to you, which I humbly

and heartily desire you to accept in good part. Some things written may haply be misplaced or mistimed, for help had I none, either of any other man, or note of mine, but only such help as my old mother memory afforded me out of her store. But this, to your little comfort, I cannot omit, that whereas my father had but one son, and he of no great proof, being twenty-four years of age at his death, and I having three sons, one of excellent good proof, the second of great good hope, and the third not to be despaired of, but very well to be liked, if I die to-morrow next I should leave them worse than my father left me by twenty thousand pounds, and I am now fifty-four years of age, toothless, and trembling, being five thousand pounds in debt, yea, and thirty thousand pounds worse than I was at the death of my most dear king and master, King Edward the VI. I have not of the Crown of England of my own getting so much ground as I can cover with my foot. All my fees amount not to one hundred marks a year. I never had since the Queen's reign any extraordinary aid by licence, forfeit, or otherwise; and yet for all that was done, and somewhat more than here is written, I cannot obtain to have in fee farm one hundred pounds a year, already in my own possession, paying the rent. *Dura est conditio servorum.*"

Sir Henry Sydney, we are told by the editors, "was succeeded in the deputyship by Sir William Drury, President of Munster, who entered on his office 14th September, 1578. The Carew Papers furnish very little information of his proceedings. The rebellion of Desmond is passed over with the slightest and scantiest notice. But the account furnished by the Deputy and Sir Edward Fyton of their visit to Munster and the west of Ireland in the autumn of the same year is not without interest. The chief difficulty with which the new Deputy had to contend was to be found in the disputes and disaffection of the Desmonds, now anxiously expecting, more than ever, encouragement from Spain, and watching a favourable opportunity for throwing off the authority of England. Irritated



by the assistance rendered to the United Provinces by Elizabeth, Philip II. had resolved to retaliate by lending aid to the rebellious Irish. Gregory XIII. was not unwilling to help a confederacy which had for its object the recovery to the Church of its lost dominions, and the temporal punishment of those who utterly despised his spiritual censures. As might be expected, the war in Ireland assumed a religious aspect. The government of Ireland had to contend not only against those who hated the dominion of the stranger, but against those also who cloaked their disaffection under the more specious pretext of religious toleration. Chiefs like Desmond and Turlough Lynagh, who had never before shown any great zeal for the Church or for the restoration of the ancient faith, now learned to treat the Papal emissaries, of whom Dr. Saunders was the most conspicuous, with more than usual reverence. The cause of Irish independence became inextricably interwoven with the Papal supremacy and the restoration of the old religion; and English rulers incurred the odium of despising the rights of conscience, even when they sought to insist upon nothing more than obedience to the law, and to mete out even handed justice to the oppressed. Though the tenant farmers and all the industrious classes in Ireland had for years groaned under a system which laid them open to every kind of exaction and oppression on the part of their native chiefs and captains, they could not understand that their truest interests were identical with those of their conquerors. Confining their views only to the present, they failed to appreciate the fact—naturally enough—that for them all progress and all improvement were only compatible with obedience to that rule which, if it brought the people, brought their chiefs also, under submission to the same equal and inflexible laws. So they preferred to hoist the Pope's banner and welcome the dictation of Spain, in the hopes of delivering themselves from the rule of Elizabeth, improvident of the future and careless of the consequences.

“As the English rulers could not

entirely disengage their cause from its religious aspect, they were exposed to the temptation of confounding rebellion with an adherence to Popery. Many of the deputies shared with their contemporaries across the Channel an abhorrence of the Roman Catholic faith as the main cause of disloyalty—as the active incentive to all the political troubles of the times. They thought that if submission to Papal domination, and the promoters of it, were weakened and disabled, the cause of law and order must necessarily prevail; and in this view they were supported by the Protestant bishops and clergy, the more influential of whom were Englishmen like themselves, and possessed by the same ideas. Thus their greatest efforts were devoted to the suppression of Popery in its most public and objectionable forms. A compulsory respect to Protestantism was to be exacted from those who utterly hated it. In Sir William Drury's journey to Munster, among numerous instances of vigour, prudence, and moderation in dealing with the disaffected, and in suppressing disorders displayed by him, in common with many Irish deputies, the following incidents are recorded, apparently not without satisfaction:—

“ ‘Understanding of a notable idol or image of St. Sunday or St. Dominick, whereunto great offerings were made by night every Sunday and holiday, because time served not for us to stay for the searching of it out, we left commission with the bishop, the mayor, and other discreet persons, to inquire and search for the same, who within two days after our departure laboured so diligently, though it were carefully shifted out of the way, as they found it, and burnt it at the High Cross openly, the Bishop himself putting fire thereunto, not without great lamenting of the people.’ ”

“And again:—‘Having had notice from our very good lord the Bishop of Ossory, that not only the chiefest men of that town, as for the most part they are bent to Popery, refused obstinately to come to the church, and that they could by no means be brought to hear the divine service there with their wives and families (as by her Majesty's

injunctions they are bound to do), but that also almost all the churches and chapels, or chancels within that his diocese were utterly ruined and decayed, and that neither the parishioners nor others that are bound to repair them and set them up could by any means be won or induced so to do—we therefore directed forth commission to our said very good the Bishop and others, principal gentlemen, such as he thought meet to nominate and appoint, authorising them either to compel such as ought to do it to repair and build them in such sort as God's glory and divine service be, according to her Majesty's injunctions, duly celebrate and exercised; or else, in case they should refuse or obstinately deny the performing of their duties in that behalf, that then they should take their distresses so refusing, and with the money thereof growing, after orderly and due warning and praising (appraising) thereof, to set in hand themselves the reparation and building of such churches or chancels as they whose distresses they shall have taken are bound to repair. And before our departure out of the town. we bound before us in recognisance [s] of £40 ster. a-piece the chief men of the town, such as his lordship nominate unto us, that they and their wives should duly every Sunday and holiday frequent the church, and hear divine service therein.'

"Readers well acquainted with the superstition of the times, a vice from which none were entirely free, will be less astonished at the Deputy's notions of natural justice as exhibited in the following quotation:<sup>1</sup> —

" 'The jail being full, we caused sessions immediately to begin, and continued them not only all the time of our abode there (which was till the Monday next), but also some while after our departure thence by commissioners remaining behind there, during which were executed in all to the number of thirty-six persons, among which some good ones: two for treason, a blackmoor, and two witches, by natural law, for that we found no law to try them by in this realm.' "

Sir William Pelham succeeded

on the death of Sir William Drury, at Waterford in October, 1579. He had been lieutenant of Her Majesty's Ordnance, and had been sent to Ireland in August of the same year, with orders to take charge of the English bands appointed to guard the English Pale. He so ingratiated himself with the council that his speedy promotion resulted. His letter book, among the Carew MSS., enables the reader to trace the proceedings in his career with minuteness. We are told:

"One of the first acts of the new Lord Justice was to appoint the Earl of Ormond Governor of Munster. The choice might appear to be justified by the unsettled condition of that province and the great influence of Ormond; but in this choice Pelham departed from the policy of Sydney. Too powerful for subjects, too unpopular among the English as well as the native Irish nobility to be rulers, the Butlers were always a thorn and a perplexity to the English Deputy. They could not be neglected or thwarted with impunity. A real or supposed affront raised up for them a host of irritated complainants in the English court, and the unhappy Deputy found his motives maligned and his conduct misrepresented by the partisans of the Ormonds, who poured into willing ears, behind his back, every sort of calumny, and impregnated the very atmosphere with suspicion. Nor could he, on the other hand make a friend of the Ormonds, or advance them to dignity and employment, without failing to discover that instead of gaining a friend he had found a master; without strengthening his authority, he had weakened it, as Pelham did in this instance, by jealousies and suspicions. The Desmonds, ripe for rebellion, wanted no further pretext for sedition than their constitutional and hereditary hatred of the Butlers; whilst the latter, not a whit behind the former in antipathy for their ancient rivals, were not slow in making the best of their present opportunity, or over anxious to be too conciliatory.' After a short and impatient parley, both chiefs threw away the scabbard. On the

<sup>1</sup> Vol. II. p. 144; Carew MS. 628, f. 389 b.



4th of November, just a month after his appointment, Pelham wrote to the Queen: 'Desmond has been proclaimed a traitor. Ormond has already drawn blood, and kindled fire in the midst of Desmond's country. I have left the prosecution of the war to him.'

"It is not my purpose to enter into the details of this rebellion, or to pursue it step by step. The part played in it by the celebrated Dr. Saunders, is the the most interesting, and, in many respects, the most instructive:

"'All obstinate Papists,' wrote Pelham to the Queen, within seven weeks after Ormond's appointment, 'wish well to the rebels, in respect that the Pope's banner is displayed, and a government expected that shall settle them in their religion. So is it generally given out in all parts that a wonderful navy is prepared in Italy, under the conduction of Romans, Neapolitans, and Spaniards, to come to the relief of the Papists here; and that the preparation of munition and furniture for the war is infinite, and likewise of victual, especially wine, corn, oil, rice, and such like, at the equal charges of the King of Spain and the Bishop of Rome. And albeit the bruit be likely to be vain, both for the extreme charge of bringing an army from such remote parts, and that your Majesty doth not advertise of any such intention, yet are your subjects here much led with this opinion, because it is published and preached by Doctor Sanders, who setteth out the abundance of treasure that is coming, and the reward appointed for such as shall join in this holy action (for so he termeth it), and that he threateneth ruin unto the rest, and maketh Desmond believe that Munster is his portion, and Ulster appointed unto Turloughe Lenoughe; for confirmation whereof one Lincius, an Italian legate, is expected to come from Rome, as is discovered by such followers of Tyrone as are at the devotion of your Knight Marshal.'"

Whatever may be thought of the Queen's advisers, there can be no doubt (as observed by the editors of these papers), that there was a sincere desire on the part of Her Majesty to adopt pacificatory measures:

"More than one instance may be produced of the impatience felt by her officers, both at home and in Ireland, at what they considered her unbecoming and dangerous indulgence to her contumacious subjects. It has been seen how Pelham incurred her displeasure by proclaiming Desmond a traitor, though of his guilt there could be little question. Shortly after we find Sir Nicholas Maltby writing to Burghley: 'Some do think there (*i.e.*, the Queen in England) that I do use the sword too much. If her Majesty do not use her sword more sharply, she will lose both sword and realm.' It may be thought that, as Lord Gray had the reputation of being more than usually strict and severe, he would have been more inclined to follow out those parts of his instructions which coincided with his own inclinations and have overlooked those which inculcated moderation and forbearance. In the Carew Papers there is no indication of the tyranny or barbarity sometimes charged on the memory of this nobleman; nor does the accusation appear to have arisen from any unnecessary harshness displayed by him towards the native Irish. It is rather to be attributed to the firmness and impartiality with which he carried out his instructions in not allowing offenders of high place or authority to escape unpunished. Of the state of Ireland at his arrival, a brief account may be seen in the notes of Sir Nicholas Maltby. Although Pelham had done much towards suppression in Munster, and could boast that in Leinster 'there had not been one string out of tune,' yet formidable difficulties awaited the landing of the new deputy. All the realm in the expressive words of Sir Nicholas Maltby, 'was in a general uproar.' Turlough Lynagh, in the north, stood upon 'doubtful terms,' watching his opportunity. His pride and importance had been greatly increased of late by his marriage with a daughter of the Earl of Argyle. The Pale had broken out into rebellion. But this was not the only or the greatest evil. Whilst it was comparatively easy to put down rebellion, to scatter and disunite its leaders, success

appeared to have no effect in diminishing the source out of which rebellion sprung. As the Irish chiefs declined in number and power, as they ceased to exercise authority over their followers, religion supplied the disaffected with a firmer unity and a strength more compact. The priest prevailed where the chief was powerless. 'This realm,' says the same energetic and clear-headed officer, 'was never so dismembered, owing to the quarrel upon religion. Heretofore much dissension has arisen upon private quarrels, but now they have converted all their private quarrels to a general matter of religion. This rebellion is so general that the best cannot be made to do anything against the rebellious Papists.'

"The letters and libels scattered about Ireland at the time are an index of the state of feeling then rife among the people. In a pamphlet published at Waterford by a Devonshire man of the name of Eve it was boldly stated that, in a conference between the the three powers, the Pope had agreed to furnish 10,000 foot and 1,000 horse, the King of Spain 15,000 foot and 1,500 horse, the Duke of Florence 8,000 foot and 100 horse for the conquest of Ireland. It went on to say.—'That his Holiness, as Sovereign Lord of the island, will grant to the noblemen Catholic of the country to make election of [a] Catholic lord of the island, who, with his authority of the See Apostolic, shall be declared King, provided always that he shall be always obedient and faithful to the See Apostolic, as the Catholic kings have done until the time of their last Henry. That the Queen Elizabeth shall be declared a wrongful detainer, and unable to hold the kingdom, for being born of unlawful marriage, and also that she is an heretic. That the goods of the churches shall be returned out of the hands of those which occupy them, and that good and wise men of the country should be created bishops and abbots, and such like, who, with the example of their life and with preaching, may reduce the people to the religion. That the King of Spain shall not pretend anything otherwise than to make

league and alliance, if he will, with the King so to be chosen, to the end that being joined together they may take order upon the matters of the island of Flanders. That the Q[ueen] of S[cots] shall be set at liberty, and helped again to her own kingdom, if she had need. That his Holiness will treat with the French King to the end that neither Monsieur nor his brother shall help the Queen nor Flemings against Spain. That the bull of excommunication which Pius Quintus, of happy memory, did give out against the same Queen shall be published in every church and Christian court. That the Catholic Englishmen be received into the army, and convenient pay given them, according to the qualities of the persons.—These articles were brought by the Prince of Condy to the Queen's Majesty and her Council.'

"It may be said that these were no more than wild and idle rumours devoid of all foundation—the inventions of political enemies devised for the purpose of inflaming the hatred of the country against the Spaniard. That they fell in with the general temper of the times, and found ready credence in Ireland, is clear from various authorities, and not the least from the correspondence of Viscount Baltinglas. In a letter to Ormond, of the 27th July, 1580, he writes :—'The highest power on earth doth command us to take the sword, and (seeing it cannot better be) to fight and defend ourselves against traitors and rebels, which do seek only the murdering of souls, he is no Christian man that will not obey. Questionless, it is no great want of knowledge, and more of grace, to think and believe that a woman, uncapax of all holy orders, should be the supreme governor of Christ's Church; a thing that Christ did not grant unto his own mother. If the Queen's pleasure be, as you allege, to minister justice, it were time to begin; for in this 20 years past of her reign we have seen more damnable doctrine maintained, more oppression of poor subjects, under pretence of justice, within the land, than ever we read or heard (since England



first received the faith) done by Christian princes. You counsel me to remain quiet, and you will be occupied in persecuting the poor members of Christ. I would you should learn and consider by what means your predecessor came up to be Earl of Ormond. Truly you should find that it Thomas Beckett, Bishop of Canterbury, had never suffered death in the defence of the Church, Thomas Butler, *alias* Becket, had never been Earl of Ormond."

The instructions of Arthur, Lord Gray, the Deputy spoken of in the above extract, on his appointment in 1580, were precise :

"They are noticeable as showing the inflexible resolution of Elizabeth to have her authority respected. But whilst insisting that rebellion should not be encouraged by false hopes, or by making a return to grace and favour too easy, the Queen was not unmindful of mercy. Among other injunctions, it is set down by her Majesty that, as her subjects of 'that country-birth' had conceived that she entertained a determination to cast them out, and plant English subjects in their place, the Deputy should use his best endeavours to remove 'that false impression.' He is enjoined to have 'an especial care,' as she proceeds to say, 'that by the oppression and insolencies of the soldiers our good subjects may not be alienated from us. Make this our care known by proclamation, and see the offenders severely punished, without sparing captains or head officers.—Grant neither pardon nor protection but upon some great cause of importance.'"

Yet Gray was not more successful than his predecessors in subduing the distractions of this unhappy country, and sued to be recalled :

"The choice of England was always distracted between rulers of too much severity and too much laxity. It was hard to find the happy medium. Men of the latter stamp succeeded better with the Irish, but were more suspected and hampered at home. Men like Gray, of sterner mould, though they might satisfy Elizabeth and her Council for a time, fell by the intrigues of

the enemies they had raised up by their own severity. And such was the fate of Gray.

"The Carew Papers do not furnish much information as to Gray's administration. He is more favourably known to history for his patronage of the poet Spenser, whose name, with those of his friends Lodowick Briskett and Sir Walter Raleigh, occurs more than once in the course of these pages, chiefly in connexion with Munster. The poet's grant of 3,026 acres of the forfeited property of the Desmond's in the county of Cork is well known. It is not so well known that he was deputy to Briskett, the Clerk of the Council, who had a salary of £20 sterling per annum, and in 1585 was appointed registrar in the Chancery of Ireland."

Sir John Perrot, who had distinguished himself some years before in the government of Munster, succeeded Lord Gray. His knowledge appeared to point him out as fit to carry out a scheme of colonisation which now took possession of the Government. 574,628 acres of land having fallen into its hands of Desmond's. After giving the details of this scheme, the editor observes :—

"There were two blots in this scheme, to say the least, either of which could not fail endangering its ultimate success. Not only was all due provision for the native Irish overlooked, but every precaution was taken to separate their interests from those of the new settlers, and alienate the two classes as widely as possible. The newcomers were forbidden to let any portion of their lands to the Irish. Heirs female were on no account to intermarry except with persons born of English parentage. In no family were 'mere Irish' to be retained. In short, the entire settlement was to take up the position of a hostile element among a hostile population. By what method such regulations could be carried out it is not easy to understand. Even if 'the gentlemen undertakers' could bring over from England the required number of farmers, freeholders, and servants, of skilled or unskilled workmen, it is clear that these new settlers would not undertake drudgery they had traversed so many

miles from home to escape. What inducement could they have for abandoning their native country if their new condition was to be as laborious and servile as before? Moreover, it is certain that in many instances the undertakers obtained large portions of forfeited lands without ever distinctly intending to fulfil the conditions annexed to their grants in some cases, without a possibility of doing so in others. Farmers, tenants, and skilled labourers were not to be procured, or soon grew sick of their employment and returned. Competition among the undertakers, as they were called, exhausted the labour-market. The promises of protection on the part of the government were scantily fulfilled or altogether neglected. Men could not farm and be soldiers at the same time; whilst the hatred felt by the native population for the new-comers, and the encroachments of the latter on the lands of the protected and loyal Irish, gave birth to innumerable disputes. Therefore, whilst the Irish of Munster grew 'infinitely discontented,' to use the phrase of Sir George Carew, 'since the traitors' lands were divided amongst the undertakers,' the undertakers grew weary and discouraged, neglected their estates, or made grants contrary to their engagements to the Irish.

As such grants were irregular, they seem to have lent strength to a practice which is at this moment attracting general attention, and is of far more ancient date than is generally supposed,—I mean the practice of yearly tenancies. Leases for a term of years are a late importation into Ireland, and are due to its English rulers, I believe, exclusively. Originally the tenant, exposed to the capricious and indefinite exactions of his lord, secured his freedom by a precarious occupation, which he might abandon at the year's end if his lord was too exacting and too tyrannical. This was his sole precaution against oppression.

"The churl and Irish peasant," says Justice Saxey in a memorial addressed to Sir Thomas Egerton, Keeper of the Great Seal, in 1597, 'by whom the lord and chief gen-

tleman doth live, is apt to follow his lord in all rebellion and mischief; and the reason is, that the Irish tenants have their estates but from year to year, or at most for three years, in regard of which short and weak states, they have not any care to make any strong or defensible buildings or houses; to plant or enclose; in want whereof they lie open to spoil, and themselves more apt to rebellion, when they possess nothing which they may not with ease carry or drive away, or convert into money; and hereof it cometh that one rascal rebel will in one night burn all the towns in a county. And therefore it were most necessary that the Irish lords of lands and tenements should be ordered to make no less states than for twenty-one years or three lives, in which all rents and services agreed upon should be reserved and mentioned, and thereby all other unreasonable exactions now imposed upon them should be cut off; and then the tenants would be encouraged to build strongly, to plant, and to enclose; and, in regard of a good state in a living whereon he hath bestowed cost, would give his lord leave to purchase the gallows, and betake himself to his husbandry."

And then he proceeds:—"Where divers Englishmen have been lately murdered and spoiled, by reason they have so singled their dwellings that they lie open to the malefactor, without ability of defence or mutual succour to be ministered by the one to the other, it were necessary that all English inhabitants should be drawn into a near neighbourhood of twenty households at the least, in such place and places as certain persons thereto authorised should think meet; and none not inhabiting in a castle to be suffered to dwell out of such neighbourhood; and that the same neighbourhood so inhabiting together shall, within a certain time to them prefixed, enclose all their dwellings with a great deep trench and quickset, if may be, only leaving two places of ingress and egress, where shall be strong gates, to be shut every night, whereby themselves and their cattle shall be in better safety from thief and wolf."

To return to the Lord Deputy Perrot. He succeeded (we are told)



“with no better success than Gray in averting the calumnies of evil tongues and avoiding the Queen’s displeasure. A Welshman by birth, he was more than ordinarily fiery and choleric, even for a Welshman; and this defect of temper, fatal in a governor, above all in an Irish Deputy, was aggravated not only by vexation and disappointment, but by physical sufferings. He was affected by weakness in the stomach, and swellings in the leg; worst of all, by the stone. He had consented much against his will to accept the government of Ireland, out of compliance with the Queen’s wishes, and with a distinct promise on her part that she should turn a deaf ear to all sinister reports against him. He suspected, justly or otherwise, that he was not well used. His letters are full of complaints wrung out of him by the mental or bodily anguish of the hour: and, if report may be trusted, his complaints though in the most forcible, were not always expressed in the most courtly language. It was easy for his enemies to exaggerate what he uttered; the irascible character of the man lent an air of probability to their calumnies. It was easier for them to accuse than for him to apologise satisfactorily. Besides, in his grief and his impatience, Sir John forgot the Deputy in the Welshman. On one occasion he sent a challenge to Sir Richard Bingham, Governor of Connaught, for some real or imaginary affront; at another he knocked down the Marshal, Sir Nicholas Bagenall, in a fit of anger, as he sat at the council table.

“It is possible that the Queen, knowing the man and his worth, might have overlooked his offences, notwithstanding these blemishes, had not his enemies, of whom Sir Richard Bingham seems to have been one of the foremost, concocted an absurd accusation of his failing to punish a foolish Irishman of the name of O’Rourke. This madman had made a wooden image of the Queen, which he tied to a horse’s tail and dragged through the dirt, to the great amusement of the ragged kerue and idle horseboys. Perrot returned to die in the Tower, and was succeeded by Sir Wilham Fitzwilliam, in June 1588.”

We now come to Fitzwilliam’s administration, which was contemporaneous with the coming of the ever-memorable Spanish Armada. This event was regarded with hopeful interest by large numbers of the Irish people. The result we all know, and one of the editors observes:—

The cruelties inflicted on the unhappy Spaniards, who were tortured and put to death without mercy, alike by their natural enemies the English, and by their disappointed confederates among the Irish, filled all hearts with dismay. ‘There is no rebellion in all this realm;’ wrote Sir George Carew to Sir Francis Walsingham, ‘so much terror prevails.’ The formidable energy of Spain was exhausted in this one effort, and though men could not for a time realise the fact, though occasional demonstrations of preparations filled their minds with alarm, as if the formidable carcass would revive and terrify the earth as before, the disquiet was only momentary. The reports of the coming of the Spaniards grew less and less, until they ceased to inspire dread in the conquerors or hopes in the conquered Irish.”

From this period the Carew MSS. are principally occupied with his correspondence, often formal, and affording little insight into the history of the country. There is, however, some interesting correspondence with her Majesty’s ministers, and more notably with Sir Walter Raleigh, with whom Carew was on intimate terms. This was during the period that Raleigh stood high in the Queen’s favour.

Ireland, following its unhappy fortunes, is proved throughout this correspondence to have been a thorn to the Queen and those who ruled under her, and the source of endless misunderstandings, mistakes, and misgovernment. The advisers of Elizabeth grew old and tired of the task, and we are told that:—

“She herself, no longer in the flower of her age, might justly have abandoned the thankless task of governing a people who rewarded her efforts with ingratitude and rebellion. Careless of purchasing peace at the cost of their eventual suffering, she might have left to her

successor the task of pacifying or abandoning Ireland. But these were not a Tudor's notions of duty, nor had God sent her to rule in this fashion. Not bating a jot of her high spirit, she wrote to Ormond, who had been appointed Lieutenant on the death of De Burgh, in the following royal strain :—

"We are not so alienated from hearkening to such submission as may tend to the sparing of effusion of Christian blood, but that we can be content, in imitation of God Almighty (whose minister we are here on earth, and who forgiveth all sins), to receive the penitent and humble submission of those traitors that pretend to crave it; wherein we doubt not but you, that are of noble blood and birth, will so carry all things in the manner of your proceedings as our [honour] may be specially regarded and preserved in all your actions, seeing you do know that you now represent our own person, and have to do with inferior people and base rebels, to whose submission if we in substance shall be content to condescend, we will look to have the same implored in such reverent form as becometh our vassals and such heinous offenders to use, with bended knees and hearts humbled; not as if one prince did treat with another upon even terms of honour or advantage, in using words of peace or war, but of rebellion in them and mercy in us; for rather than ever it shall appear to the world that in any such sort we will give way to any of their pride, we will cast off either sense or feeling of pity or compassion, and upon what price soever prosecute them to the last hour."

Her energy was not confined to words. Undaunted by tidings of ill-success and mismanagement which reached her ears, especially the inglorious and disastrous defeat of her Marshal, Sir Henry Bagnall, at Blackwater, she levied new troops, she sent over additional supplies of provisions and ammunition, and raised her establishment in Ireland to a permanent force of 1,300 horse and 16,000 foot."

The more immediate preface to the "Carew Correspondence" is contained in the following interesting particulars from the close of

Mr. Brewer's very lucid introduction :—

"Charles Lord Mountjoy was appointed Deputy, and arrived in Ireland on the 24th February, 1600. Sir George Carew was at the same time nominated Governor of Munster. Apparently the inferior in command, Carew, was, in fact, the superior. He enjoyed the confidence of the Queen; and, what was more important, he had the undeviating support and ardent friendship of Sir Robert Cecil, who never omitted any opportunity of recommending Carew to his sovereign, magnifying his services and furthering his wishes, let the sacrifice be what it might. Sir Robert has been set down by the historians of the period, and in popular estimation, as the very antithesis to Essex. He is represented as cold, subtle, and intriguing, as devoid of generosity and of natural affection; and the eulogists of Lord Bacon have not failed to exalt their favourite at the expense of his less brilliant relative. But under a reserve which was necessary in a great minister—still more in one surrounded by watchful and intriguing rivals—Cecil concealed a heart susceptible of the warmest attachments. His large, liquid, lustrous eyes—absorbing, as it were, the whole of his countenance, and fascinating the spectator—were a sure and unerring index of the ardent and romantic affections which long training and strong self-possession had alone enabled him to control. The delicate susceptibilities of the man and his exquisite tenderness are manifest in the correspondence between himself and his father. The letters of the old Lord Burghley to his son during his last sickness are not only full of of that fatherly affection which is sometimes rare in statesmen, and in his case not generally suspected, but they breathe a grave and gracious spirit, showing how much the love of both was mingled with mutual respect. The confidential letters preserved by Carew, and written by Sir Robert without disguise, present him in a new character. They are in many respects the most valuable, as they certainly are the most delightful portions of this correspond-



ence. What the treasures at Hatfield may contain I know not; but certainly no letters of Cecil hitherto unpublished present him in so engaging a light as these; and in none, whilst throwing off the statesman, is the man himself so clearly presented to the reader. The envy and evil designs he is supposed to have harboured towards his contemporaries are here clearly shown to rest on no foundation. The truth appears to be that he won and held the highest post in the kingdom, and enjoyed the entire confidence of his sovereign, not only because he was far superior to all his rivals in real administrative genius and aptitude for business, but because that genius was attended with certain moral qualities of a high order. He had few friends, but those few entertained for him the warmest affection, and reposed in him the most unshaken confidence.

“To return to Mountjoy. Notwithstanding the difficulties in which Elizabeth was now placed by the spreading of the rebellion, and still more by its effects on the susceptible minds of the Irish as the cause of the Pope, the first care of the Queen was the defence of the Protestant religion. ‘We do recommend unto your special care to preserve the true exercise of religion amongst our loving subjects; and though the time doth not permit that you should now intermeddle by any severity or violence in matters of religion until we have better established our power there to countenance your actions in that kind, yet we require you, both in your own house and in your armies, to foresee that no neglect be used in that behalf.’

“How Mountjoy carried out his instructions will be seen in the orders issued by him to the army when he assumed the command. A braver man, or one more chivalrous, was not then to be found. He was one of the few survivors of that noble band which, under Elizabeth, had raised this nation to an unprecedented height; one of those in whom the more sterling qualities of the English character were sublimated and refined by that tinge of idealism which redeemed it from

the coarser materialism into which it was too apt to degenerate. The old spiritual element inherited from a past age had not yet wholly died out. The very first charge of Mountjoy to his officers is ‘to see that Almighty God be duly served; that sermons and morning and evening prayer be diligently frequented; and those that often and wilfully absent themselves be duly punished.’ No man is to speak impiously and maliciously ‘against the Holy and Blessed Trinity,’ or contravene the known articles of the Christian faith *on pain of death*. Impiety, blasphemy, unlawful oaths, any irreligious act ‘to the derogation of God’s honour,’ is to be punished by fine or imprisonment, or whatever other penalty a court-martial shall think fit to award, as unbecoming the profession of a Christian and a soldier. The stronger and healthier faith of those times did not flinch from avowing that honour to God was no less the concern of a true subject than obedience to the sovereign; nor would a court-martial have thought itself obliged to punish drunkenness and desertion, and leave profaneness and infidelity uncensured.

“It is easy to guess from this one specimen the general character of the rest. They are as strict as the greatest soldier in this age or any other age could desire. After denouncing the penalty of death against those who drew their swords in private quarrels—one of the commonest acts of insubordination in Ireland—banishment or imprisonment for acts of incontinence in officers or men—Mountjoy proceeds to enumerate under the same head a variety of crimes and misdemeanors; *e.g.*, death to any man stealing her Majesty’s stores, or for delivering a fort to the rebels, or making an ignominious compact with them, or abandoning his ensign, or sleeping on his post, or falling out of the ranks, or exceeding his furlough, ‘except he can prove he was stayed by the hand of God.’ Every soldier or officer found drunk is to be committed to prison for the first offence; for the second he shall forfeit two months’ pay if a common soldier, and if an officer he shall lose his

place. 'Every private soldier, upon pain of imprisonment, shall keep silence when the army is to take lodging, or when it is marching or imbatting, so as the officers may be heard.'

"The best comment on these orders will be found in a description of the state of the army a few months before, sent by Sir John Dowdall to Secretary Cecil. The whole paper is remarkable for the clear insight it affords into the disorders of Ireland and their causes, but I am only now concerned with that portion of it which relates to the state of the soldiery. The writer puts the question, 'Why are the forces so weak and poor?' and his answer is, that one of the main causes is to be attributed to the electing of captains rather by favour than desert; for many are inclined to dicing, wenching, and the like, and do not regard the wants of their soldiers.

"Another cause, he adds, is that the soldiers do not 'meditate,' that is, follow the fashions of the disarmed companies that came out of Brittany and Picardy, 'desiring a scald rapier before a good sword, a pike without carrettes or burgen-nett, a hagbutteer without a morion.' Then follows the dilatory and inefficient supply of provisions and clothes. The victuals, he asserts, are many times corrupted; the suit of clothes valued at 40s. is not worth half. Most part of the army seem 'beggarly ghosts,' fitter for their graves than to fight a prince's battle; the report of which so works in men's minds 'that they had as lief go to the gallows as to the Irish wars.' He recommends that the old heavy musket should be replaced by 'cavilers' of a musket length and of less weight. The musket, with its necessary complement of powder and lead, 'doth clog and weary the bearer.'

"Then, turning to the Irish and their successful resistance of the Queen's authority, he examines the reasons why they are 'so strong, so well armed, apparelled, victualled, and moneyed.' The Irish soldier endures no wants; he makes his booty in all parts of the kingdom. He sells and resells the same plunder four times in half a year. The

army pays for what it takes; the Irish rebel does not; and so long as there is a plough going, or cattle to be stolen, he will be able to maintain himself, and keep the war afoot.

"Finally, he explains what must seem a riddle to most men, how the Irish, without much trade, and with less commerce, were able to provide themselves with arms and ammunition. This evil arose, like the rest, from the inefficient pay and profession of the regular soldier. Some 'Gray merchant' or townsman was always at hand to buy his weapons. The sword, which he was ready to sell for 10s. or 12s., fetched among the rebels £3 or £4. A graven morion brought the same sum. The powder at 12d. a pound was resold for 3s. So the war fed itself, and England taught the Irish to fight, and supplied them with the means.

"Carew adds to these another and a stronger reason,—old as the nation itself,—inwoven with the fibres of its growth, inexplicable to him as it is to most English minds. 'The priests,' he says, 'have in their devilish doctrine so much prevailed amongst the people as for fear of excommunication very few dare serve against the rebels.' And again, 'if the Spaniards do come hither, I know no part of the kingdom that will hold for the Queen. For it is incredible to see how our nation and religion is maligned, and the awful obedience that all the whole kingdom stands in unto the Romish priests, whose excommunications are of greater terror unto them than any earthly horror whatsoever.' They were the real governors of Ireland. It rested with them whether it should be rebellious or obedient. The temporal sword was a weapon against the spiritual; the visible has no terror compared with the invisible. Whatever else it may have taught men, that is the lesson Ireland has taught. So Mountjoy felt; so felt all his contemporaries.

"But I must bring these remarks to a close. It was well for Elizabeth that two men placed in such a critical position as Mountjoy and Carew could respect and appreciate each other. Carew, though nomin-



ally inferior in rank and authority, was in fact the superior, by the favour of Cecil, and the suspicions of Elizabeth. And of this Mountjoy was well aware. At times there was danger of a collision between them, the excessive fondness of Cecil for Carew leading him on more than one occasion to show a regard to the wishes and designs of his favourite which was denied to Mountjoy. The power of the secretary over both was great; the greater as his influence over his aged mistress increased every day. Mountjoy, soon weary of his post, like most of his predecessors, was anxious to return, but this did not suit the purposes or predilections of Cecil. This volume contains numerous letters of the intrigues set on foot by him to ensure the return of Carew, without awakening the jealousy of Mountjoy. Nay more, to make it appear, if possible, to the Queen, that Mountjoy himself desired it. How he succeeded, how Elizabeth, worn with years, grew weary of the Irish

war,—how at the very last she was willing to make terms with Tyrone [the rebel],—how the rebels fed themselves with fond hopes of her decease and help from Spain, must be told on a future occasion.

“But I must not take leave of this volume without pointing out to my readers some of the miscellaneous subjects touched upon among its varied contents. These relate to the siege of Kinsale; the introduction of a new coinage for Ireland, and the prejudices with which it was regarded; the employment of Irish companies among the English troops; their desire of foreign service; the manners of Elizabeth’s courts; the discontents among her courtiers; the use of tobacco; proceedings against a band of false coiners in London; the execution of Biron in France; and the valorous death of Owen M’Egan, the Papal nuncio, who rushed upon his enemies with a sword in one hand and his breviary and beads in the other.”

---

### CONSTANCY.

As constant waves upon the strand,  
 Ever yielding to one command,  
 In tidings from a loving Hand  
 Ever resound.

As fragrant hyacinthine bells,  
 Each year dispense memorial spells:  
 In some sweet grace which heaven foretells  
 May I abound.

As stars revolve in heaven’s wide dome,  
 Enduring in their course, nor roam;  
 In the right path that leadeth Home  
 Let me be found.

H. P.

---

## MRS. GREVILLE; OR, TWICE HER AGE.

## CHAPTER IX.

It was on a Sunday—a drowsy, lazy summer Sunday. That sort of day when all nature seems to have made up its mind to take a sleep. The leaves of the trees don't look as if they were stirred by even a faint vibration of the wind—the birds, the bees, the little creeping things are all tired and languid, and resting in their own little nooks somewhere, and poor, tired human nature would rest too if it could, would pause awhile in its onward course, and let passion, and grief, and pleasure, and pain, and joy, and sorrow go by awhile. Like a tired child, it would like to lie down to rest from the struggle, and the toil of life. I think we have all this feeling: it comes upon us at times. Even the most successful amongst us wearies often with an immense weariness. "We have sat longer at life's feast than is good for us," and we would fain arise and creep away to where the trees are shadiest, and where there is silence and peace, and rest—where the grass is green and mossy for us to lay our tired heads upon; here with a sigh of relief, we would stretch out our world-worn limbs, and to our heavy eyelids would come that dreamless sleep to which there is no waking.

"'Tis hard to love—to unlove harder still;  
Not so to die, and then perhaps forget."

I think it was some unexpressed feeling of this kind that filled Mrs. Greville's mind on the Sunday to which I am now alluding.

She has come downstairs to-day for the first time, and lies in her most artistic pose on the sofa in the boudoir. She has had it drawn to the window, from which she can look out on to the terrace, with its broad flight of steps leading to the oak walk, with its row of ancient trees standing like so many sentinels on each side, and which give their name to the place. Trees which have stood there for centuries, and seen many a bonfire lit,

and many a rejoicing made for the Young Greville that was born, had seen the bride come home, and had seen too many a Greville carried down that long walk, and under the shade of their spreading branches, to be laid in the family churchyard. Fair Oaks looked very lovely in this calm summer time. The stillness that was abroad suited its solemn style of landscape. It was eminently one of the homes of old England, and a home of which many a one might be heartily proud; but, unfortunately, its quiet style of beauty was not in keeping with its mistress's frame of mind. She wanted something more exciting—more animated; in fact, she only endured Fair Oaks when it contained company; a *tête à tête* with poor Robert there would be simply unendurable. As she lay upon the sofa, and looked out on a scene which, even in an artistic point of view would have given pleasure to any one, she, the mistress of it, turned away her head with almost a feeling of loathing, and as she did so, and cast her eyes round her luxurious boudoir, she was everywhere met by the evidences of her husband's profuse generosity, a thousand little trifles prove his anxious wish to please her; but I am afraid it is not on him that her thoughts run. No; she is waiting, anxiously listening feverishly for Ralph's footsteps; in spite of the daily notes and the many proofs she is constantly reiterating to herself of his unaltered *friendship* she cannot divest herself of a certain uneasy presentiment, and she thinks one glance at his face will settle her suspicions.

It is for this she has come down when all the household have gone to their Sunday devotions, and the house is deserted save by Colonel Windham and herself. *He* she knows has long since become a disciple of that superior doctrine which holds that man's intellect is too great to bend the knee in any



church. It is for this that she snubbed poor Robert within an inch of his life when he offered to stay and read some of the "what-yecall'ems for her;" so she sent him away, poor fellow, to do duty in the family pew, where, stowed away among the red cushions, he takes his sleep comfortably, and shows an example to his people.

As she lies back amidst her soft muslin draperies, she looks the very picture of Cleopatra waiting for Antony, there is a slight *abandon* in her attitude, a studied negligence in her hair and dress, for which, no doubt, her late illness accounts. It is not by a natural movement that one foot has escaped from the scarlet coverlet that is thrown over her, while the thin delicate silk stocking shows its perfect shape and tapering ankle. The loose-fitting sleeves of her cambric dressing-gown fall back, as it were, carelessly, and show the fair white hands and arms, fit for a sculptor to model; while on one side the golden hair has escaped from its net, and floats like a veil of gold over the cushion of the couch; the very bouquet of flowers that is placed near her, the low, comfortable *bergère* that is placed opposite her, all—everything—has been studied—thought of, and still she lies there and waits. As she does so, her thoughts go back to many, many years ago, when, as the song says, she was *young, and gay, and free*.

For all of us it is weary work enough this looking back, but to the woman who has battled her way through life, and been fought down many a time by her own cruel sex before she could grasp a tangible resting-place for the sole of her foot—I say, to this woman looking back is eminently unpleasant; all the struggles and the degradations, how they must rise up, the dirt (figuratively speaking) that she had to eat, the dust (in Eastern language) that has been laid upon her head, can she forget all this? It *must* come back upon her in her hours of solitude, and although the gilded cup is hers to drink out of now, somehow the flavour is not *quite* what she expected, and the after-taste is bitter enough. To Mrs. Greville the after-taste, in the shape of poor Robert, was enough to nullify all her hard-

earned prosperity. What was money, she thought, tied to such a log? a man who hadn't a second idea, who was *nowhere* in either political or fashionable life. Mrs. Greville was ambitious, and she would have liked her husband to shine; she fancied herself clever, and she would have liked to be the centre of a political coterie; that was simply impossible with a husband whose standing up to speak was the signal for the House to clear, while he put on his spectacles and scraped his throat. How different, she thought, it would have been if she had only married Ralph, and it was all an *unlucky chance*, and Bella Johnstone! She goes back to the day when she first saw Ralph, that was long before she married Mr. Greville. She remembers it all quite well. It was at the picnic to Richmond given by Arthur Vere—one of the many who had fluttered round her and refused to be caught. It all rises up before her—a summer's day like this, and they sat by the river, Ralph and she, and talked. Her arch enemy, Lady Jenkins, and her daughter, were there. She had thought to pique Vere by flirting with Ralph, and so it had begun. Vere *was* mad jealous, and drove Amy Jenkins back to town, and the next she heard was, he was marry little Jenkins. Her rage, her mortification, her father's anger, all were fresh in her mind, and how through all her thoughts had turned to Ralph.

In vain her father (sly old boy) warned her he was only flirting; she believed in him; she persuaded herself he meant to marry her, and then it was Bella Johnstone stepped in.

"I think tall women are provided with a Bella Johnstone, who does them some irreparable injury with the deepest malevolence, and often without any tangible motive; they could not get on without this pleasant fiction, and *I* for one would leave them their imaginary enemy. It is a panacea to many a wounded heart—a consolation to many a gentle old maid to have some one upon whom they can lay the blame of the shortcomings of their lovers and the failure of all their hopes in life. I can attest on oath that *I* have never been made the confidant

of a spinster's woes (an office which, by the bye, seems singularly fitted to me), but that Bella Johnstone in some shape or another figured in it. Sometimes she takes the shape of an intriguing mother; another time of some spiteful and rejected lover; but the malevolent influence is always the principal ingredient in the story, and in nearly all cases it is a female friend, who is represented as a friend in human flesh, who goes about doing her work silently.

The fair Eva, whose fault it certainly was not to distrust her own attractions, was firmly convinced that ever since those days her memory had dwelt in Ralph's mind as the type of all that is fairest in woman-kind—that nothing but the machinations of Bella Johnstone had kept him from declaring his love—and that, in fact, in becoming the wife of Robert Greville and the mistress of his luxurious house, she had been the victim of a cruel fate, which had torn her from the arms of an adoring lover to place her under the harsh rule of a boorish tyrant. Well, we have all our delusions, and perhaps it is as well that we have. In this delusion I am bound to confess my poor weak, erring hero left her; and although I do not for one moment seek to excuse him, *I do say* in palliation of his offence, that there are few amongst us of “the worthier blood” who would have the courage to give the lie to such pretty lips when they whispered into his ear their confession of being *incomprise* of having made “a sad mistake,” and all the other interesting little things that the married woman of the period entertains her cavaliers *servente* with—stupid talk enough, and I verily believe its only attraction is its danger, for there is a certain fascination in standing on the edge of a precipice and keeping yourself from falling over. As I said before, Mrs. Greville, was utterly destitute of any moral principle, and her coldness of heart had stood her in lieu of religion. Secure of herself, she never paused to think what the effect on her unfortunate victim might be. nor, indeed, did she much care; but a new element had been introduced into this domestic drama, and under the influence of jealousy and wounded vanity our friend Eva

began to see she had been playing rather a dangerous game, and in which *she*, and not Ralph, would be the sufferer.

Not that I would have you to understand that she would give up one acre of her possessions, or one jot or item of her daily comforts and surroundings. Mrs. Greville was a woman who knew when she was well off; past hardship has taught her *that*. It is simply that she fancies she has made a mistake, and that if she had only waited she might have secured as much money with the only man who had ever even touched her heart. She turns restlessly on her sofa and wonders he does not come; at the risk of disarranging her studied grace of attitude, she gets up, and, opening the window, steps out upon the terrace. There is no sign of the truant, and it is in vain that the fair Eva leans, in a Juliet attitude, on the stone balustrade; there is no Romeo in sight, unless we count as such the poor governor who comes, spectacles and all, in a general beam of satisfaction, out on the terrace from the boudoir. To his honest burst of pleasure at seeing her all right again, his wife replies but coldly; and, as he continues, in his fidgety way, to impart to her his fears that she will take fresh cold if she stands in the draught, and that in his opinion three grains of blue pill would do her a world of good, she cuts him short abruptly.

“Please, don't trouble about me, governor,” she says, with a short laugh; “I know how to take care of myself.”

“Not half enough! not half enough, my love!” Mr. Greville makes answer; “he is inclined to be uxorious to-day, and ventures on the liberty of putting his arm round his wife. She is looking uncommonly pretty, he thinks; and, besides, he is in great good humour, and you can see by the genial smile on his broad placid face that his thoughts are pleasant ones.

Presently, he went on, “Here's the bracelet come at last. Hancock sent it this morning, and the locket for the little one; and I say, Evy, do you know it's all a mistake about her and Deermouth! We will have a wedding soon, or I



am much mistaken. I am not a sharp fellow, but I have found this out for all that."

"Found out what?" Mrs. Greville said, in a sharp voice. She was opening the two morocco cases mechanically, but her heart seemed to stop suddenly its beating.

"Why, that Windham is in love with Wren!" Robert Greville answered. "Eh! what's the matter?" for, with a sudden movement, his wife had dropped the cases from her hands, and both bracelet and locket were rolling on different sides of the terrace. It was a hot day, and it gave a stout man like our poor Robert no little distress, and took some time to pick the jewels up; and when he had done so, he found his wife had retreated to her sofa, where she was lying with her face half-hidden on the cushion. She smiled at him as he came near.

"You kind old governor!" she said, languidly, "to give me this; how handsome it is!"

"I am glad you like it, Evy," he said, rather ruefully; "it is a pity you let it drop, it dinges the gold setting, and—oh, dear! stooping has given me such a twinge."

"I am sorry, governor; but you see I am still so awfully weak I can't stand. What's that you were saying about Renée and Ralph Windham? You ought not to encourage any nonsense of that kind."

"I don't see what nonsense there would be in it," Greville said, stoutly; "I'd much rather see the girl married to him than to that ass, Deermouth."

"Folly!" Mrs. Greville cried; "the man is a flirt; hasn't a notion of marrying! What put such an idea into your head?"

"Well, I can't see through a stone wall," Mr. Greville began, consequentially, "but I *can* put two and together, and when I meet them rambling together in the mornings, rambling together in the afternoons, sitting under the trees, and all that, I know what that means; so I shut my eyes and look the other way."

"Wretch!" said Mrs. Greville, vehemently, while in her agitation she got up from her sofa, and began walking about the room; then, seeing her husband's look of intense

astonishment, she recollected herself, and, coming over to him, laid a hand that trembled in spite of herself on his shoulder.

"I am sorry to hear this news, Robert," she said, gravely. "I know Colonel Windham well; and he will not marry Renée—he is only amusing himself."

"Then he is a confirmed scoundrel," honest Robert ejaculated; "he has no right to be amusing himself with any girl under my roof so; I wouldn't allow it if it were a housemaid. He shall leave the house, that's all. Why only yesterday I saw him holding her hand in his."

Mrs. Greville's eyes gave a sudden flash, but she controlled herself

"Don't make yourself ridiculous, dear," she said, smiling; "it is *not* always a man's fault. Renée is, I regret to say, a little forward, and mischief might come of the whole thing. A man is always flattered when a girl runs after him, but I must look after Miss Renée. Don't you do anything, you stupid old thing," she added, laying her hand caressingly on his head; "I will speak to Renée. She is under my charge, you know, Robert; and a young girl like that, a child you may say, is a responsibility. There are great excuses to be made for her, Robert, she has been badly brought up, and it will take time."

Mr. Greville looked a little puzzled. He didn't see himself what Renée had done, but he began somehow to think she had been in the wrong.

"You are very good, Evy," he said. "Be a friend to her, poor little girl—she wants one."

"Oh, yes! but, Robert, she doesn't like me."

"Not like you! why, my dear, that's impossible. (Poor man, he thought every one should like his wife.)

"I assure you Robert it's true. I have done my best. She would not stay in my room. When I was sick I wanted her so much; but she was always making excuses, telling me you wanted her, and all manner of lies. I see now what she was at; but she is artful, and I don't like that."

"Neither do I," said Mr. Greville; "everything above board for me."

"Pretending such stuff as she did," Eva went on excitedly, "that she

was frightened of a man, and all that ; and then making appointments under the rose. It is her foreign bringing up ; but I hate her sly ways—it is positively shameful in one so young, and I wonder you don't see it."

Mr. Greville looked at his wife seriously; her agitation surprised him.

"I tell you what I do see, Evy," he said, "that you are exciting yourself too much."

"I can't help it," she answered striving to keep down her emotions ; "but, Robert, it pains me, indeed it does, to see a young girl so cunning and forward, doing such unwomanly things, running headlong to destruction as she is. You don't know all I know, but I have great fears for Renée—great fears : there is a great deal of foreign levity about her."

"Dear, dear ! this is very bad indeed," said poor Greville, all his satisfaction changed to grave concern. "I had no idea of anything of this kind. I really thought Windham was taking a fancy."

"Don't be a fool !" said Mrs. Greville, sharply. "Don't I tell you it's all on the girl's side?"

"Of course, my dear, you know best : but I'll look into it, I'll speak to Renée. I'll communicate with Windham. I'll——"

"You'll do nothing of the kind, governor." You will leave it all to me. It is not a business I like interfering in, but for your sake I will be a friend to the girl, and I'll tell her that English girls are not so forward. She is motherless, so I will forgive her impertinent manner to myself. Now, go away ; for I am tired, and I will rest awhile."

Mr. Greville turned a look of great admiration on his wife. He was greatly impressed by the great effort she was going to make for his sake. He kissed her with much reverence, a liberty she endured without any visible shrinking whatever, and left the room.

The minute she was alone Mrs. Greville started to her feet, walking about the room in great agitation.

"Could it be true?" she thought. "Robert was such a thick-headed

fool he might mistake, but still her presentiment—the wretch ! to forget her so soon—and Lady Sumner and all the London people who were coming to-morrow, how they would laugh at her ! To think of her being cut out by a young uneducated bread-and-butter miss ! No !" She set her lips firmly together, and to herself she registered a vow that it should *not be*. "She may be young," she thought, as she stood before one of the large mirrors, and surveyed herself critically ; and she may be beautiful, but she will not *beat me*. She has entered the lists with me, let her take the consequences ; she has no one to blame but herself. As for him——" The flush deepened on Mrs. Greville's face, and the evil light that showed the evil nature came into her eyes as she thought of Ralph. A despised lover makes an implacable enemy, and I don't think the fair Eva's mind was filled with very friendly feelings towards Colonel Windham. "At all events, he is too much the gentleman to forget his promise," she thought ; "he will tell me before he proposes for her." As she thought thus, for one moment there flashed across her mind, "Why not let him marry ? Give him up generously. Befriend this girl, and help to make these two happy ? No doubt an inspiration from the friendly angel who is ever striving to help our poor weak human nature. Had she followed that inspiration !—well, this story would never have been written ; but for a minute or two she did hesitate, and the invisible wings fluttered with delight as the weak soul inclined to good ; but then came the thought of the ridicule, the loss of prestige, and the Hon. Eva's proud heart swelled with wounded vanity as she saw in fancy the smile of derision that would pass round when it would be known that Colonel Windham had deserted her for a young and pretty wife. Cover up your head, poor spirit. The die is cast, the good moment is over, and Eva is herself again !



## CHAPTER X.

ABOUT an hour afterwards, Mrs. Greville, standing at the window, saw two figures coming up the oak walk, lingering slowly, as people do who are loath to part. Hiding behind the curtains, she watched their approach, and, by the help of a powerful opera-glass, studied the expression of their faces. It was Renée and Ralph. The girl had taken her hat off, and her face was raised to her companion's. A wrench of the most acute jealousy passed through Eva's heart. The thing that she had been dreading—representing to herself as so odious, so terrible—was then true. She could not mistake the look on Colonel Windham's face. She had never seen such a look directed to herself,—there was such deep love, such respectful admiration in it. Renée herself seemed unconscious of it; she was laughing and looking at him in a perfectly unembarrassed manner.

"I don't think she cares for him," Mrs. Greville thought. "But now they stop, and he takes her hand in his, and is speaking gravely, and she looks down. A charming picture they make. Can he be proposing for her?" Eva thinks; and her breath comes shorter, and her face grows deadly pale. They have separated now, and Renée comes towards the house, while Ralph stands watching her retreating figure with a rapt expression of devotion on his face. "I always thought he was a fool!" Mrs. Greville thought, with silent contempt, "to be caught by a baby face,—a silly, uneducated, stupid girl! Just like men—they are all the same!"

Meanwhile Renée came towards the house. She was infinitely happy. Ralph had been so kind, so tender, so full of interest in her, giving such kind advice, promising to help her through the formidable party impending to-morrow; the smile still lingered on her face, and a soft radiance was in her eyes. As she came into the hall, she met her guardian, and was surprised that, instead of his usual kind and rather fatherly greeting, he spoke

to her in a grave, and, for him, stern manner.

"You will go to Mrs. Greville in the morning-room," he said; "she wants to speak to you. Mind what she says to you. She is very good to you, and you ought to be attentive and respectful to her. I expect that of you, Renée." Then, seeing the distressed and pained look that came into her face, his heart smote him. "Be a good girl," he said, kindly—"be a good girl, and no foreign nonsense, do you understand! Run away now! and here!" calling her back, "there's the trinket I promised you for your birthday. Now, mind what my wife says to you, and be above-board. No tricks!"

Greatly puzzled, and not in the least understanding what he meant, Renée walked on to the morning-room, holding her present in her hand.

Mrs. Greville was lying on the sofa, and one look at her face showed the girl that her hostess was in one of her worst humours. Could she have looked into that evil heart, she would have read there that the sight of her own fresh beauty, the halo of happiness and love that was over her, unknown to herself, was almost maddening to the woman who saw in her her deadliest enemy—a possible rival.

"Come here, Renée," said Mrs. Greville, coldly; "where have you been?"

"At chapel."

Now, don't tell lies," interrupted Eva, quickly. "You needn't try to deceive me; I know all about it, and I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself."

The girl raised her head proudly, and looked at Mrs. Greville.

"I don't tell lies," she said, with dignity.

"Don't answer me," Mrs. Greville said, trembling with rage; "you are a dreadful girl, I don't know what is to become of you. As for your guardian he is perfectly shocked at you, as every right-minded person would be."

"Why, what have I done?" said Renée, astonished.

"Now listen to me," said Mrs. Greville, holding the girl's wrist tightly, and hissing out her words. "When a girl runs after a man as you do, wandering about with him and going on as you do, they can't pretend to any mock modesty. You were afraid of a man—you couldn't look at one, you were so shy; and now you are disgustingly bold and forward."

"Am I bold?" faltered out poor Renée.

"Your conduct," Mrs. Greville went on, severely, "is perfectly indelicate; it is opposed to all our ideas. What Colonel Windham can think of you I really blush to imagine. Some people would lose their characters for doing less than you have done. No girl, if she has any feelings of delicacy ever shows her partiality for a man, or seeks his society unsought, as you have done Colonel Windham's."

"Oh, indeed," began Renée, piteously, the ready tears coming into her eyes, "I have not done so; it is he——"

"I suppose you want to make me believe he seeks *you*?" Mrs. Greville said, with a rising colour. "You! an uneducated, silly child!"

"I know all that," Renée said, humbly; "but it is so. It is because I am *so* silly, *so* stupid, that he comes and tries to teach me so many things. I am so lonely here," she went on, trying to make an appeal to her relentless enemy; "I have no friend but him. You do not care for me, you will not let me love you, and he is so very good to me."

"And do you think you will impose on me, talking such stuff as this. Your friend, indeed! nice friend for a girl of your age. An ingenious method of setting your cap at him! that won't do, my young lady! You are a little hypocrite, and I will write to the good sisters, and tell them of their nice pupil: but I can tell you it won't do. Ralph Windham will never make you his wife."

"His wife!" said Renée, starting back, while all over forehead, neck, and face came a deep scarlet flush,

which dying suddenly away left her white as marble. "His wife! what do you mean?"

"Don't faint," said Mrs. Greville, with a sardonic sneer; "it is a dreadful idea, isn't it? but, all the same in England, when a young lady throws herself, as you do, in the way of a rich man and a desirable husband like Colonel Windham, it is generally supposed that it is only with one motive; they are trying to catch them. Perhaps you don't understand the word, little simpleton? Well, then, in plain English, to marry him."

"Is he rich?" said Renée, faintly. "I didn't know it; and do I run after him?"

"Well, you are always following him, and lying in wait for him."

"Oh, you mistake!" said Renée, quickly; "he comes to meet me, he waits for me. I tried to avoid him at first. I know Madame Mère told me not to speak to gentlemen; but I don't think she meant any one like him, so good, so kind, so noble."

"And do you dare to speak like this to me, to your guardian's wife," said Mrs. Greville, excitedly. "You defy me, then; you are shameless; you refuse to acknowledge your fault."

"Have I done so very wrong?" said Renée, sadly.

"Oh, your theatrical airs don't impose on me," said Mrs. Greville, "and I insist upon knowing the truth. Has Colonel Windham spoken to you of marriage? Now, no nonsense—answer me directly."

The cold eyes were fixed upon her, and the sneering face was looking into hers.

Renée started back from the expression of hatred that was in it.

"No," she answered, quickly—never! I never thought of such a thing, nor, I am sure, did he."

"And of what was he talking to you just now?"

Renée hesitated a little; she couldn't but think Mrs. Greville had no right to ask her such questions; but the habit of obedience was so strong, that she repressed the spirit of rebellion, and answered meekly, "He was making her promise to come to him for advice



when all the people came to-morrow; and—and—”

“Go on!” said Mrs. Greville, fiercely.

“And to avoid Lord Deermouth—that boy, you know. He says he is not a good boy.”

“You fool!” said Mrs. Greville, quickly; “to be taken in by such folly as this. Come to him for advice! Why shouldn’t you come to me? Who ever heard of a young man advising a girl! But it won’t do—not it! Ralph Windham is a man who never in his life cared for any woman but one. I know it from his own lips, and I know the woman, too; but he would spoil sport, if he could. Do you understand me? He never will be anything to you—never!”

“But he says he will be my friend always,” Renée answered, tearfully.

“Are you going to cry like a baby for a man who doesn’t care for you?” Mrs. Greville said, scornfully. “You have no pride! Never mind! I will take care of you. I am your guardian’s wife, and you must obey me. I forbid you to hold any communication with Colonel Windham, except in my presence. You ask no reason why. He is a dangerous companion for you, and that’s enough! I see the nuns were right, and you require to be watched. You have no delicacy, and you would get into all kinds of danger. You have been guilty of a gross breach of our manners and customs, and I really blush for you!”

Cushed and humiliated, poor Renée retired. She never, for one moment, questioned Mrs. Greville’s right to lay her commands upon her, and was quite prepared to obey her implicitly. She had no doubt in her mind but that she had been bold and indelicate, and her cheeks burned as she thought, “What must Ralph think of her?” In the solitude of her own room she cried so long and so bitterly that her eyes were so swollen, and her head ached so painfully, she was quite unable to leave her room. She was glad of it; for with the sensitiveness of extreme youth she felt as if she could never look either Colonel Windham or her guardian in the

face again. Her conduct was so influenced by this feeling that she could hardly bear to raise her eyes to Windham the next morning. They met at breakfast, for, of course, she had carefully avoided going to their usual meeting-place. This sudden relapse into her conventual manner astonished Ralph not a little. He could not make it out, and he began wondering to himself if Mrs. Greville had spoken truly when, the evening before, she had said the girl was full of whims and caprices. In fact, that lady had made an analysis of Renée’s character, and had said, with a sweet smile of angelic patience—

“One must have patience with her, because she is so young; but she is full of queer impulses and fancies. What she likes to-day she dislikes to-morrow. I have not been a favourite with her, and yet to-day she was begging of me to love her, poor child! I will try to do so, but I am afraid it is not in her nature to care for anyone long.”

In pursuance of this declaration, Mrs. Greville, much to Renée’s astonishment, exhibited an amount of kindness and affection for her most uncommon; but the poor child was only too glad to escape the usual amount of snubbing she was in the habit of receiving from her hostess, and met all her advances with gratitude. She was quite unconscious that in Colonel Windham’s mind she was creating an unpleasant impression.

“Why does she let Eva pet her like this?” he thought (with the suspicion natural to his nature roused at once); “there must be some reason for it, and for her avoidance of me.”

“It was in vain that, after breakfast, he tried to draw her away into the flower-garden. She would not leave Mrs. Greville’s side, following her about everywhere, and only seeming to be at ease when Ralph did not address her.

Mrs. Greville was busy in that careless, indolent fashion peculiar to fine ladies, with her preparations for the reception of her guests. She was still an invalid, and, as such, required attention and petting. Leaning on Colonel Windham’s arm,

she took a stroll in the oak walk, and in a quiet, gentle way, began rallying him on his *distract* manner."

"One would really think you were sorry to see me amongst you again," she said, looking with a half playful smile into his face.

"My dear Eva——" he began.

But she laid her finger on his mouth.

"Don't make any protestations," she said, laughing; "I will take it all for granted. And how did you get on with our demure little nun?"

She seated herself on a rustic seat as she spoke, and looked away from Ralph, who made answer as quietly as he could.

"Oh, I did not see much of her."

"What do you think of her?" was Mrs. Greville's next question.

"A nice little girl," Ralph said, throwing himself on the grass, and trying to speak carelessly.

"She amuses me about you," Mrs. Greville went on, drawing little patterns in the gravel before her. "She *will* have it you are so old; a *safe* man; reverend mother never meant *you*. It is so funny!" and the honourable Eva laughed her musical laugh.

Colonel Windham started! Her own words! there was no doubt of it.

"She is very good," he said, dryly.

"Oh! she looks upon you and me as old creatures," Mrs. Greville continued, pleasantly, "naturally enough; and, as she says, she is quite at her ease with you, poor little thing; she is really nice, and it is good of you to give her such good advice—only, Ralph, I do wish you would not prejudice her against Deermouth. You see, the governor

is set upon her marrying him," Mrs. Greville went on; "and I do wish, Ralph, you would not be telling the girl things against him."

"I!" said Colonel Windham, looking up quickly; "How do you know that?"

"Oh, Renée was asking me yesterday was it all true. She said it was very good of you, and all that, to tell her; but I think myself she would take him, and when next you go out walking together, please, instead of telling her to avoid him, sing his praises. You see, it is absolutely necessary to put the Frenchman drawing master, or whatever he is, out of her head; so do try."

"You quite overrate my influence with Miss Cardillan," Ralph said, who was chafing with suppressed indignation; "I can't imagine what put such a notion into your head."

"She is a curious girl," Mrs. Greville went on, musingly; "and I can't make her out. Quite a foreigner, full of impulse, she came flinging herself into my arms yesterday, imploring me to love her, and all that."

"I thought," said Ralph, with a sardonic sneer, "you were wonderfully affectionate this morning."

"Well, I am going to take her under my protection," Eva said, with an angelic smile. "She says she wants advice; and now, Ralph, tell me why did you give poor Deermouth such a sad character? do you know, I think it was malicious of you to make the poor child so uncomfortable?"

"I shan't offend in the same way again," Ralph answered, shortly, as they got up to return to the house. Like all men, he condemned poor Renée unheard, and mounting his high horse, at once kept aloof from her for the rest of that day.

#### CHAPTER XI.

FAIROAKS was in gala dress; the house was full. Gay voices resounded in the hall and long gallery, and Watteau-like figures in satin petticoats, looped-up skirts, and loves of hats, wandered about the old place, and gave to its sombre beauty a picturesque look.

The party was well chosen, and had all the elements of success. The London fine ladies, and the *blasé* men of fashion, heartily sick as they were of one another, made a show of being glad to meet, and, as they were carefully selected from one set, it promised well. It



is A 1 in the fashionable code to amalgamate your party as you would the ingredients in a pudding; and you must also provide yourself with a good "beater-up," otherwise your pudding—*i.e.* your party—won't come out in a perfect shape.

Mrs. Greville was a mistress in the art of collecting together the right people. Every Joe had his Jill in vulgar parlance, and the "beater-up" was on the ground in the person of Mr. Dyke. Who Mr. Dyke was nobody knew. What his profession nobody cared. Had he any relation? no one had ever heard; but certain it was that Dyke had more invitations than any man going. Dyke was in every one's confidence. No one had ever been known to be in his; one reason being that no one much cared for him, for he was a prosy talker, and once he began a story, it was on an endless business, and as Dyke was naturally supposed not to have feeling like other men, he was cut short at once. He was, in fact, one of those anomalies which are always floating about on the surface of society, and who are a necessary portion of it. A little man he was, with a dull, heavy face and low, monotonous voice; he never seemed to see anything, yet always struck in at the right moment, gliding from one group to another, introducing the people who wished to know one another, drawing away the objectionable third who spoiled a promising *tête à tête*, or engaging some desolate dowager or stranded young lady in a confidential and apparently interminable conversation. These were his duties, and he did them well, and, after all, there is a certain virtue in fulfilling one's appointed rôle in life.

There had been some amount of anxiety to know if Colonel Wyndham would be at Fair Oaks, and there was a good deal of quiet telegraphing and lifting of the eyelids, when he was found to be actually on the ground.

"I am very sorry I ever came. Drum Hall would have been a better place for us; it is perfectly scandalous," remarked the Dowager Countess of Rosemary to her daughter, in the privacy of their own apart-

ments. You may put him out of your head, my dear. Fancy, he has been domesticated all these weeks in the house!"

"What *does* he see in her?" said the young lady, spitefully; "she looks her age, and, as Chum says, she must be forty."

"Chum talks a deal of nonsense," Lady Rosemary snapped back again; "and you make a fool of yourself with an idiot like him. I didn't bring you here at all this expense to throw away your time on 'Chum.' I tell you what, I'll take you away to-morrow, if I see any more of this nonsense. I can tell you Chum is making a fool of you; he is quite taken with that new girl—Greville's niece—and much good it will do her."

"I don't think she is a bit pretty," said the Lady Louisa, excitedly; "you always like saying these nasty things, mamma; she is quite sallow, and Chum only admires fair women."

"It does not make much matter who he admires, he is a perfect beggar. I should like to know how you would get clothes to your back, with your extravagant tastes. I really wonder at you; it isn't as if you were sixteen, but after so many seasons, I saw Windham looking at you to-night, when you were sitting in the window with Chum."

"Now, mamma, that is nonsense. Windham doesn't care a pin what I do, and that is the truth; he hasn't either eyes or ears for anyone but that odious Mrs. Greville," and the spoiled beauty looked very near a fit of crying.

"I don't agree with you, my dear. I think he is getting tired of being so long in her leading-strings; I saw signs of weariness about him to-night; he yawned very often, and that's a good sign," added the astute old woman, who had been in society-harness ever since she could remember. She had managed to provide for two plain daughters, but this one, the beauty, the flower of the flock, hung very much on hand. Her successful angling for the two eldest had brought with it, as success ever does, its own disadvantages, and poor Lady Lou was paying *de sa personne* for the triumphs of her sisters. She was now in her fourth season, and a waning beauty. Ralph

had long been in both mother's and daughter's mind, and his being a cousin, gave a sort of intimacy which by judicious treatment, might be brought to something, at least the old lady worked at it assiduously, and, as may be imagined, both ladies hated Mrs. Greville with a hatred that was all the fiercer, because it had to be concealed, for the Countess of Rosemary was but a dowager relict of a poor nobleman, and as such had to swallow a good deal of dirt with a smiling face ; at all events, *she*, in her turn, took it out of those lower in the social scale, amongst whom she discounted the aristocratic prefix with much advantage to herself, and did a vast amount of patronage. Lady Lou was quite willing to smile benignantly on Ralph's suit whenever he made up his mind to throw the handkerchief to her, and in the meantime diverted herself much more to her own satisfaction with Chum Dering.

There is no need for me to describe Chum to you. His fair, good-looking face is familiar to all of us. Not over-burdened with sense, one can see at a glance there is no harm in him. *Bon enfant* describes him exactly. A simple creature enough, poor "Chum" is his own worst enemy. He can keep no secrets, and is always full of his own affairs ; and thinking that he derives some importance from his numerous love affairs, he is for ever pouring some mysterious lack-a-daisical story into somebody's ear. A female *confidante* is essential to him, and it is remarkable that he always selects for that purpose the prettiest woman going, at whose feet he will sit, and pour out his little tale of love. He is sure of meeting sympathy, for women are singularly touched by affairs of the heart, particularly when they are retailed by a handsome man, and so "Chum" generally found a good many listeners to his eternal little chant about himself ; but with all his faults, Chum is a great favourite, and Lady Lou, spoiled beauty as she is, has a corner in her heart where "Chum" reigns very supreme ; but of course anything serious could not be thought of, as Dering is a poor man ; and so *they* both play the game, which so many have played before them.

When Lady Lou first saw him he was ranged under Lady Sumner's banner, and it had been her great amusement to wrench him from that lady ; but now that she had accomplished her victory, she found it had some drawbacks, and one was her mother's indignation at such perverse waste of time.

Lady Sumner was in every respect a decided contrast to her rival, Mrs. Greville. She was little and dark, with the most wonderful large sleepy, Circassian eyes, with which she made the most surprising play, lifting them suddenly to your face, and looking at you until you began to feel very queer indeed. She was a piquant little creature, dressed in the most fantastic bizarre fashion, she sang passionate little French romances and old English ballads in the most delicious manner with little or no voice, but made up in action.

It was her one great triumph, that when she and Mrs. Greville had sung the same night at the Honourable Mrs. Glossop's concert, in aid of the paralysed street-sweepers, she carried away all the honours by the way in which she sang "Wapping Old Stairs."

Like our friend Eva, flirting was the one object of her existence ; but as she had more heart than that lady, she was more in danger. Her husband, a dissipated, extravagant man, had his own amusements, and was seldom to be seen with her ; but she was generally accompanied by her little boy five years old, a spoiled brat and regular *enfant terrible*. She attracted Renée's attention more than any of the new arrivals ; and in the evening when she was singing, she drew near to the piano to listen. The expression of earnest admiration in her face pleased the little lady, and, turning towards her, she said, in her naïve, rather eccentric manner—

"Do you like that?"

"Yes," Renée answered, a little confused at being addressed before so many people.

"Then I'll sing you another," and Lady Sumner, fixing her eyes upon Renée, made her her *point de vue*, and sang an extremely amorous ditty at her.

In the meantime a great many



eye-glasses had been directed towards the "new face." "Who is she?" said "Chum," rather excitedly, to Mrs. Greville.

"Oh, that's my little nun," that lady answered, with a shrug of her shoulders; "and that reminds me you are a very good person to take her in hand. She is quite afraid of the monster, man."

"I think you make a mistake," said Lord Deermouth, with one of his malicious grins; "one of the *monsters* is *au mieux* with that young lady."

"Meaning yourself?" questioned Mrs. Greville, looking a little uneasy.

"As if I did not worship at another and fairer shrine?" said the youth sentimentally; "but I am afraid none of us would have any chance there when Windham enters the lists."

The boy's pale face had such a

malevolent expression of pleasure in this thrust that Mrs. Greville recoiled from it.

"It was foolish of me to have thrown him over for Ralph," she thought, remembering the night on the terrace, but aloud she only said—

"Well, *I know* who would have a better chance than Colonel Windham if *he* liked. I am going to let you have a little dance in the long gallery to-night, and let me see who will persuade the little nun to join," and moving away, she mixed amongst her guests.

"I say, Chum," said the young peer, "it is a regular plant about that girl, it is a dead set they're making at *me*," and the boy drew up his collar, and laughed to himself conceitedly.

"Don't make an ass of yourself," said Chum indignantly; "she is a deuced deal too good for you."

## CHARLES DICKENS.

(IN MEMORIAM.)

STAR after star still droppeth from the skies,  
And leaves no trace of vanished light behind,  
Yet still the light of Heav'n delights our eyes,  
As when created by th' Eternal Mind:  
So when the twinkling stars of human-kind  
Drop from their orbit, and extinguished lie,  
An undiminished splendour still we find,  
To gladden and inspire the mental eye,  
For other stars remain bright-shining in our sky!

A star has just gone out, and, for a time,  
Upon our minds may rest a veil of gloom,  
To throw a shade athwart the realms sublime,  
Where stars are found, like daisies all a-bloom!  
No shade is there, for light doth still illumine  
The firmament, the shade is all our own—  
This too will disappear, as it hath come,  
And leaves us more resigned, and less cast down,  
And strong to bear the *cross*, that we may wear the *crown*.

So one by one the stars will drop away,  
The sun and moon will also disappear,  
But there is ONE who holds imperial sway,  
And knows no change in His unchanged career:

His is a light the saddened heart to cheer,  
 Brighter than sun, or moon, or twinkling star,  
 Dearer than all that is accounted dear,  
 Lovelier than all things near us, or afar,  
 Purer than all we know, which Death can never mar !

Would that on those who sorrow for their friend,  
 This Star of stars would let his radiance fall,  
 Then would their sorrow have an hopeful end,  
 And Death to them be no grim funeral pall,  
 A cause of fear, an over-dreaded call !  
 Their friend hath gone, his glory taken wing,  
 The shadow of himself we but recal,  
 His works reflect the man of whom we sing  
 In melancholy notes that little comfort bring.

What'er he was to God, to man he was  
 A genial friend, a cheery welcome guest,  
 Of mirthfulness—a constant feast—the cause,  
 Imagination's light, and Fancy's zest,  
 And Sorrow's joy, and pure Affection's rest,  
 Inimitably varied in his art,  
 Kind, unassuming, evermore in quest  
 Of some new thing to please, or to impart  
 A remedy for ills that cut him to the heart.

He hated the oppressor and his work,  
 And used his power to root it out the land,  
 And many a grievous wrong that loved to work !  
 In hidden corners, Argus-like, he scann'd,  
 And brought to light ; and thus he lent a hand  
 To Misery and Want, and weaker Things,  
 Fast sinking 'neath the foe's unpitying brand,  
 Which, was it scourges, like a scorpion stings,  
 Deaf to the piteous cry of human sufferings !

He pictured the oppressor and his ways,  
 And hung them up as "scarecrows" to deter  
 The evil-doers of our evil days,  
 From erring as their *friends* had lived to err.  
 This kind of good he laboured to confer,  
 With what result no mortal pen can say ;  
 Words are as goads that noble spirits spur  
 To noble deeds, and, star-like, point the way,  
 Or as the seeds whose fruit is found another day !

While to amuse the world's Protean mind,  
 He drew strange characters upon the wall  
 Of observation keen, that we might find  
 Some shadow of ourselves upon us fall ;  
 And thus the real from the ideal cull.  
 Oddly combined as they were often found,  
 The travesty of art amusing all :—  
 Thus is mankind amused, and thus renowned !  
 Would it were less required, and earth were holier ground !

For small the good the wisest of us do,  
 Our efforts ill-directed, feeble, vain,  
 Or otherwise to Heav'n's own plan untrue,  
 And, therefore, ineffectual to restrain



The pow'r of evil, and the victory gain.  
 Thus Literature enkindles its own fire,  
 And in its light rejoiceth to remain,  
 But with the Torch of Life it must expire,  
 And leave but charred remains of Fancy's funeral pyre.

How suddenly our friend was caught away !  
 His light extinguished like a falling star !  
 A night of silence following his day,  
 And Sorrow weeping on Death's sable car !  
 Thus do our lamps go out, or pale afar,  
 Like comets in th' horizon of our view,  
 Fast falling o'er the circumambient bar,  
 Their visit in the future to renew—  
 So will our friend return, and we shall see him too.

We buried him at last among his peers,  
 The literary stars of other days,  
 Whose glory lingers through the dying years,  
 And sheds abroad its parti-color'd rays.  
 Pomp mocked his burial with no fond displays,  
 Fern leaves, camelias, roses white and red,  
 Form'd into wreaths and chaplets (Honour's bays),  
 Adorned his bier, and the last words were said  
 That parted, for a time, the living and the dead.

Here let us drop the curtain, and refrain  
 From prying into God's unknown designs,  
 Lest judging rashly we be judged again  
 By our own hard charitable lines.  
*He was our brother* who in death reclines,  
 Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?  
 Then leave the dead to Him who still inclines  
 His heart to mercy, for He lives in light,  
 And love and all good things are precious in His sight.

Thus let us close the book, and grieve no more,  
 Ye cannot bring him back to cheer your heart :  
 Rise, and anoint your eyes as heretofore,  
 And, re-aspiring, seek the better part.  
 For even death instruction may impart  
 To some among the living of the land.  
 That they, too, may be ready to depart,  
 When snaps the silver cord in God's right hand,  
 And breaks the golden bowl at His supreme command !

J. C. H.

## S O C R A T E S .

### PART I.

IN considering the character and principles of this philosopher we have, first of all, to transport ourselves in imagination to a distant country, and to a period of time more than 2200 years ago. But though the scene and the time are thus distant, it does not follow that the subject is uninteresting or un-instructive. It need not be either the one or the other. Whatever involves to any extent the history of man, whatever shows us the acts or principles of mankind, cannot

but be instructive and interesting to us. History has been defined to be philosophy teaching by example. Such philosophy may be learnt from the proceedings of a single state, and may be gathered from the incidents that are grouped round the life of one man.

In such an investigation we may find some things to which our own times and our own country furnish certain points of resemblance. Where such present themselves the picture will be more life-like; and though we have to deal with men and things of more than two thousand years ago, we may be able to trace the working of principles that are as active now as they were then, and were as active then as they are now. If "the proper study of mankind is man," we may learn something of importance to ourselves from one who lived in this remote period.

Before speaking of Socrates more particularly, it may be as well that we should take a glance at the place in which he lived, and the character of the people among whom he lived. These two things he had much to do with, and perhaps they had much to do with him.

We should not be wide of the mark if we were to say, broadly, that at the time Socrates came into the world his native city was at its meridian splendour. For something like 1,100 years it had progressed from its first founding by a small body of settlers. During these years its inhabitants had developed their character and the resources of the country. They had in the mean time sent out colonies to other places. It forms no part, or, at any rate, a very small part, of our purpose to trace their greatness, or the changes, political or other, through which they had passed. It is enough to say that there had been such changes. A sovereignty, an oligarchy, a tyranny, a democracy, had succeeded each other. Through all these changes Athens had grown. Just twenty years before the birth of Socrates, the Persian king, the successor of mighty Oriental potentates, had sent his haughty demand of submission to Athens—earth and water,—and on its refusal had despatched his myriads, under his

ablest generals, to what he imagined must be an easy conquest. But the mettle of the free was up, and (for that time, at least) the immortal day of Marathon quenched in blood the hopes of the Eastern sovereign. Ten years later, and with greater forces, his son, who had succeeded him in the interval, resumed the enterprise. The Father of History tells us the enormous number of his troops, how every region of his wide dominions had to furnish its contingent, how seven days and seven nights were spent in transporting his troops across the narrow strait of the Dardanelles. But neither by sea nor by land were his forces of any avail. The naval battle of Salamis repeated the defeat of Marathon ten years before. Though the Persian king (who on this occasion accompanied the expedition) left his troops under a trusted general behind him when he fled after his defeat for his own safety, a year or two sufficed to exterminate the invaders.

In these conflicts Athens played a conspicuous part. Besides the immediate renown, her people had measured their strength with the greatest potentate of the day, and they had not been found wanting. The natural result was confidence in their own powers. Led by men who were as prudent in council as brave in action, Athens rose to become at that time the leading state in Greece. Other people, less powerful, put themselves under her. The neighbouring states and islands sought protection. She was become a great naval power, and held a sort of sovereignty, which the other states voluntarily conceded to her. It was at this time that Socrates was born. In less than forty years began the war with the rival state of Sparta, which, after lasting some seven-and-twenty years, terminated disastrously for Athens.

As to their character, the people of Athens had certain marked peculiarities. As in all purely democratic states, they had an overweening notion of their own individual importance. The sovereign people in its assembly was everything, and the transition was easy to the individual members that composed that assembly. They



might be ignorant; they might be incapable of measuring the dangers and difficulties of an emergency; they might have no stake, nothing to lose; that was nothing,—each man had his vote. The consequence of this was that the best and the wisest of the citizens of Athens were either expelled or put to death, or had to expatriate themselves. It was so with many whose names are now known to fame. It was so with the great man of whom we are about to treat more at large. When the sovereign people had repented of their foul condemnation of him, they sought to appease his shades with the blood of his accusers, whom they had but just before supported, cheered, and voted for.

The people of Athens were a capricious people. This mark follows closely on that which has been already referred to, their self-importance. Each man thought himself as wise as, or wiser than, his neighbour; and the notion of the day was the paramount one.

For all this they were a people at the mercy of leaders. Among these leaders were men of powerful minds and active habits; men of such strongly patriotic feelings, that self was lost in their patriotism. To such Athens owed its greatness. On the other hand, there were among those leaders men, vain, mean spirited, self-seeking, pandering to the worst passions of the day, following even where they seemed to lead. It was by such that Athens fell.

Many things—such as the situation of their city, its commercial enterprise, its constitution—helped to give this people another mark,—that of an idle, restless curiosity. The great orator, who a century after the time with which we are now concerned, tried in vain to awaken in his countrymen the spirit of former days, and to check the progress of Macedonian aggrandizement, had to tell them to their faces that instead of working and putting their shoulders to the wheel, they were only going up and down the streets, asking, 'What news?' And, almost four hundred years later, a greater authority has left it on record that "all the Athenians and the sojourn-

ers there spent their time in nothing else but hearing or seeing some new thing."

There were plenty also to gratify their tastes. The demand created a supply; and the supply does not seem generally to have fallen below the demand. Men and women (for there were strong-minded women even then) who had any new thing to exhibit, any novel theories to propose, any strange cosmogony to reveal, any peculiar views, physical or metaphysical, to propound, always found a market for their wares at Athens. Among these were a class of men, with whom Socrates found much to do, who called themselves *Sophists*, implying modestly by that term that they were imbued with all wisdom. For ages now the name of *sophist* has been used only as a term of reproach. There was a thoughtful sage, who called himself, and whose followers called themselves, *philosophers*, to imply that they were *lovers of wisdom*. He did it in a feeling of humility, from not thinking himself to be what these Sophists vaunted themselves to be. And it is well worth notice that ever since *philosopher* and *philosophy* have been terms of high and honourable import, while the pretenders to a shallow knowledge and the victims of an overweening self-conceit have left to the world the words *sophist*, *sophism*, *sophistry*, irrevocably connected with what is mean, hollow, and pretentious.

These Sophists were the men who amused and spoiled the Athenian people. It was, no doubt, an entertaining way for that people of passing their time, to hear these men splitting straws with one another, unsettling everything and settling nothing. But such is also a very dangerous sort of entertainment. Its fruit at Athens may be traced some hundreds of years after the time of which we are speaking, when one to whom reference has been made before came there with a more concerning message than any that had been delivered in that city previously; and all that the people generally thought of him was, that he was a "babbler,"—a mere sower of words.

Socrates saw beforehand the evil

that the Sophists were doing: and he lost no opportunity of unmasking their crude theories and their superficial knowledge of the subjects of which they constituted themselves professors. They were fond of dabbling in deep matters, and speculating on abstruse subjects. He, on the other hand, it has been said, brought philosophy from heaven to earth, so as to make it bear on common life, and from things known and acknowledged to educe principles for the regulation of the life in matters not equally plain and certain.

Thus much may suffice for the state of the people generally among whom Socrates lived. It is necessary to bear these things in mind, in order rightly to estimate his character, views, and actions. We may now turn more particularly to him.

It was in such a state of society, in such a place, and at such a period (*i. e.*, 469 years before the Christian era), that Socrates was born. It is said that an oracle had declared to his father that the child's natural bias was not to be opposed, because he had an inner guide that would lead him more safely than any number of teachers. His father was a statuary, and Socrates for some time followed his father's employment—an honourable one in that land of taste. The young man, however, showed predilections for other pursuits than those of a statuary. When he was seventeen years old he attended the lectures of the chief teachers of that day, incited to this step by one who had discovered something of his powers, and who also liberally supplied the money that was needed for him to enter on this new course. From that time to the end of his days Socrates, while still attending to other matters, was chiefly engaged in philosophical investigations. He had his disciples, as other teachers had; but between his system and theirs, between his manner of teaching and theirs, and between his objects and theirs, a very wide difference is observable—in fact, so wide that it ultimately tended to his ruin.

It is not necessary to go through the details of his life in the order of time as they occurred; nor need they

be referred to except so far as they help to illustrate the character of the man. To draw this out more vividly, we propose now to look at Socrates from different points of view, and to exhibit him, firstly, such as he was in private life; secondly, such as he was when he had to appear in public matters; thirdly, such as he was as a philosopher; and lastly, such as he was at the close of his career.

1. We know little of Socrates as a son. What he considered to be a son's duty we shall presently see. His earliest life seems to have been passed in a quiet unobtrusive way; and from continuing with his father, and following his employment, when other people saw that he was fitted for higher things, we may perhaps infer that he was not wanting in that filial duty to his parents which he forcibly impressed on his own son.

As a husband he was singularly *unfortunate*, or *fortunate* (as the case may be), in his choice of a wife. Perhaps most people would say that *unfortunate* is the right word to use. His wife led him a hard life. Not that he was henpecked; but she was a vixen to the back-bone. She gave Socrates small share of domestic peace and quietude. If strangers teased him he need not go home for solace: there was a tongue there sharper than any he left behind; there was a temper there that seems to have been ungovernable. Most probably she had good points—let us not forget to do her this justice;—but we are now concerned with Socrates in his domestic circle, and we must therefore say what his wife was in that circle. She does not seem to have confined herself to words. Some anecdotes are told of her. One, though well known, will bear repeating. It will show her mettle. After having on one occasion treated her husband to a great share of verbal abuse, which does not appear to have disturbed his equanimity, she poured a bucket of water upon him. The philosopher was still firm. He merely then observed, "After thunder generally comes rain."

Most people would say that this was an unfortunate choice for the philosopher to have made. In



these days, people so treated would do their best to get relief from the Judge Ordinary of the Divorce Court. But Socrates is said to have made his choice deliberately. Not that he inquired what fortune she was likely to have, or that he went to an Athenian Doctors' Commons to inspect her father's will, supposing him dead. He is said to have made his choice for purposes of self-discipline. His pupil and biographer represents him speaking on this head in such terms as the following :—

"I do with Xanthippe" (for that was the name of his wife) "as those do who would learn horsemanship. They do not choose easy, quiet horses, or such as are manageable at pleasure, but the highest mettled and the hardest mouthed. They do this because they believe that if they can tame the natural heat and impetuosity of these, there can be none too hard for them to manage. I purpose very much the same sort of thing to myself. I have designed to converse with all sorts of people, and I believe that I shall not find anything in their conversation or manners to disturb me when I am once accustomed to bear the unhappy temper of Xanthippe."

We are told that the company to which these words were spoken relished what Socrates said, and the thought appeared very reasonable.

If this were the object of Socrates in choosing Xanthippe (whose name has become a synonym for a termagant), he was, without doubt, *fortunate* in his selection. She gave him discipline enough. But it can only be in rare cases that the *example* of Socrates on this head can be followed with safety. The *use* he made of his domestic trial may be profitably remembered by any that have a Xanthippe to deal with.

However, if Socrates bore with equanimity his wife's temper, his son does not seem to have been disposed to avail himself of the discipline that was so beneficial to his father. It does not appear that Xanthippe used more than provoking words to her son. It does not appear that she had treated him to the contents of the slop-pail, or had exercised her maternal authority so

far as deliberately to give him a ducking in the water-butt. We know, at any rate, that the young gentleman's wrath had been excited by his mother's behaviour to him. His indignation seems to have boiled over. This came to the knowledge of Socrates, as might be expected; and it gave him an opportunity of speaking to his son on his duty to his parents.

"Tell me, my son," said Socrates, "did you ever hear of people who are called ungrateful?"

"Many," replied the son.

"Have you considered what gained them this appellation?"

"They were called ungrateful because, having received favours, they refused to make any return."

"Ingratitude, then, would appear to be a species of injustice?"

"It would so."

"Have you ever examined thoroughly what this kind of injustice is? Or do you suppose that, as we are said to be unjust only when we treat our friends ill, and not when we injure our enemies, in the same way we are unjust when we are ungrateful to our friends, but not so when we are ungrateful to our enemies?"

"I have considered it thoroughly," replied the son, "and I am convinced to be ungrateful is to be unjust, no matter whether the object of our ingratitude be friend or foe."

"Well, then," continued Socrates, "if ingratitude be injustice, it follows that the greater the benefit of which we are unmindful, the greater is the injustice of which we are guilty."

To this the son assented.

"Well, now," said Socrates, "where shall we find any who have received greater benefits from others than children have from their parents? They owe their existence to them, and, in consequence of this, the capacity of beholding all the beauties of nature, and the privilege of partaking in those various blessings that God has so bountifully dispensed to all mankind. These are advantages held universally to be so inestimable, that it excites our greatest abhorrence to be deprived of them. The legislator made death the punishment of the

greatest crimes, because he thought that the terror with which every one looked on it would be most likely to deter from the commission of those crimes which entail on those who are guilty of them the greatest of evils. Besides this, consider the tender affection with which a mother watches over her child; how she attends it continually with unwearied care, though she has received no benefit from it, and it does not know to whom it is thus indebted. She seeks, as it were, to divine its wants; night and day her solicitude knows no intermission, unmindful of what may afterwards be the fruit of her pains. And when children are old enough to receive instruction, their parents endeavour to instil into their minds the knowledge that will most conduce to their well-being. Or if others can do this better than themselves, they send them to such."

"Well," said the young man, "though my mother had done this and a thousand times more, no man could put up with her ill-humour."

"But what," rejoined Socrates, "have you made this mother put up with from your peevishness? However, tell me, don't you think it necessary to show respect or submission to anybody at all? Or are you so satisfied of your own importance that you think it needless to pay regard to any?"

"Nay," said the son, "I try to recommend myself to my superiors."

"Most likely, too, you would keep on good terms with your neighbour, in case anything should occur in which his assistance would be useful?"

"Certainly I would."

"And if you were going on a journey or a voyage, you would not be indifferent about your fellow-travellers, whether they loved or hated you?"

"Of course not."

"Unhappy youth!" rejoined the philosopher, "to think it right to do your best to gain the good-will of these people, and suppose that you are to do nothing for a mother, whose love for you so far exceeds that of everybody else! You must have forgot that while every other kind of ingratitude is passed over by our laws, public punishments are appointed for those who are

wanting in respect to their parents. The laws give no protection to such. It is held that no sacrifice, offered by hands so unholy, can be acceptable to God, or beneficial to man; for a mind that is so utterly debased must be equally incapable of undertaking anything great, or executing anything justly. The same punishments have been assigned by the laws for such as neglect the rites of burial for their parents; and particular regard is had to these points when inquiry is made into the lives and behaviour of those who offer themselves candidates for any public office. If you are wise, my son, you will not delay to entreat pardon of God; lest He, from whom your ingratitude cannot be hid, should turn away His favour from you. Be careful, also, to conceal it from the eyes of men, lest you find yourself forsaken by all who know you; for no one will expect his kindness to be appreciated by one who can show himself unmindful of what he owes to his parents."

These are words of wisdom that all may profit by.

Before we pass from the private life of Socrates it may be as well to give the substance of a conversation which shows his views and advice on another relation.

He had observed two brothers at variance, and he wished to bring about a reconciliation. Meeting one of them, he thus accosted him:—

"Are you, then, one of those mercenary people who prefer money to a brother, and who forget that it, being only inanimate, requires much vigilance and care for its protection, whereas a brother, being endued with reason and reflection, is able to give assistance and protection to you? It is a strange thing that a man should suppose himself injured because he cannot enjoy his brother's fortune! He might as well complain of being injured by the rest of his fellow-citizens, because the wealth of the whole community does not centre in him alone. However, to be born of the same parents, and educated in the same house, ought to be considered as so many powerful elements, for even wild beasts show some attachment to the animals that they are brought up with."



"I will not deny," said the other, that a brother when he is such as he should be, is (as you say) an inestimable treasure; and we ought to bear long with one another instead of quarreling on every trifling occasion. But this brother of mine fails in every particular—in fact, he is the reverse of all he ought to be; and to keep on terms with such a man is next to an impossibility."

"Is your brother," said Socrates, "displeasing to everybody? Or are there persons to whom he can be very agreeable?"

"It is on that account," replied the other, "that I am more angry with him; because, wherever he goes, he does not fail to make himself agreeable to others; but, as for me, he seems bent on nothing but displeasing me."

"May not this," said Socrates, "happen from your want of tact with him? A horse that is not unmanageable to others becomes altogether so to an unskilful rider."

"Well," said the brother, "I know well enough how to return any kindness, shown me either in word or deed; and why should I be supposed ignorant of the manner in which I ought to behave to a brother? No, when I see a man catch at every opportunity to vex and disoblige me, shall I, after that, show kindness to such a person? I neither can nor will."

"You surprise me," said Socrates. "Suppose you had a dog that watched your sheep carefully. This dog fawns on your shepherds, but snarls at you. What do you do under such circumstances? Do you fly out into a rage? Or do you try to win it over to you? Now you acknowledge that a brother is an inestimable treasure when he is such as he ought to be; and you say that you are not ignorant of the arts of conciliating favour and affection, but yet you are resolved to employ none of them to gain the love of your brother."

"I do not believe, Socrates, that I have arts sufficient to succeed in such an attempt."

"And yet," rejoined Socrates, "I should not suppose that any new art is necessary; practise only those you are already master of, and you

will find them sufficient to recover his affection."

"If," said the other, "you know what these are, please inform me; for they are unknown to me."

"Suppose," said Socrates, "you wished some friend to invite you to his feast when he was offering a sacrifice; what means would you adopt to induce him to invite you?"

"I would invite him to one of mine?"

And if you wanted him in your absence to look after your affairs, what then?"

"I would try what I could to secure his gratitude by first rendering him the service that I wished to receive."

"And suppose you desire to secure for yourself a hospitable reception in some foreign country, what would you do?"

"When any of that country came here, I would invite them to my house, and I would spare no pains to assist them in despatching the business on which they came, that, when I visited their country they might help me in despatching mine."

"Is it so, then?" said Socrates; "are you such a master in all the arts of conciliating favour and affection, and yet know nothing of the matter? But you are afraid of making the first advances to your brother, lest it should degrade you in the opinion of those who hear of it. But surely it ought not to be less noble for a man to anticipate his friends in courtesy and kind offices than to get the start of his enemies in inflicting injuries. If I had thought that your brother was as much disposed as you to a reconciliation, I should have endeavoured to prevail on him to make the first advances; but you seemed to me the more appropriate leader in this matter, and I fancied that in this way success would be more likely to ensue from it."

"Nay, now, Socrates," said the other, "you don't speak with your usual wisdom. I am the younger, and would you have me make the overtures? In all nations it is the undoubted privilege of the eldest to lead."

"Well, but," said Socrates, "is it

not the custom everywhere for the younger to give way to the elder? to rise up to him? to give him the place which is most honourable? to hold his peace till the elder has done speaking? Delay not, then, to do what I advise."

"But suppose, when I have acted as you advise, he should still behave no better than he has done?"

"Then," said Socrates, "no other harm can result to you from it than that of having shown yourself a

good man and a good brother to one whose bad temper makes him undeserving of your regard. But I don't apprehend any such result. As it is, nothing can be more deplorable than your present situation. For it is the same thing as if the hands, ordained of God for mutual assistance, should so far forget their office as to impede each other; or as if the feet, designed by Providence for reciprocal help, should entangle each other, to the hindrance of both."

### LEAVES ON THE STREAM.

STIRRED by the breeze of enthusiasm, shaken by the breath of a sudden inspiration, or detached in the silence of the woods, and falling leisurely down the still air—the quiet of a mind at rest, do thoughts of many minds fall upon the stream beneath—the ever-onward current of time. To some hidden and lonely soul often have words, thus dropped, shed light on its darksome path, brought guidance in perplexity, comfort in the twilight of sorrow. Strange is the power dwelling in words to convey to another the very tone and attitude of some kindred soul, bearing tidings of close heart-sympathy and feelings held in common, and that across the desert of non-acquaintance and separation, and over the ocean of a thousand years.

Leaves on the stream: how varied in shape, and colour, and size, and beauty, may be those that eddy past our home, the books and papers brought to our eyes; some dropped in the early sheen of their first green freshness, others in mellow hues of Autumn, some the mere skeleton of their former full beauty! We get books of cold exact science, frosty in their healthy severity, wholesome as the sharp air of a winter's night: we may ponder over tomes of olden story, leaves of some far romance, pages bronzed with age, yet carrying still a freshness of charm, and a beauty all their own, an individuality of interest unimpaired by time. We may meet with some touching tale of heart-movement for joy or sorrow, some graceful

and slender leaf from the tree of experience, detached in all the gloss and glory of youth, fervid with the sun of summer, its veins yet filled with the nutriment of vigorous life.

How great may be the contrast between leaves lying side by side, or jostling each other on the book-shelf! Here is one on Reciprocal Polars; there another from "As You Like It;" this a page on Indian Finance; yonder one from Milton; here may be a leaf from some coarse jest-book (now happily rarely seen); there another breathing a high and noble piety. Truly great in their issues are these many-veined and varied leaves, wringing their way from soul to soul across a barrier otherwise impassable, carrying to wasting spirits words to comfort and assure; words of joy to hearts in sorrow; words of dread warning to heedless ones at folly; words of strong sympathy for many a child of time, yearning for the fellowship of kindred souls, for fuller freedom for heart exercise, for larger scope for the spirit's powers, for the breath of heaven's stormless air, and its long bright Sabbath of repose.

Few things are taken home to us with more zest than reading the leaves recording the inner struggles of good men or great; of battles grim and long; of final triumphs won by patient wrestling; of some depression or conflict, such as we ourselves have secretly known, conquered on some occasion by one or other conducive to contentment, most



of all by the sublime records of one sacred Book. Hence we see how grave becomes the duty of authors, who launch on the stream of time the books and papers floating around us, to give good heed to their healthy tone, that such leaves may have an atmosphere laden with plenty of the invigorating oxygen of soundness and truth of purpose, such as will stand the stern test of time; to see that no leaves or papers float irrecoverably away, that have in them anything to cause men to offend; considering the lasting weight and strength of words. Keep back, therefore, harmful leaves: and let those go forth, thickly as the shower, of frosty foliage when autumn winds go by, that contain aught of good for comfort, for counsel, or for information.

We can count over many books and essays, when reading which we are impressed by their bracing air, and feel at once the kindliness and sincerity of the writer. All hail to these. Far down the river of time shall some seeking or troubled person alight upon the leaf to lead him a right step onward. Some weary one shall bless the early writer for lines to solace him in the heat of noon, when the weight of life may well-nigh cast him down; while the evening hours are *over there*, very far away, as he sits on the wayside bank in almost despondency, when marking the long miles lying between himself and home. Far down the river who may not be waiting till such leaves are borne to them, to turn them, it may be, into a better path; or to light up the gloom of some settled sorrow, bringing out the heart into a region of greater quietude and trust. Far down the river may be those who, by some indirect words of ours, may have direction to the source of effulgence and security when their light is burning low; there may be those who shall thank the far-off writer for his little feeble help unto their repose.

How unknown to the writer is often the force of a single word he may be using. We remember once meeting with the words in a magazine article, the sweetly-soothing words *beata tranquillitas*, in refe-

rence to an old Roman coin of one of Rome's later emperors. We well remember the pleasant and suggestive power of these words, received with the tranquil spirit of the passage in which they occurred—like some sedative for present care; and which passage conveyed much of the grave stillness and satisfaction felt by the talented authoress when these words were penned. Such a stray message found a lodgement in one heart, at least, where its echo yet lingers. *Tranquillitas*: surely every great boon given to man must embody this; it lies at the centre of the best gifts, and, like a calm atmosphere surrounds benefits conferred by the All-powerful; hurry is not in it, or over-hasty quest of gain. *Beata* surely. To hearts in time grown somewhat weary, how refreshing! As rest in the heat by a trickling stream, or sleep to a tired child. Some time let us hope fully to realise this *working repose*, perfect as the smooth rolling of worlds, complete as the silence between the stars. But to return. A leaf of the *Times*, how often is its influence great on the minds of men in matters political and monetary; its powers reaching to all corners of civilised lands, and to some scarcely civilised! How the leading articles carry weight on some mooted point of jurisprudence or finance! How often do we find find, in this and other papers, strong lights and shadows setting off each other by contrast; as, for instance, cold, calculating money speculations side by side with touches laying bare some heart's emotion at sad home sorrows! *Here* you have the City article, with its Consols, discount, and exchange; *there*, in the top corner of the second column, you may read such words as these: "Amy is ill: return home: all forgiven. T. G." We read such cries after restoration of lost home completeness with a curious and mournful interest, so sad often is the revelation of a single word.

Taking at random some stray leaves in a lawyer's office, what contrasts here present themselves. Joy here brought to *one* person, sorrow there carried to *another*: wealth for this, bankruptcy for that: here the names

of those just entering upon their patrimony, there the dying hand signature of another. Thus there come to be occasionally some touches of poetry in the stiff skins of law, and even gentle, kindly words written in that hard handwriting of the attorney.

Thinking of these leaves on the stream of time, what contrasts present themselves to the mind: as between a leaf from the merchant's accounts of the firm of Bandox Brothers, and the loose sketches in any artist's portfolio! Try to draw a comparison between an entry of Bank-stock at so much per cent., and that sketch of a stag lifting his head after drinking in the sedgey margin of that wintry moonlit lake! Fancy the contrast between a railway advertisement and a fresco from Pompeii! This latter reminds us that some of the grandest leaves ever cast astray on the river of time are those enduring delineations in marble, of world-renown and measureless value, left us by artists of the past and by students of the modern schools. How legible the dying strength and unwilling agony of the Gladiator, how horrible the struggles of the Laocoon, read from the imperishable marble; whilst the head of Clytie, how sweetly and unconsciously beautiful!

Stray leaves of song—how varied is their expression! their character how diverse! In one case we have some common ballad, gross and poor as to the music, making, as it were, ridicule of the whole system of things; in another case we have a strain from some master's soul, full of beauty and sweetness, or *alive* with the instincts of freedom, and breathing energy and enthusiasm into the patriot. There are, among these leaves of music, songs of inferior coarseness, and stirring up evil passions only; then, on the other hand, are there songs laden with a melody at once gentle and penetrating, telling the composer's thoughts with combined fondness and simplicity; falling down, perhaps, like Heaven-sent

whispers on some child of sorrow, to soften him into tenderness and peace.

We are here reminded how instant and certain is the recognition of beauty in sound. It comes, as it were, more divested of the means of conveyance, and so reaches the heart with little or no loss in the transit. How remarkable it is that we shall occasionally receive as something of our own, or heard elsewhere, a strain of melody or combined harmony left us by a master far off in place and time! such strains of recognised sweet music, when first heard fitly rendered, come like a breeze in the heat, or as the told sympathy of a loving sister!

Even like leaves dropt on the autumn rivulets, are we ourselves borne onward, or as with the certain progress of a fast-rushing river. Launched thereon in infancy, we must surely advance with greater or less rapidity, and with rougher or smoother passage. Tossed and torn in some narrow channel of life, we may be thence dashed along with conflict and with loss: surface-placed, in light of a serene sky overhead, we may smoothly glide through meads of peace. To some of us most of life's journey may lie among stony shallows, to buffet and wear us down, till we resemble skeleton leaves of last autumn, which have borne the frosts and snows of winter: to others the journey may be most equable and secure, reflecting the blue heaven overhead. To all of us at times the voyage will be with struggling and noise of discord on angry waters in the night; at times with settled rest on a waveless stream, soothing us to stillness with its quiet undersong.

At rest in mid-ocean, how small and unimportant will appear these vexations and turbulent twistings by the way! under high heaven's settled noon, how short the nights of time! when these working and suffering days are ended, how entire and dreamless our repose!

"One Sabbath, deep and wide."



## L A Z A R U S.

HE stands barefooted on the cold, hard snow—  
The modern Lazarus, clad in scanty cloth,  
A prosperous people moving to and fro,  
But heeding not his tale or looks of woe ;  
They disbelieve them both.

On either side of busy streets are seen  
Displayed—bright witnesses of trade and wealth—  
Robes, jewels, pictures, vases gold and green,  
With costly food, and those of humble mien  
To gratify rude health.

He, Earth's poor feeble bankrupt, standing there,  
With haggard eyes makes survey of them all ;  
Though meanwhile shivering, as the sleety air  
Blows through rent garments of his shoulders bare,  
And weaveth him his pall.

But not for him those things so good and bright :  
Dwelleth he not within a loathsome den,  
Where hunger pained him all throughout the night ?  
So he came feebly forth at dawn of light,  
To beg from fellow-men.

How few look kindly on his shrunken face !  
“What doth the drone within our busy hive ?  
Wot we of truth within his sorry case ?  
And why did he not, eager in the chase,  
Like our own fat selves, thrive ?

“Is not the earth fair, bounteous, and kind—  
Letting all powers plenteously reap ?  
But they that till not, neither shall they bind ;  
And well may they be sorrowful of mind  
Whose days did riot keep.

“Doth not the friendly workhouse ever stand,  
With sheltering walls for all who seek its shade ;  
Employment ever seeks the skilful hand ;  
But vice and indolence held high command  
Where labour should have swayed.”

Yet, oh, ye rigorous and moral crew,  
Judge not too harshly the offending poor.  
Grant he has sinned ; has he not suffered too ?  
And rapt in the pursuit of wealth, are you  
So spotless and so pure ?

ROBERT HANNAY.

---

# DUBLIN

## UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCLII.

AUGUST, 1870.

VOL. LXXVI.

### ANCIENT MAGIC, LEGAL AND ILLEGAL.

#### WHAT IS MEANT BY MAGIC.

WHAT is commonly understood by the word MAGIC, began to be practised as early as the primal revelation began to be forgotten and neglected, and the forces observable in nature, or the material objects themselves, began to be propitiated by prayers or offerings. The angels—the ministers of Omnipotence—became benevolent influences possessing independent powers. The evil spirit and the rebellious angels generally, also possessed certain jurisdictions of a baleful character, and had it in their power to injure the human race without dread of the Good powers. The last continued to be adored or honoured by sacrifices of animals or the fruits of the earth, by prayers and hymns, and all in an open and quasi-pious manner. The evil powers could not be prevented from inflicting injury by these processes; so, such personages as pretended to possess superior knowledge of the economy of the unseen world, undertook to prevent them from exerting their malign powers by the sacrifice of animals dreaded or disliked by man, by human victims, or by ceremonies and formulas of a mysterious, horrible, or disgusting character.

#### ANALOGIES IN THE HINDOO AND MOHAMMEDAN SYSTEMS.

The economy which prevailed in the mythologies of the Western world still prevails in the Chinese and Hindoo varieties of Polytheism. Veneration is paid to the Good powers, and the malignity of the

evil ones is averted by charms and magical ceremonies and gloomy sacrifices. The Persian system admitted a supreme beneficent power in Ormuzd, a supreme baleful power in Miriman, neither being able to annihilate the other's influence. The good Genii, the ministers of Ormuzd, were revered and propitiated, and resort was had to dark, magic practices, to neutralise the baleful designs of Ahriman's demons.

Mahomet's original system, defective as it was, never contemplated all the good Genii, and their subservience to Solomon, and the possessors of powerful Talismans. The Djins and Deves, and Ghouls, and Afreet, composed the infernal army, who, as in the pagan systems, were to be subjected to man's will, or at least rendered innocuous by mysterious and forbidden ceremonies, and charms engraved on talismans. Something of the same kind prevailed among the Jews previous to the introduction of Christianity, and the error became fully developed after their great national crime, and the withdrawing of heavenly inspiration from their councils. The great mass of error connected with the good and evil spirits which prevailed among the Mussulmans, but which formed no portion of Mohammed's original scheme, was added, as in the case of our western superstitions, by converts from heathenism.

Magic in theory and practice is the natural consequence of the fundamental error sublying all polytheistic systems, namely, that the powers of evil are independent by



position and existence, and have both the will and the power to hurt the human race, unless thwarted by mysterious processes known from early times to the initiated, and transmitted by them to students, who proved themselves worthy of the great trust. These sages, besides the knowledge of guarding themselves and their friends from infernal machinations, by sacrifices and powerful charms, also possessed that of compelling Lucifer and his assistants, all distinguished by names, to aid them in acquiring riches, and worldly distinctions, and long life, and to reveal to them the secrets of futurity. Heathens addicted to magic arts were not aware that these malign spirits were mere creatures of one All-powerful Being, once enjoying glory and happiness, and having at a later period become evil and malignant through an abuse of their free will, but unable to do the least injury to any of God's creatures, animate or inanimate, except as he gave them permission. The poor pagan Magus was not so much to blame, taking his ignorance of the Providential government of the world into account. Not so the man who, having received baptism, depends more on occult and forbidden operations to avert danger or obtain advantages, than on the paternal care of the Almighty, ever bountiful to His creatures.

In the preceding remarks we have rather neglected the elementary spirits, to whom the pagans paid special attention. These were the minor deities who had the lakes, the rivers, the springs, the streams, the hills, the woods, and the forces of nature under their care; whose existence was bound up with that of these physical or sensible things, and of which they were, as it were, the spiritual essence. To propitiate these inferior powers, or to subject them to their own wills, was a great object with heathen magicians.

The Christian Alchymists, who studied the occult forces of nature, and the occult qualities of all created objects, continued the work of their pagan predecessors. These believed that there was a universal spirit pervading all matter, being itself the quintessence of the said matter, and claiming these nymphs, dryads, &c.,

as emanations. The Rosicrucians tortured this idea to an unpardonable extent.

The pharmacy of these early times chiefly consisted of simples; but the cunning practitioners, who applied their vegetable medicines, would pretend to their patients that the virtue of the drug consisted in the charms spoken on its extraction from the ground, and the time (say midnight, or the moment of the new moon's birth, or its full), when the operation was performed. In Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, already quoted in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, will be found the complete process and entire labours of Medea, when seeking for herbs to restore youth to her father-in-law. The female magicians who had a knowledge of the virtues of plants, but in addition arrogated to themselves a power in charms, boasted of such spells as would draw down Luna from her sphere, induce violent love in indifferent folk, and oblige the ghosts to obey their dark behests.

However magic and ordinary divination might be originally connected, in the flourishing times of Greece they were in the very opposite degrees of estimation, and as much as consulting the beneficent deities in the prescribed modes was in favour, so much were the practices of magic held in detestation. In these the baleful powers of hell and the ghosts of bad men were invoked or compelled by charms to do the adept's bidding, which chiefly consisted in an order to work out woe to states, cities, families, or individuals. Magic formulas on stones used by these unholy professors, would either subject the lemures or infernal powers to do the bidding of their owners or avert the spells of their ill-willers. Your Thessalian witch, by crossing her hands on her breast, would cause abortion or keep a lying-in-woman in prolonged agony. It might be expected, from what has been said, that the knowledge of the properties of herbs would be more frequently used for inflicting illness or death on individuals, than for effecting cures, and it was so.

Some conjecture that the word Magic has no root in the Greek language, but was derived from the

Persian, its introduction into Greece being (as was supposed) the work of Persian exiles, after the invasion of Xerxes, whose knowledge of natural philosophy, chemistry, and astronomy much exceeded that of the Hellenists. Greeks and Romans, as a general rule, did not take kindly to Persian, Chaldean, or Egyptian divinities. These were looked on by the generality of the people as demons to whom magic rites were more appropriate than the open, genial worship of *Zeus*, and the other Olympian powers.

#### DEMONIACAL POSSESSION.

When the ancients met with a case in which an individual seemed doing or saying things out of the ordinary course, and appearing to have lost his powers of volition and judgment, they set down the phenomenon as the work of the person's familiar demon, a being inseparable from him during his mortal life. These were well off who were attended on by a wise demon such as waited on Socrates. Plato, who of all the pagan philosophers got the nearest view of Christian economy before Christianity was announced, attributed mental diseases to the gods themselves.

According to general belief, Hecate troubled those subject to sudden fears in the night; the furiously mad were tortured by the *Manes*, the larvæ of once living men, which appeared before them in frightful forms. Those who suffered from demons were sometimes freed, at least temporarily, from their mental alienations by purifications and sacrifices, by taking refuge under the altars of the gods, and by the prayers of virtuous men. The priests, after exorcising the demons to quit the possessed man, washed or sprinkled him, and then fumigated him with the vapour of narcotic and odoriferous plants. These ceremonies frequently produced lucid intervals; the modes resorted to for the good result were considered efficacious; and if, after some time, the patient was seized again, it was attributed to guilt on his part, or increased virulence on that of the spirit.

The Ostiaks and Samoyedes burn, at this day, pieces of the skin and some hair of the rein-deer under the

noses of their lunatics, who, after the operation, fall into a long sleep, and awake much relieved.

Philostratus, in his life of Apollonius of Tyana, relates that a young man having one day committed many mad acts, that great pagan exorcist looking sternly and fixedly on him, he became quiet all at once, and the demon within him began to complain in a querulous tone of the presence of his tormentor, the philosopher. He addressed the troublesome spirit in the tone of a master, ordered him to quit the body of the young man, and never enter that of any other; moreover, to give some sensible sign of his obedience, "You shall have that," said he. "I shall—will throw down the statue which stands under that portico." The possessed was left free at the moment; down came the statue, and the young man looked with amaze and shame on the attentive faces of the surrounding crowd, all fixed on him.

Mere magicians did not enjoy the exclusive profit and honour of freeing their customers from the larvæ of dead men or the malicious beings of hell, who had possession of them. The priests did the good office in legal and edifying fashion. M. Birch and M. de Rouge have translated, from an Egyptian obelisk in the Imperial Library of Paris, the mode in which a Chaldean lady was relieved from a demon in the twelfth century, A.C.

The king (*Pharaoh*) Rhamses Meri Amoun, having occasion to visit Mesopotamia to receive tributes, the chief of Baktan took the opportunity of presenting his daughter to his notice. The king being at once enslaved by her beauty, made her his wife, and took her home with him, and there she received the name of *Neferou Ra*, i.e., "The Beauty of the Sun." Her young sister, Bint Reschit, being left in Mesopotamia, was seized with a dreadful malady, and her afflicted father sent messengers to his great son-in-law for the temporary loan of his most skilful physician, and that eminent member of the sacred college, Thoth Em Hevi, was sent by the attentive king to effect the cure of his dear relative; but his skill was unavailing. He found her



possessed by a demon of such activity and power as to render all his efforts useless.

In this strait the sorrowing father sent a new deputation to inquire what god of the Egyptians would be most profitably invoked for the afflicted lady. King Rhamses at once implored the god Khons, surnamed *The God Tranquil in his Perfection*, to impart to his image, then the guardian watcher over Thebes, his divine power for the driving out of the demon. The prayer was heard. Khons communicated a four-fold virtue on his idol, which, being placed in a portable temple (*Naos*), was conveyed to the residence of the chief of Baktan, followed by the sacred barques, and a numerous train. The chief humbly prostrated himself before it, and had it conveyed to his daughter's apartment, which it had scarcely entered when the lady found herself relieved. A festival was at once held in honour of the god and his *eidolon*, at the suggestion of the dispossessed demon, with whom the love of backshish must have been as strong as it is with other Orientals, for he demanded that some compensation should be made to himself for his eviction. The chief kept the idol with himself for four years; but seeing, in a vision of the night, Khons step out of his *naos*, assume the figure of a golden-feathered hawk, and direct his flight to Egypt, he reluctantly had the image conveyed to Thebes, accompanied with costly presents and a numerous guard of honour.

The Egyptians not only had to protect their living bodies against the inroads of demons; the dead were not secure, thus testifying to the existence of the vampire superstition as long ago as the days of Moses. M. Chabas has deciphered an inscription on one of the monuments brought to Paris, containing an assemblage of invocations to various gods to prevent the entry of any demon, or of the soul of a man, or the soul of a woman, from taking possession of the body of a certain person deceased, or of any member thereof. The Egyptians dreaded the ghosts of the deceased not at rest, that is, the lemures or larvæ, as much as the Romans did.

The superstitions of most of the Eastern peoples in respect to those suffering from mental maladies are nearly the same in character as those described. The Hindoo drives the demon away by the recitation of powerful *mantras* (exorcisms); he covers with charms the body of one of his family who is suffering. A Ceylon Buddhist attaches to the suffering region of the body of his patient, the picture of the demon, whom he suspects of intrusion. The worshippers of the Dalai Lama do their spiriting on a grand scale and in the presence of multitudes. They drive away the devils by conjurations, aided by the harsh music of trumpets, drums, bells, and marine shells (why not gongs?) John Chinaman, when he finds the sun labouring under an eclipse, sounds his gong to oblige the dragon to let the luminary out of his mouth. And there can scarcely be a doubt that if the monster could hear the hellish sounds that come from that instrument he would quit his prey. Perhaps of all the people of the east the Chinese are the most occupied with inferior spirits and the ghosts of the deceased, whom they exorcise or propitiate with offerings of food, &c., in the shape of paper loaves, fowls, &c., burned in order to be used by the poor, bodiless beings.

The Kalmuc conjuror, wishing to get the demon out of his possessed patient in a quiet way, has recourse to a ruse. He places several things valued by the intruder near the bed of the sick man, in order to entice him out of the body to take possession of them. Other Asiatic Tartars put it out of the power of a suspected corse to do harm: a stake is driven through the heart, and another through the soles of the feet, and then it is powerless. Hungarian vampires are disabled in the same way.

Among a people of the Himalayas, the sorcerer (the *Oiha*) proceeds in a methodical way to dispossess the ghost or demon who is tormenting some victim. He arranges certain grains of rice on a sheet of paper or a large leaf of a tree, giving to each grain the name of some demon. Then, suspending a ring from his thumb by a thread, he sets it oscillating, and when he finds it selecting

any grain in its movements, he addresses himself to the demon intended by that grain, and prays to be informed what sacrifice he requires on consenting to quit the patient.

The sable peoples of Africa labour under the same delusion. With them every epileptic, every lunatic, every hysterical woman, everyone subject to hallucinations, is possessed. However, their modes of expelling the resident spirit are various. The Abyssinians make the possessed imbibe the vapours arising from certain plants while burning. The odour of these is really calculated to exercise a certain healthy influence. Other tribes lash the spirit away with their whips. It is curious to find the same error prevailing among peoples so widely separated, and the practical modes of cure so effective in a multitude of cases.

M. Maury, in his treatise on magic, relates the prevalence of the opinion of possession down through Christian times. Sympathising with his dear friend, M. Renan, he treats the instances of demoniacal possession, recorded in the Scriptures, as mere mental maladies, and many of them only partially or temporarily cured. However, if the account of the expulsion of demons by our Lord be not taken in an ordinary historic sense, the whole Scripture narrative is written in cipher, and must be read by a key furnished by philosophers of M. Renan's school. We prefer the authority of common sense and of the great body of Christian doctors and divines of the past eighteen centuries.

The pagan priests, diviners, and even disreputable professors of the then Black Art, were fully aware of

#### THE INFLUENCE OF THE IMAGINATION AND WILL ON THE FACULTIES,

A subject carefully studied by modern biologists and mesmerists, as any assistant at their lectures well knows after seeing the impositions practised on their poor nerve-disturbed assistants. Of course many a case-hardened young disciple will pretend to get the taste of wine or aqua-vitæ off the glass of pure water, handed him by the

philosopher, as an inebriating liquor; but in many cases the helper, whose nerves have been long abused, imbibes an intoxicating draught from the vessel of tasteless and innocuous liquid. Captain Franklin relates that an Esquimaux having lost his wife, and being deeply solicitous for the life of the infant which survived her, put it to his breast, and by dint of will and imagination on his part, the life-supporting liquid was afforded to the poor babe. Colquhoun mentions an English colonel, whose will stopped the beatings of his heart, the throbbings of his pulse, and apparently the other vital functions, and produced all the symptoms of death.

In the *Lady of the Lake*, Fitzjames, awaking from frightful dreams, and recovering from the disagreeable influence, determines to enjoy unconscious sleep, and "dream no more," and succeeds, in consequence of his extreme volition. Sir Walter Scott did not relate the fact without having experienced it in his own case, or found it to have occurred to some acquaintance.

In dreams there is a reflection of the will and the understanding, as well as the working of the imagination. A person who in his boyhood endured frightful dreams, one ingredient of which consisted in the presence of two suns in the heaven at once, and a wild series of movements in the heavenly bodies, at last became sensible, during the vision, that he was only dreaming. If our memory is correct, he had on these occasions power to free himself from the sort of nightmare which oppressed him.

How mysterious is the connexion between matter and spirit! The person subject to hallucination has apparently the power to project an image on the air before the visual organs. The somnambulist is gifted with judgment and power in his nocturnal ramble to avoid or escape from danger. He will write sentences while in that state, and, when he really awakes, he has not the slightest recollection of what he did in his hypnotic state, and the ideas conveyed in his handwriting will strike him as having emanated from a brain



other than his own. A strong pre-sentiment will lead the brain into strange mistakes. Sir Walter Scott, entering a room in the twilight, his mind occupied with Lord Byron, saw him sitting in profile at some distance. But, being convinced that it was a visual deception, he opened his eyes wider, and, as he advanced, the vision resolved itself into a cap and some articles of clothing, which, seen from a point just within the door, bore a *bizarre* resemblance to a sitting portrait of the poet. At an auction, a person who was attending for the purpose of purchasing an octavo edition of Horace, casting his eyes on a book flung on the table just at the moment he was expecting his author, read, "Q. Horatii Flacci Opera," bid for it, and it was knocked down to him. He opened the book as he was leaving the auction-room, and his eyes, not being under any special influence at the time, traced out the following legend on the title-page:— "*A. M. S. Boetti Consolationis Philosophiæ*," &c. It needed some of the philosophy contained in the volume to reconcile the purchaser to the consequence of his foregone conclusion.

#### LUNACY AT A PREMIUM IN THE OLD TIMES.

"The Possessed" were a source of honour and profit to spiritual professors among the pagans. They, as well as the modern Mussulmans, felt much interest in, and respect for, lunatics. Their malady was a spiritual visitation; and the want of ordinary sense and judgment was compensated by insight into the world of spirits. In the colloquies which they were observed to hold with themselves, their hearers fancied the replies were made by their tutelar demons, who communicated a knowledge of future things to them at times. Thus spoke Plato on this subject in his *Timæus*:—"A proof that God has not given divination to man, except to supply his want of intelligence, is supplied by the fact that no one possessing the gift of reason ever arrives at the gift of inspired and genuine divination, except he whose thinking faculty is trammelled by

slumber, and put astray by some malady or divine fury."

The poor priestess of Delphi was little better off than one of the modern slaves led about by biologists and mesmerisers—

"——With nerves o'erstrung,  
And heart with mystic horrors wrung."

The priestess for the time was frequently only a poor woman subject to hysteria, and her prophecies merely unconnected sentences uttered in delirium. Plutarch tells us that, one day when she unwillingly descended into the sanctuary to utter comforting words to some important visitors just arrived, they knew, by the sharp and bitter tones of her voice, and her rapid utterance, that she was not full of the god at the moment, but of some mute and malign demon. Losing all command of herself, she at last rushed out of the sanctuary, and rolled herself on the ground, uttering horrible cries. The visitors took to flight, and when she became exhausted, the assistants bore her insensible to her apartment.

Clever practitioners were many of the pagan priests. A possessed individual would be presented to them, and would be freed from his troublesome demon by their incantations, purifications, and fumigations; but by judicious questioning, and the application of their hands to different parts of his body, they had discovered the real nature of his complaint, and while duly performing the spiritual operation, they took care not to neglect the material aids. In cases of cure, they never alluded to the share which physic or regime had had in the desirable work.

It was not to be wondered at that the state of wild excitement into which the priests of Cybele or the bacchantes engaged in the orgies of Dionysos would be thrown by their mad dances and evolutions, assisted by some cups of wine, should be considered as a Divine afflatus from these deities. For some forms of demoniac possession, music and dancing were prescribed, as they still are for tarantula bites.

#### DIVINERS AND DIVINATIONS.

The diviners among the Greeks were not necessarily the priests of

this or that God. They attached themselves to great men, to rulers of armies, to cities. They yielded no submission to any human authorities. The more respectable of the class would not, for the world, be suspected of the darker practices of magic. So high, indeed, was augury and soothsaying held in the public mind, that Xenophon represents the father of Cyrus the Great as advising him to study augury, and the art of divination generally, so that he might not, in any emergency, be left at the mercy of a practitioner paid for his services. This advice was, of course, intended for the chiefs of Greece.

These diviners turned eclipses and other unusual phenomena, as well as the flights of birds, to their own or the general benefit, by attaching ingenious interpretations to them. Eclipses struck such terror into the hearts of all but the few who understood their cause, that even the volatile Greek dreaded to enter on any new enterprise for some days after their occurrence. The Thessalian diviner, Miltas, attached to the army of Dion, was acquainted with the cause of eclipses; but he took special care not to diffuse that useful piece of knowledge among the soldiers. He did the next best thing. He announced that a particular one betokened success to them in their present campaign. Thales of Miletus prophesied an eclipse of the moon.

Among people whose knowledge of natural philosophy and astronomy was so limited, comets must have produced great fright in their far-between visits. So did, in a less degree, shooting stars and other atmospheric meteors. Once in every nine years the Ephori of Lacedemon selected a starry but moonless night, took up position on a hill in the open country, watched the heavens attentively, and if only a single shooting star met the eyes of any of the number, they had one or both of their kings arraigned for some crime or other. It required an unequivocal order from the oracle at Delphi to quash this state prosecution.

The diviners by profession exercised their skill on four classes of

objects :—1, such phenomena as we have mentioned, meteors, &c. ; 2, the flight of birds ; 3 the entrails of victims ; 4, dreams.

Not only did eclipses, shooting stars, &c., furnish materials for presages ; the blinded people and their sayers took notice of sneezings, unexpected sounds, words pronounced at hazard, chance meetings with certain animals. The inhabitants of Smyrna were all adepts at interpreting words uttered without any reference to the subject which, for the moment, engaged the attention of the anxious party.

There was at Phares, in Arcadia, a statue of Hermes, which presided over a marble table furnished with brazen lamps. The seeker into the future came in the evening, burned incense on the table, supplied the lamps with oil, lighted them, placed a small bronze coin on the table, and then whispered his question into the ears of the statue. Having got through this series of functions, he put his fingers into his ears, walked into the agora, and then withdrew them. The first words he heard uttered made up the proper answer to his demand.

Some of these pagan observances, as well as others to be named, still flourish among Christians, who should know better. We certainly find no fault with the person who wishes God's blessing on his neighbour when he sneezes. The Athenian uttered the same good wish to his neighbour (*Zeus oson*) two thousand years ago.

#### THE ORACLES.

It is yet a moot point whether the demons were permitted to interfere with the pagan oracles or not. The question cannot be decided by any passage from the Scriptures. There is no impossibility connected with the supposed agency of the impure spirits ; but the records which have survived of the consultations and answers given leave us in little doubt that the priests of the different shrines depended on their own ability, on information derived from the applicants or their attendants, or their own agents scattered in many cities, and finally on the revelations of mesmeric or hypnotic pa-



tients. Answers which would bear more than one meaning were often given.

Apollo was the special patron of poetry and divination; but about the time of Pyrrhus it began to be remarked that his prophecies, however they might eventuate, were delivered in a kind of verse, not at all savouring of genius or inspiration. So his Delphic priests, finding that their poetry did no credit to the shrine, began to content themselves with *M. Jourdain's* prose.

Many stories told of the truth of the predictions of the oracles have probably as little foundation as that of the Silesian child mentioned by Fontenelle under the date 1593. This child, according to report, having dropped a tooth in the above year, its place was soon filled in the natural mode by one of gold.

The learned Horstius, of the University of Helmstadt, could not let such a strange thing pass without accounting for it. So, two years later, he decided, in a printed tract, that the tooth was partly natural, partly miraculous, having been sent to the child as some comfort to the Christians in their sufferings at the hands of the Turks.

The same year a grave historian, Rullandus by name, gave a full account of it to the world. Two years later, the learned Ingoldsterus contradicted Rullandus's account; the offended historian tartly rejoined, and the equally learned Libavius went carefully over the whole controversy, and delivered his own opinions thereon with perfect freedom. The world was in about the same state of obscurity after all these learned labours were accomplished as before they had been undertaken, when some unlettered person took it into his head to suggest the examination of the tooth by a skilful goldsmith. The world, wearied of the controversy, gave its languid consent, and the artificer pronounced that the useful article differed in nothing from an ordinary tooth except in being very skilfully gilded.

Many things related of the oracles were as little worthy credit as the story of this golden tooth.

#### SEARCH FOR HEALTH, ETC., IN THE ORACLE-CAVERNS.

We scarcely give the ancients sufficient credit for the knowledge of natural philosophy and physiology which they really possessed, and their close observation of the economy of dreams, and the influence of the imagination on the physical powers. If evil spirits, as some think, really hold communication with our modern adepts in magic, who sit round tables in darkened rooms, it is not unreasonable to suppose that they made this privilege known in heathen times to anxious mediums desirous of fore-knowledge of human affairs, and not indifferent to the money offered them by their clients.

It was only natural that the priests should devote themselves to such studies as would enable them to work cures on patients by a knowledge of natural remedies, and of the modes in which the imagination acts on the physical powers. If evil spirits had it in their power to furnish true glimpses of future things, they would doubtless communicate some inklings of the gift to the ministers of the different oracles, in order to maintain the prestige of the shrines of the false divinities. However, the answers left on record testify that in many cases they were given at random, or were so couched as to bear a double meaning.

The means employed to effect cures were of four kinds:—

1. Dreams, the result of preparatory operations, some experienced in complete, others in incomplete slumber.

2. Imagination and will, exercised on the condition of individuals, intent fixing of the mind on one object, especially when the patients were of a feeble or excitable organisation.

3. Conditions of hypnotism, catalepsy, and somnambulism, induced by narcotics, anæsthetics, or undue subjection of the physical to the spiritual forces.

4. Hallucinations or deliriums excited by mental or nervous affections.

Sir David Brewster has furnished examples of deceptions pro-

duced by natural means now generally understood, but then kept a profound secret by the priests and professors of magic.

The study of optics and acoustics furnished the professors with powerful instruments of deception. They were, probably, on terms with Mr. Pepper's ghost 2000 years before that gentleman was in short coat and trousers.

An ignorant Indian juggler will exhibit the issue of a plant from a seed, and the growth of leaves and flowers from that plant, all within the short period of an entertainment. He will also set a child under a basket, on the open campaign, where a concealed trap is out of the question, pierce the same child with a sword through this basket with several stabs, and when its last dying groan has fallen on the ears of the horrified spectators, it will come out fresh and unwounded, and put in its claim for *backsheesh*, or whatever is the Hindoo equivalent for a *pourboire*. If an uneducated juggler can achieve such apparent impossibilities, what might not have been effected by an educated man, who had been regularly trained by tutors well-up in all the scientific requirements of their time?

The priests had made a particular study of the different causes which predispose a patient to entertain lucid dreams, or such, at least, as would tend to carry out their own designs. They adopted such means beforehand as were judged effective for their purpose; they had sights, sounds, and ideas presented to the senses and mental faculties; they administered drugs; and the patients would be left to sleep on medicated skins of animals, in caverns whose vapours were calculated to exalt the imagination. The very names of these caverns were sufficient to inspire the visitors with religious awe, if not terror. They were the *Mouth of Hell*, the *Caronium*, the *Plutonium*. In Greece and Asia Minor were caverns from which warm springs issued. In the Phrygian Hierapolis, and near a temple of Cybele, there was a warm spring, the vapours from which excited glowing visions in the brains of those who went to

sleep in the cavern whence it issued. The pagan philosopher, Damascius, went down into this cave in the end of the fourth century, when the temple was in ruins; and notwithstanding some dangers incurred in the descent, saw the sun and breathed the atmosphere again. In his next sleep he had a vision of a festival of the goddess, in which he himself moved about in joy and splendour, in the full conviction that he was Atys, the Phrygian god, and favoured lover of Cybele. Her Galli, or priests, who, during the sway of paganism had alone the privilege of entering that particular cavern, imbibed at their pleasure and convenience the vapours given out from the warm spring, and with it an access of pious frenzy which was considered the peculiar gift of the goddess.

From this cavern of Cybele issued a more deadly gas than from any of the other prophetic caverns. The Galli, the priests of the goddess, who were made eunuchs on entering her service, seem to have alone been able to endure the exhalation. They kept in their breath, held up their faces well, and escaped.

The exhalations at Delphi and elsewhere produced fits of delirium as well as hallucinations; and as the general belief peopled the caverns with nymphs, it was the most natural thing possible that visions of these beautiful creatures of the imagination should present themselves to the eyes of their worshippers in their dreams and ecstasies. The priests frequently obtained for their supplicants visions and hallucinations by judicious fastings and narcotic potions.

It was only natural that patients suffering under ailments in which the nervous system was concerned should, in many cases, be restored to health after sleeping in the temple of Esculapius, of Serapis, or Isis, and being favoured with visions of these benignant powers. Many, many cures were effected, and every cure was followed by pilgrimages to those health-conferring shrines.

It was not difficult for the skilful attendants in the temple to have glorious scenes presented to the



perceptions of persons under the influence of drugs, and while they were in a state between sleeping and waking, to bring on the scene personations of god or goddess, who would utter heavenly and consoling words. A nice little stage and appropriate scenery and disposition of coloured lights, and the use of fitting machinery, would effect this purpose. The lights, having done their duty, would be extinguished, a solid but light screen, corresponding in appearance on the outside to the rest of the apartment, would be let noiselessly into its place, the patient fall into an opiate slumber, during which the vision would be prolonged by his own imagination; and in the morning he was certain of having been in Elysium, and seen and heard the god or goddess of the fane.

Wonderful cures continued to be effected, and if it be true what some pathologists assert, that suffering people some time have instinctive intuition of remedies which will bring them relief, the sleepers at the temples would fancy their spiritual patrons announcing to them in sleep the particular drug or the regimen which was to effect their cure. The words of the apparition conveyed, of course, the ideas which were in the sleeper's own mind.

Even the Christian emperor, Constantine, unconsciously imitated the proceedings of these relief-seeking pagans, under circumstances which connected in a curious manner pagan and Christian matters. Thus is the story told; for its truth we make no engagement.

When Jason and his Argonauts were proceeding to Colchis for the Golden Fleece, say two hundred and fifty years before Solomon determined on building the Temple, they were stopped as they were getting through the Propontis by a chief named Amycus, and, not thinking they were in a condition to give him battle, they took refuge in a natural harbour surrounded by lofty trees. There they had a vision of a glorious figure in the air, his shoulders furnished with wings, and his whole frame surrounded with a dazzling glory.

Looking on this as a certain assurance of victory, they met Amycus in a naval engagement, and obtained a complete victory. In gratitude, they built a temple near the sheltering cove, and set up therein a statue of their visionary protector, not omitting the wings. In Greek, *SOTER* is equivalent to Saviour; and as they were unaware of the name of the heavenly power who had befriended them, they called the temple the *Sosthenion*. Some sixteen hundred years later, Constantine, entering the temple, was struck by the resemblance of the statue to the Christian idea of an angel rather than the pagan idea of a god. It seems that he fell into a sleep in the temple, and was informed in a vision that the figure represented the archangel Saint Michael. The temple was, in consequence, repaired and enlarged, and placed under the patronage of this heavenly power; and here occurred some of his apparitions, which are still solemnised by the Church. The foregoing account has been given by Nicephorus Callistus, who wrote in the beginning of the fourteenth century.

There is scarcely a doubt but that the *Sosthenion* was originally dedicated to some deity who took medicine under his protection. After it had been consecrated to Christian uses, it was repaired to still for health's sake. The Church historian, Sozomen (fifth century), has left an account of a couple of cures wrought at the intercession of the archangel. Here they are in abstract.

The historian, after declaring that he himself and several of his friends had been healed of some fleshly ills at the *Michaelion*, mentioned that the celebrated lawyer, Aquilin, had been thus recovered from a malady judged by his physicians to be incurable. On being seized with a violent fever, proceeding from an excess of bile, he took a medicine which brought on a violent vomiting, and a diffusion of the bile under the skin all over the surface of his body. He could retain nothing on his stomach, and finding himself at the last extremity, he ordered his servants to bear him to the church. There,

falling asleep, after long prayers and watching, he was instructed in a vision to take a drink, the ingredients being honey, wine, and pepper. This prescription was not at all approved by the faculty; but the man's faith was strong, and faith saved him.

The other case was that of the physician Probianus, who was cured of severe ailments in his feet (the gout?). Having become a Christian, he approved of every practice and dogma except the extreme veneration paid to the cross. However, in a vision he beheld a glorious cross placed on the high altar of the church, and heard a voice announcing that since this instrument had been consecrated by the sufferings of the Saviour, it had become all in all for the attainment of graces and favours.

At Acharacha, in Asia Minor, the cavern was filled with vapours of a curative character, and the seekers for health were allowed to enjoy slumbers therein. Their dreams were interpreted by the priests. They were obliged to fast preparatory to these trials, for the wise officials were well aware of the effect of that salutary discipline on imaginative patients. These were, to abstain from wine for three days, and to take neither food nor drink for a day before their sleep, which would therefore be replete with prophetic dreams.

Some people of a nervous temperament are susceptible, between a waking and sleeping state, of visions which seem to possess more consistence than the ordinary dream,—there is more of reality about the personages; they are more consistent with themselves, and not so prone to give place to other objects. Angels, demons, and other beings of the spiritual world form the *dramatis personæ*, and the excitable being, awaking from such a tangible dream, as one may say, cannot be persuaded but that there was more in the revelation than a mere vision of the night. Who is there that has not awaked from a frightful visitation of the kind, when the silence or the ordinary objects of life round him can scarcely re-assure him that the fearful object is not still at hand; that he does not yet

hear the dreadful sounds, or that he is not yet under the ponderous mass which in a moment more would have crushed out his life! The whole frame is at the time in such a state of agitation, and the sensations of fear, disgust, or horror, so acute, that it is a most difficult thing to suppose the general perturbation to arise from anything but the close investment of soul and body by some dreadful being outside the veil which separates us from the unseen world.

#### THE CAVERN OF TROPHONIUS.

Among the caverns, a slumber or even waking sojourn in which was sure to exalt the imagination and induce visions, was the often-mentioned cave of Trophonius. Many of those who have heard the name are ignorant of the price paid in personal inconvenience for a night's lodging with the mysterious host.

The postulant first passed a few days and nights in the building consecrated to *Agathodemon* (Good Genius), and *Tyche* (Fortune). He avoided everything which might defile, as well as hot baths. He bathed in the river Hercyna, and supported life on the flesh of the victims which he offered in sacrifice to Trophonius and her sons, to *Chronos* (Saturn), and *Zeus* (Jupiter). A diviner attended these sacrifices, and judged, by the cheerful or other mode in which the fire blazed up, and the appearance of the entrails, also from judicious questions and inuendoes, whether the postulant would receive a kind reception from the mysterious deity or not. The night of trial having at last arrived, our man sacrificed a ram in the trench; and if the diviner did not find the appearances favourable, all the former good symptoms went for nothing. Taking for granted that all was well, he next repaired to the river already named, bathed, and was rubbed with oil by two youths of thirteen years of age, who were called the *Hermes*. Next the priests took him in hand, conducted him to the fountain of *Lethe* (Oblivion), and made him drink thereof, to drive from his mind all profane ideas and impressions, and then to the fountain of *Mnemosyne*



(Memory), whose draught would strengthen his faculty of retention for every impression to be received in the cavern. The next function was a profound study of the statue, the *quasi* work of the great Dædalus, and prayers and adorations offered to it. By this time the poor man had become, to say the least, very susceptible.

Thus prepared, he was invested by the priests with a robe of linen girded with fillets of the same, shod with peculiar feet-coverings, and conducted to the residence of the god. This was on a hill above a sacred grove, and the entrance was in a small yard surrounded by a low wall, which was adorned with statues, and topped by a wire-fence of copper. Through a grille in this fence the seeker for ill-news advanced, and in the middle of the enclosure he found a dry draw-well about fifteen feet deep. Descending into this well by a light ladder, he discovered a hole in the wall on a level with the floor, about large enough to admit the body of an ordinary-sized man. Taking heart of grace in his body, and a honey-cake in each hand, he advanced into the gap feet foremost, as far as the knees, and then felt himself entirely drawn in,—of course, not by ingenious machinery of man's contrivance, but the spiritual agency of Trophonius.

Once in the cavern, the adventurers were subjected to gaseous exhalations, heard announcements in unearthly tones, or saw visions; and when their mental queries were all answered, they got out in rather a bewildered state of thought and feeling, feet foremost, even as they had entered. No doubt their intellects had been interfered with by potent drugs of some kind. When they revisited upper air, they were taken possession of by the priests, seated on Mnemosyne's chair, and questioned as to what they had seen and heard. Still in a dazed condition, they were brought to the temple consecrated to the Good

Genius and to Fortune, and in time came to the full possession of their senses. Some even laughed—though the general impression is, that any visitor to the cavern of Trophonius never again enjoyed that pleasant privilege.

This information is given on the authority of Pausanias.<sup>1</sup> Plutarch also has left an account of the process, and from both it is easy to ascertain that the patients, while within, were exposed to the influence of gases and narcotics, and that they were some time in the open air before they attained the full use of their faculties. Many were certain that they had seen and conversed with the god, whose communications must have had an earthly savour.

The cakes kneaded with honey were intended to treat serpents which infested the passage. Otherwise the seekers for "knowledge under difficulties" were supposed to incur risks. But in reality there was as little danger incurred in the cave of Trophonius as in a Freemason lodge during an initiation. Death by asphyxia was possible, but there is only one death recorded, viz., that of a scoffer and intended plunderer, whose body was found after his descent at some distance from the cavern.

The great imposter or magician, Apollonius of Tyana, once expressed his intention to consult Trophonius on some recondite matters. The poor priests, despairing to subject the great master to any of their illusions, put obstacles to his design, inventing sundry reasons for his not prosecuting his purpose. This day was unlucky, that impure, &c. At last, after watching a whole day at the Source of the Hercyna, he broke through their cob-web obstacles, and made the descent. The priests put as good a face on the matter as they could, and strove to avert the wrath of the necromancer by saying they had mistaken the will of Trophonius, who had since appeared to them,

---

<sup>1</sup> This pleasant Greek writer established himself at Rome in the reign of Antoninus II. He has left us in his work on Greece a treasure of history, of mythology, of topographical information, and of the country's legends.

and rebuked them for their officious zeal.<sup>1</sup>

HOW THE PRIESTS USED AND  
ABUSED THEIR POWER.

When the priests had no particular interest in the character of the answers to be given, they were mostly on the side of morality and benevolence. They condemned (with a few exceptions of human sacrifices) blood-shedding, breaches of faith, and prosecution of family feuds. Great folk guilty of cruelty or sacrilege would frequently obtain no response to their demands.

The Sybarites having slain a lute player at the foot of the altar of *Héré* (Juno), were dismayed by frightful prodigies, which immediately ensued. Sending to consult the Pythoness at Delphi, she exclaimed, "Begone from my sanctuary! The blood still on your hands forbids your entrance here. I shall not reveal your destinies. You have slain the minister of the Muses at the altar of *Héré* without apprehension of exposing yourself to divine vengeance. But chastisement shall immediately follow the crime were the guilty the offspring of Zeus himself. They and their offspring shall undergo the penalty. In their families one calamity shall ever call on another."

In like manner the Pythoness ordered from her presence a young man who had basely deserted his two companions, when assailed by brigands, while her praises were bestowed on one of these men who had stoutly resisted them, but had had the misfortune to kill his comrade by accident when endeavouring to rescue him from their hands. The intention, not the act, was here taken into account.

Glaucus, inquiring whether he might convert to his own use a large sum entrusted to him by the Milesians, the oracle sternly forbade him to do so, adding, "Know that from a broken oath issues a

son without hands or feet, but who, with a rapid bound, springs on the perjured man, and never quits him or his family till he has destroyed them every one; while good fortune ever waits on the honourable man who keeps his engagements."

Alas! those well-meaning priests, who in ordinary cases would recommend mercy, probity, faith, and the other virtues, were not proof to fear, and would give unjust counsels to ward off danger from their asylums and themselves. Pactyas, flying from the wrath of the Persian king, took refuge with the Cymeans in Asia Minor. Cyrus demanding of the citizens to deliver him up, they delayed to do the inhospitable deed till they would consult Apollo at one of his shrines in that country. If the God was in no dread of the Persian monarch, his priests were, and the order was given to surrender the fugitive. The good citizens, astonished at such an answer, sent one of their best men, Aristodicus, in hopes to procure an answer more consonant with the dictates of hospitality. "Great god," said he, addressing Apollo, "Pactyas the Lydian has sought an asylum amongst us to escape death, with which he is threatened by the Persians. They have demanded him of us, and we dread their power, but we have not dared to give up our suppliant till we know with certainty what it is your will that we should do."

The new order being a mere repetition of the former one, Aristodicus came out of the temple, and at once began to take the birds out of the nests, which lay in every available crevice about the building, the sanctity and quiet of the place having the usual domesticating effect on the little creatures. A loud voice coming from the temple thus denounced his proceedings: "Oh, thou most unprincipled among men, have you the impudence to tear away the little sup-

<sup>1</sup> This worthy prototype of Cagliostro, a native of Tyana, in Cappadocia, flourished in the reigns of Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian. By dint of moral courage, apparent strictness of morals, and other good qualities, including an assumption of the knowledge of future events, and of working miracles, he held a high rank in the estimation of great and little. Vespasian, a rather hard-headed man, believed in his gifts. From the relation left by his familiar, Damis, Philostratus composed his history a couple of centuries after his death.



pliants of my temple?" "Ah, great god," answered the envoy, "you protect your own suppliants, but you command us to deliver up ours." The god (his ministers rather) was not to be shaken in his resolve; but the noble Cymeans would not be guilty of the foul act. They placed their suppliant in safety in Mitylene, and when they got reason to fear for his safety there, they conveyed him to Chios. The inhabitants of that island, to their lasting disgrace, betrayed their trust, took him out of the temple of Minerva, and surrendered him to the Persians in exchange for Atarneus, a canton of Mysia. However, in after times they were so ashamed of their baseness, that they would not dare to use any of the cereal products of their new acquisition in their sacrifices to the gods.

#### HOW THE ORACLES GAVE INFORMATION.

The "Wise Men of Greece" were not without the knowledge of loosing the seals of letters, and securing them again, as if they had never been disturbed. Occasionally a written question, very carefully sealed, was sent to the oracle. It was reverently laid on a table, and every one went forth, the priest included, and the doors were secured. The priest, certainly, did not return by that public entrance, but the sacred place was not without private entries, and next day the envoy found his missive in the same spot, and bore it back to the king, or chief, or city magistrate, who had given him his commission, and in the inside was found the communication from the god.

An incredulous and inquisitive person once put Apollo's abilities to the test by sending him a letter in which no word was written. He received back his own empty sheet in due course, and at once pronounced Apollo a pretty fellow, who knew a thing or two.

The governor of Cilicia sent an envoy with a letter to the oracle of Mopsus in the same province. Wishing to throw discredit on the divinity, he had along with him all his epicurean friends when his man returned. Being invited to tell be-

fore the company what had happened to him, he proceeded: "I was placed in the cave to sleep, and in a dream which I had there, a comely youth appeared to me, and, looking pleasantly at me, uttered in a loud, sweet voice the word '*Black!*'" The company began to laugh, but the governor looked grave enough. "I had my doubts of the inspiration of the oracle," said he; "but I entertain them no more. My note contained the words, 'Shall I sacrifice in your honour a white or a black ox?'"

The Emperor Trajan, while pondering on an expedition against the Parthians, sent a sealed letter to the oracle at Heliopolis. Being rather incredulous as to the prescience of the divinity, he wrote nothing inside, and a blank was the answer. His confidence being thus a little established, he sent another note simply inquiring whether he should return safe from his intended expedition. The answer came in the shape of a bundle of broken vine twigs. The result commended the shrewdness of the god. Trajan dying in the war, his bones represented by the twigs, were brought home by his sorrowing troops. But his symbolic prophecy would have been applicable to Trajan's victorious return, provided he had been wounded, or had lost some of his troops; or had been overcome, and his army routed; or a mutiny had occurred in Rome in the emperor's absence. Probably the real event was the only one not dreamt of by the oracle.

Frequently the applicants and their friends discovered happy applications undreamt of by the god or the priest. Rutilianus asked the pretended seer, Alexander, what tutors he should provide for his son, and he unhesitatingly recommended Pythagoras and Homer. Rutilianus naturally considered that his boys should be set to study philosophy and the *belles lettres*, but they both died in a few days. His acquaintance began to decry the foresight of the diviner. "Say not so," said the sorrowful father; "he knew of their near decease, and what better tutors could they have in Elysium than Pythagoras and Homer, the famous

philosopher and the unrivalled poet."

We proceed to quote a few of the ambiguous answers given by the oracle at Delphi.

To Cræsus it was announced, "If Cræsus pass the river Halis he will subvert a great empire." He crossed it on this encouragement, and, by his defeat, subverted his own.

To the Athenians, when expecting the attack of Xerxes, Apollo declared that Zeuz permitted them to save themselves in walls of wood, and that Salamis should see the destruction of many children dear to their mothers, either when Ceres would be scattered abroad, or when she would be gathered in.

Apollo's priests had no occasion to be informed by him that the only hope of the Athenians lay in their ships, and that many Greek youths would perish in the struggle during the casting of the seed or the gathering of the harvest. No fighting in winter.

That energetic pagans set light account by the oracles or other authorities in divination, we have abundant proof in the conduct of Papius in his war with the Samnites. He was eager to attack the foe, but the sacred chickens must be consulted. On coming out of the coop they would not eat at all; but the person appointed to report the augury told the general that the intelligent fowl had made a famous meal. So preparations went on vigorously. Just on the point of engaging battle a dispute came under the notice of the general, some conscientious spectator of the augury asserting that the chickens did all that chickens could to dissuade the war. "I cannot stop," said Fabricius; "a good omen was reported to me; I have acted, and will act upon it. Let my reporter be put in the van, and if he be guilty, the gods will direct the shaft that will punish his deceit." The unfortunate man placed in front was soon sped by an arrow, supposed to have come from a Roman bow. "Courage, my men!" said the general; "vengeance has overtaken the guilty man. We are the favoured of the gods. Charge!" On went the Romans like lions, and a complete victory was won.

Alexander, finding that the poor Delphi priestess was reluctant to take her seat on the tripod in order to answer his questions, laid hold on her to conduct her to her seat of ill-repose. Whereupon the poor creature crying out, "Alexander, you are invincible!" he satisfied himself and his followers with that unofficial answer. His consultations were for the edification of his followers, as he had little faith in anything but the hands and the hearts of his soldiers. When besieging Tyre, his diviner announced that he would take it in the current month. The day being unfortunately the 30th, the commander, ready for all emergencies, cried out, "Never mind; let this day be put down for the 29th." He at once set every engine to work, sounded to the attack, and Tyre fell before next evening.

The knavish priests of Jupiter Ammon acknowledged Alexander to be the Son of their God. Plutarch says that the compliment originated in the priests' imperfect knowledge of Greek. Meeting the Great Conqueror, he intended to say, "O Son (O Paidion)!" but he made it "O Son of Jove," by ignorantly using an *s* for an *n*, "O Paidios (*quasi* O Pai Dios)." The Great Conqueror hailed the mistake with as much complacency as he did the unintentional address of the Delphic Pythoness.

In the temple of Serapis were discovered secret passages and concealed machinery for the performance of supernatural functions. At a certain hour a ray of the sun fell on the mouth of the idol, and an iron image of the luminary was made to ascend till it was on a level with the countenance of the god, whence, after this salutation, it gradually descended. Some supposed that this was effected by a loadstone in the ceiling, but we have our doubts on the matter.

#### DECAY OF PAGANISM.

Like all other human institutions, oracles at last ceased on the earth. A belief was long entertained, and is yet held by many, that demons had been permitted to utter truth and falsehood through these mediums, but that at the coming of



our Saviour this permission was withdrawn. Such unjust decisions as those already recorded, the many mistakes of which the oracles were convicted, and the juggling characters of many of the answers, had destroyed trust in the decisions of the deities among educated and thinking men. The opinions maintained by the Christian writers from the beginning, as well as the general Christian feeling towards them, gradually disabused the general mass of the pagans by degrees, and as the worship of the gods ceased, the oracles became mute. The heathen writers themselves took notice of the fact and recorded it, each attributing the circumstance to a different cause. In Plutarch's dialogue a certain Cleombrotus tells the following story, the time of which coincided with the reign of Tiberius.

The pilot Thamus being becalmed one evening among the islands of the Ægean Sea, and the crew carousing, a terrible voice was heard from the next land, yelling out Thamus. Like a prudent man, he allowed himself to be called three times before he answered. He then acknowledged his presence, and the frightful voice ordered him as soon as he arrived at a place named, to cry out that the Great Pan was dead! All in the vessel were terror-struck by the communication, and the voice by which it was announced, and advised Thamus not to comply. He said, however, that if, when he arrived along side, there would be wind enough to convey him on, he would make no report; if becalmed, he would obey. When he arrived he found a dead calm prevailing, so he shouted out as loud as he could, "The Great Pan is dead!" and was answered by cries of grief, and groans, and lamentations from unseen beings. The news coming to the ears of Augustus, he sent for Thamus; and having heard his tale, he questioned the priests as to the identity of the Great Pan, and found he was the Son of Mercury. They were unable to explain what was the cause, and what might be the result of his dissolution.

The story well scarcely held water. The Genuine Pan was but

an inferior God who looked after the welfare of beasts, and occasionally danced among the nymphs to the sound of the pipes which still bear his name. The *To Pan* (The All) of the Greeks could not be applied to him. Some of the early interpreters decided that its application was proper only to the SAVIOUR, whose crucifixion had occurred about the same time.

Plutarch himself furnishes us with reasons to give slight credit to his "Death of the Great Pan" by an account of the British Isles, furnished immediately after by Demetrius, another interlocutor in the dialogue. The gist of his discourse was, that the islands in the neighbourhood of England are desert, and consecrated to demons and heroes. He himself, at the emperor's orders, had landed on one of these isles to survey it, and soon after his arrival a storm, accompanied by thunder and lightning, swept over it, and caused the greatest terror and grief to the inhabitants, who were persuaded that one of their guardian demons had just died. In another island Saturn was confined, sunk in death-like sleep, and watched by Briareus, with hundreds of demon slaves lying round him.

It can scarcely be doubted that these two circumstances are disguises of legends really brought from the British Isles to Italy. The Story of King Arthur, or Earl Gerald of Kildare, or Frederic Redbeard, or some one of the many European legendary heroes, taking his repose in a cavern along with his knights, their horses saddled and bridled behind them, and all awaiting the fatal call to go forth, and restore the ancient order of things, is a modification of the old myth misunderstood by Plutarch.

Credulity and its opposite have many degrees; the most incredulous pagan philosopher of the classic times would be considered a credulous fool by the existing wise men of our days, including some high-ruling elders of the British Association for the diffusion of unattainable knowledge. Hesiod propounded the following scale of vital statistics, which his privilege as poet entitled him to do; but it is

strange that the grave Plutarch should have lent it his sanction in the second century of our era.

"A crow lives nine times as long as a man, a stag four times as long as a crow, a raven three times as long as a stag, the phoenix nine times as long as a raven, and the nymphs ten times as long as the phoenix."

Some Christian writers were as fanciful as their pagan predecessors or contemporaries when writing true histories. Cedrenus quotes from Eusebius the following egregious story. Certainly it is not now to be found in Eusebius's extant works, but it might have been included in some tract of his which has perished.

Simon Magus kept for porter a large dog, that devoured every visitor who would be unwelcome to his master. St. Peter coming to pay the magician a visit, said to the brute with a look which terrified him, "Announce in human speech to your master that Peter, the servant of God, would speak with him." Those sitting with Simon were dismayed at hearing the articulate message issuing from the dog's mouth, but the magician put a bold face on the matter, and bade his canine porter tell St. Peter he might enter.

#### PURIFICATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

We have frequently read of purification by the shedding of blood in the Hebrew and Pagan sacrifices, but had no notion of the disagreeable associations connected with the function till we came on the account of the following ceremony, which was practised by the Pagans even in the reigns of the Christian emperors.

A pit was dug, and there the postulant to be permanently cleansed from his legal and spiritual stains, and rendered sinless for ever, stood with a crown on his head, and robes of a fantastic fashion wrapped round him. A boarding pierced with holes was laid over this pit, a bull or ram brought to the spot, his neck gashed, and the forehead, cheeks, shoulders, arms, hands, and every other naked spot of the favoured mortal in the pit plentifully splashed with the reeking gore. When the cleansing shower had ceased, the cover was

taken off, and the regenerated mortal helped up, frightful to look on, with the red rain dripping from his hair, beard, and clothes, but a new-born stainless being, undefiled for evermore. However, if the same process was not repeated in a score of years, he no more possessed the gift of being sinless for ever than Mdme. Rachel's pupil to be beautiful for the same duration. A volume might be written on the institution of sacrifices, their necessity, their countenance under the unwritten and written law, their continuance among the nations after they had lost or disfigured the primeval traditions, the Pagan belief not only in their cleansing from legal but even from spiritual stains, and the cessation of all bloody sacrifices in That on Calvary.

#### SOME UNDESIRABLE PAGAN LEGACIES.

Along with the Pagans who heartily embraced the Christian faith, and renounced all superstitious practices, came over many who did not choose to be left in an isolated social condition, but who still clung in secret to the exploded mysteries and practices of their youth. The new code insisted on purity of life, and abstinence from sundry indulgences, allowed or but slightly censured under the old regime, and not the least regretted among these was the diving into the secrets of the dark future. The festivals of the deities were attended by scenes of excess and debauchery, and their abolition caused the new and imperfectly developed Christians the severest annoyance. In fact, they still celebrated them in one fashion or another, and the authorities were unwillingly (in most instances) obliged to let rejoicing go on at the same seasons, refusing into them as Christian a spirit as they could. They certainly did not appoint Christmas and its holidays to be held at a certain season, because Pagan festivals of a licentious character had long been solemnised at that period. That was simply a happy coincidence. So was the Midsummer feast in honour of the sun, occurring on the birthday of St. John the Baptist. But a Pagan festival occurred at the end of autumn for the preservation of the fruits of the earth; and the Christian



solemnity in honour of all the saints was ordained to be its substitute. The institution remained, and still remains, clogged with the pagan usages of charms, and what are called *tricks*, to find out who are to be the future life-companions of the young people present. Some of these are even practised in the name of the devil, who fills the place once held by a pagan divinity.

Meetings at springs in pagan times to honour the nymph or Naiad who presided over it, were continued into late times, the church authorities striving to divert the worship once paid to the heathen goddess to the honour of this or that female saint. The old priest or soothsayer has been succeeded by the Fairy-man or Fairy-woman, who for a consideration will tell the farmer, who stole and ate his lost sheep and sell to the anxious wife or husband bottles of clear (but charmed) water to cure the sick partner of his or her life, or the child so dear in the eyes of father and mother.

The pagan who lived subsequent to Virgil's time used the *Æneid* for purposes of divination. His spirit has passed into the superstitious Christian who abuses the Bible for the same purpose. The inferior divinities, took herbs and plants under their protection, and invested them with some supernatural virtues. These virtues they still retain in the minds of those in whom a natural tendency towards piety has taken a wrong direction.

Among the more imaginative of the European peoples, the Celts, the genially disposed or beneficent deities worshipped by their pagan ancestors, were not allowed, after the change of religion, to descend to the rank of infernal spirits. They became those personages of the Fairy mythology, who wished well to humankind though occasionally indulging in playful pranks at their expense. The people on whom these old impressions have retained their hold, ignorant of the original types of the "good people," will tell you that they are those weak, wavering spirits, who, in the rebellion of Lucifer, sympathised with his proceedings without openly setting themselves in array against St.

Michael and his loyal host. So, when the defeated spirits were flung into the abyss, these less guilty beings fell no lower than the earth and its atmosphere. They are at this day uncertain whether the day of judgment will bring them pardon or condemnation.

#### THE FIRESIDE STORY A PAGAN RELIC.

Among the harmless legacies left us by our early ancestors, are the fireside stories common to all the Aryan peoples. The reciting of poems, or relating of narratives consisting purely of fiction, was not a feature of very ancient society. Before fiction entered into social entertainments, if an imaginative person delivered to an auditory, great or small, a skilfully contrived story he would be questioned at its conclusion as to the time and place of the action, and his authority for the facts, and if he were imprudent enough to declare that the whole thing existed only in his imagination, his reward for entertaining and interesting his hearers would most probably be surprise, disappointment, and displeasure.

The earliest poems embodied true or only slightly coloured narratives of past events, of the exploits of famous men, or the praises of the objects of the people's worship. The investing of these narratives with romantic and imaginative circumstances naturally followed according as the events recorded sunk farther back in time, and the appetite for such entertainments grew stronger. It is generally known that the household tales of all the European peoples, as well as many preserved by the Persians and Hindoos had a common origin. The outlines and most of the adventures recorded must have been known to the ancestors of all before they sent colonies west and south-east from central Asia. Of course they were much modified in their transmission from pagan to Christian storytellers, and now bear but a misty resemblance to their pristine shape. In their original form they were poetical narratives of real events or allegories, embodying religious, or political, or social theories of the time. Supernatural beings assumed the shape of beasts in the classical

and other mythologies. A great portion of the peoples of Asia believed in the transmigration of souls; the Egyptians fancied that the life, and such spirit as each animal possessed, were emanations of the Universal Spirit. Hence the important parts played by mere animals in the traditional literature of the fireside.

Paganism died, as they say, hard. Obligated to yield to the truth, and the mild and continent spirit of Christianity, it forced on its dispos-

essor the keeping of the epochs of some of its festivals, some portions of its own unedifying practises on these occasions. The Romans, who were not even our ancestors, inflicted on us a reminiscence of their gods and deified emperors in the names of the months; and the Teutons, who were only stepfathers to much of the people of Europe, succeeded in permanently attaching the names of the Scandinavian divinities to the days of the week, not even excepting the *Dies Dominica*.

---

## THE PAGAN STATE OF IRELAND AND ITS REMAINS.

THE tall oak, the unpolluted grove, and the spiritual and refined religion of the Druids yielded to the upright pillar, the stone circle, the ponderous trilithon and the sanguinary sacrifices of brave but ferocious conquerors. A compound superstition succeeded, which I have denominated pagan, to distinguish it from pure Druidism, and which Tacitus assures us had nothing foreign in it. Let who will be the leaders of the Scythic or Gothic tribes into Europe, or let the period of their arrival be what it may, the northern chronicles preserve abundant proofs of the introduction of a new superstition some years before the Incarnation. This certainly was not established in Britain in the age of Cæsar in all its parts, for he mentions only cremation, but nothing of stone monuments. Nor was it universally adopted in Germany when Tacitus wrote; for the green turf, elevated a little above the surface, pointed out the humble Celtic grave; nor do I recollect any notice in him of the monstrous stone structures which afterwards were to be seen in Scandinavia and Germany. Pliny indeed says, that raised funeral tumuli or barrows obtained among the Chauci; the very tribe settled, in the age of Ptolemy, in the south-east part of England.

It was a law of Odin, the great Gothic deity and legislator, that large barrows should be raised to perpetuate the memory of cele-

brated chiefs. These were composed of stones and earth, the whole formed with infinite labour and some art. In the Brende-tiid, or fiery age, which was the first among the Northerns, the body was ordered by Odin to be burned with all its ornaments, the ashes to be collected in an urn and laid in a grave. But in the Hoelst-tiid, or age of hillocks, being the second, the body, untouched by fire, was deposited in a cave or sepulchre under a barrow, and this mode was practised until the third epoch, called Christendoms-old, or the age of Christianity. As no fashion is at once relinquished, and though the modes of interment now enumerated are accurately defined, we are not to be surprised at finding instances of cremation and inhumation in the same barrow. The first mode prevailed from the incursion of the Scythians into Europe till the coming of Odin, whose Asiatic followers affected what Tacitus before calls more arduous and elaborate sepulchral honours, and this Wormius clearly intimates. This second age will be hereafter found to extend itself into that wherein Christianity was not unknown to the Northerns.

To confirm what has been advanced, that ingenious antiquary, Governor Pownall, observes: "That the explanation of many of our antiquities must depend upon the customs and manners of the northern colonies being well understood.



The mode of burial and the species of sepulchral monument at New Grange may be traced through Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Poland, and the steppes of Tartary." This he evinces in an ample and satisfactory manner by alleging tumuli raised by the princes of Naumdhall and Harald Blaataud, and by some hundreds of barrows to be seen about Upsal, in Sweden. Three of the latter are called Kongs,<sup>1</sup> Högarn, or Kings' High Cairn. These kings' barrows are traced to an origin not very remote from Odin. He, therefore, supposes it will not appear a far-fetched conjecture to make our mount at New Grange, a Danish work.

Another law of Odin directed great upright stones to be erected on and round the sepulchre of the deceased, and the rule was, that a single circle round the base of the barrow indicated it to be the tomb of some chieftain or general, and there sacrifices were performed in memory of the deceased.

Ketill, a great Norwegian leader, declares, "It was the custom of illustrious men, of kings and earls, to engage in piracy, and that the treasure they had acquired should not go to their heirs, but be buried in their barrows with them. '*Potius tumulo ipso cum defuncto mandaretur.*'" Frederic William, the last Elector of Brandenburg, told Tollius that he had many stone monuments dug up and examined, which were called the "Cemeteries of the Vandals," and that nothing was discovered but some coins.

The monument at New Grange, near Drogheda, will at once show the paganism of the Irish, and exhibit an admirable instance of its remains. About the year 1699, a Mr. Campbell, who resided in the village of New Grange, observing stones under the green sod, carried much of them away to repair a road; and proceeding in this work, he at length arrived at a broad, flat stone, that covered the mouth of the gallery. At the entrance, this gallery is three feet wide and two high: at thirteen feet from the entrance, it is but two

feet two inches wide. The length of the gallery from its mouth to the beginning of the dome is sixty-two feet; from thence to the upper part of the dome, eleven feet six inches; the whole length, seventy-one feet and a half. The dome or cave with the long gallery gives the exact figure of a cross: the length between the arms of the cross is twenty feet. The dome forms an octagon, twenty feet high, with an area of about seventeen. It is composed of long, flat stones, the upper projecting a little below the lower, and closed in, and capped with a flat flag. There are two oval rock basins in the cave, one in each arm of the cross. Though they contain no cineritious remains, nor are there any marks of cremation in the cave, yet, as it was usual to have urns in cemeteries, the custom is here continued.

Mr. Wright, in his additions to the Louthiana, a MS. in the possession of the respectable Mr. Allan, of Darlington, says, New Grange is the oldest monument he examined in Ireland. On first entering the dome, not far from the centre, a pillar was found, and two skeletons on each side, not far from the pillar. In the recesses were three hollow stone basins, two and three feet in diameter. But when he visited New Grange again, in 1746, these basins had been removed, and placed upon one another. One of the cells had an engraved volute, which he supposes was dedicated to Woden or Jupiter Ammon; another had lightning cut on its lintel, as sacred to Thor.

Among the Greeks and Romans, urns were of various shapes, and of clay and stone. Montfaucon saw marble and granite urns, which it was believed belonged to the Goths. We must remark that the boat-like figure of our urns, as well as one at Knowth,<sup>2</sup> indicate the persons for whom they were designed to be naval commanders. A ship was their most beloved object in life, and their sepulchres were of this shape.

At New Grange, on the top of the Mount, were found two golden coins, one of the elder Valentinian,

<sup>1</sup> This seems a hybrid word: *hoch* or *hog*, in German, is *mons*, *collis*. Spelman in Hoga: and Cairn, Irish, a heap of stones. The Swedes call those hills on which their kings were crowned, Krenanshoger.

<sup>2</sup> Molyneux on Danish Mounts.

the other of Theodosius. Odin, says the Edda, placed on his barrow a golden ring; and the arms, horses, and whatever the deceased held most precious, were either burned or deposited in his grave.

Deers' horns and other bones, with human skeletons were in our cave, on each side of a pillar or stone column. This practice is very well explained by Bartholine. Sometimes, says he, kings were seen in a sitting posture in tombs, with their principal soldiers on each side of them. Our pillar shall be hereafter noticed.

Runic inscriptions to the deceased were common: these contained their names, titles, and the magic runes which they wore. "Near Exmore, says Speed, are certain remains of an ancient work, viz., mighty stones set in form of a triangle, others in round, orderly disposed, and upon one of them was an engraving in Danish letters, which could not be read by men most learned." On a flat stone in one of the arms of the cross at New Grange are traces of letters. Lhuyd describes them to be spiral like a snake, but without distinction of head or tail. This was a perfect Danish figure, as may be seen in Wormius. These sculptures are very different from the trellis work in the cave, which all allow to be Danish. The Irish adopted the notion of the magical power of letters from the Northerns, and the magic Runes they called Ogums. Thus "Fiacra was mortally wounded at the battle of Caonry, his funeral leacht or stone was erected, and on his tomb was inscribed his Ogom name."<sup>1</sup> These Runes and Ogums were esteemed a sovereign protection to the living, and were supposed not less potent in guarding the dead.

Lhuyd, from the coins, imagined our monument to be older than the arrival of the Ostmen, and that it belonged to the ancient Irish. At the very time these coins were struck, the 4th century, the Irish were intimately connected with the

Saxons, Picts, and other northern tribes; they united in plundering the Roman provinces, and Roman coins must have constituted not the least valuable part of their spoil. Notwithstanding this, I am clearly of opinion the construction of mounts, or, to speak with Wormius, the age of hillocks were much later, for the Brende-tiid, or age of cremation certainly had not ceased in the North or Germany in 789, for a capitular of Charlemagne, of that year, punishes with death such Saxons as burnt their dead after the manner of pagans.<sup>2</sup> Christianity had been long preached among the subjects of this prince, and yet they were still but half Christians. It is evident from the contents of our cave that cremation had ceased among the Ostmen in Ireland, they also show the dawns of Christianity among them; every other circumstance evinces pagan ideas. This might reasonably be supposed to happen at the period of their conversion: then we might expect to find in the same structure some indications of their new and many of their old religion: for an instantaneous dereliction of their ancient creed never occurred among a rude people.

The Irish Ostmen embraced the faith about 853, and in this century I think we may date the construction of the mount at New Grange: it was made and adorned with every sepulchral honour to the memory of some illustrious northern chief. From the annals of Ulster we learn that the piratical rovers from the North greatly infested Ireland in the ninth century.<sup>3</sup> They generally embarked in the Boyne, where securing their ships, they spread devastation around to a considerable extent. In the year 824 these annals record the plundering of Damliag or Duleek, not far from Drogheda, by them. In 826 a great battle was fought at the same place between these Gâls or Ostmen and the king of the Firtuaths in Leinster, where many were slain. In 831 the Gâls again spoiled

<sup>1</sup> Irish Grammar, p. 7.

<sup>2</sup> This capitular of Charlemagne, made A.D. 789, shows that the Saxons then burnt their dead.

Johnstone's Antiq. Celto-Norm. p. 64.



Duleek. In 847 the Gals were defeated at Fore in Westmeath, and in 858 and 860 they invaded Meath with a great army. On any of those occasions, a principal commander, dying at New Grange, might have been interred there. On the lands of Ballymacscanlan, in the county of Louth, is a large rath, and on it a great stone, having in the centre a cross with four smaller ones. About thirty yards from the rath is an entrance into a cave running under the rath, but it has not been explored. Tradition calls this the tomb of MacScanlan: one of that name was King of Fignitie, and had a great battle with the Gals, A.D. 833. Whether Fignitie was Ballymacscanlan is not easy to determine, however the stone with crosses and the cave show a compound of Christian and Pagan ideas, similar to that at New Grange, and hence I am led to conclude, from the substructure of the latter, that it was the work of semi-christian Ostmen in the ninth century. The cruciform shape of that substructure is exactly that of a crux immiffa: this figure these rude architects accurately conceived and as admirably executed. From the age of Constantine, but particularly in the ninth century, the virtues ascribed to the cross, and the veneration paid to it were boundless, and superstitious in the highest degree. Churches and cryptical chapels were built in this form, and this is the figure of our gallery and its cells. The respect for holy water, which the rock basins probably held, was scarcely inferior to that for the cross; it was the most powerful protection against malignant spirits. Anxious to secure to a beloved chief the felicities held out by a new religion, they laid him on a cross with each arm extended to the laver of regeneration, yet without relinquishing the favour of their ancient deities represented by stone pillars.

It will tend to confirm this notion to allege some instances of the state of nascent Christianity among various tribes of this barbarous

people. Procopius complains that the Franks, though converts, observed many rites of their pristine superstition. Against such practices councils in vain fulminated anathemas: in vain the kings and bishops were to inquire whether any believed genii inhabited barrows or rivers, and endeavoured to raise them and spectres. Redwald, King of the East Saxons, after embracing the gospel, relapsed into idolatry, yet without wholly rejecting his new creed: like the Samaritans of old, says the venerable historian, he had in the same temple an altar dedicated to Christ, and another to idols.<sup>1</sup> Thorolf and Egil, two celebrated northern commanders, whose piracies and courage frequently made Ireland and Scotland tremble, at the desire of Æthelstan, the Anglo-Saxon king, received the sign of the cross, but were in name rather than in reality Christians; for we are told that it was the custom of the age for those who had received the first signation to hold commerce indiscriminately with Christians and Gentiles, adhering however to that religion which best pleased them.

The external base of the Mount at New Grange was encircled by a number of enormous unhewn stones, set upright. Ten remain in place: they are from seven to nine feet above ground, and weigh from eight to ten tons each, and one stood on the summit of the mount, which was exactly conformable to the northern practice, as delivered by Wormius, as their sacrifices were performed in memory of the deceased. The dead, to whom divine honours were paid, were illustrious warriors, or great princes, whom the veneration of their countrymen deified.

I shall now endeavour to give the rationale of this mode of interment among the Northerns, and the superstition respecting it, as it will enable us to form proper notions of our various stone monuments, and numerous caves. It is very well observed by Rowlands,<sup>2</sup> "that by what remains of our ancientest

<sup>1</sup> Bed. l. 2. c. 15. Severus worshipped Christ; Abraham, Orpheus, and Apollo, in the same Lararium. Lamprid, in Sever.

<sup>2</sup> *Mona Antiqua*, p. 138.

buildings, it seems the very form of our houses and that of our churches were much the same; it is probable our churches were at first dwelling-houses." The Scythic and German nations inhabited caves a great part of the year, and so did our Firbolgs. Many of these souterrains are enumerated Smith's Histories, in Harris and various periodical publications: some are natural, others artificial, and most of them remain vestiges of human residence. That the Irish in the sixth century were Troglodytes appears in Gildas. He represents them as issuing from their narrow caves, and their skin of a dusky hue; nor had they relinquished them in 690. In 1177, Miles Cogan passed the Shannon and invaded Connaught; the natives every where burnt their villages and churches, and destroyed the corn and provisions which they could not conceal in Hypogæa. Here, though they had deserted their ancient habitations, they did not forget the protection they originally afforded them. These antrile retreats soon became places of worship and consecrated to religion. The Druids when known to the Greeks and Romans, had united the Celtic and Scythic rituals, and exercised their functions both in groves and caves. Thus sanctified, no place appeared more suitable for the interment of the heads of families and celebrated chiefs, whom while living they loved and admired, and whose virtues and manes they adored in the grave. Thus men became heroes and gods, and their ancient habitations cemeteries and temples. And of this there is a very curious and strong proof in the Irish word Cill or Kill, which at first denoted a grave, and after a church.

Celtic inhumation being exchanged for Scythic cremation, the body was consumed by fire, the ashes collected in an urn and placed under a barrow, with spears, arms, gold and silver, and such-like rareties as were dear to the deceased in his lifetime. The same superstition required upright stones, stone-circles and trilithons on and about the grave. Odin must

have taught his followers that these monstrous pillars were symbols of the Deity and endued with peculiar virtues, for it is certain they after considered them as gods and paid them divine honours. The Edda declares a race of spirits or demons, called Nani, inhabited them. From this holiness of large pillars the most solemn offices, civil and religious, were performed within circles of them. Wormius assures us they were used either as Fora, for the administration of justice; or as Comititalia, for the election and inauguration of kings; or as places of single combat, or as temples of tribes. Instances of their application to all these purposes occur in Ireland, and a few of them shall now be given.

On the plain of Ballynahatne are concentric stone-circles: its ruins shew it to have been a very laboured construction, and as Wright well remarks, not unlike Stonehenge.<sup>1</sup> The name of Stonehenge reminds us of the various extravagant whimsies entertained concerning that curious monument whose origin seems to have been mistaken by every author, except two excellent antiquaries, Keysler and Warton. The latter thus speaks of it: "No other notion respecting Stonehenge prevailed than the supposition that had been delivered down by long and constant tradition, that it was erected in memory of Hengist's massacre. This was the established and uniform opinion of the Welsh and Armorican bards, who most probably received it from the Saxon minstrels. This was the popular belief in the age of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and in this Robert of Gloucester and all the monkish chronicles agree. That the Druids constructed this stupendous pile for a place of worship, was a discovery reserved for the sagacity of a wiser age, and the laborious discussion of modern antiquaries."<sup>2</sup>

Besides the name Stan Hengist, Hengist's Stones, the authority of the Welsh and Armorican bards is strong evidence of the founding of Stonehenge in the fifth century. The British minstrels, whose constant

<sup>1</sup> Louthiana, p. 9.

<sup>2</sup> Warton's Hist. of English Poetry, V. 2. p. 155.



theme was the exterminating fury of the pagan Saxons, ascribed this work to their countrymen, as a pious monument to their slaughtered brethren, when in reality it was a triumphant memorial erected by Hengist's army for a single defeat of the Britons, just as Regner, according to Saxo, constructed a pensile trophy for his victory over the Biarmiand Finni.<sup>1</sup> The Britons, if they preserved their original customs and adhered to their Celtic ritual, had no stone-temples; but they might have embraced the Belgic or Scythic superstition, and Stonehenge lay within the territories of the Belgæ.

At Templebrien, in the county of Cork, is a circle of nine upright stones, placed round a tenth in the centre; and about twenty feet to the N.W. stands an eleventh. "Kings," says Wormius, were created in circles composed of great stones, for the most part twelve in number (*ut plurimum duodecim*.) In the middle was a larger one, on which the elected king was placed and recognised with loud acclamations."<sup>2</sup> The centre stone, among the Danes and Norwegians, was called Kongstolen, and Morasteen among the Swedes and Goths. It was not always within the area of the circle, for at Leire in Seland it is without it, nor were twelve uprights indispensably necessary. Hence I think it probable, that the centre stone at Templebrien was an altar for sacrifice, and the stone at a distance the Kongstolen. Lesser circles of three, four, or more stones, which are not uncommon, were for the election of inferior Toparchs; for notwithstanding the strongest claim from hereditary right, election was always resorted to, and such is the policy in our Brehon laws.

At Ballymacscanlan, in the county of Louth, three great pillars supported a ponderous impost: this was the pensile monument of the Northerns. It is called the Giant's load, being brought altogether from a neighbouring mountain by a giant,

according to tradition. Here we discover plainly the Northern origin of these monuments. Giants make no part of Celtic, though they do of Gothic mythology. The Edda mentions the giants Ymir, Nor, Tarbantes, and others, and Saxo Grammaticus declares, the great stones set on sepulchres and caves are proofs of Denmark being anciently inhabited by a gigantic race, and the principal stone erections enumerated by Wormius are given to giants. These parallels of Irish and Northern antiquities might be extended much farther. Even from the present specimen no doubts can remain on the mind of the learned reader, of the same people being the authors of both. Nor will this sketch be undeserving the notice of any one who may hereafter take up the subject.

We have therefore great reason to be surprised at the mistakes of Bruker on this subject, a man of sagacity and profound erudition. He begins his account of Celtic philosephy by telling us the Celts occupied the northern and western parts of Europe, retaining a resemblance in their customs and religion, but that when they came to be formed into nations then a difference in these points was very obvious; and that under the name of Celts were comprehended the Scythians, the Germans, the Gauls, Britons, and Spaniards, with those who inhabited Pannonia and the banks of the Danube.<sup>3</sup> This strange jumble of people of different languages and religions presents to our author nothing but a wild chaos of contradictions. He has not advanced a dozen lines before he complains of the "obscurity and uncertainty of Celtic history, of its being loaded with so many difficulties that he can promise to give it but a very inferior degree of versimilitude, and that he would rather modestly confess this than, as is too common, obtrude on the reader vague conjectures for certain truths." This show of candour, however, will never atone for the monstrous confusion he has introduced into Celtic

<sup>1</sup> Regnerus Saxi rerum gestarum apices præ se serentibus, iisdemque superne locatis, æternum victoriæ suæ monumentum affixit. Sax. Gram. l. 9. Worm. sup. Step. Stephan. p. 15.

<sup>2</sup> Mon. Danic. l. i. c. 12.

<sup>3</sup> Hist. Crit. Philosoph. T. 1. p. 313.

antiquities, the more fatal as it is supported by ingenuity and uncommon learning. He cannot avoid remarking the opposite testimonies of Cæsar and Tacitus on the religion of the Druids: the latter says they had no temples or altars, but the former intimates both. He has no way of reconciling these writers, but by assuring us, the religion of the Northern Celts, the Germans and Gauls, was originally the same, and that the Gallic deities—statues, altars, and temples—were foreign importations. Here a critical inquiry should have commenced into the religion and philosophy of the Celts, grounded on their language, religion, and the few hints preserved by the ancients. The materials for a similar procedure with the Scythians are abundant; and, lastly, the union of the Celtic and Scythic rituals might be easily shown. Mr. Pinkerton in his *Dissertation on the Goths and History of Scotland* has laboured successfully on this subject, these valuable works being an excellent introduction to the study of the British antiquities.

Borlase, a man of considerable learning but little judgment, lapses into Bruker's errors. He perceives no difference between the religion of the Germans, Danes, Norwegians, and Swedes, and that of the Britons and Gauls, but that the priesthood among the latter was more dignified and learned than among the former.<sup>1</sup> From such a declaration, so early made, nothing could be expected but confusion. An antiquary who could affirm rock-basins, circles, erect stones, cromleace, cairns, and groves of oaks, a cave and an inclosure marked a Druidic monument,<sup>2</sup> was ill qualified to disembarrass Celtic and Scythic antiquities, or to give a distinct view of each. And yet clouded as his ideas were, he saw through the gloomy difficulties which

he could not solve; he tells us, the superstition of the Germans and Northern nations throw great light on that of the Druids, but not *vice versa*. The meaning of which is, that the original dogmas of Druidism were lost, or so incorporated with the Northern religion, that there was no way of illustrating the former but by the latter. But the fact is the ancients supply us with accurate distinctions, and indubitable marks of genuine Druidism. Both the Celtic and German superstitions were early mingled with each other; this, it is confessed, obscured the subject, and led inattentive ancients and moderns astray. I have just alleged an instance from Borlase, of this compound religion, where an oaken grove and inclosure mark the Celtic, as the rock-basins, erect stones, &c., do the Scythic superstition. As to this mixed religion being called Druidic, where the Celts were more numerous than their invaders, as in these isles, their priests preserved their ancient appellation: where the Scythians prevailed, the name was lost, and in its room we find Runer, Adelfruner, Diar, Hosgodar, and Magi introduced. Confounding the Druidic and Scythic rituals, the very learned and ingenious Whitaker tells us, "the Druidical species of heathenism was that particularly calculated to arrest the attention and to impress the mind. The rudely majestic cincture of stones in their temples, the huge enormous Cromleach, the massy tremulous Logan, the great conical carnedde, and the magnificent amphitheatre of woods, &c."<sup>3</sup> Except the amphitheatre of woods, nothing else was Druidical. Many opportunities will offer in the ensuing essays, in treating of the Antiquities of the Irish Church, to confirm the idea pursued in these pages.

<sup>1</sup> Antiquities of Cornwall, p. 71.

<sup>3</sup> Hist. of Manchest. V. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Borlase, *supra*, p. 120.



## ONE YEAR OF A LIFE.

## CHAPTER III.

THREE months had passed, and Margaret was seventeen. The Gordons had been away from Paris during the very hot weather, but had now returned to their old quarters. One morning soon after breakfast, to their astonishment, in rushed Alec; he came quite breathless with excitement; they were all eager to know the reason; it was soon explained. The regiment to which he and Major Calthorpe belonged was ordered to India. Calthorpe was in a frightful state of mind, and was coming, as soon as he could get leave, to plead with Mr. and Mrs. Gordon that Beatrix and he might be married before he went out. The regiment would embark in a few weeks, but he could arrange to go out with his bride overland afterwards. So, after many objections on the part of Mrs. Gordon, feeble remonstrance from Mr. Gordon, and a little gentle resistance from Beatrix, it was at last arranged that they should be married in three months. As for poor Alec, it was vain for him to think of Margaret's accompanying him; all he could hope for was that they might have a definite engagement. This Mrs. Gordon did not wish as they were both so young; and, when the suggestion was made to Margaret, she shrank from it with the greatest distaste; all she would now say was that she loved Alec as a dear brother; and, when he pressed her for more, she got angry and refused to allow she had any love at all for him.

"My darling Madge—my little wife that was to be—why have you changed and turned so cold to me?" Alec would say.

And then poor Margaret would reply.

"Dear Alec, I never loved you better than I do now; dear, dearest brother, do not think my heart is cold; but I am very young, and Aunt Marion thinks we ought to wait."

"But Margaret, if we were once really engaged, I should feel content; I should know you would one day be mine."

"Alec, it is of no use," she would say; "I cannot bear the idea of being tied; if we liked each other when you came back, it would only be the same thing after all; and if we didn't—why, you would not make me marry you against my will, would you? And I am sure, Sir, I shouldn't ask you to accept me; who knows? you may fall in love with a Begum, and bring her home; and just fancy the humiliation I should have subjected myself to in being engaged to you, and then thrown over for a black woman."

"Ah, Margaret! if you felt as I do, the comfort it would be to you, to be tied, as you call it; you would not find it irksome."

"Alec, don't be angry with me; but I do not feel I could be your wife. Pray, pray try to like some one else. I want to be an old maid," she cried.

Then Alec grew very angry and was deeply hurt; but, though day after day he pressed his suit, still when he left Paris there was no decided engagement.

Major Calthorpe came over while Alec was there, and remained after he left; and then Mrs. Gordon and Beatrix went back to England with him; for Mrs. Gordon yearned to be near her only son during the last few weeks that remained for him in England. The regiment was at Portsmouth, and Mrs. Gordon took lodgings for herself and Beatrix at Southsea, so that she might see as much of Alec as possible. In the meantime Margaret stayed in Paris with Mr. Gordon; they thought it better so, Mrs. Gordon fearing that the constant sight of Margaret would only unsettle Alec and make him more miserable. Besides, she could not help feeling a little angry with her, much as she loved her; for up to the last six months, Margaret had

seemed to consider it as much a matter of course that she should one day marry Alec as they all did. Now she was quite changed, and although Mrs. Gordon said, and really thought, it would be unwise in them to be regularly engaged, still she wished that Margaret had seemed anxious to be so.

And so fate worked out his ruthless task. Things fell out in this wise; in less than one week from the time Mrs. Gordon left Paris, George Falconer returned; he had been away several months, had finished his book, and was now on his way back to London to make arrangements about its publication. The day after his arrival in Paris, he went to see Lady McDougal. It will be recollected that her *apartement* was the *rez de chaussée*, and looked into the little garden where George had found Margaret the day he left Paris; he walked up the steps he remembered so well, and entered the corridor. Instead of turning to the right, and ringing at the door of the antichamber belonging to Lady McDougal's *apartement*, he went through to the garden door; there was a verandah running round the house at the back; it was against Lady McDougal's drawing-room windows, and George had but to step on it, from the open door where he stood; the days were drawing in, as it was now the end of October, the curtains were closed, but across the verandah, making a little bright streak on the grass beyond, came the light from the lamp in Lady McDougal's boudoir. George felt a strong inclination just to look through the opening between the curtains to see the old lady at her work or reading; it was cold outside, and he fancied he should appreciate the warmth and comfort when he was in the room better if he could just have a glimpse before entering. Gently treading, he moved to the place where the light crossed the verandah and, stooping, looked in; the room was bright with firelight and lamp, the luxurious sofas, and chairs were so arranged that the warm glow from the blazing logs seemed to penetrate to each, and the whole room had an equalised appearance of comfort, which is not often seen. There were two occu-

pants of the cheerful, cosy boudoir, one, Lady McDougal, lying back in her large arm-chair, with her eyes shut, sleeping peacefully and contentedly, showing by her regular breathing the profundity of her slumber; the other was Margaret. How his heart throbbed as he looked on her! She was seated on a low chair of crimson velvet, her head thrown back, her eyes fixed on vacancy, there was the same ecstatic look upon that lovely face, which shone from it on the spring day, now months gone by, when Margaret stood upon the hill and heard the bells ring out. Her book had fallen on her lap, her hands were clasped together, and as George watched outside he could have fancied it was an angel that he looked upon, gazing on the glorious throne of Heaven from afar. He stayed but one second thus playing the spy; his first thought had been to go away without entering the room; the next—he had such a wild longing to see her face as she recognised him again. He went round, and, without allowing himself to be announced, softly opened the door, and stood before her. As he did so, she turned towards him, and he saw the joy that flushed into her face—the radiant joy at seeing him again. Lady McDougal opened her eyes, and cried out—

“George, can it be you?” A sight good for *saire e'en*; welcome, indeed, my dear boy!

After a few affectionate words on either side, George sat down in an arm-chair by the fire; and, as he warmed his hands and stared at the blaze, he said—“It seems to me like coming home.”

“I wish it was your home, dear George,” the old lady said; “I wish you were not the wanderer upon the earth you are.”

And then George turned to Margaret and conversed with her, and, after a little, Lady McDougal settled back in her chair and dozed again, and George and Margaret talked in soft, low tones. It was less than an hour that passed thus, and how much shorter the time seemed! yet, when they parted, Margaret being obliged to return to Mr. Gordon, it seemed as though they had known each other for



long, and the interchange of their ideas had been constant. George Falconer dined with the McDougals, and when he left them he made up his mind he would go at once to London, and return to Paris no more. But ah, the weakness of human nature! The next day found him at Lady McDougal's again, ostensibly to ask if there was any commission she could give him to execute in London. He met Mr. Gordon and Margaret there, and, as he knew a little of most things, he was presently involved in an antiquarian discussion; this lasted long, and then Mr. Gordon was not satisfied until they adjourned upstairs to his apartment, to examine a small but much-valued collection of antiquities. Mr. Gordon would not let George go even then: he dined there, and they went down to Lady McDougal's to spend the evening. Margaret sang, and George's love grew; and with a mighty strength rose in his heart and swept all his good resolutions before it. He knew now he could not fight with his love: he could but bow his head, and be taken withersoever the waters of his destiny should carry him; and as the sweet voice stirred all his sympathies, he thought and thought of what might be. He could not disguise from himself that Margaret liked him much; and when he thought of the light that shone out of her beautiful eyes as he stood before her on the preceding day, he felt that if he willed it, a love only second to his own would rise up in her pure young heart for him; and as he thought of this, a heaven seemed to open before him—a heaven of such radiant joy, such peace, such rest—rest at last for him, poor world-weary traveller that he was. So George Falconer gave himself up to his all-absorbing love; he no longer made resolutions, no longer strove to avoid meeting Margaret.

Had Mrs. Gordon been there, things would have been different—how different! How much bitter anguish would have been spared to the actors in my story! A month passed, and Mrs. Gordon did not return; it wanted still two months to Beatrix's marriage, for which

both Mr. Gordon and Margaret were to go over. Mr. Dickenson, the good, kind rector, had insisted upon Beatrix being married from his house, as the Grange was still occupied by strangers; therefore, the dear old rectory, being capable of great expansive powers, the whole party were to be taken in there with the exception of Major Calthorpe, who was to come down the day before the marriage and take up his quarters in a farmhouse close by. Some weeks before the time for the wedding arrived, Lady McDougal quitted Paris with her nieces, and then Alec and Beatrix came over for a few days. Mrs. Gordon was not well; worried, anxious, and altogether not fit to take a journey; so she remained with some friends in London, seeing that Beatrix's trousseau and outfit were all they should be. And very, very sore at heart she was; to lose her only two children at the same time seemed almost more than she could bear. It was a hard struggle; but, with a true mother's unselfish love, she bade her sad heart be still, and thought but of cheering and doing all she could for her children while they were left with her. It was a sorrowful parting between Margaret and Alec; she now told him with many bitter tears that she could not marry him, nor be engaged to him, nor ever give him hope.

"Alec," she said, sobbing, "I cannot be your wife; it is of no use: do not ask me. Ah, Alec! if you only knew the misery I feel in telling you; but it can never be!"

Still to the last Alec went away determined he would come back and win her; and thinking her reiterated assertions that she only loved him as a brother, and refused to be engaged, was on account of her dread at being tied or being a tie to him, he took her hands as he was parting from her, and looking sadly into her soft eyes, he said—

"Remember, Margaret, betrothed or sister, promised wife, or not, my Margaret, you will be dearer to me always than any other being on the face of this earth. I shall think of you night and day, I shall hear your voice, and see your sweet

face when I am so far away; and all my hope, all my prayers will be that I may come back, my darling, to find you, and that I may then make you the guiding star of my life—that you will then not treat me coldly, as you have done of late. Margaret, when I am gone, think of me as you used: in two years I shall return. Margaret, try to love me as I know you did, and must surely in your heart do now;” and drawing her close to him, he pressed a kiss upon her forehead, and then he left her. Years after, Alec thought of that day, and remembered how he had fancied no sorrow could be worse than that parting; but, as he looked back, he thanked God he had not known then how much more bitter a grief was in store for him.

How happy a thing for us it is that we can see but an inch of the road before us! did we but guess the pitfalls, the depths of misery, the miles of rugged road before some of us to travel; or did we but know when we shall enter that valley through which we must grope our way alone to reach the light beyond; did we know the hour when the curtain will be lifted, and we shall enter on our true existence, leaving this, our dream-life, with all belonging to it, so far behind,—did we know all this, we could but lie down by the wayside, crying: “Let the blow fall now, oh, Thou most high!” rather than bear the awful knowledge of the future.

Beatrice returned to England with Alec. George Falconer did not happen to call during the two days the brother and sister were in Paris; and it should be mentioned here that Lady McDougal had no notion of the intimacy that had sprung up between George and Margaret. She knew he often came, but before her nothing occurred to open her eyes, and even had there been, there was no reason that she should complain; she would but have demurred because Margaret’s best friend and guardian, Mrs. Gordon, was not there to approve. Now that Margaret was alone again with her uncle, George came every day. At first it began with his bringing little antiquities or old coins for

Mr. Gordon to examine, and such way did he make with the old gentleman, that the latter would declare there was none in the world to compare with George Falconer for talent, wisdom, and his many virtues. As to Margaret, from the first this man had an attraction for her that she could not describe even to herself; but now, at the end of these two months that she had constantly seen him, she knew—poor child that she was!—that her feeling for him had changed; she loved him as people love but once in their lives, and few even that; loved with the love of a young and passionate girl, such as comes before the truth has dawned—the truth that the idol set up to worship is made but of clay after all. In her eyes he was a God, perfect in form, perfect in all many graces; of a verity, a thing to fall down before, adoring. His talent she worshipped as she did himself. Naturally gifted, and able to appreciate the man she loved, Margaret gloried in his genius as she did in his love for her. He had not as yet told her in plain language of his attachment; but utterly ignorant and inexperienced as she was, she could not help feeling almost sure that he loved her. As the thought rose in her mind, the world seemed changed to her; all nature grew more beautiful; the sun grew warmer and brighter, the earth more fair.

One afternoon Mr. Gordon had gone out, leaving Margaret alone. She had been sitting, thinking of George, also of poor Alec, who was now on his way to India; she thought of him, and the tears fell as she remembered his affection, his true worth, and how, but a very few months back, she had looked forward to sharing his life; she thought too of her aunt, and very sorrowfully; she felt, from her letters, that a coldness had come between them, and Margaret knew why, and knew she deserved it. It wanted now but a few days to Beatrice’s marriage, and, in spite of the new spring of joy and hope which had risen in Margaret’s heart, she was very sad this winter’s afternoon. After sitting, pondering some time before the fire, she rose, and going to the piano, sat



down and sang; sang from memory some plaintive melody of a bye-gone time, an old song that she had loved as a child to hear her aunt sing. There was no light in the room, except from the flickering fire, which ever and anon lighted up Margaret and the whole room for an instant, and the next her form was lost in gloom. While she was thus employed, the door opened, and, without Margaret's observing him, George Falconer entered the room; he came quietly up to her, and stood listening to her sweet voice. Presently she turned round and saw him; she started, and said:—

"Mr. Falconer, how long have you been here? It is not fair to come in in that surreptitious way."

"I feel rather like Mephistophiles, I must say; but pray do not reproach me, I wanted to hear you sing; yet, if you had left off to begin to talk to me, I knew I should like that best, and that the song would have been over for good: therefore, I came in without disturbing you."

"Why not let me sing again—we will have lights; I will sing anything you please," she said.

"No, stay," he answered; "do not ring, do not have lights brought; sit here by the firelight and listen to me. Margaret, I am here to-night to tell you what till lately I had intended you should never know,—that I love you, better than any earthly thing, more than all the world beside; all my hopes for the future are nothing to me with the knowledge that my life will pass without you; I say this, for I feel I cannot ask you to return my love,—to bind your youth and freshness, your beauty, and the purity of your young heart, to the future of a sinful, miserable man like myself. But, Margaret, I want you to know how you have changed all things to me; I want you to know the power you have over me; I wish to tell you how strangely the sight of your sweet child-face moved me from the first moment I looked upon it. I am old enough to be your father, and seem to myself so much older than I am; I cannot ask you, I cannot think that you could love me; but, my darling, my darling, what will life be to me without you? I have gone on day by day loving you

more and more until the sound of your voice is the only music in the world to me; the light of your bright young face the only sunshine that I care for. Margaret, my love is not like the love of a younger man, a mere passion; it is my whole being, the mainspring of my very existence."

As he went on Margaret had hidden her face in her hands, and was crying. George gently took one and held it in his, as he said—

"Margaret, you must not cry; my darling child, my beautiful angel, do not cry. I did not mean to distress you, and I had intended you should not even know of my love; but I felt to-night that I must tell you all you are to me."

Margaret still cried as if her heart would break; and then George, drawing both hands from her face, looked into her eyes. As he did so he dropped her hands, and throwing his arms round her, he cried—

"Oh, my love, my love! can it be that you love me? My Margaret, tell me, could you ever care enough for me to be my wife? Darling, look at me; let me see the truth in your angel face; let me know the heaven on earth that lies before me, Margaret! My own, you cannot dream what this great joy is to me; tell me, tell me with your once sweet lips that you love me!"

Margaret, however, with the perversity of her sex, the more she was implored to speak the more she held her tongue; but George felt, as he held her in his arms, that she did not shrink from him, and as the fire suddenly glared up, and threw a bright gleam upon her face, he saw that her eyes were soft with the light of love. At last she spoke; and then George knew how Margaret's whole heart belonged to him. For the next half hour they sat side by side, and the world stood still for them; the earth was touched with the spirit light of love, all men were forgotten but themselves. The world is full of misery; man's life is but a constant round of cares and worries, most of them petty 'tis true, still they fret and gall. But if our progress through life is full of disappointment and woe,

these are given to man to counter-balance his almost continuous suffering, some brief moments of such heaven-sent joy and happiness as must make most of us exclaim on looking back, "I thank God for my existence! Life even in this world is worth having, for the sake of such glimpses of heaven as have been vouchsafed to me." The dream may have lasted but a little while, still it was the oasis in the desert; and barren and rocky as the rest of our way may seem, the dream has been dreamed, and the remembrance will glorify the remainder of our earth-journey.

George and Margaret were not left alone long. Mr. Gordon soon returned, bearing with him a curious relic of great antiquity, and he immediately ordered lights that he might display his treasure; he fussed and worried dreadfully, scolding Margaret for sitting in the dark.

"Dear me! and fancy, instead of trying to amuse Mr. Falconer while he was waiting, there you stick in the dark! Why, Margaret, how very stupid! you might, at least, have shown Mr. Falconer some of the things in my little collection. But, dear, dear! young girls are so very thoughtless!"

George made Margaret a sign to say nothing, and, as Mr. Gordon presently left them again, they agreed that no mention should be made of their engagement until the return of Margaret to Paris with Mrs. Gordon after Beatrix's marriage. George came constantly in the few days that were left, and this was, indeed, the harvest time of peace and happiness for George Falconer and Margaret.

"Darling!" George said to her on the day before she and Mr. Gordon started for England; "My own Margaret, to think that you can love me! but child that you are, your love for me can never be what mine is for you. Ah, Margaret! one must have suffered deeply to love much; I can find no words to tell what you are to me, my life, my all. And, Margaret, you are sent to me from heaven—sent to me for my salvation. How your love has raised me above myself, and seemed to make me more

worthy! My good angel my better self."

As he spoke thus, Margaret would marvel that she could be all this to one so much older and wiser than herself. Had things been other than they were, George's love dream might have been realised. Poor George! the sins of early youth were, indeed, to be visited pitilessly, though who could say undeservedly

Mr. Gordon and Margaret arrived at Chiddinghurst two days before Beatrix's wedding. It was late in the evening when they drove from the station to the rectory; they could see the bare trees with the snow glistening on their branches, a white world shining under the moonlight as they sped along. On arriving at the house, they were welcomed by the Rector and Rectorina. Mrs. Gordon and Beatrix had been inmates of the hospitable rectory for some days, and it was touching to see the meeting between Beatrix and Margaret—the meeting that was but the precursor of a parting so near. Mrs. Gordon took Margaret to her heart with all her old love; she was so glad to see her again; she felt she would be the only one left to her soon; and Margaret at last, in the midst of all the affectionate greetings, burst into an hysterical fit of crying. The excitement of all she had gone through, the joy, the sorrow, the over-fatigue had been too much for the little delicate frame, and she had to be carried up to bed ere she had been in the rectory many minutes.

The next day was all confusion and bustle, and Margaret was not allowed to leave her room; Beatrix kept constantly running in to see her, and spend a few of the last minutes with her; but not to Beatrix could Margaret confide all that had passed in Paris, and she kept locked in her own breast the secret of her love. Late in the day she got up and went down, looking very pale and delicate;—they were all quiet and sad on this Beatrix's last evening among them. They sat after dinner talking of the future, Mrs. Gordon already looking forward to the return of her two loved ones; and as she spoke of



Alec, she glanced at Margaret, whose eyes fell, for Margaret knew that the thoughts of all present turned to her when Alec's future was spoken of; and for a minute she was miserable, feeling guilty in the knowledge of the secret which would destroy the hopes of those whom she loved so dearly.

When they went up to their rooms that night, Beatrix came to her in her dressing-gown, her long, fair hair falling round her. She came to talk of the days that were gone for them. The two young girls sat far into the night—poor Margaret longing to tell her cousin about George, and Beatrix endeavouring to win a word of love for Alec from Margaret, and, as she evidently led the subject round to him, distressing the latter so that she could scarcely refrain from saying how she was being tortured, and confessing all. At last Beatrix clasped Margaret in her arms, and fondly kissing her, said—

“Dear Margaret, this is the last time for so many years that we shall be together; darling, say some little word of kindness for poor Alec, that I may tell him when I see him.”

Margaret turned her little troubled face away, and cried—“I cannot! I cannot! don't ask me! Beatrix, it is impossible that I can ever marry Alec; you will break my heart if you talk of it.”

She was so nervous, so excited, that Beatrix could but try to soothe her, and spoke no more on the subject of which her heart was full. At last she left her; Margaret, being thoroughly worn out and exhausted, had fallen into a deep sleep, which Beatrix trusted might last till morning. It was, indeed, reversing the order of things that the bride-elect should have to watch and care for the bridesmaid; but so it was; and Beatrix had ever been accustomed to uphold and cherish Margaret as one younger and weaker than herself.

That night passed, and the morning dawned with the snow deep on the ground; the air was still and cold, and struck with a death-like chill upon those standing waiting for the wedding party to arrive at the church. The sun was hanging like a great red ball in the sky, seen

through an atmosphere charged with snow, which had not yet come down. An unearthly stillness was over all; it was the sort of cold that brings a feeling of desolation with it—the cold one fancies in reading some tale of travellers dying frost-bitten in the northern regions. Suddenly the bells burst forth, and broke the silence with a merry peal; the ringers pulled with all their might, eager to show their good-will and kindly feeling to the bride they had known as a child, and watched grow up, and bud, and blossom into the lovely girl so soon to become a wife.

The bells rung out, and sounded through the keen, cold air; the sound broke upon Margaret's ear, and seemed as though it were a knell that smote her heart. She thought of the day, but seven or eight months back, when she had stood upon the hill and listened to the village bells; and she thought how different things had seemed to her then. Now the curtain had risen, and the knowledge of her life had come to her. She had not dreamed of the fairy-land that was hidden when she longed for her life to begin; she had not known of the strange, sweet happiness, the subtle sense of which had stolen upon her since that bright spring day. The heavenly world of love had not opened before her then; all had been blank as an unwritten page. Now, though knowledge made life a glorious dream of happiness, it was not unalloyed; the careless joy of a free young heart was gone; the sweetness was there, but not without the bitterness which ever accompanies it. But though there was much which made Margaret uneasy, and even miserable, when she thought of George, and of his words of love, she felt that any sorrow or sacrifice was nothing in comparison to the joy the consciousness of his love brought her; so she determined to think nothing of the burden of her secret, which, truthful child as she was, bore heavily upon her. She knew how much it would have upset and astonished everyone had she told of her engagement—and, besides, had not George bidden her be silent.

Margaret had not much time for

rumination, for she was sent for to go to Beatrix's room; and as she assisted her to dress in her bridal attire, she for the time forgot herself. Beatrix shone out "in gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls," looking lovely on this her bridal morn; the pure white enveloping and surrounding her made the brightness of her beauty the more remarkable; so that on her wedding-day, unlike the generality of women, she looked her fairest. All the neighbours who had known them so long were invited; and it was a pleasant sight—the beautiful bride walking first, and the fair young bridesmaids surrounding her. They walked from the rectory through the wicket into the churchyard, and so passed the porch, and entered the old church,—the church where Beatrix had so often prayed, and where she had been christened and confirmed. Mr. Dickenson performed the service, and, ere many minutes had passed, that impressive ceremony was over, and Beatrix and Major Calthorpe were man and wife. The sunny days of girlhood were over for her; life had begun in earnest. Many eyes were wet as

the service concluded, for all were sorry to think that the bright, joyous creature who had dwelt amongst them so long was going away—perhaps for ever. Mrs. Gordon felt this separation most bitterly, but, with her usual courage and self-command, she would not allow her husband or child to see how much the trial cost her. Beatrix had but little time, on her return to the house, to say "Adieu." Immediately after the breakfast she went to her room, and, when there, gave vent to all her sorrow; she flung herself upon her mother's breast, and wept with all her heart. "Mamma! mamma!" she cried, "I must have been mad when I thought of leaving you. I cannot—cannot go! Keep me, and let Walter go without me."

It was well Major Calthorpe was not near to hear her. Mrs. Gordon clasped her to her heart, and could not restrain the tears that welled to her eyes. The few last moments were over; all the guests gathered to the door; Beatrix ran quickly past, Calthorpe followed; the door banged to, and they were off, to commence a new life in a far-distant land.

#### CHAPTER IV.

MR. AND MRS. GORDON and Margaret left the rectory the day after the wedding, and returned to Paris to their old quarters in the Champs Elysées. The little garden had now a dreary, miserable look, and to Mrs. Gordon the whole place had lost its brightness; their stay, however, was not to be very long, for they had determined to return to the Grange at the end of the year for which it had been let. Christmas passed, and with the beginning of the new year Mrs. Gordon's health failed: she caught cold, and fretting having already made her weak, she became very ill, so ill that excitement of any kind was forbidden. She was in this state when George Falconer, who had been in London during the Gordon's stay at Chiddinghurst, returned to Paris; he at once rushed off to Margaret, eager that all should be known and he be welcomed

as Margaret's accepted lover by her family. She had just left watching by her aunt, Mr. Gordon having taken her place, when George was announced. Ah! the joy of seeing him again; the glorious happiness it was. He took her in his arms, and kissed her passionately.

"My own, own darling!" he whispered; "my angel wife that is to be, how beautiful you are! beautiful with more than earthly beauty. Margaret, you seem to me like some angelic spirit suffered to wander on the earth to make one poor mortal's life a heaven to him. Darling, I shall never leave you again; this very day I will explain everything to your relations."

But Margaret told him of her aunt's illness, and the necessity of her being kept quiet; and "George," she murmured, "you know they thought I liked my cousin, as indeed I believed I did



until I saw you, and it has been a great blow to my aunt that I would not be regularly engaged to him before he went to India. It is so wicked that I love you instead of him."

Here George laughingly endeavoured to explain to her that it was the best and most praiseworthy thing she could possibly have done to care for him, and then a shade passed over the handsome face, and he said—

"Margaret, you have saved me by your love. When I first saw your darling face, I was a hopeless, miserable, guilt-stained man; your love, my own, has purified me by its purity; new hope sprang up in my heart from the moment I knew of your love. A great joy seems now to touch and gild everything about me. The past is gone from my memory; the bitter, bitter grief and remorse I have carried about with me for so long have faded from me. Margaret, no woman ever was to man what you are to me."

"George," said Margaret, looking up into his eyes, "my love, I think, must be as great as yours; at least, I know that I could feel no more. My greatest wish, my only hope, is that you may care for me, that you may want me near you. How I look forward to sitting by your side as you write, how still I would be, never speak or move, but only watch you; and I should read you all you had written and how grand it would seem to me!"

So they talked hopefully till George rose to go; and day after day, while Mrs. Gordon lay so sick, did George Falconer come to the house, sometimes seeing Mrs. Gordon as well as Margaret, sometimes passing an hour with her alone. Margaret told no one of these happy hours—she intended no deception; but put off the explanation until her aunt should be restored to health. She thought no ill could come, and felt assured Mrs. Gordon would consent to the marriage with George Falconer when she once knew how entirely her heart was his. The thought of Alec often rose in her mind to cloud her happiness, but she would say to herself, "he is so young, he is sure to learn to love someone else; even

now his heart, perhaps, is filled with another image," and the cloud would pass; and when George came the world was flooded with sunshine.

The days passed on, and Mrs. Gordon was now so much improved in health that she sat up for some hours every day, and the time was drawing near for the secret of the engagement to be disclosed to her. These days were passing for Margaret in a heaven of such joy as only happy lovers know; she would willingly have had all remain as it was for ever; but George Falconer felt that he ought to let those nearest and dearest to Margaret know how matters stood between them as soon as it was practicable.

They were sitting together in the dusk one evening, and they had just agreed that the next day Mrs. Gordon should be made acquainted with the story of their love; he was standing before Margaret, looking down on her with a troubled and undecided expression on his face; at last he said in a strangely tremulous voice—

"Margaret, I want to tell you something; there is something in my past life which you ought to know. I have hesitated—I have put off the evil moment as long as I could; for, oh! my only love, when you have heard what I have to say, your heart may turn from me, and I shall lose the only thing that makes existence worth having. Dearest, I have often told you how unworthy I knew myself to be of the priceless treasure of your love; but I could never bring myself to tell you—you who are goodness and purity itself—the story, so unfitted for your eyes, of my life. But, Margaret, I trust now soon to make you my wife, and you must know the sinful past, and misery of the man you are about to marry."

"George, do not tell me—I pray you do not tell me," cried Margaret, rising and taking George's hand; "I do not want to know anything you have done wrong; and for the misery—I thought you were so happy now, you could forget the past."

He gently led her back to the sofa where she had been sitting, and taking his place beside her, he

said: "My darling child, you must hear me. Margaret, my love, my life! it is a cruel thing for me to tell, yet let your little hand rest in mine the while, that I may gather strength, and so go on with the hard task before me. You know, for I have often told you, how in my early youth I was spoilt and petted. My father dead, I was the one care and thought of my mother; no fancy that I had was left ungratified; until, before I grew a man, the whole world seemed created for my amusement and pleasure. Thus the evil entailed by my poor mother's weakness grew within me, and my one thought was self; fond as I was of her—and, Margaret, few mothers have known the love I felt for mine—still there was the innate selfishness within me, so that her will was always made to yield to mine. Thus it was that, in spite of her urgent entreaties, I changed from the regiment I first had my commission in, and went into one then quartered in India. I was but one-and-twenty, yet I had already, as it seemed to me, exhausted all there was to do in the way of excitement in Europe. I was anxious to see new life, enjoy new sports; altogether the restless longing for change came upon me, and I went to India. Would to God I had never resisted the entreaties of my mother! Dearest, I should not then have had the sorrow and the shame of telling you my miserable story. When I had been two or three months in my new regiment, already wearying of the monotonous tropical life, our colonel, who had been on leave since my arrival, returned to the cantonment, bringing with him his young wife. Margaret, do not look upon me, do not gaze at me out of the depths of those clear pure eyes. Will you hate me when I tell you the wretch I was? This wife—I cannot tell you her name—was very beautiful; she had married because, a penniless, homeless girl, she knew not what else to do. She was very young—hardly eighteen then, though she had been married more than a year. From the first moment I saw her she exercised a strange fascination over me; I remember so well seeing her come

into the ball-room with her hair like a golden crown, and her great blue eyes shining like stars. Darling, do not shrink from me; it was not love I felt for this woman; for, Margaret, I swear to you I never loved until I saw your sweet young face. I cannot tell even now how it happened, but she drew me on and on; child almost as she was, I never knew so thoroughgoing a coquette; until at last from beginning, as I truly believe she did, almost in jest, and striving to make me love her, she fell into the trap she had laid for me: she no longer feigned to care for me. Ah, darling! let me pass over all that sinful, wretched time; let me not sully your pure ears with the disgraceful story. The end—though not the end, alas!—was that we fled.

Of course I had to leave the regiment, and my career was over. I need not tell you of the bitter disappointment and sorrow my conduct caused my mother. Though I at once quitted India, I did not return to England for years; we travelled on the continent, and at last took up our quarters at Florence. I soon found that the woman whom I had thus in a moment's madness induced to fly with me, was one with whom it was impossible to seek for happiness. Slight, girlish creature that she looked, gentle and soft as she could appear, it makes my blood curdle now to think of the frantic rage and fury that would burst from her at times. She was of a frightfully jealous nature; God only knows the torture I endured in that time. Margaret, my angel, my salvation, do not draw your hand from mine; listen to me as I tell you of the darkest, saddest part in all my story. Do not turn from me in loathing, for I tell you that I believe my agony of remorse, my utter contrition, must expiate my sins in this world and the next. I will tell you now part of my story which makes me shudder, and my heart stand still, when it all comes back to me, as it does to-night. She—this woman and I had dined out one evening in Florence, and we had adjourned to the opera with the friends we had been dining



with. There was one lady of the party—it matters not now to tell you about her—whom she took a strange hatred to, and, most unjustly, was violently jealous of. Some demon seemed to possess her; and that night, when we were home and alone, her fury burst forth in all the strength of madness,—for mad I often think she must have been. After reproaching me in the bitterest language, she suddenly seized an antique, jewelled dagger that was lying on the table, and in her frenzy rushed upon me to stab me. I wrested the weapon from her. With a shriek she turned and flew out of the room into the street. I followed, for I feared I knew not what. Before the house in which we lived flowed the Arno, swollen by the autumn rains. Before I could come up with her—could seize her—before even I could realise the full extent of her insanity, she stood upon the parapet, and, with a wild cry, threw her white arms above her head, and plunged into the dark, cruel water, that opened to swallow her, and then bore her on its rapid way! She was engulfed—lost to my sight for ever! In a second, I, too, was struggling with the angry waters, in a vain attempt to save her. It was too late!

“O God! that I could forget it all! Margaret, pity me! Think of the bitter, bitter anguish—the agony of remorse—that has followed me as a shadow all these years! How often have I cursed myself as I have thought of my great crime—for I can call it nothing else. Though I was not the actual instrument that caused her death, I feel always as if that woman’s blood was on my head. It was I who induced her to leave her husband, and I who brought her to her death. If I had controlled my guilty passion, she might now have been a happy wife—who knows! Her furious rages might never have burst forth—for I cannot but think it was a sense of the humiliation of her position which maddened her at times. Margaret, here on my knees I pray of you to look at me, and tell me if your heart is turned away from me for ever?”

George Falconer knelt down before her as he told the dreadful details; Margaret had turned away, weeping bitterly; George endeavoured to make her say one word that he might know he had hope. At last she raised her head, and dashing the tears away—

“Oh, George!” she cried; “why did you tell me this? I have thought you so noble, and so good, as well as so much more clever than anybody else.”

Poor Margaret! the revulsion of feeling had come to her, which comes to most women at some time in their lives, when they find that the image they have set up aloft to worship as so superior to themselves, that they have valued as the refiners’ purest gold, is but constructed of a baser metal, and with more of clay in it than lies hidden in their own weaker natures. George could never be the same to her again; she could, and did forgive him, feeling most tenderly, pitifully towards him: she clung to him, she soothed him, and longed to comfort him, and stifle the remorse which rendered him so miserable; but Margaret no longer looked up to worship. Still she loved him as passionately as before; it was only the nature of the feeling that was altered—it rather gathered strength from this very change; she felt how he had suffered for his sin, and she determined to devote her life to aid him in forgetting and atoning for the past. After George left her that evening, Margaret sat long brooding over the sad story she had heard; shocked and distressed, yet with her love strong in her heart; she never wavered in her determination to marry George; she knew indeed that nothing could turn her love from him.

After some time she rose and walked with slow steps to her aunt’s room; Mrs. Gordon was just dressed for dinner: she took Margaret’s hand, and said—

“Margaret, not ready yet! why, what have you been about, my child?”

Margaret looked down and blushed as she remembered how utterly ignorant her aunt was of all that had taken place.

“Mr. Falconer was here,” answered she; “and has not been long gone.”

"Mr. Falconer! why was he in when your uncle was out, and I unable to see him?"

"Aunt Marion," faltered Margaret, "I ought to have told you long ago. Oh, dear Aunt Marion, how shall I tell you!" and here she fell to crying: the tears, which had been flowing so freely during her interview with George, were still very near the brink, and this fresh agitation made them pour out again.

Mrs. Gordon sat down and drew Margaret beside her, and then she said, "What have you to tell me, dear? My child, what is it?" As she said this, her face changed, and a look of great anxiety came into her eyes, and then Margaret laid her head upon her aunt's shoulder, and with many tears, and in broken words, told all the story of her love. Mrs. Gordon was deeply hurt at the concealment and the distrust shown by Margaret towards her, and then she thought of Alec, of his despair when he should hear of Margaret's engagement to another man, and her tears mingled with Margaret's. But in a very short time—for Mrs. Gordon was not given to such display of emotion—she recovered herself, and led Margaret to tell her all, to confide in her entirely. Margaret told everything, with the exception of the miserable story which she had heard for the first time that afternoon.

That night, before Mrs. Gordon went to bed, as she was sitting having her hair brushed, she gave a violent start which sent the brush flying out of her maid's hand, and suddenly exclaimed, "Falconer! the very name! No, that cannot be; surely such misery as this could never fall upon us. My darling child! She immediately dismissed her maid, and hurried to Margaret's room. She found her lying dressed upon her bed; her long hair unfastened, a dark and tangled mass upon the pillow; her hot cheeks wet with the recent tears; her eyes wide open, gazing at vacancy.

"Margaret, dearest, tell me—I could not sleep until I asked you—has Mr. Falconer ever been in India?"

"Why do you ask?" said Mar-

garet. "Yes, he has, I know; but it was a long time ago."

Mrs. Gordon spoke no more to her that night. Hastily pressing a kiss upon her forehead, she left her; and when she returned to her own room her face was white, and her features were set with a hard rigid look, as of some one under the torture of the rack, yet who would make no moan, nor give one sign of the anguish rending her. Mr. Gordon that night wotted not that his wife lay with her eyes open, wide awake, yet so still and quiet; there was a weight upon her burning brow, and a horrible dread in her aching heart—a dread that made her turn cold and sick, as ever and again the probability of what she feared forced itself upon her mind. Then, too, a feeling of reproach came upon her; she reproached herself for having given a chance that all this trouble could come to them. "Why had she left Margaret with Mr. Gordon! so insufficient as she was to take care of anyone?" and then poor Mrs. Gordon accused herself of selfishness, that in order to spare her son the agitation and excitement of constantly seeing Margaret, she had left her to run this risk; but how could she have guessed, how could she have dreamt of what had taken place?

When morning dawned it found Mrs. Gordon with her eyes still open, brooding over the past events which Margaret had confided to her the day before; she made up her mind that she must have some explanation with George Falconer before Margaret should see him again. She could only pray that the awful forebodings of her heart might not be realised; the dread of this something which was hanging over her shut out from her mind all thoughts of Alec's grief and disappointment at Margaret's preference of another. She knew that Margaret's fate had come; she felt from what the young girl had told her the preceding day that for her it was a matter of life or death—a happy life basking in the sunshine of a husband's love, or the cold death in life of a disappointed woman. As Mrs. Gordon lay there in the first chill of a winter's morn-



ing, it was borne in upon her that this thing, having been suffered to proceed thus far, must be proceeded in yet further, and, if possible, allowed to end happily for those most concerned in it. If possible ! Ah, if her horrid fears were true, then there must be an end to this dream of joy for Margaret, and a weight of self-reproach would lie upon her aunt for ever.

As the morning dawned Mrs. Gordon fell into a deep sleep ; she was thoroughly worn out with her sleepless night of troubled thought.

While Mrs. Gordon was thus torturing herself on Margaret's account, the object of all this anxious care was sleeping calmly and peacefully. The day before had been one of great excitement ; but, although she had sustained a severe shock, still the pain of that was over, and there was a feeling of contentment and peace in the knowledge that her aunt was cognisant of her love and her engagement to George ; and so she had fallen asleep looking with joy to the morrow. She thought her aunt a little mysterious in visiting her at night in the way she did, to inquire if George had ever been to India ; but she had not seen the face of horror with which Mrs. Gordon had left the room. The fancy arose in her mind, could her aunt know anything of that dreadful story ? but then the idea passed as most unlikely, and so, with a long-drawn sigh of relief, Margaret turned on her pillow and slept.

The morrow came, and at four o'clock in the afternoon the bell rang. Margaret, who was sitting in the dressing-room with Mrs. Gordon, felt her heart stop, and then go on with a great bound. Then she heard the well-known step crossing the vestibule, and at a sign from her aunt she left the room. As soon as George was seated, Mrs. Gordon said to him,

“ Mr. Falconer, Margaret has told me what has passed during all this time between you ; I cannot think that either of you have behaved quite fairly to Mr. Gordon or myself. The poor child, I am sure, did what she considered was for the best, and she is so young and inexperienced that I can but

forgive her, though my husband is very angry, and much mortified to think that all this was going on under his very eyes while he was kept so entirely in the dark. I, of course, surmise that, knowing how much agitation I have lately undergone, and my recent severe illness, it was on that account you did not inform me before of your engagement to my niece ; indeed, Margaret has assured me this was the only reason of your silence.”

Here George broke in with, “ I can assure you that long ere this I should have told you of my love for Margaret had we not both thought that the knowledge of it might possibly distress you, and therefore injure your health. Far from wishing any concealment, for myself I would that all the world could know how I worship her—how she is the light and joy of my existence, and that it is the ambition of my life to marry her. Mrs. Gordon, you cannot know what Margaret is to me ; I will not try to tell you, you might be tempted to smile, and think me ridiculous. I know well how apt people are to turn the rapsodies of love into ridicule : but you will not be deaf to my pleading that you will one day give your consent to her being my wife. I swear to you that my whole life shall be devoted to her ; that my every thought shall be to please and make her happy. My fortune is sufficiently large to enable me to surround her with every luxury and comfort, and her slightest wish shall be my law. Give her to me I entreat you ! she is all the world to me.”

“ Before I can say what you wish,” replied Mrs. Gordon, and she flushed as she spoke, “ I think that you should know Margaret's history, and how it comes about that upon me devolves the right of giving or withholding my consent to her marriage. You know she is my niece, but you probably are not aware she is the child of my dead brother. The story is a miserable one, and Margaret is quite unconscious of the distressing circumstances under which she came to my care. I have kept her, poor child, in utter ignorance of her mother's shame, and her father's

cruel death. My brother married in India a woman many years younger than himself, and when they had been married but little more than a year, this wretch—for I can call her by no milder term—fled with one of the officers of her husband's regiment" (as Mrs. Gordon said these words, a ghastly pallor spread itself over George's face, he rose and stood leaning on the mantle-piece, with his dilated eyes fixed upon her), "leaving Margaret, a little sickly child of but a few months old. My brother, who loved this wicked, shameless creature as few worthy women have ever been loved, never recovered the shock, never held up his head again, and in a few months he died, driven to his death by his guilty wife and her wicked lover!"

Here Mrs. Gordon raised her eyes and looked steadily at George; she could not have believed she was gazing at the same man who spoke to her five minutes before; how sharpened the features looked, how grey in colour! never in life was such a change seen in man's face: it was as if the chill hand of death was on him, the paralysation of despair. The dread, the fearful dread of the night was a reality; Mrs. Gordon knew it now. How clearly it was written in his face! She became as white, as horror-stricken as himself; and as the two faces gazed upon each other, it seemed as though some fearful spectre had risen up between them. Then Mr. Gordon said in a low, distinct tone—

"The name of Margaret's father was Colonel Babington."

As she uttered the words, he cried with a wild shriek, "Oh, my God! it is not, cannot be; and throwing himself on the ground before Mrs. Gordon, he cried to her to "unsay it, to spare them, to say that he was mad." Surely, had the punishment of the man's sin found him out in this world. Mrs. Gordon could but pity him, much as she loathed and detested the wickedness of his youth.

"Are you, then," she said, "that Falconer who betrayed my brother's trust, the guilty partner of Margaret's mother's flight?"

But we will not dwell upon the

details of this terrible interview. George Falconer left the house, a hopeless, broken-hearted man, to wander through the world alone.

\* \* \* \*

The spring has come again, the air is soft, the perfumed breath of early flowers fills the space with sweetness, the fresh pale green of the young leaves is on the trees, and the sun smiles down in his brightness, as though rejoicing in his power of revivifying the earth: all nature lives again, the germ of life within each tiny bud bestirs itself, and makes ready to break the prison which encloses it, and let the glorious captive flower free. The young lambs in the fields, the young birds in the woods, all give token and sign of the happy spring-time.

The spring has come, and we look again upon the scene we gazed on but one little year ago; we see the Grange as it was last spring-time; not a stone seems changed, hardly a flower plucked, for they all seem in about the same state of advancement as when we saw them last; no sign of the three hundred and sixty-five days and nights which have come and gone since last we looked upon the place: outwardly, the same peaceful rest lies all around. Oh, happy stones! that shed no tears, and take no thought of time; and happier flowers that give forth sweetness, yet know neither toil nor care. No change has come to flower or stone; no change to these, but in the dear old house—what change is there! Upon its inmates the burden of a great sorrow has fallen, and within the house there is the awful shadow of a mighty presence,—the shadow of that presence—enemy or friend—who cannot be denied; who comes to some with muffled footstep, ever drawing nearer, breathing the chill breath, freezing the atmosphere around, so slowly, yet so surely, that the end has come before one sign of warning has been noted: to some that awful shadow comes with sudden strength and might, and with fast footsteps overtakes them in the mid-day of their lives:—to some he comes in youth, and beckons to his side the young and lovely, to cast off the garment of this earth, and go! Alas! the youngest and the fairest here is



called; the shadow is beside her, and Margaret's days are numbered here on earth.

From the hour that she knew she should never see George on this side the grave again, Margaret faded; always a fragile delicate plant, the keen blast of this bitter grief destroyed her life; they never told her the fearful truth, she only knew that George was gone from her for ever, that the light had passed away, and darkness was upon the world for all her days. Mrs. Gordon gently broke to her that George was gone, and must never come again, but she never knew the cruel story that thus cast a blight upon her life. At first she refused to believe in her desolation, and implored that she might see George again, to hear from him the reason of their separation; she wrote and prayed of him to come, if only once, and tell her the truth; but he wrote back:—

“We can never meet again, Margaret. I have more need of pity than yourself, for I have the heavy burden of my sin, as well as all the bitter sorrow. Darling, pray for me, that my evil days may be shortened; pray for me as I pray for myself, that the end may soon come, as indeed I think it will; for, oh, my love, my love! I cannot live without you. And dearest, if you would soften the anguish I feel now, let me think that you will try to forget I ever crossed your path. Margaret, forget me; let me pass from your recollection as one so unworthy that it were wicked even to let a thought be wasted on me. You are so young that there may be many happy years in store for you, when all the misery of this present time will seem as an indistinct dream. Margaret, have courage; strive with all your strength to live through this trial. All I ask and pray of you, is never to question your aunt, never seek to know the reason of our separation; know only that it must be so; remember it is my prayer to you that you will banish me and all about me from your thoughts. God bless you! and in this world farewell for ever.”

When Margaret read this letter she felt it was indeed all over between them, and then, after days and nights spent in weeping, she tried to rouse herself and do his

bidding; he told her to try and forget him, and, to obey him, she strove to do even that, or at least she never spoke of him again, she never asked again for explanation of what seemed the strange conduct of all those around her; she gave no trouble, and fought and battled with her grief in solitude. Aunt Marion, to whom the revelation had been a dreadful shock, and whose sympathy and sorrow for Margaret were all aroused, would sit and hold her hand, and strive to comfort her in every way; but no tenderness could heal the gaping wound; the shaft had hit home, and her very life was ebbing day by day; in a few weeks the outward change was seen, and all who looked on Margaret knew that death had marked her for his own. She only begged that she might go home; and Mrs. Gordon, who fancied a warmer climate might be beneficial, strove hard to persuade her to let them take her to the south; they consulted the first doctors in Paris, who only advised them to do just as Margaret wished. It was not mild air she required, they said, her constitution had received a shock, and it seemed as though the delicate organisation could not rally; change would do her good, but above all she must be humoured. The point on which Margaret was obstinate was that of going home; she never complained, and did all and everything they asked; but she would throw her arms round Mrs. Gordon's neck, and looking up, her soft brown eyes had such a piteous pleading look in them as she would cry—

“Ah, darling Auntie, take me home!—do take me back to Chiddinghurst! I want to see the dear old Grange again, and be quiet in our home.”

And her aunt would take her to her heart, and hush and soothe her as she did in the years gone by, when little Margaret had laid within her arms a sickly little child. And so they went back home; the family who had inhabited the Grange in their absence had just left, and as the early spring days were lengthening out, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon and Margaret arrived one evening at Chiddinghurst.

Margaret's strength seemed failing more and more as they neared

the home she longed to reach; it was with difficulty she could mount the steps leading to the hall-door, when she arrived. Then, as the chill of winter passed away, and the bright, strong rays of the glorious sun made the earth warm and the air soft, Mrs. Gordon would lead her darling out to breathe the fragrance of the sweet, fresh spring. Then the time came when she had to be carried, and would lie on a sofa without moving. She would be placed where she could look down upon the landscape she had loved so well, and lie for hours to watch the lights and shadows on the hills and valleys down below. From where she lay she could see the little old church and hear the bells; all seemed the same as on that day, one year ago, when she stood on the hill wondering what her life would be. The curtain was down then; the play had not commenced; the tragedy to come lay hidden from human vision; the curtain will soon be down again, for the play is nearly played out. In one little year the story of a life is told.

One night—the shadow was very near now—Mrs. Gordon was sitting with Margaret, and as she watched the pure, pale face, the eyes with the deep, dark shade around them, the sad truth forced itself upon her that the child could not be with her long. The doctors from London had all said there was no disease that they could deal with, and had recommended first one thing, then another. All had been tried, yet Margaret faded still. At the last consultation they had said, “We can do nothing more.” Now there was only the old doctor from the village who came constantly, and who had tended Margaret as a

child. It was a great relief to her when the London doctors no longer came; she knew well no earthly help could save the life she did not wish to keep. As Mrs. Gordon watched through the weary night, the weight of misery on her seemed too hard to bear. As the morning dawned, Margaret stirred, and asked to be moved, and have the curtains drawn asunder, that she might see the sun rise above the hills.

“Ah, auntie, darling,” she murmured, “the glorious sun shall rise no more for me above the hills, —I shall no more see him set!”

“My Margaret, do not tell me this! My darling, do not break my heart! It is not so near,—we shall not part so soon!”

“Aunt Marion,” she said, “I know that I am dying; take me to the window, that I may look my last upon the beautiful earth I have loved so well!”

They carried her to the window, and threw it open, and she lay for a long time quite quiet. The shadow was deepening round her,—the dews of death were gathering even now upon her brow. It was Sunday morning; the church bells began to ring. She opened her eyes and listened to the sounds, as they were borne to her by the morning air. Then she turned to Mrs. Gordon, and whispered—

“I am glad I have heard them once more; they seem to call me away. Darling Auntie, do not cry! you know I am glad to go.”

At mid-day the blinds are down in Margaret's room. She is gone—“Where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.”

## LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS OF IRELAND.

FROM A.D. 1189 TO 1870.

(62.) A.D. 1463.—THOMAS, SEVENTH EARL OF KILDARE.—Had previously filled high offices in the State; was appointed Deputy to the Viceroy, Richard, Duke of York, in 1454, and in the same year

summoned a parliament, which met in the city of Dublin, on Friday before the Feast of St. George. Several acts were passed thereat, which now, as well as hundreds of other statutes, lie mouldering



on the shelves of the Record Office, and under the charge of the Master of the Rolls, never having been printed or bound-up with the authorised version of the statutes ; and we may here observe in passing, how marked is the difference between the state of the English and Irish Records. In England, the rolls of Parliament, the histories of the monasteries, their chartularies, their chapters, the histories of the religious orders, such as that of the Friars Minor contained in the *Monumenta Franciscana*, and hundreds of other volumes are continually issuing from the press. In Ireland, though of later years the records scattered through different offices are being arranged by men of world-wide fame, by Dr. Ferguson, Q.C., assisted by Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Hennessy, little is done to throw light on the history of ages long past. The very statutes of which we are now speaking, in the reign of Edward IV., are conversant with the then state of the country, and of many of the families of the Anglo-Norman and Irish races ; some of the statutes have been translated, and are in manuscript, but others, and the majority thereof, are in Norman-French, unreadable to the world, and never yet printed—thus of the thirty-eight statutes passed by the parliament held before Thomas, seventh Earl of Kildare, in 1455, four only have been printed. Of the statutes passed by parliament, in 1456, before the same Deputy, thirty-one in number, not one has been printed ; of those passed in 1457, three have been printed out of the thirty-five. In 1458, the Earl held a parliament, when six-and-twenty acts were passed, and only one printed, and so on : those manuscript documents, of unspeakable value, are allowed to lie entombed, while the world are entirely ignorant of their priceless contents.<sup>1</sup> In 1468, the Earl was appointed by Edward IV., in return for the unalterable affection of his family towards the house of York, Lord Chancellor of Ireland for life, with a fee of £40 a-year and 10s.

a-day. We had almost omitted to state, that a few years previously, namely, in 1464, the far-famed Franciscan Monastery of Adare was founded by this seventh Earl of Kildare, and by his wife, Joanna, daughter of the unfortunate Earl of Desmond.<sup>2</sup> It is thus told in the Burgundian manuscript of the Franciscan Friars, written in Louvain, in 1617, and still preserved in the Louvain Library, Belgium, where it has been lately translated into English by the Rev. C. P. Mehan,<sup>3</sup> the accomplished curate of SS. Michael and John's, Dublin :—"Of all our monasteries," speaks the Franciscan, "there is none more celebrated than that of Adare. The Franciscans are mainly indebted for this monastery to Thomas, seventh Earl of Kildare, and Joanna his wife, daughter of James, Earl of Desmond, who laid its first stone in 1464, and erected the church, and fourth part of the cloister, within the same year. Kildare and his Countess were munificent benefactors to our brotherhood, for not satisfied with furnishing the church with glass windows, they also bestowed upon it a bell of great value," viz. £12, "and two silver chalices. The church was consecrated in honour of Michael the Archangel, on the Saint's festival, in 1466, precisely one year before the decease of James, Earl of Desmond, who was executed at Drogheda for having counselled Edward IV. to dismiss his wife, Elizabeth Woodville, widow of Sir John Gray." The Earl of Kildare did not appear to have taken advantage of the grant to him of the Chancellorship for life ; he resigned the seals, after holding them merely for five years, on being appointed to the higher office of Lord Deputy of the Viceroy of George, Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV. In 1471, the Earl made an incursion into Farney (modern County Monaghan), where he committed great depredations on the MacMahons.<sup>4</sup> In the year following, he held two parliaments, one at Drogheda, the enactments whereof

<sup>1</sup> Betham's Constitution of Ireland, 367.

<sup>2</sup> Annals of the Four Masters. Wadding's Franciscan Chronicles.

<sup>3</sup> Father Mehan's "Noctes Lovanienses."

<sup>4</sup> Annals of the Four Masters.

are not printed, and one at Naas, of which two statutes alone are printed and published. The English power in Ireland had now dwindled to a mere shadow. English troops had disappeared, and the Pale was left unprotected from the incursions of the wild Irish, as the indomitable natives were styled. To remedy this deplorable state of things, the military order of "the Brothers of St. George" was founded. It consisted of thirteen brethren, selected from each of the four counties of which the Pale was composed. KILDARE, the county of the Fitzgeralds, was represented by Thomas, the seventh Earl, then Chancellor, Rowland Eustace, Lord Portlester, and Sir Rowland Eustace, Knight; DUBLIN, by Robert, Lord of Howth, Sir Robert Dowdal, Knight, and by the Mayor of the city of Dublin; LOUTH, by Richard Bellew, Sir Lawrence Taaff, and by the Mayor of Drogheda; MEATH furnished four representatives, namely, Lord Gormanstown, Edward Plunket, Seneschal of Meath, Alexander Plunket, and Barney Barnwell. Those thirteen knights undertook to, and did maintain "120 mounted archers, at sixpence a-day for their wages, which was also to supply them with meat and drink; 40 horsemen, attended by 40 pages, at five-pence a-day for him and his page, and four marks (£2 13s. 4d.) per annum wages, the captain, and the brothers, and their successors, to support this charge, are to have twelve-pence per pound of all merchandize sold in Ireland."<sup>1</sup> This order was afterwards suppressed by act of parliament, in the reign of Henry VII. Earl Thomas did not long live to enjoy the honours with which he was loaded by the Crown; he died on the 25th March, 1477, and was buried beside his father, in the Monastery of All Hallows (where Trinity College now stands), near Dublin. In the *Noctes Lovanienses* it is said that his wife was interred in the Monastery of Adare. "Our founder, Thomas, Earl of Kildare," writes the Louvain Franciscan Chronicler, "departed this life on

the 25th March, 1477; Joanna, his wife, died on the Feast of St. Anthony, 1476, and was interred in the sacred edifice that owes so much to her munificence."<sup>2</sup>

(63.) A.D. 1468. ROBERT ALLAMESTON.

(64.) A.D. 1469. SIR WILLIAM DUDLEY.

(65.) A.D. 1472. ROLAND FITZ-EUSTACE, LORD PORTLESTER, and JOHN TAXTON CLERK were constituted jointly Lord Chancellors for their lives, and for the life of the survivor of them, by patent of the 6th of April, 1472, which was confirmed by act of Parliament (not printed) in the same year. This appointment for lives does not appear to have been acted upon; most likely that the Chancellors themselves, wearied with the cares of office, too gladly relinquished the posts they had previously coveted. We have seen that in 1463 Lord Thomas Fitzgerald had the appointment made to him for life, and yet Robert Alameston was appointed in 1468 to be Chancellor; and now, though the appointment was made to Lord Portlester and Taxton jointly for their lives, we find that in two years Gilbert de Venham was appointed Lord Chancellor.<sup>4</sup> Of Taxton nothing is known. Lord Portlester served in the responsible office of Lord Treasurer for eight and thirty years; in Chancery, however, he seems to have been rather inconstant, and to have been perpetually taking the seals and resigning them. The Pale and the other English colonies were, at the period we are writing of, entirely governed by the Geraldines; thus, Lord Portlester, continually Lord Treasurer, was father-in-law of Thomas, the seventh Earl of Kildare, who had the office of Chancellor bestowed upon him for life, and who therefore might have kept it on if he chose until his death in 1477, while Gerald, afterwards eighth Earl of Kildare, was at the same time Lord Deputy. In 1486 Lord Portlester was again Chancellor, and held the office until 1492, on a pa-

<sup>1</sup> Cox's Hist. of Ireland, 173.

<sup>2</sup> Burgundian Manuscripts.

<sup>4</sup> Liber Munerum Hiberniæ, vol. i. part iii. 52. y.

<sup>2</sup> Earls of Kildare.



tent differently constituted from what it had been in times before that;<sup>1</sup> dying in 1496, Lord Portlester was interred at New Abbey, which he himself had founded at Kilcullen, in the county of Kildare. He had also built, in 1455, a chapel attached to St. Audeon's Church, Dublin, in the porch of which church there still remains a cenotaph bearing the figures of a knight in armour with his lady; encircled on the margin, is the following inscription:—

*"Orate pro anima Roland Fitz-Eustace de Portlester, qui hunc locum sine capellam, dedit in honorem Beatæ Mariæ Virginis; etiam pro anima Margaritæ uxoris suæ, et pro animis omnium fidelium defunctorum, A.D. 1455,"* which, being interpreted, reads—"Pray for the soul of Roland FitzEustace of Portlester, who has given this place or chapel to the honour of the blessed Virgin Mary; also pray for the soul of Margaret, his wife, and for the souls of all the faithful departed, A.D. 1455." The date refers to the time of the building of this chapel, now roofless; but its columned aisles and its arches, still perfect, are worthy of contemplation, and an hour passed amongst those silent ruins in the midst of the city of Dublin must carry the mind back to the piety of former days—to times long before the Reformation. In the churchyard of Cotlandstown, near Ballymore Eustace, is a curious stone, about a foot square and four feet long, apparently the shaft of some ancient cross, on one side of which is "Eustace, Lord Portlester, 1496," and on the other the baron's coronet.<sup>2</sup>

(66.) A.D. 1474. GEORGE DE VENHAM.

(67.) A.D. 1480. WILLIAM SHERWOOD, BISHOP OF MEATH, in 1460, had been consecrated Bishop of Meath on his appointment by Pius II. The animosities that prevailed between this prelate and the unfortunate Earl of Desmond were of the most scandalous nature. *Tantæne animis celestibus iræ?* To such a

height did their quarrel once reach that both parties appeared before the King, each to accuse the other; the Bishop was unsuccessful, and the Earl returned loaded with favours. The unhappy causes of those deep-seated animosities may be traced to the opposing sympathies of either of the parties touching the rival claims of the respective houses of York and Lancaster. Some have gone so far as to implicate the bishop in lending himself to the ruin of the Earl of Desmond, told above in the life of the sixty-first Chancellor. In 1464, Edward, to show his disbelief as it were, in the accusations made against Sherwood, appointed him Lord Deputy, which high office he filled until 1478. In 1480 he became Lord Chancellor, and died in 1481.<sup>3</sup>

(68.) A.D. 1481. LAURENCE DE ST. LAURENCE, of whom nothing is known further than that he had for his deputy chancellor Walter Champfleur, Abbot of St. Mary's Abbey, Dublin. This Abbey, one of the most distinguished of the Cistercian branches of the great Benedictine order in Europe, was founded about the year 847, long centuries before the English heel was set upon the Irish soil. In this venerable abode of learning were the records of parliament and the rolls of the chancery after the invasion kept. The halidome or patrimony of the abbey was extensive, and its vast territories were to be found in districts far removed from the Pale. From age to age, until the fall of the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII., this house was third in dignity in the Church, and the prior took his seat accordingly in the House of Lords as one of the Great Barons of the kingdom; and now nothing remains of its departed glory save a crypt with pointed arches and a groined ceiling, to the rear of numbers 1 and 2 of that lane still known as Mary's Abbey, which chamber has been converted into a place for the storage of seeds. There are some

<sup>1</sup> Liber Munerum Hiberniæ.

<sup>2</sup> Earls of Kildare. Gilbert's Viceroy. Whitelaw's Dublin. Gilbert's City of Dublin.

<sup>3</sup> Ware's Bishops of Meath. Gilbert's Viceroy of Ireland.

underground passages of the abbey that may be seen in the timber yard of No. 11, George's Hill. The very stones of the convent which had stood for 800 years were carted away to build Essex Bridge, and the annals of those times state that when that bridge was opened for traffic the first carriage and horses that attempted to cross it, in December, 1687, caused the central arch to give way, when multitudes were precipitated into the angry waters beneath, and lost. The chartularies and the long roll of its abbots are to be found in the Cottar Library, and on that roll none were more remarkable for the wisdom and purity of his life than Walter Champfleur. In 1474 an Act (not printed) was passed, reciting "that Richard, Abbot of St. Thomas, Walter Champfleur, Abbot of St. Mary's, and William Prior, Abbot of All-Hallows, Dublin, having much land within the quarters of the Irish enemies, were thereby permitted to send victuals to the said Irish, and to farm and sell the profits of their lands to them, to intercommon, treat, and be conversant with them as well in war as in peace; and that the said abbots might be godfathers of the aforesaid Irish." By the exertions of Champfleur, in 1478, that portion of the patrimony of the abbey, which was situated along the river Dodder, in the county of Dublin, was freed from all subsidies payable to the State. In 1481 Champfleur was constituted deputy chancellor, and held the seals until 1483. Though renowned for wisdom, he was one of those led astray by the imposture of Simnel, who had the unblushing effrontery to announce himself, on the death of Edward IV., to be the Earl of Warwick, and next heir to the throne. His pretended title was shortly this—Richard, Duke of York, who was killed, as we have seen, at the battle of Wakefield on the 31st December, 1460, left several children, the eldest of whom was Edward IV.; the se-

cond was the Duke of Clarence, whose eldest son was the Earl of Warwick, kept in perpetual prison by Henry VII., and him did Simnel personate. Presenting himself to the Lord Deputy, the Earl of Kildare, Simnel was at once received with open arms by that too credulous nobleman; the whole people of Dublin at once tendered their allegiance, and he, a tradesman's son, was actually crowned king in Christ Church, Dublin, on Whit-Sunday, 1486, in the presence of the Lord Deputy, the Lord Chancellor (Thomas FitzGerald), the Lord Treasurer, and others, the diadem that was used on the occasion having been taken from the church of St. Marie del Dame (which stood at the head of the modern Dame Street). Simnel's next step was to invade England, where he was joined by multitudes. Meeting, however, on the 6th June, 1487, at Stoke, in Nottinghamshire, the troops of Henry VII., whose title to the throne was superior even to the real Warwick by reason of his marriage with the only daughter of Edward IV., a battle ensued, and Simnel was taken prisoner, and appointed "scullion" in the king's kitchen. Champfleur, covered with confusion at joining in the solemn farce of coronation, implored and obtained pardon of his sovereign. Having governed his abbey for thirty years otherwise with wisdom, and served as deputy chancellor, he died on the 20th January, 1487, being reputed a man of great learning.<sup>1</sup>

(69.) A.D. 1483. SIR ROBERT DE ST. LAWRENCE, FIFTEENTH BARON OF HOWTH.—Descended from Sir Armoricus Tristram (who, having gained a battle on St. Lawrence's Day, added the saint's name to his own), one of the Anglo-Norman's companions in arms of William FitzAdelm de Burgho,<sup>2</sup> Sir Robert, the fifteenth Lord Howth, was, on the 23rd February, 1467, made Chancellor of the Green Wax of the Exchequer by John, Earl of Worcester, then Lord

<sup>1</sup> Archdall's *Monasticon*, p. 142.

<sup>2</sup> The name of De Burgh, or Burke, is derived by Lord Coke from a city or burgh. Co. Lit. 109. a. tit. "Tenure en burgage."



Deputy, and was one of the above-mentioned thirteen Knights of St. George, who were associated to defend the Pale. In 1483 he was appointed Lord Chancellor, an office which he held from the 10th of July to close upon the end of the same year.<sup>1</sup>

(70.) A.D. 1483, THOMAS FITZGERALD, OF LACKAGH, son of Thomas, 7th Earl (brother to Gerald, 8th Earl of Kildare, Lord Deputy), having held the seals for three years, and having been present as Chancellor at the coronation in Christ Church of Simnel, he resigned office for the purpose of accompanying the expedition then on the point of sailing for England to enforce the claims of the pretended Earl of Warwick to the throne. FitzGerald was slain at the battle of Stoke (of which we have already spoken, sup. 68th Chancellor). On the 6th June, 1487, Lord Portlester was Chancellor, as we have seen from 1486 to 1492.<sup>2</sup>

(71.) A.D. 1492. SIR ALEXANDER PLUNKETT, second son of Chief Justice Plunket, Lord of Rathmore, who was the third son of Christopher, the first Lord Killeen. Sir Alexander, we are informed, was a "man of great account"<sup>3</sup> in his day; he was seized and possessed of vast estates within the Pale, and was one of the knights of St. George, of whom we have already spoken. From his inartistically-framed will the following is extracted: "I bequeath my soul to God Almighty, my body to be buried in the sanctuary of St. Lawrence of Rathmore; my will is that my son and heir, Sir Christopher Plunkett, Sir Thomas Plunkett, and Margaret Butler, my wife, shall be my executors. My will is, if any of my sons or any of their stock rebel and leave the country, that my son and heir enter into all his lands. Item: I leave with my sons, if any variances happen between them, that they come to Kells, and there to abide

the order of their own brethren and kinsmen, and never to vary in any way upon blessing; and who doth contrary I will leave him my curse, if he be not reformed; and if they themselves cannot agree, they shall go to two or three of their best kinsmen, and to be sayd by them; and I also leave upon blessing that none of my sons take wages [employment] of no man that shall be against his brethren; but of my heir, the Lord of Rathmore, also I leave that my son and heir shall wage (*id est*, employ) all my sons, and they to go with none other to do the king's service, but with him as one of his brethren, and they all to wait on him in the king's service, and they all to be his, and he that will otherwise do, I leave that he forfeit a certain sum of money or fine" (without mentioning what sum). "Item: I leave daily wages to my sons upon the aforesaid Lord of Rathmore as he and they agree, and that none of them take maintenance one against the other, and who of them buy lands or other bargain, that every of them help him that bargains, and so prefer one another in all good."<sup>4</sup> The Chancellor then proceeded to make devises of his goods and possessions to and amongst his sons which it would be tedious to go through. To his daughters, he leaves 100 marks, or £66 in round numbers each, which, being multiplied by 20, the difference between the then value of the currency and the present, brings up the legacy to about £1,320 of the British currency of our day.<sup>5</sup> He then proceeds to make an endowment for a priest for his "father and mother's souls' sake, and for all the Plunkett's souls and for the souls of all them that I have taken any of their goods, with their will or against their will, and for all Christian soules, to sing and say mass before St. Lawrence, in the church of Rathmore for ever. Item, I leave with my sons, if there be any that hath

<sup>1</sup> Patent Rolls. Playfair's British Family Antiquities, vol. iv. Ap. lxxii.

<sup>2</sup> Earls of Kildare, p. 47. Kennett's Hist. of England, vol. ii. p. 587.

<sup>3</sup> Ware.

<sup>4</sup> The writer of those pages is indebted to John Lengiaine, Esq., D.L., of Tallaght, in the Co. Dublin, for a copy of this will of his ancestor.

<sup>5</sup> Vid. Mill's Principles of Political Economy, chaps. 7 and 8, on Money and its Value.

a better title to my lands than I have myself, that the best title shall have the lands. I discharge my own sowl, and charge the sowl of them that shall hold the same accordingly. Item: I leave all my cows and garrons with my son and heir, and I do leave with the four riders four pecks of wheat, four pecks of malt, and four pecks of Keave malt," &c. Sir Alexander died in 1503, and was buried in Rathmore under a monument erected to his memory, having served in the office of Lord Chancellor of Ireland for two years.

(72.) A.D. 1494. HENRY DEANE, PRIOR OF LLANTHONY afterwards ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, LORD KEEPER, AND PAPAL LEGATE IN ENGLAND was a man of humble and obscure origin. Entering early in life into New College, Oxford, he applied himself with great diligence and assiduity to his studies, was ordained and then joined the regular Canons of St. Augustine. Having thus taken upon himself the toils and the duties of a simple monk, the early years of his ministry were spent under the peaceful shadow of the towers of Llanthony in Monmouthshire, an Augustinian monastery whose silent ruins to this day speak of glories long past.<sup>1</sup> His superior talents in after years pointed him out as the fittest to serve in the important post of prior of the convent; there his administrative talents then attracted the notice of Henry VII., who was bent on reducing the English colonies in Ireland to something like dependance on the English nation. We have already shown how the narrowed boundaries of the Pale and a few outlying colonies were the only remnants of English colonisation in Ireland.<sup>2</sup> It was in vain that the Statute of Kilkenny sought to divide the English and Irish peoples. The charms of Irish life soon caught the English within their meshes; and forgetting the manners, the customs, and the mode of life in what was then, and up to the Reformation, known as Merrie England, they adopted the oriental free-

dom of Irish life, which the Celtic inhabitants of this country retained pure as when they left the Altai mountains on the north of China thousands of years before.<sup>3</sup> The English colonists in Ireland, too, were the determined supporters of the House of York; while Henry VII., if, indeed, he could be called of the House of Lancaster, or of any other house, being illegitimately descended from John of Gaunt, had all the prejudices of the Lancastrian usurpers engrafted in him from his baseborn childhood, and that, too, though he was united in an unequal union with Elizabeth, only daughter of Edward IV., son of Richard, Duke of York, the great great grandson of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, second son of Edward III. and Elizabeth, only daughter of the last Burke, Earl of Ulster;<sup>3</sup> while John of Gaunt, it will be remembered, was the third son of Edward III., which John of Gaunt left two sons, one legitimate, Henry IV. (who was father of Henry V., who was father of Henry VI. who died without issue), and the other the Duke of Beaufort illegitimate, who was grandfather of Henry VII., who was married, as we have just observed, to Elizabeth, daughter to Edward IV. Henry VII., then, detesting the Anglo-Irish nobility (who, scorning the House of Lancaster, despised himself and his race), was bent on reducing them to a total subserviency on the English nation, with a view the better to carry out his designs, he despatched to Ireland Sir Edward Poynings, as Lord Deputy; and he, accompanied by his Lord Chancellor, Henry Deane, Prior of Llanthony, arrived in Dublin on the 13th September, 1494.<sup>4</sup> It is said that the Prior owed his elevation in the Irish Chancery to the influence of Cardinal Morton, then Lord High, Chancellor of England. Sir Edward Poynings, on his arrival, at once summoned a parliament to meet him at Drogheda, on the Monday, after the feast of St. Andrew, there to annihilate their own liberties. Deane, the Lord Chancellor, presided

<sup>1</sup> For a description of this abbey, vid. Dugdale's *Monasticon of England*, vol. v.

<sup>2</sup> Turner's *Anglo-Saxons*.

<sup>3</sup> Hallam's *Constitutional Hist. of England*, vol. iii. p. 355.

<sup>4</sup> Hume's *Hist. of England*.



in the House of Lords; and Hall, the Chronicler of those times, describes him to be a man of great wit and diligence, and that "he addressed the assembled nobles with a gentle exhortation, he required them to persevere in due obedience and fidelity towards their King, and to aid the Lord Deputy with their might, power, and strength." Coerced, this parliament passed at last the celebrated act of 10th Henry VII., chapter 4, whereby it was enacted, "That no Parliament be holden hereafter in the said land of Ireland but at such season as the King's Lieutenant and Council there do first certify the King, under the great seal of that land the causes and considerations, and all such acts as to them seemeth, should pass in the same parliament, and such considerations and acts affirmed by the King and his Council to be good and expedient for that land, and his license thereupon, as well in affirmation of the said causes and acts, as to summon the said parliament under his great seal of England had and obtained,—that done, a parliament to be had and holden after the form and effect before rehearsed; and if any parliament be holden in that land hereafter contrary to the form and provision aforesaid, it be deemed void, and of no effect in law."<sup>1</sup>—This same parliament immediately after passed another act, chapter 22, confirming all statutes made in England. Thus the Irish Parliament, or, more correctly speaking, the Anglo-Norman Assembly, selected from four counties, sealed by their seal their own doom. Sir Edward Poynings having thus, aided by the Chancellor, passed those measures, departed for England, Deane was then made Lord Justice in his absence. Henry VII., anxious to reward him for his services, was bent upon obtaining for him the first ecclesiastical preferment that fell vacant, and the see of Bangor was the first. Bangor in Wales, next to the Archbishopric of Dublin, seemed to be the very best suited in the eyes of the King for his Chancellor, who, as

Bishop of Bangor, could attend in some sort of way or other to the affairs of his diocese, and be at the same time within less than a day's sail of his Court of Chancery in Dublin. He was accordingly consecrated bishop of that see, but no sooner had he taken charge of his diocese, than, remembering that the first duty he owed was to the Church, he resigned the seals in the year 1496, first having procured the Irish Parliament to pass the statute destroying the liberty of their judges, 10th Henry VII., chapter ii. (printed), whereby it was enacted that the chancellor and all the judges should hold office merely during the king's pleasure. Deane then turned his undivided attention to things spiritual, and here his good fortune still followed him; consecrated Bishop of Salisbury in 1499 he was appointed, on the death of the Lord Chancellor of England (Cardinal Morton), to be Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, and was entrusted by the Crown with the arrangement of a marriage of the Princess Margaret with James IV., King of Scotland, ancestor 10th in the ascending line of the present Queen of England. In his wildest visions of fancy, Deane, whose capabilities as a chancellor are said to have been of a low order,<sup>2</sup> could never have expected to have reached to the very highest eminence in the English Church, Archbishop of Canterbury. He was appointed by the Pope to be the Papal Legate in England in 1501, and there, as in times past, his first care and concern was for the Church, its power and glory. His earlier years were spent in the University of Oxford, and the Chancellor and heads of that university besought him to protect their liberties. In his reply, of date 11th October, 1502, the Archbishop promised to do what in him lay, but warned them not to presume on anything that would be to the detriment of the Church. Arthur Prince of Wales, eldest son of Henry VII., was now about contracting that unfortunate marriage

<sup>1</sup> Vid. Hall's Chronicles, 470.

<sup>2</sup> Campbell's Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England, vol. i.

with Catharine of Arragon (who after Arthur's death was married to his brother, afterwards Henry VIII). Catharine had arrived in England, accompanied by many of the grandees of the Spanish Peninsula. The marriage was solemnized by the Most Illustrious and Most Reverend Lord Henry Deane, Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by sixteen of the junior prelates in St. Paul's Cathedral. The ceremonial was gorgeous, and Hall, the chronicler of the event, speaks in unmeasured terms of its dazzling appearance, of "the goodly demeanour of the young damsels, and the amorous countenances of the lusty batchelors in their fine engrained clothes and costly furs."<sup>1</sup> The Archbishop, surrounded with every honour that the Church and the State could bestow upon him, found that those glories were transitory; and that they too should soon pass into other hands. He accordingly, on the 27th July, 1502, resigned the seals, retired from public life, and died at the Lambeth Palace on the 11th of February, 1503.<sup>2</sup>

(73.) A.D. 1496.—WALTER FITZ SIMONS, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, to which see he was promoted in 1484, having been previously precentor of St. Patrick's.<sup>3</sup> The hostility that prevailed in those early times between the English inhabitants of the Pale and the Irish enemies outside the borders thereof, is evidenced by an unprinted Act passed in this year (1484), whereby it was recited "that many of the parishes of the Archbishop of Dublin, in right of his see, were situated amongst the Irish enemies; and as no Englishman could inhabit those parishes, and that inasmuch as the English priests did not understand the Irish language, by which means the cure of souls was neglected;" it was therefore "enacted that the archbishop may appoint Irish priests, for a certain time, to those parishes." A like hostility

prevailed in the west of Ireland, in the same year, when Pope Innocent VIII. established the wardenship of Galway, whereby the tribal citizens of that walled city, the great majority of whom were English, had the power of appointing their own priests, they, before that time, being unable to attend at the churches in the Irish districts from the hostility of the Irish enemies.<sup>4</sup> In 1487, Fitz Simons, deluded by the imposter Simnel, assisted at his coronation at Christ Church. The following year, however, he was pardoned, and allowed to renew his allegiance. In 1492 he was appointed Lord Deputy to the Viceroy, the Duke of Bedford. Having retired from that office in 1493, he became Lord Chancellor in 1496, and resigned the seals in 1498, in favour of Rokeby. In 1501 the archbishop was once more appointed Chancellor, and remained in office, with an interruption of a few months in 1509 (when Lord Howth was Chancellor), for twelve years, until his death, in 1513.<sup>5</sup> We have omitted to mention that, in 1500, Fitz Simons made a grant of a piece of ground for an asylum for ten poor men, in the space between the palace and the deanery-house of St. Sepulchre's, in the city of Dublin.

(74.) A.D. 1498. WILLIAM ROKEBY, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN. This Chancellor held the seals from 1498 to 1501, in which year he became Bishop of Meath,—an Englishman by birth, as the prelates of the English colonies in Ireland were (the other prelates in Ireland being exclusively Irish), he took his seat in the Privy Council in 1507, in 1511 became Archbishop of Dublin, and in 1514 brought to a happy termination differences that had long existed between the Archbishops of Dublin and the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's.<sup>6</sup> In 1515, he was again appointed Lord Chancellor by Henry VIII.; and in 1518 he convened a provincial synod, whereat many wise

<sup>1</sup> Hall's Chronicles, 493.

<sup>2</sup> Hooke's Archbishops of Canterbury, vol. v. p. 507. Kennett's Hist. of England. Cox's Hist. of Ireland. Holingshead.

<sup>3</sup> Mason's St. Patrick's Cathedral.

<sup>4</sup> De Burgo's Hibernia Dominicana, 440. Hardiman's Hist. of Galway, An. iv.

<sup>5</sup> Dalton's Archbishops of Dublin.

<sup>6</sup> Mason's St. Patrick's Cathedral.



rules and regulations were framed. Amongst others, provision was made for the due examination of candidates presenting themselves for holy orders from the provinces of Armagh and Tuam. A provision was also made, which, though ridiculous as it may seem when rendered into English, is downright absurd in the Latin tongue: it was that no priests should thenceforward play at football under heavy ecclesiastical penalties, one of which was a fine of three shillings and fourpence to his bishop. In this year, also, an ecclesiastical college at Maynooth, which was founded by Gerald, Earl of Kildare, received the especial confirmation of the Chancellor Archbishop of Dublin. Having healed the unhappy feuds that raged between the Ormound Butlers and the Earl of Desmond, the Most Reverend Chancellor died in 1527, and was succeeded, in the same year, on the Woolsack, by Hugh Inge, Archbishop of Dublin.

(75.) A.D. 1509. NICHOLAS ST. LAWRENCE, FIFTEENTH BARON OF HOWTH, was appointed Lord Chancellor on the 10th June, 1509, he having previously signalled himself in the active part he had taken against the impostor Simnel, in return for which Henry VII. not alone sent him a purse containing 300 pieces of gold, and a patent confirming him in the estates his forefathers for ages had enjoyed, but appointed him his Chancellor for the lordship of Ireland,—an office, perhaps, not entirely suited for the more active mind of Lord Howth. He had previously, on the 19th August, 1504, fought against the Lords of Clanricarde at the battle of Knocktowe, in the neighbourhood of Claregalway, under the banners of the Earl of Kildare, then Lord Deputy. This battle, now forgotten (save by the learned), has done more to establish the English power west of the Shannon<sup>1</sup> than any other of the many contests that took place during the long and the dreary period that followed the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland. The Burkes, of Clanricarde, claiming under the grant made to their ancestor, the great Lord of Connaught, under which they claimed

to be entitled to the whole of that province, determined to enforce their power, and marched against O'Kelly, Prince of Hymny, for the purpose of reducing that refractory subject to a proper state of subjection and obedience. The Clanricardes demolished his castles of Ballinasloe, Monivea, and Castleblakeney. On the brink of ruin, the Irish chieftain besought of the Earl of Kildare to espouse his cause. Too glad at the opportunity, the Earl (then Lord Deputy) acceded to his request, and mustering a powerful army, he crossed the Shannon, and marched to meet the Lord of Clanricarde, who scorned subjection to the Lord Deputy. Under the flag of the Earl were ranged many of the Anglo-Norman race, headed by Nicholas, the fifteenth Baron of Howth; there were the Barons of Dunsany, of Trimleston, of Slane, and of Delvin, and the MacWilliam Eights, also of Mayo; there were the mayor, too, and the citizens of the city of Dublin; and there were also a great number of judges and lawyers ready to join in the fray: but the veteran warriors had long learned to despise those bookworm companions in arms. "Away with them! away with those lawyers!" said O'Connor, a soldier of no mean pretensions, in his eloquent address to the Lord Deputy; "Here we have no matters for pleading, no matters for argumentation, no subjects to debate upon, nor to be discussed by pen and by ink; but by the bow, the spear, and the sword, and by the men of war, and not by the weak, the sorry, the sickly, and the doubtful stomachs of learned lawyers, for never saw I them that were learned in the law give good advice in matters of war. Away with them! they must not be amongst us."<sup>2</sup> Such was the ignorant opinion of that veteran warrior on the warlike capabilities of the bench and of the bar. Under the banner of the Clanricardes were ranged many chieftains, the Burkes of Castlehacket, the O'Briens, Lords of Thomond, the O'Briens of Arra, O'Kennedy of Ormond, O'Carrolls of Ely, and Macnamaras

<sup>1</sup> Shannon, in Irish, Shan-Owen—the old river.  
Cox's Hist. of Ireland.

of Thomond; both armies encamped on the slope of a hill overlooking the abbey and castle of Clare Galway, then known as Belclare. On the morning of the 19th of August, 1504 the battle commenced, and throughout the entire of that dreadful day was the contest kept up by thousands with unflagging vigour on both sides; and in the evening, when the battle was done, the long lines of the dead marked where the fight was hottest in the day.

“Even as they fell, in files they lay  
Like the mower’s grass at the close of day.”<sup>1</sup>

Fortune frowned on the Irish cause: the battle was lost; and whilst the power of the Clanricardes was broken, that of the Crown was established. Lord Howth displayed both courage and prudence, for which he was amply rewarded, as we have said, by Henry VII. Honours one after another were heaped upon him. Resigning the chancellorship, to which office he had been appointed years after the battle, he retired to his castle at Howth, where he died in 1526, leaving many children him surviving.<sup>2</sup>

(76.) A.D. 1513. SIR WILLIAM COMPTON.—On the death of Archbishop Fitz Simons, in this year, Sir William Compton was appointed Lord Chancellor at the early age of two-and-thirty. He had previously been honoured by Henry VIII. with many appointments. He was groom of the stole, groom of the bed-chamber, and constable of Gloucester castle; he had many manors, too, and many lands granted to him, and in 1513 was entrusted with the command of the rear guard of the army then in Flanders. In the same year, too, he was recalled and appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland for life, in which high office, we are told, he gave the greatest possible satisfaction. Cardinal Wolsey now presided over the councils of the nation; and it is said, and perhaps wrongly said, that he felt a jealous apprehension of the growing

power of Compton; fearing too, that his own fortunes might be dimmed by the rising sun of the young favourite, he felt a lively satisfaction at his being removed from court. Though empowered to execute the office of chancellor by deputy, Compton conceived it more prudent to perform those responsible duties himself. Having held office for two years, he resigned the seals on the 24th March, 1515, and returned to England. Here his fortunes seemed to follow him. The Duke of Buckingham, having fallen into disgrace with Henry VIII., was attainted, and his estates confiscated; numbers of his manors in Yorkshire and Warwick were granted to Sir William Compton. Having been sent in 1523 to make incursions into Scotland, he soon returned to England, when he busied himself about domestic rather than state affairs. He built a noble mansion on his manorial estate of Compton, in Warwickshire, which, standing at the present time, is known as Compton Wynyate, and is one of the seats of the Earl of Northampton, one of his lineal descendants. His princely residence Sir William was not long destined to enjoy; he had no sooner gone to reside there than he was attacked with the sweating sickness, and died in the early part of 1528.<sup>3</sup>

(77.) A.D. 1527, HUGH INGE, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, was a graduate of the University of Oxford. Having taken holy orders, he travelled into foreign countries, and on his return obtained several preferments in the church; was appointed Bishop of Meath in 1512, and in 1521 succeeded Archbishop Rokeby in the see of Dublin. In 1527 he was appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Polydore Virgil says: “He was distinguished for wisdom and justice, and for putting the kingdom into as good a state of defence as the untowardness of the wild Irish would suffer; he was zealous as an archbishop, and upright as a judge.” The episcopal

<sup>1</sup> Byron’s *Siege of Corinth*, stanza 23.

<sup>2</sup> Cox’s *Hist. of Ireland*. *Annals of the Four Masters*. Hardiman’s *Hist. of Galway*, 77. Playfair’s *Family Antiquities*, vol. iv. Ap. lxxxii.

<sup>3</sup> Vid. Sir Bernard Burke’s *visitation of Seats and Arms*, Ed. 1854, 2nd Series, p. 48. Playfair’s *British Family Antiquities*, vol. i. 264.



palace of St. Sepulchre's he repaired, and placed his arms over the entrance door. Having served for the short space of one year as Chancellor, he was attacked by that dreadful pestilence, the sweating sickness, of which he died on the 3rd of August, 1528, and was buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral.<sup>1</sup>

(78.) H.D. 1528. JOHN ALAN, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, was educated at Oxford; soon after his ordination, his great capacity for business brought him under the notice of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, in 1515, intrusted him with important negotiations at the Court of Rome. The satisfaction he had given was sufficient introduction to Cardinal Wolsey, Archbishop of York, who had shortly before that time been made Papal Legate in England, his vast powers in both estates, the ecclesiastical and the civil, rendered it incumbent upon him to erect a court unknown to the common law called the Legatine Court, where matters of conscience, perhaps of scandal, which were beyond the cognizance of the courts of law, were inquired into. Hume, following in the wake of Polydore Virgil,<sup>2</sup> has endeavoured to blacken the memory of Cardinal Wolsey, then Lord Chancellor of England, who, we are told, appointed John Alan, a person of scandalous life, as a judge in that court whom he himself had condemned for perjury. The falsity of the accusation is best proved by the fact that after Wolsey had fallen from power not a particle of evidence of any material offence he had ever committed had been laid before Parliament, and no offence could be of a deeper dye than the appointment of an unworthy judge to so high a post.<sup>3</sup> While acting as legatine judge, Alan was, in 1518, convicted, with what shadow of foundation it is difficult now to state, at the suit of one Loudon, who prosecuted him in a court of law of malversion and iniquity; the clamour reached the king's ears, and he expressed such displeasure to the Cardinal as made him ever after more cautious in exerting his authority. Wolsey, now

bent on the foundation of new colleges in Oxford and in Ipswich, set a dangerous example in the confiscation of the property of the Church; many lesser monasteries were suppressed and their estates appropriated to the foundations of those colleges, in which rash experiment the Cardinal found too pliant an assistant in the person of John Alan. And now it was that new doctrines were taught, and new ideas promulgated from one end of Europe to the other: the Church of Rome, prostrate in the northern states, was tottering to its fall in England, and yet there were many men still to be found zealous in the cause of the faith of their fathers, and none more so than John Alan. Unmeasured in the bitterness of his invectives against those that were led away by what he conceived to be false doctrines, he was appointed Archbishop of Dublin in 1528, and in the same year Lord High Chancellor of Ireland. Forthwith he applied himself, to strengthening the castle of Dublin, and the Court of Chancery, then held within its walls, having advanced the money requisite therefor from his own private purse, an advance, we may remark in passing, that it was long before he was repaid. Frequently he wrote to Cromwell, then prime minister and mean successor of the great Cardinal, complaining that he was unable to obtain the payment of his salary of forty pounds "for two years and a half past." The most Reverend Chancellor was displaced in 1530 by Gerald, Earl of Kildare, then Lord Deputy. Archbishop Alan had long shared in the prejudices of his country against the Geraldines, while the Primate, George Cromer, Archbishop of Armagh, siding with the Earl of Kildare (who had married his daughters to men of the Irish race), was appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland. We have already seen how the Statute of Kilkenny was passed to put a stop to marriages between those of the English and Irish bloods, and we have seen how penal it was to form such alliances:

<sup>1</sup> Dalton's *Archbishops of Dublin*.

<sup>2</sup> Hume's *Hist of England*, ch. 28. Polydore Virgil, ch. 27.  
Hume, ch. 25.

complaint was made to the crown of the Earl; also, that the lords and gentlemen of Kildare and Carlow, instead of obeying the King's writ, would only answer the summons of the Earl of Kildare. These were heavy accusations against the Deputy; he was, therefore, summoned to the King's presence, there to give an account of his stewardship, and he was instructed at the same time to appoint a deputy upon whom he could depend in his absence. The person selected for this responsible office was his son Thomas, afterwards known as silken Thomas—a youth not then twenty-one years of age;—having caused him to be duly sworn in, Gerald took his departure for England, where, after defending himself he was committed to the Tower. Like wild-fire the report spread in Ireland that the Earl of Kildare had been executed in London, and the unprincipled enemies of the Geraldines, who had circulated this and other false reports, went so far as to state that the Deputy, Lord Thomas, would be treated in like manner. Mad-dened to desperation, the youthful Geraldine, at the head of 140 armed men, marched to the council which were just then sitting in St. Mary's Abbey; and there, contrary to the prayers and entreaties of his best friend, Archbishop Cromer (the Lord Chancellor), to whom he surrendered the sword and robes of State, the young nobleman openly renounced his allegiance to the King. He and his followers then appealed to arms, and setting up the standard of revolt, rushed on in that maddening course which afterwards brought ruin upon himself and his whole family. Silken Thomas, as this rash young nobleman was called from the silken banners carried by his standard-bearers, without inquiring into the truth of the report of his father's death, made an onslaught on the Anglo-Irish, wasting with fire and sword all before him, even to the castle gates. Archbishop Alan, terrified at the outbreak, and remembering

that he was one of those who had joined in laying before the King the offences of the Earl of Kildare, well knew that the storm of popular fury would be directed against him, made the best of his way to a small quay on the Liffey, close to where Essex Bridge now stands, and there took shipping for England. The vessel sailed, but owing, it is pretended, to a strong wind from the south, but more likely to the treachery of the seamen, the whole party were cast on the Clontarf shore. Alan hastened to claim the hospitality of a Mr. Holywood, of Artane, which was, of course, extended to him. Silken Thomas, however, hearing that the Archbishop, the enemy of his race, was a guest in this house on the very next day, caused him to be dragged forth and cruelly beaten and murdered in his presence. This bloody deed was committed on the 28th of July, 1534, and was followed by the public excommunication of all the parties concerned therewith.<sup>1</sup> The temporalities of the see were granted to George Browne, the first Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, on his death, which have, with the exception of a few years in the reign of Queen Mary, ever since remained in the possession of the prelates of the Protestant faith. Alan was the author of several works of considerable merit—the *Repertorium Viride* and *Liber Niger*—containing a true account of the churches in the archdiocese of Dublin. He also wrote a commentary on St. Paul's epistle. Lord Thomas Fitz Gerald was captured soon after the archbishop's death, and sent in chains to London, and there hanged, drawn, and quartered, and with him his five uncles, his father having died in the Tower shortly before that time.

(79) A.D. 1532. GEORGE CROMER, ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH, who, entirely devoted to the Geraldines, was raised to the see of Armagh in the same year that he was appointed Chancellor through the influence of the unfortunate Earl of Kildare.

<sup>1</sup> For this sentence of excommunication vid. State Papers temp. Henry VIII. *Reneham's Irish Church History*. Dalton's *Archbishops of Dublin*. The Earls of Kildare.



Though the primate was an Englishman, he protested openly against the conduct of Henry VIII., in endeavouring to constitute himself head of the Church, and he denounced as impious all those who should presume to adhere to what he stigmatised as "the novel doctrines" of the Reformers. His next step was to convoke a synod of the suffragans and clergy of his province, and to address them on this subject. Forthwith he despatched two priests to Rome, to entreat the interposition of the Pontiff, and to represent to his holiness the dangers that were surrounding the Church. The Reformation was, on the other hand, propagated by Archbishop Brown, who was disgusted to find that even within the Pale his exertions were fruitless, as appears by his letter to Cromwell, complaining of the opposition he received from Cromer,<sup>1</sup> whom he caused to be removed from the Court of Chancery, and to be thrown into prison, for his contempt of what he (Cromer) believed to be the contemptible doctrines of the Reformation. Browne seeing that neither by entreaty nor by persuasion could he induce the Anglo-Irish to follow in the footsteps of their English neighbours, urged upon Cromwell the necessity of convoking a parliament in Dublin. This was accordingly done, and in 1537, it was enacted that the King was the supreme head of the Church in Ireland. Forthwith Archbishop Browne caused the famous statue of the Blessed Virgin, at Trim, which, with the crozier of St. Patrick, were venerable relics of great antiquity, to be destroyed. Cromer, on the contrary, received a commission from the Pope, to absolve those who had either sworn to the King's supremacy or had countenanced those proceedings in any manner whatsoever. Many priors and abbots were now forced to surrender their houses and properties to the King. Having executed his high trust to the Church, Cromer died on the 16th March, 1542,<sup>2</sup> oppressed with grief at the falling away of the nations of Europe, one after another, from the Church,

whose destruction then, and until the foundation of the illustrious Order of the Jesuits,<sup>3</sup> appeared to have been imminent.<sup>4</sup> A re-action soon set in, which restored the whole of the south of Germany to the Roman Church, then extending its power over the newly-discovered countries of the East and the West.

(80.) A.D. 1534.—JOHN BARNWELL, LORD TRIMLESTON.—On the removal of Archbishop Cromer from the Court of Chancery, the seals were handed to John Barnwell, Baron Trimleston, who had been previously second Justice of the Queen's Bench, Vice-Treasurer, and afterwards Lord Treasurer of Ireland, and who was appointed on the 16th of August, 1534, Lord Chancellor, which appointment is conveyed by letter of the Privy Seal on the 26th of September following, to Sir William Skiffington, Lord Deputy, and Member of the Privy Council: "By the King. Right trusty and well beloved,—We greet you well, letting you know that upon certain considerations us moving, having assigned our right trusty and well-beloved counsellor John, Lord of Trimleston, to repair thither, and to be contented that he shall continue in the office of our Chancellor; wherefore, we will and command you and every of you to accept and esteem him, and that you the Master of our Rolls deliver unto him our Great Seal, being now in your custody, and that you our Deputy permit and suffer him to enjoy the same room with all commodities and preeminences thereunto belonging, and especially the nomination and disposition of such benefices of our gift as be under the yearly value of 20 marks. Given under our signet at our city of Winchester, 26th September, 1534." In 1536 Lord Trimleston made an incursion into Offaly, where he obliged Cahir O'Connor, who was ravaging the country, to return to his home with great expedition. The Chancellor suggested to the King that he should insist on his revenues being collected in the countries outside

State Papers.

<sup>2</sup> Ware's *Archbishops of Armagh*. Dr. Renehan's *Irish Church Hist.*

<sup>3</sup> Mosheim's *Ecclesiastical History*.

<sup>4</sup> Lord Macaulay's *Review on Ranke's History of the Popes*.

the Pale and bordering on the river Barrow; this he calculated would bring in no less a sum than £5,000 a year, equivalent to £50,000 of the present currency. Immense efforts were now made to promote the Reformation within the narrow limits of the Pale which extended at the commencement of the reign of Henry VIII. from Dundalk, on north of Dublin, to Dalkey on the south, and westward to Kilcock, forming, as it were, a parallelogram, whose area was 1200 square miles. With what little success those efforts were attended we may gather from the following

letter from Archbishop Browne, to Cromwell, prime minister, in 1537. "Since my coming over here I have been unable even in the diocese of Dublin to induce any other religious or secular to preach the word of God or the King's just title as supreme head over the Church. The Franciscan Friars are worse than all others, for I cannot make them preach amongst us." Lord Trimleston died on the 28th July, 1538, leaving several children him surviving, and leaving nothing for after ages to admire in his public character.<sup>1</sup>

OLIVER J. BURKE.

### THE POWER OF SOUND.

It is pleasant to-day, among these great stones beside the waves, on the shore of the Northern Sea. Before me is a creamy mass of foam tossed from the sparkling waves, as again and again they roll majestically in to shore, rapidly succeeding each other and riding one over another in glorious tumbling play, like sea-gods of old gambolling among the Isles of the Ægean. Heigho! that well-nigh surrounded the great stone whereon I am sitting: the tide respects not Canute! So, that was a splendid burst of spray from a huge wave following a moment's lull, and reaching my jacket with its foam! But this has touched my boot: let's move back a wee. Far to my left hand is seen a great grey headland, shooting out into the ocean in a bold, defiant manner, as though reckless of storms; beyond this another, loftier than its fellow, rising into high projection, then plunging into the deep. On my right is a long line of cliff, broken into picturesque hollows, some grassy, others bare and brown; and above them a long terrace of houses fronting the sea. Further away, across the harbour at the river-mouth, and high upon another cliff, stand the ruins of a grey old abbey, proud even in its decay: beneath are seen two serviceable lighthouses at the pier end, each side the harbour, holding friendly beacons to weather-stressed vessels on black nights of winter storms.

Between these promontories on my left and right, is spread forward a mighty expanse of ocean, lifting itself to the horizon, and dotted over with one, two, *thirteen* sails slowly making way in this calm atmosphere, which lies bluely reflected in the water, save near the shore where the surf has tinted the waves with brown. For some hundred yards or so out, the surface of the sea is covered with foam, white as snowflakes, where long lines of waves come rolling in with that grand, continuous monotone, *booming* as of old ere men listened with longing to its ceaseless voice: a tone blended with a more treble-like murmur of last wavelets at the actual boundary of sea and land, where pebbles are rolling in the surf as they did many thousand years ago. Closing my eyes, I lift up my face to listen: it is a most satisfying tone, soothing the mind into due appreciation of these grand passages of the sea.

Would that all the readers of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, city-confined as doubtless many are, might so enjoy to-day the tossing of the multitudinous waves; so listen to this sublime roar; so inhale the salty freshness of the breeze. The power of the tone of the sea is great ever upon the mind: it hath the continuity of ancient days joined to the freshness of youth; a power of rest with a power of work; it tells of loyal submission even while evin-

<sup>1</sup> Speaking of the boundaries of the Pale, *supra* 32nd Chancellors, p. 56, July Number, a typographical error occurs—2nd column, 5th and 6th last lines. For "Dundee" there read *Dundalk*, and for "Daltry" read *Dalkey*.



cing its greatest strength and seeming most unconquerable. As I lie on a huge flat stone, and gaze a long time across the sea, gradually the world retires into the rear, with its noisy discords, its poor shows, its empty glories; while the solemnity of ocean constantly doing its work, and the might of abiding Truth, seem alone to remain. With the Roman writer I might exclaim

“Nihil est nisi pontus et aer.”

Sometimes there is almost a lull, with a *splash—splash*, against the stones, from the ends of eddying wavelets just under me, followed by a plunge and a *roar* from side to side, as one great wave after another comes surging on and breaks grandly in a cataract of foam. Some of the foam, flung up among these great stones, seems like white hands thrown up in their play by some merry Naiads of the sea. The merry voices of children near sound pleasantly now after the solitude, as I catch sight of them round a rock, with spade and naked feet prepared for fun on the sands. How rounded all the pebbles, that for untold centuries have rolled thus on the strand! some of these I hold in my hand may have been thus, only a trifle larger, when Isaac went out into the fields to meditate at eventide, or have existed so ages before human eyes gazed with strange longings over the broad, mysterious purple sea. To realise the fact, it comes home to us in power of surprise to think how these snowy waves came rolling on the strand, in like manner, ages on ages before we were sentient atoms, and shall thus speak forth the praise rendered by the voiceful sea when we shall have long since passed into silence. But all times of earthly rest come to an end: the stone I sat on a while ago is submerged by the sea: the tide creeps surely on: let me go.

The foregoing was originally pencilled on the seashore, while the writer realised the power of sound in one of its most forcible forms. While staying by that Northern Sea, I one evening heard distant thunder sounding across the level expanse of water, and was struck with the contrast to thunder over land. This was more like the effect of distant artillery in round volume

of sound, without the reverberation and echo usual with distant inland thunder: the steady roll over the sea in low bass tones had a grandeur of effect in harmony with the voice of waves heard breaking on the coast below. We may live heedless and forgetful lives; but a severe thunder-storm has power to rouse into seriousness even the most thoughtless among us; so startling the instantaneous flash, so overpowering the burst of thunder. Most of us have listened with admiration to the sublime deep tone of far thunder, dying into the sky during the calm which often follows the electrical breeze and sweeping rain of a storm: how the tones seem linked to eternity, in deep majestic utterance!

During some still evening of summer, as we pace our garden walks at home, with the quiet of the time soothing us after the bustle, or cares, or follies of the hot sunny day, how sweet to the ear are sounds of gently waving branches of companion trees, clustering together for very friendship, and answering the breath of free air with whispers of peace. The constant recurrent murmur of foliage on high tree-tops has a most pleasant tone, helping our meditations by furthering the growing stillness of our minds, as we rest in contemplative mood below. Of all such tree-tones, possibly none are so suggestive and influential as the passage of a breeze through pines on a lonely heath: a more subdued whisper theirs, more charged with themes for longing or for sadness, more faintly soul-addressing at times, and better fitted to induce a *waiting* attitude of mind.

As a contrast to that, what a power there is abroad in the air, when storms are up, and trees bend low before the rushing blast which tears off their branches, and hurls the leaves far and wide! I have ever enjoyed being out in a great gale of wind, if without rain, to realise the power at work in the sky, and become, as it were, a part of the mighty wind; while owning the strength that urges on the storm as it sweeps the face of the island. What a roar then within the great woods, tossing their arms as they groan and writhe in upper air, while it is almost calm among the stems!

One naturally thinks of our seamen at such a time, hoping for their safety, while acknowledging the great good effected by a strong gale of wind in changing thoroughly the atmosphere around, and clearing away the lurking miasmas of dirty parts of our great towns. The tone of such a storm implies strength, as we consider what a vast volume of air is thus being urged forward at such a fearful speed.

I am writing on a summer's evening, after a day of great heat, and through the open window can hear a *seething* tone of continuous rain falling steadily on the grass-plot and the thousands of thirsty leaves, after weeks of dry weather. The tone is very pleasant to hear, and must gratify many a farmer. How impotent we seem beside the great work done by one such shower! "He planteth an ash, and the rain doth nourish it:" what reproof on man's boasting in such words! what acknowledgment of God's goodness. So it must ever be, though in prosperous times we are apt to forget this. A tone of solemn thunder is even at this moment heard as I write: "the voice of One mighty in operation."

Not long ago I had the satisfaction, in company with my wife, of attending divine service in York Minster. I need scarcely say how grand was the power of sound of praise, lifted by many voices in that Snowdon of our national churches. The beautiful harmony rose to that far vault of stone in sustained and delicate fulness, rolling away in multitudinous reverberations as the notes were flung heavenwards. Whether from some mood more susceptible than common, or from the finished music and marvellous forest of stone, I cannot say; but we were both affected deeply by the service, or during the service, that morning, and realised that peculiar and delicate balancing of the feelings, alive to all good influences, and leaving a sensation—like as though the soul had been weeping. It was a glorious power of sound, and we rejoiced that our voices were permitted to blend with the notes of praise.

Among the effects upon our hearts of the power of sound, scarcely any reach us more instantly, and with

less loss in the transit than tender human tones. I mean those exceptional powers of voice, inflexion and modulation, which belong more particularly to a few favoured persons, but are occasionally remarked in persons commonly destitute of such powers. A tone of a sister's voice in the gloaming can win us back, it may be, into quietude after distress, or allure us into firmer stand for truth and kindness; can be like some whisper from heaven, telling us to work patiently *here*, and wait for the rest that remains *yonder*. The tone of a good woman's voice is one of the pleasantest things on earth, has more music than many a sonata, often prevails more than a preacher. The tone of voice of some woman is a thing beyond common, peculiar to themselves. You never heard anything else at all like it. It takes its tone of *æsthetical* excellence generally from a woman's tone of *moral* excellence: hence its power, and the willingness with which we yield to its good influence. With men, this distinction is not so frequent; yet we have known those whose voices won our respect at once—yea, have yielded place to their power of mind without a challenge. I can remember one who possessed this eminently, and whose voice has sometimes, in common conversation, conveyed to me some tidings of a mighty overflowing wealth of love abiding in his large heart, but incapable of perfect shewing on this side the grave. But his was a nature unusually powerful, a strength of soul more than common. The power of a good voice can instantly recall past days, in all their very shading and character, placing us again in a moment beside those we loved, among familiar scenes, and bringing the same tone and quality of feeling which then were ours: can sometimes withdraw from the niches of memory the substance of forgotten things, revealing them in startling distinctness, like the uncovering of some white statue.

On the other hand, the laughter of some men—cold, calculating men of the world chiefly—is sardonic, mocking, and almost satanic: from such men we instinctively shrink, as from the bite of a serpent. Certain tones of laughter are able to produce a



sensation of extreme uneasiness and even pain, we may scarcely be able to say why. Again, the open, honest laugh of a true-hearted man is able to assure us, and inspire feelings of trust and love : and the smile of some kindly people is a great corrective of discontent and selfishness, being such as draws our best sympathies, and gives at once the feelings of brotherhood. What power, also, in the inflection and modulation of the voice, whereby the whole sense of words may be changed, and quite other ideas conveyed to those which a different intonation would give. We all know this, and are struck sometimes with the difference the same words make, according to the voice with which they are used ; and are aware how written words may be felt as harsh and unkind, from which all bitterness is withdrawn by a kindly tone when spoken. So delicate, so suggestive, so heart-reaching, the tones of the human voice !

A few evenings since came a wandering minstrel, and played several tunes upon his harp, in front of my window, to the great delight of a certain little flaxen-haired girl. The tone carried me back to the banks of the murmuring Dee, at Llangollen ; I seemed again within the spell of its pretty scenery, listening to the rippling of the river, as it blended with harp music heard from the garden of the " Hand " It has power to awaken enthusiasm of the heart, has that stirring music of the harp ; and one can well understand how Welsh warriors of old marched bravely to battle and to death, with the rapturous music of their ancient Bards. To-day we can listen to old battle music, in the calm eventide beside the flowing waters, and catch a little of the fire that burned in the breasts of kings in the far olden time. It were a pity that national music of the harp should ever cease to be heard in Wales, where it seems so greatly in keeping with the leaping streams and soaring hills.

Speaking of Wales reminds me that one of the many powers of sound is that of falling water, more especially when heard at a little distance during a still evening, at which time the tone of streams is mostly far louder than in the day, and comes with satisfying fulness to the ear in

continuous cadence of soothing sound. Such a tone fills the air with the voice of power unseen, working alone in the silent night, when weary labourers sleep. We say silent—for such voice of the plunging waterfall is fully in alliance with the silence of night, and often renders the stillness deeper. The voice of streams in a mountain region is a sweetly soothing power, during our moments of repose, and passes continuously through the mind with a dreamy kind of effect, laying open our best appreciation to the beauty of hill and vale spread out for our enjoyment. We have many of us listened to such a constant murmur, as we lay in our beds in strange villages, and haply been stilled to sleep by its gentle power.

On lonely mountain heights the sound of united chorus of many streams has a peculiar effect, not unlike the sound of wind, heard, as it may often be, when no other tone reaches the ear, and when the listener is alone with nature. We remember noting this particularly one calm evening on the top of Moel Wyn, that rugged mountain close to Ffestiniog, when scarcely a breath of air passed by, and all the array of mountainous country around lay as it were under the spell of sunset. The voice of streams was low and gentle, yet it filled the ear with its power of continuous murmur, as a hundred runnels of water hastened to the sea whence they came. It seemed only to intensify the silence, which on that high mountain peak wrapped one round as with a cloak.

There crosses my mind at this moment an instance of the power of sound, which was suggested to me the other day for this article, and which not many of us may have noticed : namely, the sound of oars in early morning, when dew-drops throng the grass and hedges, and a most cooling freshness everywhere pervades the air as the morning breeze passes like a labourer to his work, full of vigour for the toil of the day. The measured stroke of the blades falls pleasantly on the ear, as we walk in the fields beside some river, causing us to pause, the better to hear their cadence, and take to ourselves the quietude of the time. The effect of that *one* human sound when most people are fast

asleep has a peculiar power as it fills the air.

As a wide contrast to this, I pass to the consideration of a very different effect, the roar of Oxford-street or the Strand, as so vast and varied a tide of humanity is pouring along in a ceaseless stream, made up of lives so antipodal and interests so diverse, consisting of centres of sensation so immeasurably unequal and characters so largely opposed; all seeking good, real or fancied, and many passing it by in the eager quest. Rightly understood, it is one of the most solemn things we know, that full tide of life in the Strand, when we consider the momentariness of all those lives, and the great issues vested in each, their separate individuality and character peculiar to each, their power on the rest of men, their ability for praise or dishonour to God. As we pause a moment out of the throng, or survey the seething, hurrying mass from the top of an omnibus, what a full tide of life it seems—the world cannot match it—as it dins the ear of anyone not accustomed to it! I suppose the diversity of character is perfect in the crowd of a London thoroughfare, and to be equalled nowhere else on earth. The sound is that of one of the main arteries of a great nation. It speaks of extensive public prosperity; it is really the roar of a great battle-field.

This reminds me that there is something fearful in the power of sound conveyed by the shout of a great multitude on any public occasion, when the result of combination of expression of sentiment carries the weight of number. The mighty uplifted voice of a great crowd awes one unawares, having so unanimous a will, and reaching us like the determination of a giant. This must strike dread in many hearts during revolutionary times, prophetic of bloodshed, the block, or scaffold. Yet, on the other hand, it can rouse enthusiasm in the coldest breasts on some occasion of national rejoicing, as when our good Princess of Wales passed first through the streets of London, and received the welcome of many thousand hearts. The cheers accorded to the Guards, marching out to any scene of death, must fill them with a cool daring, as

remembered when the eve of battle comes. The waving of a little white handkerchief and the cheers of a small delicate voice have moved many a man to more calm heroism, and strengthened the confidence of the iron soldier under fire of the enemy's guns.

This brings me to speak of one most impressive and vastly solemn power of sound, the roar of a great battle. I know of this only from accounts of ear-witnesses; yet, heard at a distance, I can well imagine how terrible must be the thunder of artillery filling the air with dismay and noise of death: likely soon to break the peace of the Rhine.

So great are the contrasts in various powers of sound; they touch subjects widely different as the poles. What can be a greater contrast of sound to the last-named than the trill of a nightingale in May, throwing his song rapturously heavenward in the darkness rendered luminous by such music? I have gone miles to hear a famous bird and waited into the small hours, close beside the bush whereon the little brown songster sat, enjoying the continuous flow of melody poured forth so lavishly, less for our ears than for his own constrained utterance. Such is music of the highest excellence. One is astonished how such tones can proceed from so small a bird: notes so loud, sweet, and rapid. Jules Michelet says of the nightingale, "His is the nocturnal melody, the deep poesy of the shadows, the hidden meaning of the grand effects of evening, the solemnity of midnight, the aspirations before dawn; in fact, that infinitely varied poem which translates and reveals to us, in all its changes, a heart brimful of tenderness." Like a true artist, the nightingale thinks little or nothing of himself, but pours forth his whole glowing being in a wonderful burst of praise and enthusiasm, during which he takes small heed of noises around, when once fairly speaking his epic song. I have heard one sing on undisturbed whilst several voices immediately beneath him were raising a Babel of uproar; the great minstrel sang on as though he heard them not, or disdained their miserable prattle. He will also easily allow himself to



be caught, so thoughtless is the nightingale about his own personal safety. There is a romantic mystery about his preference of the night for song; his seems the burning eagerness after the infinite; his the desire to cast his melody afar, in the stillness of nocturnal solitude. How often, in far days of old, have youth and maiden together heard those rapturous tones, as hand in hand they paced the woodland ways! Strange, if no tenderness overtook them, or no awakening of slumbering strength for great enterprises.

Allied to this power of the nightingale's song, is the general power of music over the mind, various in its effects; capable of producing martial ardour, enthusiasm of several kinds, manifold shadings of regret or pensiveness, longings after higher and happier times. We may well suppose that some martial strains, full of vigour and home memories, can inspire the soldier to march towards death with greater enthusiasm. In the battle of life, heroic darings are occasionally roused within us at hearing good music, and we feel for the moment able to do mightier deeds. One of the greatest results of the power of music, is the showing to us of depths within our own heart where we ourselves even have never fully penetrated: at the sound of some sweet melody we occasionally feel competent for higher and nobler things than our daily life allows, and a consciousness of immortality thrills the soul as it starts at catching some strain of beauty it seems to have heard far down the past, out of this life. It is like some captive faintly hearing afar some melody of his native land. Greater capabilities for noble offices seem revealed to ourselves, as we listen to some stirring harmony: music tells us our slumbering powers; at the notes of some enrapturing strain, we recognise our brotherhood with loftier intelligencies. Such manifestations, however, reveal at the same time our ties to time and sense: hence partly proceeds the tender melancholy which often accompanies our listening to sweet music. We feel also the bondage of the flesh. But this power of sound arising from measured cadences is shown forcibly in the expression it gives to phases of thought and feel-

ing of the most delicate and elusive kind, which can be told in no other way. Where words fail to convey the shadings of the mind, music takes up the pencil and portrays them with the subtlest delicacy and power. We have all felt this at some time or other, and wondered at the power of sound. The beauty and inner meaning of some airs of the great masters exhibit, or rather suggest, delicate shadowings of thought, faint tenderesses of feeling and sorrow, deep but quiet longings, told otherwise by no means whatsoever. A plaintive air of some master, far removed in time, will strike a hidden chord with us, and we feel that such spirit of the music has been *ours all along*, but now only expressed to us. Bound are we at once by a three-fold cord to that master, and feel that we are in some respects brothers. A world of beauty is opened to us by a few notes of very sweet music; and our hearts are instantly glad—with a grave joy, for true and good music ever addresses what within us is of the best. A sister's voice, singing an old homely air, can lift us to good resolutions; even while it draws across the heart a faint veil of sadness, which yet is but as the intervening atmosphere lending to some mountain landscape a more delicate purple beauty. Song of a lark in early spring can aid us in recovery of hopefulness, and a blackbird's mellow note in strange places link us again to home. After a day's work, and possible conflict with selfish or quarrelsome people, or some worry of business and "the petty cares which infest the day," it is a pleasant change to sit out on the shadowy lawn, with a book and entire leisure, and to listen to music from the hands and voice of one dear to us; it restores the balance of power, soothes our jarred feelings, and eases the burden of the mind.

Music to sorrowing hearts can whisper of joys reserved; can tell the weary of rest remaining; breathes hope of reunion to those bereaved; can raise from despondency into peace, and deliver us from the torment of little cares; can come into minds troubled or perplexed with a cool refreshing power; can tell of spiritual wealth to the poor; is effectual to soothe when other earthly

comforts fail, and out of the darkness of our selfish griefs can lift us into contemplation of the bright serenity of the City Celestial.

The song of birds in very early morning is one of those charming effects we mostly miss by not being up before the sun. In the stillness of the time from all human noises there is a deeply-felt power in the chorus of gladness from many tiny throats, as often may be heard on the edge of a wood during early mornings of spring and summer; and one wonders if any ears are pleased with the sounds when all human senses observe them not. They contribute largely to the marvellous freshness and dewy power of the morning over the mind, do those early songs of birds by woodland ways, and go a long way towards making us more cheerful and contented, as we stay to gather the good quality of their praise.

The power of sound issuing from human lips is largely manifested when any good reader holds his audience in almost breathless attention, while reciting words heroic, touching, or humorous. Such in an eminent degree as a reader was the late lamented Charles Dickens, taken from us so suddenly, but who passed away in the full tide of success, and in the midst of honourable work. So often heard reciting his powerful words, with marvellous skill to convey their delicacies or depths of meaning; so often moving his listeners to laughter or to tears; but now passed into silence, so far as that voice is concerned, yet alive in his works with all his geniality and thoughtful memory of the poor and the oppressed, and alive as he will remain in the hearts of Englishmen. Wonderful power of voice, that can rivet the attention of thousands as one man, swayed by the inflexions of tone capable of conveying the subtlest workings of the mind! A man with that voice-power in any great degree is a master of men; able to sway them by his influence, and exerting over their minds and hearts a spell of singular and well-nigh resistless strength. What good such men may and often do effect! The very tone of voice is with some people an index to the world of their superior mental *finish*, so to speak, revealing instantly

a nature delicately poised and largely endowed, or showing to anyone of similar mental quality some shade of character and acquisition, telling considerably their present *status*. To the preacher this superiority of voice is a very great addition, giving firmer hold of any audience, and by its attractive power drawing the people's attention the better to great truths propounded. Hence voice-power should be more cultivated than it is among our teachers of men, as giving them better standing ground whereon to reach their hearers.

Speaking of voices, it is remarkable how the tone of a once familiar voice, but lost to us for years, will linger somewhere in the deep of memory, past recalling in our wakeful hours, yet now and then heard in dreams: heard in all its individuality and distinctive qualities, as possibly we have not remembered it for many years. Some such tones carry to us even in dreams a most satisfactory feeling of *home*: and we may during the day following, with its little cares and small details of work, feel a sort of lingering regret that we hear such a voice no longer.

No wider contrast to this can well be imagined than the rude noises of the common street, full of jarring and harsh sounds, grating terribly on the sensitive ear. I have often thought it would be a blessing if we could occasionally shut our ears! and so rid ourselves of many unpleasant sounds. The streets abound with unpleasant sounds, and it cannot be otherwise. But it would be a great boon if we could remove ourselves from them at will, without fear of being run over! This continual noise, harsh, violent and jerking, must sadly try the nerves of very sensitive people. We know how the organ-grinders of London helped to kill poor John Leech, with their continual harassing noise: they ought to be considered nuisances of the worst kind.

I turn from them to dwell in memory and imagination on those faint and eerie sounds in lone mountain solitudes, wrapping themselves round the spirit, like the cool atmosphere does the body, as we rest on a summit in perfect quietude, and gather the strength of the gentle voices of the wilds during some calm evening as



we *listen*, until we almost *hear* the harmony of the sunset painting the western clouds with beauty. Solitude and silence so refreshing! as we gaze long on far prospects of mountain, lake, or sea, and treasure to ourselves a little of the loveliness of the world.

The roundness and finish of what we may call any artificial power of sound are scarcely to be found equal to the Italian Opera. with its exquisite solo voices and well-timed chorus, united to a band fit to lull Titania to her slumbers. Rapt out of ourselves we may be by its bewitching charm, and enter a region of ideal life, where the tax-gatherer comes not, nor water-pipes burst in the back-kitchen! For an occasional treat, few things at all similar can equal a well-appointed opera; yet the effect becomes baneful if we become addicted to that kind of thing, and indulge therein too frequently; as making us dissatisfied with common life, and engendering an unhealthy craving for excitement.

Hark! methinks I hear the great bell of St. Paul's tolling out the knell of the death of some high personage. Over the vast city float the waves of sound, measured with deep solemnity, proclaiming the loss of a great nation, as its utterance submerges for a while all lesser considerations, and we meditate on the dread significance of that mighty tone. Away into immensity roll the fluctuations of that great bell, passing into the ears of thousands with a sad confirmation of their fears, or striking them suddenly with wonder at the unusual sound, as men look one upon another, dreading to hear what either may have to tell. Truly it is an impressive thing thus to hear the great bell of St. Paul's!

In like manner is there tremendous power in the sound of Beethoven's "Funeral March on the death of a Hero," so stately, yet so melancholy, with a stern effect of accomplishment—a sort of severe satisfaction that one more hero has passed to his rest. Heard at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, such a march would be too much to suffer; the agitation too great to be borne.

There is a peculiarly suggestive power in the tones of an Æolian Harp, as the wandering breeze

sweeps over the strings, eliciting wondrous purity of sound, as notes faintly, very faintly, rise far away, swell onward, and roll over us, in tones of weird-like minstrelsy, and as gradually pass away till they resemble far music heard in dreams. So touching and so pure the tones, we have known persons so sensitive as to become absolutely unwell when listening to an Æolian Harp, and there is something wonderfully suggestive and far-reaching if its exquisite effect is heard when we have time to listen and yield ourselves to its spirit-like melody. The chords are, as it were, swept by hands of angels that pass with the wings of the wind, and pause an instant to soothe the hearts of suffering humanity.

It is a curious contrast to the above, but I consider no sound on earth could more appall us, who are unaccustomed to it, than earthquake rumblings underground. The idea of earth-thunder beneath our feet on a calm day seems to me terrible. We should not well know what next to expect, or only anticipate disaster and ruin. Such sounds, as indicating the instability of the very ground we tread on, may well strike terror into the hearts of the brave, as depriving us of our notions of the firmness and security of earth, and seeming to leave us not a refuge for escape. In South America, for instance, such underground rumblings and accompanying earthquakes are common things in certain districts; but we fancy the first experience of them must cause a European to wish himself safe at home in the north.

There is no doubt one of the grandest tones the earth affords is the distant roar of Niagara by night. The grandeur of the volume of sound must equal the vastness of the volume of water ever plunging over those high rocks, and slowly wearing them away. In the stillness of many homesteads for long miles round must the tone of Niagara fill the ear "like a presiding spirit in the air." Sustained, majestic, deep, and powerful, the sound of a great body of flowing water always conveys the idea of strength. We know that one of the grandest tones ever alluded to by an inspired writer is described

as being "like the sound of many waters."

I call to mind a sweet effect of sound, memory of which exerts even yet a refreshing power over me; namely, the union of voices singing on the Lake of Grasmere in the lovely eventide, when longer shadows fell from Silver How, and fair clouds touched with sunset glided above us as we rested on the water. It was a time full of repose, a pause in the moments of our being, full of beauty, and clothed with the grace of an exceeding peace. Silence followed, more musical than our song. Into that silence, if so I may deem it, entered the voice of streams mingling with faint breathings of wind among the foliage, with an occasional trill of some happy bird enjoying the evening. Lake, wood, and mountain seemed expectant. We ourselves seemed afraid to break the charm, lest the lovely combination should vanish like some fairy picture of a dream! The highest and fairest things on earth have ever some touch of unreality, bordering upon the perfection of the spirit-world, and seeming less as things of time than as creations for eternity, which a rude breath of earth may dispel or remove from our apprehension.

Heterogeneous and conflicting must be the sounds of the nocturnal forests of the tropics, with their roar of many tribes of wild animals preying upon one another, and the scream of thousands of birds of night blending with the "gabber" of countless monkeys who throng the trees to escape the jaguars, tigers, and other fierce beasts below. It must be a fearful sound heard at night, say from some river which penetrates the deep recesses of the vast primeval forest. Humboldt speaks at some length of the terrible roar and the conflict ever going on among the tangled and luxuriant vegetation. Such a tone would terrify any one not used to its loud and angry confusion, as the great life of the forest was heard throbbing thus with full and rapid pulsation.

Widely contrasted with this, there comes before me the effect upon the average human heart of the bright laughter of childhood, with its arch innocence and brimming merriment,

its sparkling flash of glee and charming relinquishing of self; which can often win us from our moody states to admire the power of fun and frolic set into colours by a little child, and to have a romp with the youngsters that dispels the cloudiness of our minds. Contagious is the free, happy laughter of a child, going straight to our best appreciation, and revealing a glimpse of the sunshine abroad in the world. The tone of a little child, contentedly singing to itself, is something to make us ashamed. Little feet are running about me as I pen some of these words, and a little girl with long, flaxen hair, comes prattling, and asking curious questions. She was just now singing what she calls "Battle over," in a plaintive, yet contented sort of way; and I think of *her* conflicts yet to come in the days that lie before, hoping she may come through them victoriously, to receive back such like happiness and ease of heart at the close.

The laws that govern the relations of sound and motion are, I believe, yet very imperfectly known. Sound we all know to be conveyed by the motion of the air thrown into wave-like vibrations; and those old experiments, whereby sand placed on a tight, drum-like surface, and exposed to certain sounds, becomes thrown into certain regular figures, are still perplexing thoroughly to comprehend. We know there is a great sympathy between some sounds caused by concurrent intervals of vibration. Thus it is much easier to sing a certain note when in harmony with one already sounding; and I remember once observing, at the great organ in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, that, as a gentleman was tuning it, the great pedal pipes answered the touch of the pedals much sooner when an octave note was "speaking" beforehand, than when they sounded alone. The one vibration evidently assisted the other. As a comical instance of the power of sound in this respect, I may mention that at my old home we had a nice little organ, and among the stops was an hautboy, which, of course, requires frequent tuning. When a note of the hautboy was held down for tuning, it often happened that our old dog "Dash" would sit on



the stairs, and *howl* piteously. The spirit of the tone *moved* him, I supposed, into sympathetic utterance: he generally put out a good note! The poor fellow's heart was full; he must needs explain himself.

Appreciation of the power of sound reaches one of its highest points, I presume, in the love of music often found in blind persons, who, sadly deprived of sight, enter without any distraction into the beauty and intricacies of sound. There used to be a blind asylum at Liverpool famous for the beautiful singing of its inmates, who, with all the concentration of the senses, enjoyed their own sweet music. Some of the most accomplished organists, far as delicacy and expression are concerned, have been blind: without interruption can they apply themselves to music, enjoying its power, and swayed by its influence as few other people can equal them. It must form a grand treat, must music, to the blind. I can easily imagine the luxuriant fancy where-with a blind person listens to some touching melody, or some full and rich harmony of sound.

Faint and unreal seem to us some of the sounds of very early morning. I am at this moment writing early: it wants from two to three hours to breakfast time; and into this room I can hear a strong blackbird's song, though it is summer, and most of our song-birds are silent. As I look up to gaze with pleasure on a green spacious lawn in front of the house, graced with evergreen and other trees, and on a stately avenue of ancestral elms, leading up to a fine old house, removed several hundred yards away, there seems to me something unreal and transitory about it all, chiefly caused, I fancy, by the notes of that bird singing alone in the calm early morning. It is a delight to mark the bold shadows cast on the grass from the massive lofty elms, entwining their arms with brotherly affection, and sympathetically enjoying the sun. Clouds of white are leisurely moving through the blue, far above the wavy outline of the elms, and eight (say) rooks are winging their way to feeding grounds afar. It is a beautiful scene, reposing in the freshness of the early morning: the blackbird seems to

enjoy it even as myself, and, I fear, offers better thanks, or more expressive: though I too enjoy the morning and am thankful.

Many a time and oft has my soul been cheered by the sprightly song of a lark in winter or early spring, or far into the melancholy autumn, when the cheerful bird, from his place out of sight, showered on me and all things his excellent trill of thanksgiving, making me verily ashamed of my selfish dejection, and assisting me to turn my thoughts into a healthier channel. No songster is more *perennially cheerful* than the lark. Songs of other birds, the luscious droppings of music of the blackbird, the sweet variety of the thrush, the quiet, simple cantata of the robin, or the transcendent copious melody of the nightingale, may all at times, and according to the mood of the listener, be construed into pensiveness or accents of sorrow. But the lark is nothing but cheerful; full of uncontrolled gushing rapture flung towards the sun. His nest in the spring, truly, is on the ground, but his aspirations tend heavenward, whither, by his delightful song, has he many a time directed the heart of man oppressed with care, or dejected at ill-treatment from others, or sorrow-laden, why he knew not. So cheering, so full of pleasant associations, so influential on memory, so corrective of lowness of spirit, is the song of the constant lark.

How many pleasant memories of by-gone summer days may be brought to us by the sound of mowers whetting their scythes! Delightful times of careless years of infancy may start up before us as we listen in solitude at a little distance, and hear that self-same tone so familiar in our early days, it may be, but less frequently heard amid the profession or business of engrossed manhood. Visions of childhood may flit before us, and tender faces come again that have been buried for years, while the merriment of old hay-fields seems again to fall on our ear, with the call to the man on the top of the waggon to "hold fast" while the horses are driven on to another lot of hay. There is something very joyous in the gathering of the fruits of the fields—the copious gifts of One who "openeth His hand and

fillet all things living with plentifulness." Even as we hear the gardener on the lawn sharpening his scythe before breakfast, we have fresh suggestions of summer and realise better that June, the month of roses, is verily come once more. Pictures of our early home may come, and with some shadowings of regret for those now with us no longer, in all the halo of a child's imagination—for memory is wont to clothe the far past with the romantic and dreamy imagery of a child: our memory in after life beholds things of our youth much as our imagination then conceived them. So even the sound of a gardener whetting his scythe may be powerful to develope some charming photographs of memory.

Once it came to pass that I heard a singularly beautiful and solemn effect of sound rarely enjoyed. I had gone out along the drive in front of home, and passed by the large door I had opened, which led from our garden into a road hard by. It was a winter's evening, and a lovely surface of pearl white covered the fields as far as the eye could reach. Across the snow came to me, like a message from beyond the confines of the world, the deep, low tone of bells, softened into something of unearthly purity, and beauty, and solemnity. Four miles at the least must the sound have come, "across the broad silent fields of snow:" but to me the measured melody, in its low, quiet *softness*, was as a message bidding me haste away; and roused feelings of sadness blended with strong aspirations of soul.

Village bells: how suggestive of rural peace and contented lives! Not that it follows these things abound where bells are sweetest, for human nature and human error is ever much the same in far country villages as in the thronged city. Yet the imagery suggested by village bells speaks of stillness among the shadowy trees and rest under pretty rustic porches, all the same, and will ever so tell of supposed contentment and rest in the quiet of the day; while we love their sound borne to us on the breeze, and telling of sabbath quiet, where life is calm and equable, and less worry enters into the lives of those who there reside. If one's lot is cast

in such a spot, well is it to enjoy the peace and the seclusion, just as to do our work contentedly if the busy city claims us for its own. I remember hearing some village bells once across a lake in Wales, coming with marvellous power to aid the soothing and satisfying combination of fair water girt with a fringe of foliage and bounded by noble mountains. Beneath the influence of the whole I fell into a dreamy state of mental coma, lulled into annihilation of self and converted into a mere recipient. Verily a *mere* recipient; for the lake, with all its wealth of beauty entered my being like the spell of some sweet tune, or like the magic mystery of voices heard in dreams.

Sound plays many parts among created things; is one of the most easy vehicles of the minds of men, conveying sometimes more meaning by a *tone* than by a word. Sound has much to do with our comfort, and influences often the fluctuations of mind. Some sounds have power to still our impatience or silence our discontent, at least for a time, and to impart, instead, a quiet, thoughtful mood. Of old, it was well known how soothing were the notes of music, as even the hasty Saul sent for David's harp to soothe him; and to this day most of the wildest tribes of far uncivilised lands have their rude instruments of music, many of them skilfully contrived, and some productive of curious melancholy sounds.

There is food for thought and reflection in the fact, that the tenderest Voice that ever stirred the atmosphere of this earth at least once joined in singing a hymn with a few devoted men. Memory of *that* hymn must have been cherished in the hearts of those men when bitter persecution fell on them, and often have cheered their troublous lot.

We suffer much from sound; so many are the harsh and discordant and angry noises in the world. Our streets are full of jarring but unavoidable noises, sorely distressing to sensitive organisations. Many sounds are so violent, they come like a blow. In the ordinary pursuits of life we cannot escape them. There will be a wondrous change in this respect, we may be sure, in a higher and happier state of things. Harsh sounds will be for ever gone, as much



as the evil and misery of this present world. No sounds will then greet the perceptions of the purified and happy spirit but such as deepen its repose. Marvellous harmonies of the wide universe will then float in upon the soul, the grandeur and loveliness of all things carried on the sound; and we ourselves shall, in some good way, serve to swell that might chorus, so comprehended, yet

so vast; so childlike, yet so seraphic; so matchless in beauty, yet so sublime: "Like the sound of many waters."

A little girl comes running into the room wherein I am writing, shaking her light curls as she asks: "Come into the garden, papa, and pick Effie a pretty flower." I think I'll go.

H. P., F.G.S.

## MRS. GREVILLE; OR, TWICE HER AGE.

### CHAPTER XII.

RENÉE was standing by herself in one of the windows of the long gallery, looking on at the dancing.

Like all people cursed with sensitive feelings, she had felt Mrs. Greville's insinuations to the quick. Fortunately for herself, she had not quite understood them all, but the result remained that in the presence of her guardian's wife her manner to Colonel Wyndham was so painfully embarrassed that in pity to her he left her in peace, but he could not but feel surprised at her evident wish to avoid being alone with him.

On his side, he was anxiously looking out for an opportunity of questioning her about her confidences to Mrs. Greville.

"I do not believe all Eva says," he thought; "she is so much cleverer than my poor simple darling that I'm sure she has surprised her into saying something, and has then fitted it to her own purposes;" but still the words "a safe man" kept ringing disagreeably in his ears, and he watched her little manœuvres to keep away from him with infinite astonishment.

She is losing one of her great charms her childlike simplicity, was his reflection. Can it be that, like them all, she is beginning to try coquettish tricks upon me? Yet one glance at the sweet innocent face put these passing doubts to sleep. With the freshness of youth and her own naturally happy temper, she had forgotten her little troubles, and was watching this, to her, entirely new scene with a curious interest.

She was full of wonder at the whole thing, without giving a thought to her own share in it, and was utterly unconscious of the attention her own singular beauty was exciting. Not so Ralph. He, poor fellow! was torn with doubts and anxiety. *He* saw the looks of admiration, he heard the whispered remarks, and, with the jealous love of a miser for his gold, he drew near to watch over his treasure.

Mrs. Greville, who never, for one moment, lost sight of him and Renée, guessed his intention, and making a sign to Chum Deering and Deermouth, sent them to Renée.

"Miss Cardillan, you'll give me this dance? Mrs. Greville has sent me to have the honour of leading you out."

This was said in the young peer's most pedantic manner.

"I don't dance," Renée answered, shyly.

"Not dance! By Jove," ejaculates Chum, aghast.

Next to pouring out his sorrows, his idea of human happiness is spinning round a ball-room with a "thundering" good dancer.

"Is it scruples?" asks Deermouth, with a lowering of his voice and opening of his white eyes. "I respect every one's feelings."

"Thank you!" said Renée, earnestly. "I do think that Madame Mère would think it wrong to dance. She told me not to do it, although I should like it dearly," she added, wistfully.

"What an infernal old pest she

must be!" said Chum; "take my advice, and pitch old Madame what's-her-name overboard. Come along! take a turn—do!"

"I don't think she would mind my dancing a quadrille," Renée said in a hesitating manner; "but, indeed, indeed, I can't valse. I have never even learned."

"Never mind, I'll teach you. Don't have anything to say to Deermouth; he will throw you, to a dead certainty—he has got no legs. Here, one, two, three—turn—right foot—one, two, three—turn—left foot. By Jove, what a capital dancing master I'd make!" and Chum began revolving like a teetotum.

"Renée, my love, what's all this," and Eva came up in her newly-adopted affectionate manner. "Why aren't you dancing, Lord Deermouth? didn't I tell you to take care of Miss Cardillan?"

"Miss Cardillan objects to valseing on religious grounds," began the boy, sententiously. "She thinks that both the Douay Bible and the Orthodox Catechism permit only square gyration. Allow me to remind you that David danced before the ark, and there is no warrant for saying whether he indulged in a round or a square Terpsichorean effort."

"These men are laughing at you, my dear," said Mrs. Greville, in a low whisper; "you are making yourself ridiculous. Now go and take a turn with Lord Deermouth," she added, aloud, "I think he is the safest to trust you with," and she moved away smiling pleasantly.

"Miss Cardillan is engaged to me," Ralph said, coming forward and holding out his arm to Renée.

He had been watching the scene from a little distance, and now thought it time to interfere; but poor Renée, unversed in ball-room tricks, and utterly taken by surprise at this sudden appeal, hesitated—

"I don't believe one word of it," laughed Chum. "Miss Cardillan evidently knows nothing of this 'priority engagement.'"

"If you dance with anyone," said Deermouth sulkily, his boyish face contracting with anger, "you must dance with me. I asked you first. It isn't that I care about it," he added, with his usual caution where an unmarried woman was in the

case, "but I consider it a piece of ungentlemanly interference."

"You had best measure your words before you speak so incautiously," Colonel Windham made answer, with that careless contempt he usually adopted in addressing Deermouth, and which was most galling to the boy. "As for the dance, Miss Cardillan shall settle that question."

"Oh, may I!" said Renée, smiling brightly, and only anxious to prevent any disputes, and to satisfy all.

"Then, if you please, Colonel Windham, I will dance one quadrille with Lord Deermouth, and then one with you."

"As *you* please," said Ralph, bowing gravely, while Deermouth, with an air of ineffable conceit, walked off with Renée, she being quite convinced she had done the right thing."

Chum gave a low whistle.

"That cad of a fellow has all the luck," he remarked. "Disgusting, isn't it, Windham, just because he has got a handle to his name. He says they are making a set at him, and, upon my soul, I believe it's true, for I heard Mrs. G. whisper to the girl to dance with him. Little nun, indeed! she's wide awake enough, as they all are," and Chum went off to his cousin Lady Lou for consolation, while poor Ralph remained a prey to the bitterest feelings of jealousy and rage.

"I could have forgiven anything but this," he thought. A pupil of Eva's. My God, is there not retribution in her being the one to give me this blow?"

It was in vain that Mrs. Greville tried every device to wile him out of his reverie. Although, much to her satisfaction, she saw that he did not approach Renée, still it did not at all suit her that he should show so little attention to herself; but all her efforts failed, and, as Lady Sumner remarked to Lady Rosemary, it was perfectly evident that he was sick of the whole thing.

Meantime, Renée finding that he never came to claim the promised quadrille, was utterly miserable. She was afraid to speak to him for fear of incurring the charge of boldness, and one glance at his face showed her that he was bitterly displeased with her.



"I have done something to offend him," she thought. "Perhaps it was wrong of me to offer to dance with him."

The next day, through all the different amusements that went on, Renée found herself more and more separated from Ralph. She was so unhappy that her shy embarrassment disappeared, and she made an effort to speak to him; but Colonel Windham resolutely ignored all her little attempts at reconciliation, and encased himself in an armour of offended dignity, at the same time paying her a scrupulous politeness which, from its extreme coldness, marked the change in his feelings. Poor Renée went about looking so tearful and heart-broken that Mrs. Greville sent for her to her dressing-room and took her to task.

"What is the matter with you?" she said. "Why do you look so woe-begone. Lady Rosemary says she thinks you are getting the measles!"

"I am not ill," Renée answered; "you needn't be afraid."

"Now, I'll have no nonsense," Mrs. Greville went on, "and I'll know the meaning of this; so you may as well tell me at once. You are bound to obey *me*, and," continued Mrs. Greville, with a significant look, "there is no use in concealing anything about Colonel Windham from *me*!"

"Oh, then, he *has* told *you*. Oh, please tell me what have *I* done! What makes him so angry with me?"

"And are you such a simpleton as not to know?" said Mrs. Greville, scornfully.

"Indeed I don't!" said Renée, tearfully. "I never meant to offend him. Was it wrong of me to say I would dance with him after Lord Deermouth?"

"Of course it was!" the Honourable Eva answered, with severity. "A man like Ralph Windham cannot endure a forward girl. I tell you again Renée, and I mean it for your good, that if you go on as you are doing, you will get yourself into serious mischief."

"And *that* is why he won't speak

to me," said Renée. "Oh, what shall I do?"

"And do you mean to tell me that you allow a man to treat you like this! and that, because he won't speak to you, you go about with your finger in your eye like a baby, as you are! You have no proper pride!"

The Honourable Eva's irritation was getting the better of her.

"*I have no pride!*" Renée answered, meekly. "I am so very, very sorry that he is angry with me!"

"You look exactly like a child who wants to kiss and make friends," said Mrs. Greville.

"If I thought he would forgive me, I would at once ask his pardon," Renée said. "I should be so happy to know he wasn't angry with me any more!"

"You are a perfect fool!" Mrs. Greville burst out, angrily. "Did ever anyone hear of such a thing! A girl begging pardon of a man! Why, I suppose the next thing you will do is to ask him to marry *you*! I only wish you could hear the way *he* speaks of *you*!—it would cure you of your infatuation. Do you know what is the matter with you, you little fool? You are in love with him,—there!" And Mrs. Greville raised the drooping head, and looked cruelly and remorselessly at the deep blush that overspread the fair young face.

"Now listen to me, Renée," she went on. "Some time or other I will tell you Ralph Windham's story. It is not quite fit for an innocent creature like you," she added, with a sneer. "Don't think me your enemy if I warn you in time to have nothing to do with him—it will end badly; and, although you may love him, take my word for it, he doesn't care *that* for you!" and, with a snap of her delicate fingers, she walked away, very well content with her morning's work.

"'Forewarned is forearmed,' she thought. That simpleton has given me the lie of the country, and I know what to say to Ralph now. Jealous, is he! the poor fool that hasn't even the sense to see when a woman loves him!"

## CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT a singular thing a large gathering of people is, and how strange it would be could we have a lorgnette, by the aid of which we could look into the hearts of the would-be gay and happy! What a curious jumble of hopes and fears, cares and anxieties, passions and torture, we should find under the delicate tarlatanes and embroidered shirts! The party at Fair Oaks was not an exception to this rule.

The time is evening, and the handsome suite of rooms are brilliant with lights and flowers. There has been a large dinner, and a certain contingent of county families have been let in to stare at the London fashionables. Poor Mrs. Irving, the rector's wife, in her red satin gown, which shows her ample dimensions to perfection, sits in a state of intense discomfort on the edge of her chair, while her two daughters study the way Lady Louisa's hair is done, with a view to reproducing it next Sunday, and envy Mrs. Humfrey, the doctor's wife, for the ease with which she talks and laughs in her loud way with the gentlemen. She was a Manchester girl, and accustomed to officers's society, so she gives a sharp answer to Chum Dering, when he tries a compliment, and flashes her black eyes at Deermouth, who retreats to Renée's side, and asks, in his languid way, who that "terrible provincial is?" In the boudoir Lady Sumner is singing touching little ballads to a select audience—she is very anxious to win Ralph's approval, and fastens her sleepy eyes on him with tender meaning, while she murmurs,—

"J'aime, je suis ai—mée,"

through all modulations of key.

"Perfect!—delicious!—quite a Frenchwoman!" Deermouth whispers in her ear. He is going in for a flirtation with her; he tells Colonel Windham, confidentially, "to get rid of that girl the Grevilles are throwing at his head. She is a nice little girl," he adds; "but as to marriage—why—the thing is impossible—"

"What warrant have you for saying this of any young lady?" Colonel Windham asks, fiercely.

"Oh—if you take it so seriously, I retract," the boy says, with a malicious grin; "I had no idea *you* had honourable designs in that quarter."

"You are impertinent, sir," said Colonel Windham, with a haughty stare, and stalks out on the terrace, while *J'aime, je suis aimée* follows him in a dismal wail.

Lady Sumner had taken a fancy to Renée, she said, and calling her to her side, petted and made much of her, after a fashion some pretty women have to those younger than themselves. Of course, with the miraculous lorgnette, we *can* see what Renée could not, that her hatred of Mrs. Greville prompted, in a great measure, this kindness.

"I should like you to come and stay with me," she said; "I wonder would your guardian spare you? As to dear Eva, she wants for nothing when Colonel Windham is here. Didn't you find yourself terribly *de trop* all this time, dear. Now, how do you like Ralph Windham? for my own part I never could see anything in him."

"He is very good and kind," Renée said, her eyes kindling, as they always did, at mention of her friend.

"But so awfully stiff and severe," the little lady went on; she hadn't forgiven his going out in the middle of her song; "and then, you know, this affair with Eva has ruined him; he will never make a good husband."

"Does he—does he—like Mrs. Greville so very much?" Renée asked in a hesitating manner.

"Oh, in that sort of way," Lady Sumner answered; "for my own part, I believe the love is all on her side. As to his waiting till Robert Greville dies, and all that, she'll find she is mistaken there."

"But she is married. How can she like anyone else?" said Renée, with such a horrified stare, that Lady Sumner coloured, and laughed rather a forced laugh.

"You musn't be such a little censor, dear," she said, "or I shall get afraid of you. What would you say to me? I change my lovers every month; but then, you know,



there is safety in a multitude. Why, my dear child, I recollect when I was like you, and thought that one's husband was to be everything, but my lord soon taught me I was making a fool of myself," she added, bitterly.

"Did you love him, when you married him?" Renée said, fixing her earnest eyes upon Lady Summer.

"What a curious girl you are!—of course I did! What else would I have married him for? It wasn't like Eva Greville, who was quite *passee* when she managed to catch old Robert, but I was married in my first season. My lord fell in love with me the first time he saw me at Lady Finchmere's ball—dear me!"

The little beauty gave for her a real sigh as she said this, and Renée, regarding her intently, remarked—

"Then you must be very happy;" he must love you very much!

"Oh, my dear! it doesn't at all follow that because a man marries you for love, that he values you one bit the more when you are his wife; that's only to be met with in novels."

"Annette le Fort was married just as I left St. Etienne," Renée remarked in a puzzled tone; "she never had seen Mr. de Gramont but once, when he came to the *salon* on visiting day. I wonder, will they be happy?"

"Oh! I daresay they'll get on very well," Lady Summer said carelessly; "that's the French way, and a very good way it is. I really believe it answers extremely well, for the husbands are most pleasant, and all that, and don't make the ridiculous fuss they do here, if you speak to a man; and, after all, if you don't flirt before marriage, you must flirt afterwards—that's plain."

"What is a flirt?" said Renée, lowering her voice, and putting her question solemnly. She had heard the word so often that her curiosity was excited.

"A flirt!" echoed Lady Summer, looking with undisguised astonishment into her companion's face, and half-inclined to laugh at such extraordinary simplicity, "Why, Ralph Windham is a flirt."

"So Mrs. Greville says," Renée said innocently, looking on in as-

tonishment, while Lady Summer fell back upon her seat, screaming with laughter, and calling to Chum Dering, who was passing, to come and hear *the best thing* he ever heard.

\* \* \* \* \*

"A penny for your thoughts, Colonel Windham."

It was Lady Lou, who spoke, looking up sweetly into Ralph's face. She had watched her opportunity, and stolen out on the balcony after him.

"Have you been dancing?" she said

"No!"

"And what have you been doing sir? You are not worshipping at your usual shrine."

"I have been thinking," said Ralph diplomatically, "of the most charming person present."

The look that accompanied these words supplied them with meaning, for, as I said before, Ralph *was* a flirt in spite of himself, and consequently deserved his reputation.

Lady Lou was pleased. "Perhaps mamma's right, after all," she thought; and then came an involuntary sigh for Chum.

"I think you are in love," she said, archly. "You know what I mean. You are a naughty boy!" and, as is the custom of the young lady of the present day, she laughed significantly.

"If I am naughty, you must take me in hand to cure me," said Ralph with careless gallantry.

"I don't believe you were ever in love," and she laughed. "Ah, Ralph, do you remember long ago, when we were children?"

(They were cousins, these two, and the astute Lady Rosemary had smiled on a childish flirtation.)

"Don't I remember?" he said, bending his handsome face down to her's: "then you were my dear little wife—that was before you got spoiled by the world, Lou."

An idea had just come to him while he had been talking to Lady Lou; his whole mind was with Renée, of her he only thought, and a wild desire seized him to see if the woman could be roused in her; he longed to make her feel the torments of jealousy that he had been enduring.

"I will try and humble her," he thought. "It will be strange if I, who have all my life been successful,

should now be foiled the first time I really had success at heart.

Excited by this idea, he joined the company with Lady Lou upon his arm. He danced with her, he flirted with her, he made himself remarkable by his devotion to her, and through it all he kept a steady watch on Renée; but he had to acknowledge himself beaten. The calm, childlike eyes met his, and the expression he thirsted for was not in them.

There was, indeed, a puzzled look, as if seeking some elucidation to a troublesome thought; but there was neither the anger of jealousy nor the inquiet of wounded vanity in the face he loved so well. It wore a sad, wistful look, foreign to its usual expression; a sort of anxious inquiry seemed to be in her gaze, as if she were struggling with some painful doubt; at least, so it appeared to Ralph, and abruptly breaking off his chaffing flirtation, he came to Renée, and, under pretence of showing her the moonlight, drew her out on the terrace.

"Renée," he said, taking her hands in his and speaking passionately, "can you forgive me? I have been acting like a brute to you."

"Oh, no!" she said, quickly; "it was I. I offended you, and oh, Colonel Windham, *I am* so very sorry!"

Her eyes were raised to his; there was such a mute appeal for forgiveness in them—such a look of innocent love and girlish embarrassment over the whole face—that

Colonel Windham's irritation melted away. What he would have said in the excitement of the moment, his biographer cannot tell, for at this moment the heavy curtains were pulled back, and the malicious face of Deermouth peered out.

"She is here, Mrs. Greville!" he said. "I told you so; she is taking a lesson in astronomy from Colonel Windham."

"Renée," said Mrs. Greville, stepping out on the terrace (perhaps it was the moonlight, but her face was deadly pale, although there was a smile on her lips), "I am glad to find you here. I hope you have been begging pardon of Colonel Windham for your conduct last night.—I told her how shocked you would be at her curious manners, Colonel Windham; but I hope you have forgiven her, and did she do it like a good child?"

Ralph dropped Renée's hand as if it burned him: "Then she had been acting under instructions!" was his bitter thought. As I have said before, suspicion formed a great portion of his character, and he was quick to suspect trick and artifice among women.

Renée's great charm for him had been her singular simplicity. "If, after all," he thought in the solitude of his own room, "she should be like the rest of them. I don't like this curious alliance with Eva; why should she tell her everything? and still if she did not, *how could Eva know?*"

#### CHAPTER XIV.

WE must now leave Renée in the hands of the fashionable society that surround her, and transport ourselves to the little town of St. Etienne du Mont. There is to me something very charming about a French town. It is so infinitely more picturesque than an English one. One that was very familiar to me when I was a child rises to my memory now, and perhaps it is from association that I love their green jealousies and white houses, their irregular streets built-up hills, and their pretty churches. Why even their stony pavements are pleasanter to

my feet than our orthodox pathways. St. Etienne was a small seaport, but you could get away from the miniature harbour, and the shipping and the sailors; and striking along a rustic path that led through fields, you came to "St. Etienne upon the Hill." And a very steep hill it was that led up to the convent and the church, and to several houses belonging to many of the richer portion of the inhabitants. The long, low white house, with the vines clustering thickly over it, next to the convent of the Sœurs Capucines is Madame le Noir's; it is



divided from the good sisters by a low wall, and Madame can slip in through a little door at the end of her garden to *salût* and vespers. Sometimes in the fine weather she puts in an appearance at matins even. Any amount of devotions is within her reach, and in her case it cannot be said "the nearer the church," for she is a good woman and loves her prayers. Next to them, she *does* like a good chat with Madame Mère and one or two of the sisters, and they in their turn have no objection to talk over the delinquencies of Rosalie, the last *bonne* they recommended to her, for it is a great mistake to suppose that holiness interferes with gossip; I mean, of course, kept within all due limits of charity. Madame Le Noir's garden was the pride of her heart, and a luxuriant spot it was, every inch of ground in it was made of use, every flower watered and tended as if it were an only child; the bloom of roses, pinks, and geraniums were quite a feast to the eye, while the trees positively bent underneath their weight of peaches and apples. On all *fête* days it was Madame's roses and geraniums that had the place of honour on the grand altar, the altar over which hung Julian's picture.

A French garden would hardly be complete without a little summer-house, where, on hot summer evenings, coffee can be drank with an accompanying *chasse*. And oh, heavens, what coffee! Madame le Noir made it herself, and once you had drank it, you would turn with more than disgust from the black gritty compound which with us passes for that beverage. And here I must express my wonder why it is that in England, where most luxuries of life can be procured, a decent cup of coffee seems to be unobtainable.

On the particular evening on which we have flown away from Fair Oaks, and descended on St. Etienne du Mont, three persons were occupied drinking coffee in the arbour in Madame le Noir's garden. The tall thin old lady is Madame, herself, Renée's old friend and Julian's mother. Her smooth, double-barrelled curls on each side of her face, her high nose, her little *soupeçon* of a moustache, look eminently

French, but all the same she is English, although many year's absence, and a French husband, have made her lose her English "chic" to a great extent. Near to her sits Monsieur le Curé, in his soutane and sash, on the chair next him lies his broad hat, and on his knee sits a large Persian cat, Madame's property, and a special favourite of the kind old man's, who has, indeed, about as much knowledge of the world as a child; not all the confessions he has heard, not all the deathbeds he has assisted at, can teach him the depravity of human nature; and in this he is a great contrast to M. le Docteur, a sharp, cynical, pinch-faced sawallow little man, with a bilious temperament, all angles and bristles, but for all that a shrewd, caustic man of the world, a warm friend, and a bitter enemy. He is at this moment in one of his worst humours, which he shows by nursing his leg, and looking with a sly look of humour at Madame le Noir, who is drying her eyes with her pocket-handkerchief.

"It is all very well," she says, a little indignantly, catching his look; but it is a sore trial to a mother to see such a change come over her son; for the last six months he has not been like the same boy. If he would say that he wished to enter the priesthood, God knows I should give him up to *Him*, gladly; but, to see a young man refuse all the best *partis*, like this, and give *no reason*, *ah, mon père, que c'est desolant*."

"The *préfet* said, 'Linen and plate,'" remarked the doctor, drily; "did you mention *that* to Julian and half the year the run of his teeth at Eugouville?"

Madame le Noir only answered with a sad shake of her head.

"She is *bonne fille*, too," said the curé, stroking the cat's back quietly. "I have known Louise Tremonille since her childhood; she confesses once a month."

"And her mother?" asked the little man, slyly. "If all stories be true, poor Tremonille has a sorry time of it at the *préfeture*?"

"Ah, *mon père*," said Madame le Noir, tearfully, "*would* you see Julian?—he is in the studio. Heaven knows, I wouldn't urge him against his own wishes, but it seems like

Fate. The Neuvaïne to St. Sigismund had just finished, Madame Mère, les sœurs Angelique, et Felicie, had all joined. I was coming in from *salut*, when there, on the very steps, stood Mr. le Sous. 'I come,' he said, '*du part de notre excellent ami, le préfet*, to propose an alliance with your son.'

"The préfet's daughter for my Julian? the boy whose father had died when he was only one year old, whom I had brought up with such difficulty, who is now so respected, that such an establishment should be offered to him, and who refuses it, and laughs it to scorn?" And the poor woman, in her annoyance and disappointment, burst out into fresh weeping.

The good curé took her hand in his, kindly. He was ever sympathising with human grief. "I will speak to the boy," he said; "the dot is good, and the girl is good; he may change his mind," and he rose up in his kindly haste.

"And *mon père*," Madame added, "don't forget to remind him that the Novena was just over, his own patron, St. Sigismund, for you know, Dr., his second name is Sigismund."

"Ta, ta! stuff and nonsense!" burst in the choleric little man; "don't talk such a lot of rubbish, as if any Sigismund, canonised or not canonised, would have any hand in mating a fallow-faced weasel, like Louise Tremonile, to a regular genius, like our Julian. No, no, it is only a woman who would have a finger in such a pie as this. Go your way, Father, and see the boy; tell him of the fleshpots waiting for him; enlarge on the 'dot' and the linen, and the plate, and, above all, on the run of his teeth for half the year," he added, making a wry face; "try your hand, and if you fail, I'll try mine."

The studio of the young Julian Le Noir had all the approved signs of artistic confusion—pictures half begun, and pictures with their faces turned to the wall; sketches of peasants and sailors, Holy Families and Madonanas, were in heterogeneous confusion; but through all you could gather that the bent of the young man's mind was religious, and par-took, in fact, of an ascetic sternness; for all his pictures were chosen from scenes of martyrdom and self-

sacrifice. There were no nymphs or goddesses among them, no fashionable ballet-dancers, nor young ladies with flowing hair and "girl of the period" petticoats; there was a refined air, almost spiritual, over all his creations; but where a woman was the subject, it was as if he handled it with almost reverential sanctity. One thing could not but have struck any but the most careless observer, and that was the constant recurrence of one face. It was reproduced in almost every picture,—a fair, innocent girl's face, with that peculiar look in the eyes that, as I have before said, was the great charm of Renée. She must have been either a constant sitter to him, or she must have taken complete possession of the artist's memory, for, in some shape or another, she appeared on every canvas.

Over his chimney-piece hung a charming sketch of a girl praying,—it was done just before she left St. Etienne. A companion picture of a boy sleeping, with a guardian angel watching over him, was again Fred and Renée Cardillan; and on the angel's face the artist's fingers seemed to have lingered lovingly, it was such a beautiful likeness of Renée.

Julian was sitting before a large picture when the good Curé opened the door, and softly stole into the room. We may stand behind him as the priest did, and look at him; a stern young face,—the face of a man who has a purpose in life, and who will do much, dare much, to carry out his purpose. There are great signs of care and mental struggle about his mouth, and a tired look about his eyes, as if he were weary of struggle, and would like to stop and rest. No one could call it a handsome face, and, when in repose, the expression was almost repellant from its sternness; but, once he spoke, there came such an earnestness into the dark grey eyes, such a touch of some fire that touched closely on genius, that you felt yourself irresistibly carried away, and unable to make head against a will which, at all events, had implicit confidence in its own strength.

The picture he was at work on was in itself a curious type of the man's mind. It was that of a monk



kneeling before the crucifix in his narrow cell, while all round him the temptations of the world he had abandoned were gathered, haunting him like Saint Antony in the desert.

The monk had a curious likeness to Julian himself; while in the figures that floated round him, Renée's pleading eyes were repeated over and over again.

As he looked, a light seemed to break in on the old priest. The hopeless attitude of the young man touched him.

"Poor fellow!" he thought. "I will not urge him to Louise." And touching him gently on the shoulder, "Julien," he said, kindly, "do not mistake your vocation; do not wear yourself out in a fruitless struggle; for, *mon fils*, *you cannot bring to God a divided heart.*"

"Ah, *mon père*" the artist answered, sadly, "of what use are my struggles? Do what I will, it is all in vain. Life seems to me a blank without her. Some wicked fiend is ever at my ear, whispering to me why did I let her go without trying to bind her by some promise? As if," he added, bitterly, "Mademoiselle Cardillan would condescend to cast a thought on the poor artist, Madame le Noir's son! Presently he went on: "I thought absence from her would have cured me of my folly—my infatuation; and that once separated from her, I could have turned my mind to the only refuge. I look to 'the Church,' but how can I dare offer to God a heart divided as mine is divided? Wholly given up, absorbed in one passion, for, God help me, even in my prayers she is ever beside me; and if I were to enter into religion, it would be with me as with that man there," and he pointed to the picture. "I would be acting a lie."

The old priest said, gently, "God has in His own wise decrees sent you this trial; bow your head meekly, and it will pass." Then, after a pause, he added, "Does your mother know anything of this?"

"Nothing," answered Julian. "Why should I grieve her by telling her of what must be to me a lasting sorrow—for don't mistake me, father; I have no hope now. I know well that I, with my poverty,

could never aspire to one in Renée Cardillan's position, and to her I have never breathed one word of love. It would have been dishonourable, would it not, *mon père*?"

He looked wistfully in the priest's face, as if wanting some contradiction; but, although it went to the curé's heart, he made no sign.

"I forgot," said Julian, a little bitterly, "that you once belonged to the same class as she does; and that you would think it a *més-alliance* for her to marry anyone so much beneath her, as you would consider an artist to be; but if I knew that she was happy, I think I should be content. I love her so entirely, so perfectly, so hopelessly, that I could make any sacrifice for her sake; but I cannot bear to think of her as unhappy, and to me of late her letters have not a happy ring in them; they are tenderer—kinder. Can it be? Do you think that she regrets her old home—her old friends?"

Again his eyes sought the priest's face questioning, and again a pang went through the old man's heart.

"Julian," he said, "both those children were dear to me, dear to me almost as you are; but when they left us they went from our quiet life to a busy world,—a world which has many fascinations, particularly for the young and beautiful. Renée was so peculiar in her extreme innocence and purity of mind, that she was exposed to great dangers. I see in her letters all you say, and I augur from it that she has perhaps met some one who has charmed her fancy, perhaps touched her heart; some one rich and in her own position of life. Put her from you, my son; you must pray, and I will pray that this trouble may pass from you."

Julian grew deadly pale, and his lips were compressed tightly together; for some minutes he did not speak.

"You are right, *mon père*," he said; "I will speak no more of it. I must take my cross to where alone I can find comfort."

At this moment the door opened, and the Doctor put in his head.

"Well, what speed, holy Father," he said, with a bilious smile; "is it all settled? Are we to dance at this fellow's wedding?" Then seeing the

expression of their faces, his own changed to one of satisfaction. "Ha, ha!" he laughed, "the curé has failed, and weasel-faced Louise may look out for another *parti*. I am glad of it—on my soul, I am. Did you mention the plate, and the linen, and the run of his teeth? Fine fellow, Jules, my boy! you'll do better than be tag-rag to any préfet. Now, M. le Curé, if you just go and give Madame an account of your successful mission, I have a word to say to this boy."

The Curé, very sorry at heart, retreated, and before seeking the disappointed mother, he took a turn in the garden, to compose his spirits. He was at a loss to give an account of his interview, for it was difficult to own that he had not even approached the subject about which he had been sent, and it would be impossible for him to disclose poor Jules's confidences, so he wandered about in great distress of mind, thinking, with great sorrow, of Ju-

lian's sad face, and revolving in his mind whether, out of his small savings, he could spare a sufficient sum to send the young man to Rome to distract his mind. "I will give up the bénétour for the Chapelle de la Vierge," he thought; "it may go without it a little longer. Our blessed Lady will know it is not from want of respect; and the poor boy must be saved, and he deserves some reward for his noble resignation."

Full of this scheme, he turned towards the house, and saw coming to him the object of his painful cogitations, his face radiant with joyous excitement.

"*Mon Père*," he said "congratulate me; Doctor Lefevre has brought me such good news. A commission to paint two pictures for some Milord in England. I sail to-morrow morning;" and, coming closer to him, he whispered, with an inspired look on his face, "Oh, mon père! my prayers have been heard. God is with me—I shall see Renée once more."

## ULLESWATER.

### STILL Evening came

Like a presiding spirit in the air,  
 Brooding o'er flood and fell. A windless calm  
 Mirrored some crimson clouds upon the lake;  
 While all the vale in breathless transport lay,  
 To catch the beauty of that sunset time:  
 When wood and steep were touched with heavenly hues  
 On bold Stybarrow Crag, beneath whose brow  
 In vernal vesture leafy isles reposed,  
 In the calm lake reflected: while afar,  
 Sole monarch of the Dale, Helvellyn raised  
 His bare, proud forehead to the western gleam.  
 Entranced, we rested in our cradled boat,  
 Hushed to receptive silence.

H. F.



## EXCLUSIVE INTELLIGENCE.

REMINISCENCES OF AN ELDERLY MEMBER OF THE FOURTH ESTATE.

FONTHILL ABBEY.

MR. BECKFORD, the author of "Vathek," was the son of that eminent citizen who could "from common rules in brave disorder start," and who did not hesitate to remonstrate with George the Third on his giving an ungracious reception to a City address. That answer is perpetuated beneath the statue of Alderman Beckford, in Guildhall. Of its merit, various opinions have been entertained. One graceless writer tells—

'That senseless speech which Balaam's  
ass might own  
Eternal record holds on City stone.'

Mr. Beckford, the alderman's son, was renowned for his fine taste. He entered life under circumstances not a little extraordinary. Distinguished from the celebrity of his father, and yet more as the possessor of immense wealth, he was seen to undertake works which called for an expenditure so vast that lookers-on could hardly believe what they saw and heard. The cost of his residence in Wiltshire, known as Fonthill Abbey, was enormous, from the changes which he considered expedient, and the accidents which occurred while it was in course of erection. He would permit nothing that the power of a millionaire could remove to thwart his views for a moment. Before its completion, the building is said to have caused an outlay of £273,000.

A passage from the history of the Abbey gives a lively idea of the character of Mr. Beckford. The writer says, in the first instance—"Little care was taken to make it durable; the eager impatience of Mr. Beckford would hardly have borne the necessarily slow progress of a work of such dimensions when composed of solid materials, and designed for posterity. Timber and cement were, therefore

the principal articles in its construction, and every expedient was used to complete the building within a given time, regardless of the consequences that might almost have been expected to ensue. Neither the still hour of night, nor the accustomed day of rest from labour—the gathering in of the harvest, or even the wishes of the greatest personage in the kingdom—were allowed to interfere with, or delay, for one hour the progress of the works. One immediate consequence of this injudicious haste was the destruction of the first tower, which was carried up to its extreme height without time being allowed to complete the fastenings of it to the base on which it was erected; a smart gust of wind, acting suddenly upon a large flag attached to a scaffold-pole at its summit, carried it off its base altogether. The fall was tremendous and sublime, and the only regret expressed by Mr. Beckford upon the occasion was that he had not witnessed its destruction. He then instantly gave orders for the erection of a new tower."

Generous as impetuous, those employed on the estate spoke of many outbursts of passion, most kindly atoned for in his cooler moments. The erection originally planned was at first intended to present externally a convent in ruins. It was only by degrees that the proprietor was induced to give the structure more solid materials and the character of an abbey.

When the edifice was completed, Mr. Beckford, from differences with the neighbouring gentry, originating in causes variously and somewhat mysteriously reported, was understood to live at Fonthill in a state of seclusion, never courting society. The Abbey was spoken of as containing treasures of marvellous variety, which few were

permitted to see. An air of oriental romance was given to everything connected with it, when, suddenly, in the year 1822, the public learnt with surprise that it was no longer to be a sealed book, but its long-concealed contents were to be exposed to view, and, eventually, disposed of under the auctioneer's hammer.

Immense was the attraction of the grand treat so unexpectedly offered. The grandeur of the Abbey, the beauty of the surrounding scenery, and, more than all, the prospect of exploring secret apartments, awfully interesting as the blue-room of Bluebeard, caused the leading pleasure-seekers of London to contemplate a visit to Fonthill without delay. The newspapers of the day could not refrain from giving their attention to a subject of such general interest; and writers, early in October, were despatched to Hindon, the village nearest to the Abbey. I, with several others, rested at the "Lamb," where the charge for a bed was five shillings per night. This was in consequence of the great demand for accommodation, created several weeks before the sale was to take place. When the eventful day was supposed to be at hand, we were obliged to shift our quarters. On the easy terms just mentioned—five shillings per night—we could no longer remain, as other parties had engaged the beds at half-a-guinea for the whole period of the sale which would be occupied by the auctioneer. We were obliged to seek shelter in a small public-house,—obliged to retreat from the "Lamb," and fly for shelter to the "Lion."

It was fine weather, and we were dining in the "Lion" parlour, when suddenly Mr. Denis O'Brien, a gentleman who had been conspicuous among the friends of Charles Fox, appeared at our open window with the modest air of a petitioner.

"Gentlemen," he said, "will you have pity on me? I am here alone; but having travelled with some of you, I know who you are. I found I was associated with great minds. Will you permit me to join you? I have but a single dish, but that I

shall be happy to place on your table."

The whim and pathos of his speech were not a little amusing. It caused us to give him and his dish a hearty welcome. The latter was almost as great a curiosity as its owner; for, single as it was, its contents—pheasants, partridges, rabbits, &c.—would have well supplied half-a-dozen tables. He joined us, and added not a little to the cheerfulness which had previously prevailed.

But an awful disappointment awaited him, in which we participated—for that evening brought the unwelcome news that there was to be no sale. It was rumoured that the Abbey, its contents, and all the estate, had been purchased by a Mr. Farquhar.

Such tidings fell like a thunderbolt on the visitors from London and elsewhere. In vain Mr. O'Brien tried, with us, to get only a momentary view of the interior of the building. Peremptory orders had been given to admit no one. In melancholy amazement, the holders of catalogues—of which, it was said, no fewer than seventy-two thousand had been sold for one guinea each,—complained with bitterness of such treatment; but the stern decree was not recalled.

We were entertained with a variety of reports about Mr. Farquhar and his objects, but nothing transpired that could abate our vexation. I could only write as follows:—

"All that is positively known may be told in a few words. There can be no doubt that some one has entered into a negotiation with the proprietor, and it is certain that the public are no longer admitted on any terms to view the building. Those who desired that the sale should take place have been finely hoaxed. Originally the property was to be brought to the hammer on the 17th of September; then it was postponed till the 1st of October; then it was again postponed till the 8th of October; and now it is not to take place at all.

"Whatever regret those of the public who are excluded from a view of the premises by the altered destination of the property may feel, they meet with equal sorrow in the innkeepers and others residing near



this celebrated spot. The landlord's face is as long as his bill, and the owners of the houses or rather huts (for that term is more applicable than the former to the dwellings of Hindon and its neighbourhood), who had got into the way of letting beds, now smile no more. Their fair is over, and it will be long before they get such another, for it is really inconceivable what sums the clodhoppers in the shabby village which has been lately so frequently mentioned, had the modesty to demand for holes and corners in which beggars from St. Giles's would hardly be content to repose. Some of the lodging letters find, a little too late, that they have outstood their market. Visitors who proposed staying till the end of the sale offered to take apartments for the whole period, if, in consideration of their doing so, some abatement were made. But such a proposition was rejected as wholly inadmissible; and the parties were given to understand that augmentation rather than abatement ought to be associated with the idea of remaining in one lodging for such a time. The result proves their calculations not a little erroneous, as they find that if they could have been content with a less exorbitant profit, they might have touched five or six times as much as they now receive."

Such were the feelings recorded—such the complaints and reflections breathed—when the Fonthill drama closed in 1822.

A few months passed away, and then, under other circumstances and with new managers, the treasures of Fonthill were again advertised for sale. Mr. Harry Phillips, the eminent auctioneer, of New Bond-street, who had negotiated the purchase for Mr. Farquhar, undertook to sell the property. Again were the public invited to inspect the Abbey; portions of its treasures, reserved before, were offered for general inspection, and while its attractions were increased, catalogues were issued at twelve shillings instead of a guineas.

The representatives of the London and other journals hastened, nothing loth, to renew their acquaintance with Fonthill. For some time before the sale com-

menced, they were admitted to the noble galleries of St. Michael and King Edward, to the turrets and towers, to the cabinets and the corridors, and, more than all, to the vast library which Mr. Beckford had been forty years collecting.

Not a few persons of distinction were among the visitors. Among those specially invited were gentlemen connected with the fine arts, with general literature, and with the newspaper press. Nothing could be more agreeable than the situation in which they found themselves. Lodged in the Abbey itself, the honours were gracefully done by Mr. Phillips, or, in his absence, by his son, Captain Phillips. The table was spread with unfeigned hospitality. Trout from the lake, choice viands, and superior wines, made, in fine weather, the dinners in the cloisters looking on the western avenue, with gay intelligent society, truly luxurious.

The treasures contained in the building, the beautiful grounds and waters open to all, caused for a season an abatement of that restless competition for exclusive matter usually witnessed for the London press. It occurred to me, while inspecting the library, to search for books which contained notes by its late mysterious owner. In this I thought myself fortunate. After many disappointments I found what I wanted—something in the handwriting of Mr. Beckford. It was a note on a passage in the journal of the transactions in Scotland, during the contests between the adherents of Queen Mary and those of her son, 1570 to 1573, by Richard Bannatyne. The writer told of "a present sent, as it was supposed, from the witches of Atholl to the quene Murtherar of Scotland." It was thus described:—

"The present and the portraiture was this: a prettie hart's horn, not exceeding in quantity the palm of a man's hand, was artificial, wrought and perfected at all poynts with gold. In the head of it was curiously engraven the arms of Scotland. In the western part of it was a throne, and a gentlewoman sitting in the same in her robe royal, with a crown on her head;

under her feat was a rose, environed with a thisell, and under that were two lyones, the one bigger, the other less. The bigger lyon held his paw upon the face of the other, as his lord and commander. Under all this was written, 'Fall what may fall, the lyon will be lord of all.'

"This mysterie be verie secreat wayes came to the knowledge and sight of Ab. Randolph, who perceiving to twiche his maistress so neyr, fund the favour of the first revealer to have the principall of the Court there; which gif he have nocht done he justly may be suspected of treason, by past and present now, in the hairtis and handis of money. In the meantime was the prophicie forged, whether in England or Scotland God knoweth, the prophicie—

"The howlat shall lead the bear to his bane,

The court of England that is so wantone;

Shall shortlie be brought to confucione,  
The Quene of England shall die the twelfth year of her regne."

Mr. Beckford's note was as follows: "'Mysterious present to the Queen Murtherar, of Scotland,'—This is a curious way of connecting by outrageously bad spelling the best of appellations into the worst. A hint, too, for a regal title, which many queens, if they would but contrive to set about obtaining it, would richly deserve. So true it is that power, unless kept down by the most ingenious bits, bridles, and muzzles, is almost certain of becoming tyranny. The human animal is by nature a beast of prey, bloodraw till cooked by education."

Could this treatment of the Queen Mother, imputed to the witches of Atholl, have prompted "the British Solomon" to write on "Demonology," and impressed on his mind the urgent necessity of pursuing witchcraft with severity? That he was not disposed to spare, the following extract will prove.

"TO THE READER,

"The fearful abounding at this tyme of these detestable slavies of the devil, the witches or enchauntries has moved me, beloved reader, to dispatch to post this following treatise of myne, not in any wayes (as I protest) to serve for a show of my

learning and ensyne, but onlie (moved of conscience) to prease thereby, so far as I can, to resolve the sociating hairtis of manie, baith that six assaultis of Sathan are maist certainlie practised, and that the instruments theirof merites maist sevirrelie to be punished."

The most remarkable book, however—remarkable for the many singular M.S. notes it was found to contain—was "Irving's Memoirs of Buchanan." In some of these Mr. Beckford gave information on matters not touched upon in the text. On pages 256 and 257 he wrote "Bolder and bolder still; in the dedication of his treatise, *De Jura Regni*, Buchanan has the effrontery to address James as follows:—"I have sent you this treatise, not only as a monitor, but as an importunate and impudent dun.'" The evidence of this effrontery of the writer is not furnished in page 256; and the same may be said of what appears to be given in reference to page 257. That note tells, in the year 1584 the Parliament condemned this treatise, and also Buchanan's history "as not meet to remain for records of truth to posterity." "In 1683 the loyal and orthodox university of Oxford doomed to the flames the poetical works of Buchanan, Languet, and several other heretics."

Mr. Beckford, from his notes on Irving's book, would seem to have carefully studied the character of Mary, Queen of Scots. Her literary studies are glanced at, as seeming to justify the "Caustic observations of Muretus on learned ladies." His observation was this: "Mulieres eruditas plerumque libidinosas esse." The charge so preferred was sufficiently bitter. On "the learned Muretus" himself there were some very striking remarks, which made the book valuable as a curiosity. For any work that contained such illustrations from the pen of Mr. Beckford, a most active search was commenced or continued, when it was known that "Banatyne's Journal," knocked down for ten shillings, was sold the next day for ten pounds, to a gentleman who had been instructed to withdraw certain works from the library, but had overlooked that.



## HOW I GOT CURED OF CONSUMPTION.

THE chambers I occupied in the Adelphi were dismal beyond description, and at the time I write of I led the loneliest life imaginable. Night after night I sat in solitary state, reading and smoking, until I became so fagged that I dropped off to sleep in my easy chair, and awoke to find the candles burning low in their sockets, and the place hushed in a stillness like the grave. My rooms were at the top of the building, and there was only one other set of chambers on the same floor. It was about the middle of autumn, and nearly everybody was out of town, Graham, who occupied this set, amongst the rest. In fact, I soon discovered that, with the exception of the housekeeper and her niece, who lived in the mysterious regions of the basement, I was the sole occupant of the place. If I had not felt very unwell at the time, I should not have cared at all for this, but as it was I became dreadfully nervous, and passed, I know not how many sleepless nights. Morning came always as a relief, and it was with the greatest satisfaction I heard the clicking of the lock of the outer door, which betokened the entrance of the housekeeper's niece to set my sitting-room to rights. The banging about of the furniture, necessary, I suppose, for a perfect cleansing, acted upon me as a lullaby, and I could then snatch a few hours' sleep.

If it had not been for Car's letters, I should have been far more miserable than I was, but these were a source of great comfort to me, and kept my life just outside the confines of the unsupportable. I was engaged to Car; but she, like nearly everybody else, had migrated to the country. Still she was very good, and never missed a post. My letters were conveyed to me every morning by the housekeeper's niece when she brought me my breakfast-tray, and I could always single our Car's from amongst the others. Indeed, this was not a very difficult feat to accomplish. The letters, I

feel convinced, had been sorted beforehand, and the one of the most importance placed prominently on the top of the others. This sorting had been undertaken by the housekeeper's niece—quite gratuitously, I may add. She, with unerring instinct, had divined the nature of a portion of my correspondence, and, woman-like, maliciously made me cognisant of my weakness. I quailed before her every morning when the tray was placed before me, and she knew only too well that I was completely at her mercy. She glanced at me half pitifully, half scornfully, and, I dare say, wondered to herself whether or not I should ever emerge safely from the slough of despond I had fallen into.

At length, when all my arrangements were completed, all my business transacted, I made up my mind to follow everybody's example, and go out of town. I had received a pressing invitation from my mother to pay her a visit by the seaside, where she was staying, and I determined upon going to her. My portmanteau was soon packed, a Hansom quickly at the door, and I very shortly found myself pacing up and down the platform of the South-Western Railway, waiting for the departure of the down express to Ringwood Junction where I should have to branch for Christchurch and Bournemouth, the latter place being my destination. It was not long before the train started, and I was soon steaming at a rapid rate for the country. I felt very weak and poorly, but the fresh breeze blowing in through the windows of the carriage in which I was seated seemed to revive me a little, and I was in hopes that my doctor's theory of a week or two's sojourn at the seaside would prove a correct one. He had repeatedly assured me that there was nothing seriously the matter with me, and that all I wanted was a change of air and scene.

It was a beautiful day—in the latter part of September, I think—and I enjoyed the journey down

amazingly. Presently I arrived at Ringwood Junction, and a little later on at Christchurch. Thence I went by 'bus to Bournemouth. It was quite dark when I arrived there, and I had some difficulty in discovering "The Baths," where my mother was lodging. At length I obtained a sufficient direction. I was to turn to the left, go down by the sea, and it would be the first house that I came to. I obeyed this injunction implicitly, and, turning the corner, I quickly found out I was right. The sea was close in front of me—I knew that by the sound, and in a moment or two I caught a glimpse of the snowy breakers. The wind was blowing tremendously, and afforded me unmistakeable signs I was "at the sea-side." I looked round for the house, and at last it loomed through the darkness. I went up to it, knocked, and was admitted, or, rather, whirled in by a most terrific gust of wind, which nearly extinguished the oil-lamp suspended in the hall. The door banged behind me, and shook the house to its foundation. Tempestuous as it was outside, it was very comfortable within, and I received a hearty welcome.

At Bournemouth I became exceedingly ill. One evening I went for a long walk, and was overtaken by a violent storm, and got thoroughly drenched with the rain; and this drenching greatly increased the disease to which I had been predisposed for some considerable time past. I had wandered along by the sea towards Christchurch, and was returning when the storm overtook me. I hurried for shelter to one of the fir-woods, common to the high cliffs by the shore, and waited there for the rain to cease. It did not, however, stop for some considerable time, and I cowered under the trees, and gradually became wetter and wetter. During a temporary lull in the storm, I hastened home, and immediately divested myself of my dripping clothes; but the mischief was already done, and I coughed incessantly the whole of the night. I was very ill on the following day, and I wrote to Car, begging her to see me as soon as possible. I received an answer

by return of post, asking me to go on at once to London, if I could bear the journey, and she would meet me there on my arrival. I must here say that our engagement had been a secret one, and if anything should appear inconsistent or unconventional, it must be referred to this cause.

I started, and arrived in London about three o'clock on the following day, and went straight to the chambers. There was a letter from Car awaiting me. Unfortunately, something of importance had happened which prevented her from leaving the place where she was staying, and she was afraid she would not be able to be with me for a day or two. I wrote to her immediately, and more urgently, and begged her not to delay, and I received on the following morning a telegram stating that she had started, and would be at the South Western station at three o'clock. I was overjoyed when I got this, and went at the appointed time to meet her. I was very ill, and it was with great difficulty I could remain until the train came in. It entered the station at last, and in it, to my great joy, was Car. I hurried as fast as I was able to the carriage she was in, and opened the door. She descended, and, bless her heart! I could see how pained she was to find me looking so ill. Knowing what a nervous fellow I was when there was anything the matter with me, she refrained from expressing any surprise, but she told me not to look after her luggage—she would see to it herself. I dissented to this, but she insisted upon having her way, saying that if a division of labour were absolutely necessary, I may hail a cab. This I did, and the luggage was soon on the top, and I and Car inside. I was so weak and poorly, that I was quite childish, and clung to her and begged her not to leave me, and, kissing me, she vowed that whatever came of it she never would. Car was true to her word. It was not a time for hesitation, she said; and on the following morning, thanks to a special-licensing system, we were married!

Ours was a strange honeymoon, and the first visit we paid was to



he doctor—not to *my* doctor, in whom I now had very little confidence, but to another who was celebrated for his skill in treating diseases of the chest. Car insisted upon being present at the interview, and she remained in the consulting-room while he examined me, watching his countenance very narrowly to try and discover what amount of danger he apprehended. He sounded my chest, and asked me a few questions, which I answered as well as I was able; and he then begged me to take a seat. He seated himself beside me, and was silent for a little while. Car broke the silence by asking him for his opinion. He was a man of few words, and did not disguise what he thought. He spoke very briefly and plainly.

“Respiration is nearly totally lost in your left lung,” he said, turning towards me, “and I am afraid the other is affected as well. The disease must have progressed very insidiously, for you tell me that beyond a feeling of depression, you have suffered very little inconvenience. I am surprised you have been so much depressed—depression is seldom a symptom of consumption. I need not tell you that it will be necessary for you to take great care of yourself. I am afraid you will find an English winter too severe, and I should advise you to go to the south of France, or Italy, or Madeira. Pau you would find a very good place. Highly imprudent to get married!” He then gave me a few general directions, wrote a prescription, handed it to me, and bowed us out of the room. I and Car went to our cab, got in, and were driven off to the hotel at Bayswater, where we were staying.

“It is a bad job, Car,” I said, as I seated myself by her side; “I didn’t think I was quite so ill, did you? However, we mustn’t despair. Consumption is, I believe, curable now-a-days. I am afraid we can’t go to the south of Europe this winter; we must look out for some country apartments not far from town, and you will have to be my nurse. Care, cod-liver oil, and Car, will pull me through, I dare say, and if not——”

A violent fit of coughing ended

this, and I leaned back in the cab quite exhausted. Car’s arms were round me in a moment, and I knew that I had a true woman by my side.

“Well, Car,” I said the next morning, “what shall we do?”

“Get out of this smoky old London as soon as possible,” she replied; we will go this very day if it can be managed.”

“We mustn’t go far, Car.”

“Why not? The doctor told you that in your present state you were totally unfit for any kind of work; and I am quite of his opinion; and I shall insist upon your following his advice.”

I knew I should be compelled to remain within an easy distance of town, although I was so ill. I was silent for a moment or two, and thought over all the suitable places in the suburbs. Half in earnest, half in jest, I said—

“What do you think of Hampstead, Car?”

“Hampstead!” she exclaimed, with a gesture of supreme contempt; “Hampstead, indeed! The idea of going to such a place as Hampstead! The notion is quite ridiculous, my dear! You must have a nice comfortable place, in a situation not at all exposed. Hampstead!”

“Hampstead is not a bad place,” I rejoined; “besides, there’s a Vale of Health there, and a Sanatorium, and no end of institutions for sick people. The spot is, I assure you, wonderfully healthy, and——”

“Stop, stop,” she interposed, “you will not go to Hampstead—that’s decided. It is not nearly warm enough for you; the wind blows piercing cold over the heath in winter, and you would be half frozen and—killed.”

Tears came into her dear eyes at the bare thought of any such dread catastrophe.

“Well, well, Car,” I said, “we will not go to Hampstead. There’s Kew, Richmond, and Twickenham—all in this direction. Which shall it be! Suppose we drive down, and we may, perhaps, see something suitable on the road.”

Car demurred.

“Why couldn’t we,” she asked, “follow the doctor’s advice, and go

to some warmer climate—Torquay would even do," she expostulated.

"My darling," I said, kissing her, "it is not to be thought of; we must stay here somewhere in the neighbourhood for the present. If I get at all worse, we will see about it then."

At length she consented to what I proposed. I was well wrapped up, and tenderly placed in a cab, and we were driven away.

We did not go to Richmond, Twickenham, nor Kew, but to a village not far distant from the latter place. As we were driving along I espied a pretty little cottage, standing by itself in the midst of a large flower-garden. It attracted me at once, and I pointed it out to Car, who thought it quite as rural and inviting as I myself did. We alighted from the cab, and after a further inspection, found that there were some apartments to be let. We walked to the door, and made inquiries of the old lady who occupied the house. Everything seemed pretty suitable, and we determined not to seek any further, but to take some rooms there. The garden decided us. It was an immense one, considering the size of the cottage, and plentifully stocked with flowers, which there grew with a wild luxuriance, not confining themselves to beds, but invading the paths and clambering over the very doorsteps. The old lady herself was the greatest drawback. She was frightfully inquisitive and garrulous, and would persist in assuring me that I was in a very bad way indeed, and greatly in need of country air. However, we determined not to consider her an insurmountable obstacle, and drove back to Bayswater for our luggage. By the time we returned our rooms were prepared.

It was about the first or second week in October, I think, when we went there. The summer had been a very wet one, but now the weather was beautiful, and all the sunshine of the year seemed about to concentrate itself into the few remaining weeks of autumn. This was, of course, all in my favour, and assisted me at a very critical time. I and Car were quite in love with our cottage; and, indeed, we could not well help being otherwise. The ac-

commodation inside was not very excellent, but then all this was atoned for by the charming surroundings. The dahlias were all in full bloom in the centre of the garden, and the long row of chrysanthemums just beginning to burst out into a cluster of stars; grapes were ripening on the vines trailed against the southern wall, and over the dilapidated old porch by the doorway; and there was quite a thicket of gorgeous nasturtiums to the right and left of the entrance. The kitchen or back garden was just as luxuriant as the one in front, but in very great disorder. Apples and plums had fallen, over-ripe, from the trees; immense vegetable marrows, in a half-rotten state, blocked up the narrow pathways; there were labyrinths of French beans and peas, and the other vegetables had all attained the most gigantic proportions. Neglected as it was, still it was a delightful old place, and we enjoyed its disorder far more than if it had been trimly kept.

"Now we are here," said Car, the morning after our arrival, "you must be made quite well, and I shall insist upon your obeying mine as well as the doctor's instructions. I am your nurse, and the nurse, without I am mistaken, is allowed all kinds of privileges, and it is her duty to scold the patient if he does not behave himself properly, and follow her advice implicitly."

"Very well, Car!" I replied; "I place myself entirely in your hands; and, what is more, I don't wish for a better nurse. First of all, though, if I may venture to offer a suggestion to a person of your great experience, I think it would be as well if you were to devise some plan for obliging the old lady downstairs to hold her peace. She has watched you out of the room two or three times already this morning, and embraced the opportunity to din into my ears all manner of dismal truths, and she has given me a complete history of the illness of one of her sons, who died of consumption two or three years ago. Of course I am very sorry for her, but is it right that the patient should be harassed thus? I shall tolerate her as much



as possible, but in my present state it certainly does not add to my composure to be told that Kensal Green lies over yonder, and that she is shortly (when the amount is fully subscribed) about to place a tombstone over her son's grave. My nurse must see to all this. But I am afraid I am very hard-hearted and peevish, Car?"

"Not at all," she replied, with a little shake of her head, indignant that I should have been so disturbed; "I shall beg her to be more careful and less talkative. Still (and here Car adroitly seized the opportunity of re-assuring me) still, the poor old soul is getting quite childish, and I am afraid rather more than half she says is not true. Indeed, I am inclined to believe that this story about her son is altogether fictitious; she contradicts herself repeatedly, and she has already given me two or three different versions of the affair."

I was always comforted in this kind of way by Car when I was discomposed and petulant. She attended patiently to every just and unjust cause of complaint I brought forward; summed up in my favour, and passed in my hearing sentence upon the offender. Whether or not she afterwards revoked her judgment, I cannot say.

For the first two or three weeks, notwithstanding all the care that was taken of me, I became rather worse, and was afraid the disease would soon run its course, and all would be over. The cough was exceedingly troublesome, and I seemed to get weaker and more attenuated every day. I tottered from my bedroom to my easy chair every morning, and back again early in the evening, hoping to feel better and stronger the next day. But the change was a long time in coming, and meanwhile I became very low and dispirited as I thought of Car, and what a bitter struggle it would be for me to leave her. She was unceasing in her attentions, and tried all she could to rouse me from the melancholy state I had fallen into; but her efforts were too often unavailing. At length the change came, and I gradually became better. The cough began to leave me; my

breath grew stronger; I recovered my spirits, and positively gained flesh.

"The old lady's prophesy will remain unfulfilled after all," I said to Car one morning, after the success of her treatment had been fully established.

"I always said she was a false prophet!" cried Car, triumphantly; "but you were too dull and gloomy to give me credit for clearness of perception. You would not believe your own wife, sir! I am ashamed of you—I am indeed!"

"Nonsense, Car! We will say nothing at all about that. By-the-bye, how did you manage to silence the old lady? She has not said anything dreadful to me for a long time past."

"How did I manage to silence her? Why, I was uncharitable enough to doubt the authenticity of her story. I should not have taken the trouble to do so, but she gave me a fourth and totally different version."

"Well, Car, what then?"

"She became highly indignant, and referred me to the clergyman of the parish."

"A most unimpeachable and respectable witness. Well?"

"He happened to call the following morning (you were asleep at the time, and I thought it a pity to disturb you)—he happened to call, I say, and in the course of a conversation I had with him, I casually mentioned the circumstance, when he expressed surprise, and assured me that there must be some mistake—that Mrs. Hyson had never been blessed with offspring, and—"

"Consequently couldn't by any possibility have had a son who died of consumption. (Pardon me for interrupting you.) What an old humbug! Have you subscribed anything towards the tombstone, Car? If so, by Jove she is clearly liable to an indictment for obtaining money under false pretences."

"Nonsense! nonsense!" cried Car, laughing; "the poor old soul is not at all dishonest; she is neither an old humbug nor a swindler,—she is simply childish. Still I had a curiosity to know what amount of truth there was in her story. She has been very good

ever since, and we must not be hard on the poor old creature; besides, she has explained everything in the most satisfactory way. And now you know all," said Car, laughing again heartily; "and if you joke any more you will bring on your cough."

Under Car's excellent treatment I still continued to grow stronger, and I was now in a fair way of recovery. November proved to the fall as fine a month as October—indeed, the air was so mild and balmy that one could have fancied it was the middle of spring instead of the end of autumn. I and Car now went for a short walk every day, and I derived a great deal of benefit from this exercise. Our cottage was distant about half a mile from the village, and a walk there and back was for some time our longest excursion. We gradually increased the distance, but Car would not allow me to be out a moment after sundown, and she became dreadfully anxious if there seemed any possibility of our not reaching home by that time. She hurried me along, and always gave a great sigh of relief as the door closed behind us. I was then taken to the window, and shown the danger I had so narrowly escaped, by her pointing out to me the thick mists rising over the meadows; and she would ask me whether or not I now considered we had been in too violent a hurry. I could not be otherwise than very grateful to Car for so persistently racing me against the mists, and she always brought me in winner, with five or six minutes to spare. Once indoors there was nothing to fear. The heavy curtains were drawn tightly across the window, the fire stirred into a comfortable blaze, and all made warm, cheerful, and snug for the evening.

Christmas was drawing near, but I still continued to improve, although the weather, which had hitherto been so beautiful, was now beginning to grow dull and foggy. Winter was evidently setting in fast, and I was deprived of many of my walks, and obliged to keep more within doors. I am afraid I bore my imprisonment anything but patiently, and it really was very

monotonous to sit by the window, day after day, for hours together, watching the gloomy landscape.

"It is for your good," said Car, sensibly, "and you must not repine."

"Still I could hardly see it, and would have preferred braving fog, rain, anything, in fact, rather than suffer such a prolonged confinement. It was a cheerless prospect from the window, for the garden had now become a dreary spectacle. All the flowers were faded, the vine trailed its naked branches helplessly along the southern wall, the dahlias had become a rank mass of vegetation, a heap of knotted, cord-like, fibrous matter was all that was left of the once gorgeous nasturtians, the pathways were covered with thick layers of withered leaves; and over this ruin the storm-beaten chrysanthemums wept cold tears, and huddled themselves together, as if for warmth, in the most miserable and abject manner. It was quite an agreeable change when the snow came, and it did come very quickly, and there seemed a fair prospect of our having a severe winter. The cold was intense, and although we took every precaution, the draughts would persist in penetrating our rooms. This was a trying time for me, but I stood it pretty well on the whole. Car grew very anxious, and tried her utmost to prevent any of the symptoms making their appearance again; but, notwithstanding all her efforts, the cough returned. However, under proper remedies, it soon disappeared, and I still went on improving. Spring succeeded at last to this bitter winter, and I and Car, who had both suffered a long imprisonment, now liberated ourselves, and recommenced our walks. As the weather became warmer, I still more rapidly regained my strength, and scarcely a symptom of the disease remained. Thanks to Car, I was all but convalescent, and thought seriously of returning to town. She persuaded me to wait a little longer, and I yielded to her persuasion, until I had not the shadow of a pretence for staying at home.

The chambers proved dismal enough after the country, and, besides, Car was not present to enliven me; but I had recovered my strength,



and that was sufficient to be thankful for. Everybody expressed surprise at my altered condition, and all wanted to know the secret of my treatment; but what was Car to them, or they to Car, that I should satisfy them? I confided the secret only to the doctor, and reminded him that he had rated us for our imprudence in getting married; and he seemed to think better of the matter, and thought we had not been so very imprudent after all. "One thing is certain," he said, "you have had a very attentive nurse, and I am agreeably surprised to see you looking so well again, especially after the severe winter we have had. Continue to take care of yourself, and I think you will do very well."

Of course I told Car of this when I returned home that evening. She smiled, and said she had only done her duty, and was sufficiently rewarded by the doctor's good opinion, and his conversion to our faith.

"If I had been left to myself, Car, don't you think it would have gone wrong with me?"

"Well, I don't altogether know about that," she replied; "perhaps you would not have got well so soon. You seem to think that I have been solely and wholly the means of your recovery, but that's not the case, and"—

"If you say another word I'll,—never mind what, but it shall be something dreadful, for I'll not allow you to sit there and perjure yourself after that reckless fashion. As to the doctor's being converted to our faith, why of course it was the proper thing to do under the circumstances, and I don't see how he could help himself, considering I stood before him in the flesh—an able-bodied man. He would have deserved knocking down if he had dared to dispute it, and, by Jove! I should have been quite strong enough to have attempted it."

"Come, come! you mustn't talk about knocking people down, especially doctors!" cried Car; "you'll have need of one again before long, if you don't control yourself a little."

"Well, Car, I didn't mean that exactly, but what I really do mean is, that I don't believe all the doctors

in Christendom would have cured me. If it hadn't been for you, I should have been dead months ago, and you would have been a widow, and—ahem!—an uncommonly pretty and attractive widow, too. I felt uncommonly savage about it; it riled me awful! I don't mind confessing it now, and—"

"I am ashamed of you, sir!" interposed Car; "I didn't think you were capable of uttering such wickedness. You ought to be very thankful, and express yourself in very different language to that."

"Well, well, Car, I am very sorry, and I ask your pardon. I was only joking—you knew that—and am indeed very thankful."

"Then we will say no more about it," said Car. "What do you think of this new book of poems?"

"You shall not shuffle out of it like that," I cried; "the poems can wait. Modern poets only write for posterity."

"That comes of being a disappointed man," cried Car; "I know who once published a book of poems, and whose book of poems fell very 'flat on the market,' as it is termed."

"I solemnly declare that person was a minor, Car; minors are allowed all manner of license; besides, I don't know about the poems not having been appreciated. I'll allow their publication didn't prove very successful in a commercial point of view, but as to the poems themselves, they were—they were, really—not *very* indifferent, if I may say so without prejudice. By-the-bye, haven't I an engagement at nine o'clock?"

"You *have*," replied Car, seriously, "and I'll act charitably towards you this once, but you must promise me not to say such dreadful things again; if you should, I shall certainly renew the subject, and I don't see why the poems of minors should not be subjected to the same rules of criticism as those of the older poets. Folly should not go unrebuked!"

Car's arguments, with one exception, are always unanswerable, but she will never get me to allow that I should have recovered my health without her loving care and attention. I have not had another at-

tack since, and I am now in excellent health.

"Ought there to be lady-physicians?" asks Car, glancing up from the "*Times*," in which she has been half buried, whilst I have been writing.

"Lady Physicians? Assuredly there ought," I answer. "The question is being ventilated again, is it? Well, I'll be its advocate. I consider myself an authority, *now*."

"But it's unfeminine," expostulates Car.

"Nonsense!"

"And women have not sufficient coolness and courage."

"Stuff! I believe they can do or dare anything. I know one woman, at least, who's a perfect heroine; she is in the room at the present moment, and her name is CAR."

WILLIAM J. TATE.

## SOCRATES.

### PART II.

2. We now proceed to consider Socrates *as a citizen*.

In a state politically constituted as Athens was, and among a people of such a temperament as that of the Athenians, every citizen, on attaining the legal age, must almost necessarily have taken some part, greater or less, in public affairs. The youth of Athens do not appear to have been overburdened with diffidence. There were always among them some unfledged legislators, as vain as they were ignorant; and generally there was some great talker, some blustering orator, who, by abuse of his opponents, and reckless statements, and vain-glorious bragging, carried the multitude with him, and made them, while nominally free, really the slaves of a ruinous despotism. It was the fate of Socrates to live among such; he served in the army under such. But it was late in life when he was advanced to a responsible post in the state. They were not easy times for straightforward, honest men. There was a great deal of profession, pretension, and selfishness that masked itself under the name of patriotism. We know what were the views of Socrates on this head; he was not satisfied with the qualifications that most men were contented with, when they dabbled in state matters. This may, possibly, be one reason why it was so long before he held any public office. The following passage will show the qualifications that Socrates proposed for such as were to be entrusted with the administration of the state, and will at

the same time exhibit the sort of materials of which the Parliament men of Athens were at that time composed.

A young man, Glauco by name, was so strongly possessed with the passion of governing the state, that although he was not yet twenty years old, he was constantly making speeches to the people. His friends could not prevent him from exposing himself to ridicule. Sometimes they had even to drag him away from his spouting-place by force. Socrates alone had the skill to succeed with him. Meeting him one day, he accosted him,—

"So I suppose, Glauco, you are aiming at being at the head of government?"

Glauco assented.

"A noble aim," said Socrates, "for if you once do that, you become, as it were, absolute. You may then serve your friends, raise your family, extend the limits of your country, and make yourself renowned, not only in Athens, but throughout Greece; nay, your fame may spread abroad among foreign nations. Admiration and applause may attend you wherever you go."

When Socrates had thus played upon the young man's foible, and secured himself a favourable hearing, he proceeded,—

"But if your intention is to receive honour from your country, you mean to be of use to it; for nothing else can secure its applause."

"Undoubtedly," replied Glauco.

"Tell me, if you please, what may



be the first service you purpose rendering to the state?"

Glauco was silent, as if considering what to answer. At last Socrates continued,—

"I suppose, if you wished to better a friend's household, you would try to enrich it. On the same principle you would endeavour to make the state richer?"

"I should so," said Glauco.

"But," said Socrates, "the way to do so is to increase the revenues of the state."

"It is so."

"Tell me, then, if you please, from what source these revenues arise, and what they annually amount to. You have, of course, diligently inquired into each particular, so as to be able to supply every deficiency; and when one source fails you, with this knowledge you can have recourse to some other."

"Well really," said the would-be statesman, "this is a point that I have never considered."

"Then," said Socrates, "tell me merely the annual expenditure. I suppose you intend to retrench whatever appears to be superfluous?"

"I cannot say," confessed Glauco, "that I have thought any more of this than of that which you just mentioned."

"We must postpone, then," said Socrates, "our design of enriching the state for the present; for I do not see what any one can do towards that so long as he is ignorant both of its income and expenditure."

"But," said Glauco, "a state may be enriched by the spoils of its enemies."

"True," said Socrates, "but then it must be the stronger power, or it may run the risk of losing what it has. Anybody, therefore, who advises war ought to be well acquainted, not only with the forces of his own country, but also with those of the enemy; so that if he finds the advantage is on his side, he may carry out his intention of making the attack, or otherwise draw back in time, and dissuade the people from the hazardous enterprise."

The other agreed.

"Tell me, then," said Socrates, "what our forces are by sea and land, and what are those of the enemy."

"But," said Glauco, "I cannot pre-

tend to tell you one or the other on the moment."

"Never mind," said Socrates; "of course you have it down in writing. I will attend to you with great pleasure while you read it."

"No," said Glauco, "I have no list; I have not yet begun to make any calculation of the sort."

"Then," said Socrates, "we shall not go to war soon, since a matter of this importance cannot be duly considered at the beginning of your administration. But I take it for granted that you have considered the defences of our frontier, that you know where to place garrisons, what number of soldiers is necessary for each; and while you keep those that are necessary in full and efficient state, you will have all that are unnecessary withdrawn."

"My opinion is," said Glauco, "that every one of them should be withdrawn; for they only despoil the country they were meant to defend."

"But," said Socrates, "if the garrisons are taken away, what are we to do? How shall we prevent the enemy overrunning our country at their pleasure? And who gave you the information about the garrisons discharging their duty so badly? Have you been among them?"

"No, but I very much suspect it."

"Well," said Socrates, "as soon as we can be correctly informed of this matter, and have something more than conjecture to act on, we will bring it before the senate."

"Perhaps it would be as well so," said Glauco.

"I can scarcely suppose," resumed Socrates, "that you have visited our silver mines so often as to assign a reason for their falling off lately."

"I have not been there at all," answered Glauco.

"They say," replied Socrates, "that the air of those parts is very unhealthy; and this may serve as your apology if the matter should be brought into consideration."

"You rally me now, Socrates," said the other.

"However," said Socrates, "I have no doubt you can easily tell us how much corn our country produces, how long it will serve the city, what more may be wanted to carry us through the year, so that you may give out your orders in time to pre-

vent scarcity coming suddenly upon us."

"The man," said Glauco, "who pretends to take care of such a variety of things will have no little business on his hands."

"Yet so it must be," said Socrates. "You see, even in private families, how impossible it is for the master of the house to do his duty properly without inquiring into what is needed for those who belong to him, and without exerting himself to supply what is wanted. Now there are more than 10,000 families in the city; and it is not an easy matter to bestow upon them, at one and the same time, the attention and care which are necessary for each of them. I think, therefore, that you had better have given the first proof of your abilities in restoring the broken fortunes of a member of your own family. If you had succeeded in that attempt, then you might have gone on to better those of the whole community; or, if you found yourself unable to accomplish the first, you might have thought no more of the other; for surely it is absurd for a man who cannot lift a hundred-weight to attempt to carry a ton."

"But," said Glauco, "I am quite sure that I should have been able to serve my uncle, and that very considerably, if he would have followed my advice."

"Alas!" returned Socrates, "if you were never able to prevail on so near a relation as your uncle to follow your advice, how can you hope that all the Athenians, among whom your uncle is included, should submit to your direction? Beware, then, lest a too eager desire for glory should terminate in disgrace. Consider what a risk people run who undertake things and talk on subjects which they do not understand. Call to mind those of your own acquaintance who have talked so and acted so, and see whether the bargain they made for themselves did not carry with it more censure than applause, more contempt than admiration. On the other hand, consider with what credit those men appear who make themselves masters of the point that they have to deal with. When you have done this, I have no doubt you will see that applause and glory are the attendants

of capacity and true merit only, while contempt and disgrace are the sure rewards of ignorance and temerity. Therefore, if you desire to be esteemed and honoured by your country beyond all others, you must exceed all others in the knowledge of the matters which you are ambitious of undertaking; and when you are thus qualified, I shall not scruple to ensure you of success in taking care of our commonwealth."

But Socrates would not have a man shirk his duty. If he was rigid in requiring political leaders to be properly qualified, he was as sincere in reproving those who drew back on insufficient grounds from undertaking responsible posts.

When he saw that Charmidas, the uncle of the youth who has just been spoken of, made a point of declining any office in the state, though a man of sense and far greater abilities than many who were at that time employed in public administration, he said to him,—

"What, pray, is your opinion of a man who, when he is able to win the prize at the public games, and so gain honour to himself and glory to his country, nevertheless declines to be among the competitors?"

"I should think," said the other, "that he was an effeminate and mean-spirited man."

"And supposing," said Socrates, "that there was one who had it in his power, by the wisdom of his counsels, to add to the grandeur of the state, and at the same time to raise his own name to no common height of glory, but who still timidly refused to engage in public matters—would you not deem him a coward?"

"I believe I should," said Charmidas. "But what has the question to do with me?"

"Because," said Socrates, "you seem to be the very man. Able as you are, you avoid all public employment, though, as a member of the commonwealth, you ought to take some share in serving it."

"But," asked Charmidas, "on what do you ground your opinion of my ability?"

"I never once doubted it," said Socrates, "since I saw you in conference with some of our leading men; for when they communicated



any of their measures to you, you not only counselled what was best to be done, but expostulated freely and judiciously when you thought they were mistaken."

"But surely," said Charmidas, "there is some difference between discoursing in private and pleading your own cause before a full assembly."

"And yet," said Socrates, "a good arithmetician will not calculate with less exactness before a multitude than when with a few; and he who is a master in music not only shows his superior powers when in his own room, but leads a concert with applause before a full audience."

"But," said Charmidas, "you know the bashfulness that nature has implanted operates far more when we are before a large assembly than when we are engaged in a private conversation."

"Is it possible," said Socrates, "that you, who are under no sort of concern when you speak to men who are in power and men who have understanding, should stand in awe of such as are possessed of neither? For, after all, who are the people before whom you are most abashed? You can converse at your ease with those who hold the highest posts in the government (some of them perhaps not holding you in the greatest estimation), and yet you suffer yourself to be overawed by those who know nothing of the business of the state, and who are not at all likely to look down upon you. Why, this seems the same sort of thing as if one well skilled in the art of fencing should be afraid of a man who had never handled a weapon. But you fear that they will laugh at you?"

"And they do often laugh at our best speakers," said Charmidas.

"They do," replied Socrates; "and so do others—those great men with whom you converse daily. I wonder that, when you have spirit and eloquence enough to reduce these to reason, you should stand in awe of stinging jokers. Endeavour, my friend, to know yourself better. Know your own powers, and exert them for the good of your country. At the same time you and your best friends will share the benefit."

Thus Socrates *taught* the duties of citizens.

If we want to know how he *acted* as a citizen, we have two notable instances in the history of that period to show it. At the time when he was a member of the Athenian council his countrymen gained a great naval victory over their rivals for supremacy in Greece. Immediately after the engagement a storm came on, which prevented the victors from paying the usual honours to the dead. The commanders on that occasion seem to have done their best to prevent such a catastrophe. However, on their return home they were publicly arraigned by some discontented spirits for an alleged neglect of duty in this case. Party-spirit ran high. A strong feeling was excited against the hapless commanders. A demagogue proposed that they should be put to death. Socrates alone resisted the iniquitous proposition. He was president on the day when the question was brought forward. But he refused to put it to the vote. He declared that to do so would be contrary to the oath he had taken on entering upon his office, "that he would act according to law." His own life was not safe; for the populace were embittered, and many influential men did not scruple to threaten him with the consequences of his firmness. In this instance he opposed a wild democracy.

The other instance referred to shows how with equal boldness and steadfastness he set himself against a tyrannous oligarchy. Ten years after the great victory that has just been mentioned, the Athenians were totally and utterly defeated by their rivals. The defeat was so complete that the victorious party took possession of Athens, abolished its government, and established a new order of things under a body of men who have since been known as the thirty tyrants. Then was a reign of terror. The tyrants stuck at nothing to carry out their purposes. Those to whom, on public or private grounds, they had any grudge (and Socrates seems to have been one, and it is marvellous how he escaped with his life) were speedily swept down. Their proceedings were not likely to meet with the approval of such a man as Socrates. One of the most prominent of "the thirty" had at one time

been his pupil; and he would be able to form a tolerably correct estimate of his preceptor's opinions of the doings of the body to which he belonged. Socrates *did* oppose their doings. He expressed his disapproval. His reverence for law might to some extent restrain him from giving utterance to his feelings; but the doings of these men were a subversion of all that deserves the name of law. "When they had put to death many of the citizens, and some of the best rank, and had given the reins to all manner of violence and rapine, Socrates said that it would very much surprise him if a man who had lost part of his cattle every day, while the rest grew poorer and weaker, should maintain that he was not a bad herdsman; but he should be still more surprised if one who had charge of the city, and saw the number of citizens decrease hourly, while the rest became more dissolute and depraved under his administration, should be shameless enough not to acknowledge himself a bad governor."

Socrates, it will have been gathered from the foregoing specimens of his discussions, taught in public places, where he found most hearers; for his was not a private or fixed school of philosophy, and words like these were sure to reach the ears of those who were thus pointed out. As if to stop his mouth, they had previously made a law by which it was forbidden to any one to teach philosophy at Athens. On this law he was summoned before his former pupil; but the tyrant pupil was no match for his honest-hearted master even in a contest of dialectics. In his usual quaint way, apparently asking for information, Socrates showed through the mouth of his adversary the unreasonableness of the law.

3. We must now consider Socrates as a *philosopher*. Here we are met by one or two difficulties. He left no written works behind him, and we have therefore to look to his disciples for an exposition of his doctrines. It is said that Socrates heard a work of one of those disciples, in which he was introduced as a speaker, and he remarked thereupon, "How much that young man puts into my mouth that I never uttered!" This may

refer to the sentiments that were ascribed to him; or it may merely refer to the manner in which those sentiments were expressed, the language in which they were clothed, or even the order in which they were advanced.

Another difficulty is that objections have been taken to the notices we have of the philosophy of Socrates in the writings of another disciple, on account of that disciple's unphilosophical mind. This, however, may be all in his favour, as a true reporter of his master's sayings.

If he had no philosophical predilections, he was all the less likely to introduce embellishments of his own into his preceptor's teaching; while, on the other hand, a man of a naturally philosophical turn might take what he had heard from Socrates, but still elaborate it in his own way, and graft it on his own opinions. Having, then, to draw our views of the philosophy of Socrates from the writings of his disciples, it becomes a serious difficulty to know where to begin, and then a much more serious difficulty to know where to end. All that can be attempted in a sketch like the present is a brief outline of what appear to have been the leading characteristics and points of his philosophy. It can scarcely be said that he had a system, or that he taught a system. He propounded his views as occasion offered, and not in any fixed order. We are thus left to gather those views from many different and unconnected dialogues that he is represented to have held.

One thing is quite clear. The philosophy of Socrates was broadly distinguished from what was propounded by other teachers of that time. They are represented as giving their attention to unprofitable speculations on abstruse subjects. They dazzled their hearers by a display of words, and in the end they left them lost in the misty cloud that they had raised. They pretended to know and to teach everything. In reality, they only gave some slight superficial knowledge, a thing that Socrates occasionally exposed; and they exercised their disciples chiefly in idle disputations, so that they might learn to defend anything that they had a mind to affirm.



In strong contrast to the course pursued by these men, Socrates declined entering into these idle and useless speculations ; and it will have been already observed, from the extracts that have been given, that he was by no means contented with superficial knowledge. Not that he discouraged scientific inquiries, when they could be conducted on sound principles and lead to any good result ; but random guesses, made only to astonish, and frothy declamation, were things that he set his face against. On every possible opportunity he exposed the hollowness of the Sophists, and exhibited them in their emptiness. He thus raised against himself a large body of enemies ; but strong in the consciousness of his integrity, he went on to the last, unmasking their pretensions. "As for himself, man, and what relates to man, were the subjects on which he employed himself." Whatever he thought could exalt man's moral nature, or strengthen goodness, or support virtue, or raise man from moral weakness and give him moral strength, these were the subjects that he set before himself, and aimed at impressing upon his hearers. His manner of doing so may at times seem quaint and strange to us ; much of that, however, may be ascribed to the times and circumstances in which he lived.

His *mode* of teaching was peculiar. He did not enunciate his own opinions, but by a course of questioning he aimed at obtaining admissions from others. Thus he led them to acknowledge and state the conclusion towards which he wished to draw them. It was a method that was easy in Athens, with its places of public concourse and its not over-diffident young men. It necessarily carries with it some advantages. To a certain extent it disarms the prejudice that might arise to a proposition that is simply stated, inasmuch as, step by step, the person who replies is, in reality, made to conduct the argument (it may be against his former opinions) to the end, which, if stated at first, he would have rejected. This plan also answered the purpose of Socrates in correcting a rather prevalent self-opinionatedness. He thus, first of all, convinced the young men with

whom he conversed of their ignorance more surely and harmlessly than by more direct means.

It will have been observed, from the instances that have been given, that another characteristic of the teaching of Socrates was that he habitually took hold of things well known, or truths that could not but be acknowledged ; and from these he reasoned up to other things, higher and more strictly intellectual. Thus, by a sort of analogy, he sought to fill up what was wanting or obscure, and to form a basement on which might be raised the edifice of civil law, or rules for regulating human conduct. It will be remembered how St. Paul pursued somewhat the same course in the same place, though having more authoritative statements to make than Socrates ever professed to have. St. Paul began with the truths that were admitted among the Athenians in his day, and from these fragmentary truths he reasoned up to those higher mysteries which he delivered with the authority of divine revelation.

Socrates also observed that there were laws that were not written, which yet were everywhere acknowledged. Not that all mankind concurred in making them, for this was an impossibility, both from the difference of language, and from the fact that all mankind could not assemble in one place. He inferred, therefore, that they must have come from God. Among such he accounted the worship of God,\* obedience and honour to parents, the prohibition of the intermarriage of parents and children, and such like. That some were found bold enough to violate these unwritten laws was, to his mind, no argument against their validity ; and their violation, he held, was followed by penalties heavier and more difficult to be escaped than those which are annexed to offences against the written laws of human commonwealths.

It is scarcely possible to look at these things without seeing how earnestly this heathen philosopher was looking round him for some sure footing-ground, some external standard of right and wrong, that was independent of man, yet obligatory on him. He was like one who

explores the ruins of some great city of former ages. Such a person will meet with a column, a capital there, a sculpture in one place, perhaps a chamber in another. What he finds is more or less damaged or defaced; but he can put together some of the fragments that he finds scattered about. With an artist's eye he can discern at once what parts have formerly been conjoined. Some of his fragments will fit more, some less exactly; but when they are thus put together they give some idea of what the whole had once been; and, guided by such remains, the explorer can fill up what is wanting in the sketch, so that it harmonises with what he has certainly discovered. So it was with Socrates. He stood amidst the moral ruins of humanity.

He found some universally acknowledged principles of right and wrong; *here* he found what regulated some circumstances, *there* he found what regulated others. He aimed at putting these together, and where there was a gap, at filling it up in harmony with what he found was certain. Thus he found the ideal of human excellence. But after he had done his best, much was wanting. After all, when the Delphic oracle had pronounced him the wisest of men, he thought his greatest wisdom was to discover and confess his ignorance. But he made the most of the light he had; and they are not to be envied who, with a higher and more certain code of morals than he possessed, can contemplate without deep sympathy the whole efforts of a man of pure and honest mind to burst the cloud with which he was encompassed, and to catch some few rays from the sun of light and truth, if haply he might thus guide himself and others through the darkness which he *felt*.

Thus he formed his views for the regulation of man's life in this world. He taught that the highest good is true happiness, and this he held to consist in upright morals; and the less men are dependant on, or guided by, or the slaves of outward things, the closer, he thought, would be their resemblance to the Divinity. The several things that he supposed likely in their degree to contribute to this end were bodily

health, sound judgment, cultivation of the arts and sciences, friendship based on truth, domestic concord, and civil society. Fortitude, justice, and temperance were his primary virtues. By fortitude he meant, not bravery that arises merely from ignorance of danger, nor yet cautiousness in cases where there is no need to fear, but energetic action and steadfastness in trials and dangers. Justice he regarded as obedience to the laws of God and man—the written and unwritten laws that have been referred to. By temperance he meant, not a partial virtue, but the restraining of all desires, so as to make them obedient to right reason. Prudence he appears to have regarded as comprehending the whole character of a truly good man—virtue, in fact, in its widest sense. Herein he approached to that sacred philosophy which uses *wisdom* as a synonym for all that is good.

This is only a broad outline of his principles, without the modifications that he allowed, and which, as a matter of course, special circumstances must necessitate.

On these principles he based man's duty. By following these he thought that men would generally find what was right. At the same time, he held that where these were insufficient, God would supply some other guidance to those who served Him with piety and purity. He himself professed to have the guidance of a *dæmon* or genius. This has been represented, on the one hand, as exercising only a *restraining* power to check him from certain things; on the other hand, as having also a *permissive* power. It may be that in the latter case all that was meant was, that where it did not forbid, it allowed—that (so to speak) silence gave consent. It has been a great question, what this genius or inward guide was. Without going into the matter, it may be sufficient to observe that Socrates uses the word to signify what is divine. It does not appear that he meant anything visible by it. And probably he thus spoke of that inner light which he had carefully and honestly followed from his earliest days; and which, having been kept undimmed, had cast so bright a



light upon his path that he regarded it as something divine.

There are two other points in the philosophy of Socrates, which must not be overlooked—his notions of God, and his views of the immortality of the soul.

With respect to the first, we must bear in mind that he lived in an idolatrous city. Its gods were many. He seems to have used indifferently the singular or the plural—*god* or *gods*. But from the charges that his enemies brought against him on his head, and from his own teaching, it seems not unlikely that he did not go along with the polytheism by which he was surrounded. His religion was, of course, that which goes by the name of natural religion. He reasoned that the Being who first created man endued him with senses because they were good for him. He saw Providence conspicuous in an eminent degree in the wondrous mechanism of the human body, and the adaptation of that mechanism to the body's needs; as, for instance, that the eye, so delicate in its contexture, has eyelids prepared to protect it; and these again are provided with a sort of fence upon their edge as a further guide to the eye. Such dispositions of the various parts of the body to its needs he held could not be the work of chance, but must have sprung from profound wisdom and contrivance. The same conclusions he drew from the alternations of day and night, for work and rest; from the revolutions of the seasons, each in its degree, serving to the beneficent purpose of helping on the fruits of the earth; and from the almost imperceptible manner in which heat succeeds cold, and cold succeeds heat, as if to meet the inability of men to pass at once from one extent to the other with safety. From the human soul, invisible but still controlling the actions of the body, he argued for the invisible nature of the Deity, who still governs all his creation. As the human eye can take in many objects, even at no small distance from it, so he bid his disciples not wonder if the eye of the Deity can at one glance comprehend all things; and, as men in public posts can extend their care to different

counties, so the providence of God may easily extend itself through the whole universe.

When he prayed, his petition was only this,—that God would give him what was good. We are told that he did this because he thought that God only knows what is good for man. When he offered sacrifices, he did not fear that his offerings would fail of acceptance because he was poor; but as he gave according to his ability he made no doubt that in the sight of the Gods he equalled those whose sacrifices overspread the whole altar; and he accounted it a most certain truth, that the service paid to the Deity by the pure and pious soul was the most grateful sacrifice.

His views on the immortality of the soul have been delivered to us by one of his disciples, who professes to give an account of the manner in which Socrates spent the last day of his life. He represents him as then discussing this most concerning subject with his friends. The pupil may have exercised his own taste in dressing up the discussion; but probably we have the substance of what Socrates, either then or at other times, taught on this head. He speaks as quite certain of an after state. Though he would not affirm it to be precisely such as he had imagined it, he yet confidently maintained that it would have some resemblance to the picture which he drew. He speaks of his doctrine as an old one. It appears to have been based on the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls. He teaches that the soul, which has kept itself uncontaminated will, when it passes from the body, be admitted into pure celestial regions, and enter on an immortal existence, where it will be free from error, ignorance, lusts, and vice. But if, while it tenanted the body, it was polluted by contact with it and drawn into sin, then the corporeal taint will bear it down to darkness and wretchedness, until in the course of time it is united to another body, to bear in a lower state the penalties of its former sins, and so to pass from one body to another till its sins are expiated and its stains worn out, and it has become fit for the abode of the pure. In support of this view he argues that one thing leads to another, and the second back to the

former ; as that sleep follows waking, which again is succeeded by sleep ; cold comes after heat, and is again followed by it ; what is little becomes great, and then again declines into littleness. So death, we know, follows life ; we must not then, he argued, by analogy admit that life follows death ; or are we to say that in this respect alone nature is at variance with itself ?

Socrates had a theory that what we call learning is, in reality, only remembering what, by some means or other, we have known before ; and he brings this theory to bear on his doctrine of the soul's pre-existence, inasmuch as this previous knowledge could only have been acquired in an earlier state of existence. To the same effect, he argued from the notions we possess of right and wrong, equality or inequality, and the like,—for we do not obtain these ideas from our bodily senses ; but we have them before we use our senses for the purpose of observation, and then we bring our observations to the standard of these previously existing notions,—and how could we have them if the soul had not existed before it tenanted the body ?

This is but a bare outline of his argument, divested of his questioning and illustrations. Possibly it may strike some as showing rather the pre-existence than the immortality of the soul ; but it must be remembered that Socrates taught that life follows death, and death follows life, in constant succession (except for the pure and perfect at their death) ; and he also held that the soul, being simple, could never be annihilated.

This doctrine of the transmigration of souls, which he speaks of as an old one, is generally called that of Pythagoras, as having been introduced by him into the West, where, however, it never took root or advanced beyond a philosophical speculation, while, long before, it had been inwrought into the actual life of the Egyptians and the Hindoos.

Herodotus tells us that the Egyptians were the first who taught that the soul of man is immortal—that after the death of the body it always enters into that of some other animal at its birth ; and when it has passed though all those of earth, water, and

air, it again enters that of a man ; and it accomplishes this circuit in three thousand years.

Sir G. Wilkinson thinks that from Egyptian monuments there is reason to believe that they held that the souls which underwent transmigration were those of men whose sins were of a sufficiently moderate kind to admit of that purification, the unpardonable sinner being condemned to eternal fire.

The expositions of the Brahmins are mainly variations of this doctrine, which has effected the whole life of the Hindoos. It was also held by the Druids of ancient Britain, who confined the transmigration to *human* bodies.

From such a view of the soul's present and future state it followed that Socrates should deny himself, and teach his followers to deny themselves, bodily pleasures ; that he should hold it incumbent on the true philosopher to be indifferent to meat and drink and apparel ; and that he should seek, as far as he could, to withdraw the soul from the influence of the body, and thus fit it for a pure spiritual existence after death, as Brahmins retire into solitude, and there devote themselves to contemplation, by which alone they think that absorption into the Supreme Being can be obtained. The Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the body was what Socrates had no conception of ; and it will be remembered how that doctrine was received, when promulgated almost five hundred years afterwards in Athens by St. Paul.

4. We now pass on to our last consideration. Any sketch of the life and philosophy of Socrates—and his life was based upon his philosophy, or, in other words, his philosophy was practical as far as he was concerned—would be imperfect without some notice of his end. That is the time that tests a man's principles. Many a bold visionary has then found his theories to be dreams. To Socrates that event comes in a trying form. A man whose views ran opposite to those of the teachers who then tickled the Athenian fancy—a man who so often exposed their hollowness—was scarcely likely to pass through life without experiencing the bitterness of their hate. The



marvel is that he escaped so long. It is a great proof of the innocency and uprightness of his life that his enemies failed to gain their ends against him till he was in his seventieth year. Not that he had altogether escaped. More than twenty years before his death the great comic writer of the age, a man clever and not over-scrupulous as to who or what were the objects of his satire, had been induced to exhibit the philosopher on the stage, and hold him up to the ridicule of the assembled populace. He introduced a father in perplexity about an extravagant son, who had a horse mania. In his dreams he was among horses. The amusement proved an expensive one to his father. The old man determined to see if Socrates could teach him how to avoid the payment of his debts. He is represented as first having an interview with one of Socrates' disciples, from whom he heard some surprising instances of the philosopher's sagacity. Afterwards Socrates himself was introduced, raised aloft in the air, in order to deliver his intellectual faculties from the grosser qualities of the body, and uttering absurd opinions on those abstruse subjects which he abjured, and also denying the gods who were popularly acknowledged. The whole thing was a caricature. It does not seem to have taken well, for an attempt to reproduce it was a failure. Still with many the ridicule most likely took for the time. Ridicule is a dangerous weapon. It requires a wise man to wield it to any good. It is one of those edged tools that children and fools had better not meddle with,

Perhaps the enemies of Socrates were satisfied with their success for the time. At all events, years passed over his head before a heavier stroke descended on him. He may have made himself obnoxious by his resolute opposition to the condemnation of the Athenian admirals; he may have alienated another body by his opposition to the tyrants. At any rate, it was not long after these events that he was formally charged with corrupting the youth of Athens, with ridiculing the gods, and with introducing new objects of worship. It is said, "Where there is smoke there is fire." We may think the

first charge absurd on its very face, for how could one who inculcated, as Socrates did, integrity, purity, self-restraint, be likely by his lessons to corrupt the minds of the young men who listened to him? And if Socrates was not likely to do this by his lessons, he was still less likely to do it by his example. But it would seem that much stress was laid on the fact that two of the most turbulent spirits of Athens, on the democratic and oligarchic side respectively, had been his pupils. His biographer is at some pains to show the futility of charging him with their misdeeds, and it does seem preposterous to make him answerable for conduct in his pupils that his teaching had uniformly discountenanced. It seems so to us *now*, but in the bitterness of feeling *then*, those who saw or had experienced the evil effects of the administration of these two men probably thought only of the mischief they had done, and were ready to fall foul on all who had been in any way connected with them, and Socrates was in this case the object of their vengeance.

For the second charge, that of ridiculing the gods of Athens, there was probably more foundation. It is unlikely that Socrates, with his views of the Deity, could believe in the absurd things that the Athenians worshipped. It is equally unlikely that, with his strong feelings of the necessity of purifying the soul for its after existence, he could have sympathised with the gross material sensuality that accompanied heathen worship, and was even ascribed to heathen gods.

When the day came Socrates defended himself. His friends offered their assistance. One of them composed a speech in his defence, but Socrates refused it as unmanly and unworthy of him. On his trial he maintained his steadfastness. He was even inflexible. He repelled the charge of corrupting the youth. On the other accusations he reminded his judges that he had sacrificed to and sworn by the gods. But it was in vain. He was adjudged guilty, and sentenced to drink poison. For some days an Athenian custom delayed the execution of the sentence. In the interval he saw some friends, and discoursed with them on the

usual topics and with his wonted serenity. One of them expressed his regret that he should die innocent. "Would you have me," said Socrates "suffer guilty?" Another proposed that he should make his escape. Socrates merely asked him if he knew of any place out of Attica where people did not die? He observed that in the course of nature he could not have much longer to live, and to purchase that little prolongation by any sacrifice of principle would be ignominious. Perhaps, had he been less "defiant" (as Bishop Thirlwall terms it) to his judges, the extreme penalty might have been avoided.

At last the day came. He took leave of his family with his wonted calmness, while his wife in a paroxysm of grief had to be removed. The little remaining time he spent with his friends. He told them that he looked at death as a benefit. When the officer appeared with the fatal draught, he took it, and drank it with the same composure; then walked about as he was directed to do till the poison began to take effect, on which he laid himself down, and, as the sun set behind the hills, his soul quitted its mortal tenement, to realise that solemn state on which he had been previously discoursing.

## THE ZULU KAFFIRS.

"*Jabo Inkosi Impofu Kona*" was the answer given to my inquiry, when I asked whether there were any elands near the kraal of my Kaffir visitor. "Yes, sir, elands are there."

The prospect was a very tempting one; it was to pay a visit for a week to an almost unexplored district near the Imvoti river, in Natal, to live like the Kaffirs themselves, to avoid houses and white men, and to endeavour to supply myself, dogs, Kaffirs, and host, with venison or other game.

The fine dry weather had set in, and, with the exception of a thunder-shower, there was no chance of rain for several weeks; the moon was in her first quarter, and she would, therefore, be full during my residence at the kraal, which I proposed making my head-quarters. My two horses were in admirable condition for a week's desert life,—that is, although they were in fair wind, yet they had plenty of flesh upon their bones; for a thin horse is almost sure to knock up if deprived for any length of time of regular or good food, whereas, one that is fat seems to live on his fat when deprived of all else.

My two hunting Kaffirs were quite willing to accompany me on my journey, provided I fed them well; and so, with a light reserve stock of provender, a plentiful supply of powder, bullets, small shot, and other

necessary articles, I started at day-break in pursuit of my dark companions, who had been sent forwards on the previous morning.

A ride of two days brought me within a few miles of the kraal of which I was in search; and by inquiring of the various Kaffirs, I was directed on my road, until at last I dismounted on a grassy slope, about fifty yards from the residence of my friend. Both my horses, being thoroughly trained for shooting purposes, were allowed to graze without even the restraint of a head-collar; the saddles and bridles were therefore taken off, and given in temporary charge of the only Kaffir who eventually dared to follow me into a strange kraal, far away from his own people.

Before we enter into conversation with our Kaffir friend we shall have time to examine the construction of the fabric which is spoken of as a kraal.

A circle of about forty yards in diameter is first marked out, round the circumference of which a thick palisading is erected, composed of the straightest branches of trees. These branches are about three or four inches in diameter, and eight or ten feet in height. In order to keep them together, pliant sticks are passed amongst them alternately in and out, whilst here and there they are lashed together by pieces of bullock's or buffalo's hide. There



is only one entrance into this enclosure; it is about four feet wide, and is made by omitting some of the upright palings. The sides of this doorway are made stronger than is any other part of the palisading, and when it is closed, no cattle can either enter or depart from the enclosure. The door is supposed to be shut when two stout poles are placed diagonally across the opening.

This fabric forms the exterior fence of the kraal.

Within the first circle a second is constructed, much in the same manner, the space between each being about eight or nine yards; thus the diameter of the interior enclosure amounts to about twenty-two yards.

In the space between the two fences, the huts or residences of the Kaffirs are placed. These consist of beehive-shaped straw buildings, about seven feet high in the middle, and about sixteen feet in diameter. They are built by the Kaffirs, and are almost always exact counterparts of each other.

Two upright poles, driven deeply into the ground, support the roof, whilst the other portions of the framework are firmly tied to them; the thatch being fastened on round the exterior of the framework.

A small, low doorway serves for ingress and egress. This doorway can be closed by means of a small basket-work door, which is held firmly in its place by a stout stick attached to it by a piece of hide. The door, being rather larger than the doorway, is pulled close over it, the stick being just long enough to pass through the doorway when held vertically, but when turned round horizontally, will hold the door firmly, because it will not pass through the opening when it is in that position.

Thus the kraal door can only be conveniently fastened by a person on the inside; but by inserting the hand inside the doorway, it can sometimes be managed. About a dozen of these huts are placed round the enclosure, and are each occupied by a family which is commonly descended from the head man of the kraal, which thus consists of a large family party.

The furniture of these huts consists of one or two large clay vessels,

several gourds of great size, a bundle of knobbed sticks, half-a-dozen assagays, some small snuff-boxes, formed out of lesser gourds, a collection of bead ornaments in the form of bracelets, armlets and necklaces, some large blocks of wood to serve for pillows, and a skin bag, in which are various odds and ends, such as a tobacco-pipe, a tinder-box, a knife, and other useful adjuncts to the desert life.

The wardrobe of both the Kaffir gentleman and ladies occupies no space, that of the men consisting only of strips of hide attached to a string worn round the waist; whilst the ladies are content with a short fringe of about eight inches in length, which they also fasten round their waists. When, however, the females visit the locality of white men, or expect such an important event to occur as the arrival of a white man at their kraal, then they usually don a robe of ox's hide, which reaches from their waist to their knees; but it is evident that, when thus hampered, they are not nearly so much at their ease as when in their more customary and unadorned condition.

It was near the hour of sunset when I entered the kraal: and soon after the cattle were driven home, and were safely enclosed inside the inner paling. About a dozen men then set busily to work milking the cows, a performance not accomplished without considerable difficulty, as some of the cows were very unruly, and seemed to prefer the society of their calves to that of the Kaffir men.

As soon as the mantle of darkness had spread itself over this wild land, there was an opportunity of observing the real private life of the Kaffirs. The work of the day had been finished, and it was now the hour for relaxation. My saddle, oilskin, and blankets, were carefully arranged between the two palisades, so that I might, when disposed, leave the festive scene within the hut, and enjoy a quiet sleep in a less unwholesome atmosphere. These preparations having been completed, I entered one of the huts into which I had been frequently invited. My host was lounging on the ground near the

door, and was busily employed in piling up pieces of wood round a large earthen vessel which was simmering over the fire. On the opposite side of the hut were two excessively plump and young Kaffir maidens, who were busily shaking a couple of gourds, in order to convert the sweet milk (*mbisi*) into thick curds (*amasi*). Two minute black urchins, who seemed to have escaped from a gorilla mamma, crawled upon the smooth floor, and commenced a terrific screaming when the dreadful vision of a horrid white man was presented to them. A leg or a neck of each was seized by my Kaffir host, and the two inharmonious natives were cast into the darkness outside, where their screams were stopped by an ancient-looking dame, who rushed to the rescue.

Amidst the smoke and darkness it was difficult to discern clearly the whole of the interior of the hut; still I could perceive the white eyes of the Kaffir maidens.

It was indeed singular to contemplate the affinity which existed between apparently different members of the human race. Here, far removed from even the demi-civilization of our early colony, were two young girls, who seemed more nearly to resemble animals than human beings, and yet they exhibited those very characteristics which are usually practised by the fair daughters of the North.

The fitful flame of the fire only occasionally permitted objects to be distinctly visible round the hut. The two damsels, however, had craftily altered their positions, so as to cause the shadow from the upright post to conceal as much as possible their faces and expressions. The arrival of a white visitor was a cause sufficient to interest the most apathetic old hag in the village; whilst it must, I well knew, be an event of no small importance to these young females, whose curiosity is by no means inferior to that of their northern sisters. In spite, however, of their anxiety to note the various peculiarities of my manner and appearance, they yet pretended to be fully occupied in shaking their gourds. When, however, they fancied that my attention

was taken up with the host, then several sly peeps would be taken, a *sotto-voce* conversation carried on, and little self-satisfied laughs indicated that they thought their English visitor, who wrapped up his body in a number of strange-shaped garments, a most decided "guy."

It was not long, however, before there was a considerable increase to our party. Three or four older men than my host, a couple of elderly ladies, and two young Kaffirs, managed to squeeze into the hut, and we formed a circle round the fire.

It might have been by chance, but somehow I found myself sitting crouched up on the ground with one of the Kaffir maidens on each side of me. A good deal of "chaff" was going on between these dark damsels and my host; but it was of a very simple description, its foundation being whether they would like to be sold to the *umlungo* (white man).

I could not, at this point of our proceedings, avoid drawing a comparison between my then surroundings and those which had existed about two years previously, at which date I was staying in town. An evening party, or a *conversazione* in London was the scene which I pictured to my mind; then looking round at my immediate neighbours, whose full, rounded forms I fear glistened with the slightest suspicion of some unctuous material, I began speculating upon the sensation that would be produced did I enter a *salon* in town with one of these damsels on either arm. Yet here, in the wild, glowing country of south-eastern Africa, the whole "get up," or rather the absence thereof, seemed to be exactly what it ought to be; and I doubt whether it would not have seemed rather indelicate, had a lady, clothed in European costume, appeared as one of the group. Let me here remark that, in spite of the apparent inconsistency of the conditions, yet the natives in this locality were a comparatively moral race, and I believe that, taking even an extensive district, the Divorce Court would not be able to find even sufficient occupation to amuse it.

I was amusing to hear the speculations and questions connected with the white man; some of them



were remarkably shrewd, and the arguments that ensued in connection with some of the subjects, indicated logical powers of no small capacity.

My meal was a simple one : a "coran," cut open and grilled on a stick, formed as good a supper as any hungry hunter could desire. The Kaffirs feasted on a mess of stewed beef and boiled corn, some of the latter being the common Indian corn ; whilst another and a smaller kind, of a reddish tint, was plentifully supplied to each person. At about midnight several of the men left the kraal, and assembled in a neighbouring hut ; I was told that they did so for a *kaluma* (talk), so I supposed there was some business on hand. I soon heard a great discussion going on, the voice of one speaker being very earnest, and seeming to predominate in the talk. For fully three hours the voices were heard, after which they may have continued, but sleep overcame me, and I was unconscious of all around. On the following morning, by dint of questioning, I ascertained the cause of their controversy ;—it was certainly a singular one, to European ideas.

It seemed that one of the men of the kraal had purchased a wife, and had paid for her in part only, the whole sum being contingent upon the fruitfulness of the said wife. As luck would have it, the Kaffir found himself the father of twins in about a year after his marriage. The father of the bride, upon hearing of this event, demanded a trifle beyond the first-named price, in consequence of the great value of the female he had sold. The husband and his friends considered this claim unjust, and refused to accede to it ; and hence the discussion that I had heard during the night.

Before daybreak on the following morning all the residents of the kraal were up ; the cattle were turned out of the enclosure, and were driven by three or four boys to some good grazing ground. These boys were armed with assagays and knobbed sticks, and carried with them a little bag of Indian corn, as they were to keep watch all day. The women, with very few exceptions, went to work in some

fields near ; they were hoeing some ground ready for a fresh crop : whilst a very large field of Indian corn near at hand, almost ready to pick, was watched by three or four young girls, who screamed and beat gourds when a flock of birds settled amongst the corn stumps.

Two of the men, who were the hunters of the party, went out in order to examine their traps, and one, being armed with an old flint musket, told me he thought he could kill a buck if he had some powder, a hint meant for my edification. Each individual seemed as though he or she knew exactly what was her especial work for the day, and went to this without objection or doubt. It was true the weather was warm, and perhaps a European woman might have found the work in the field somewhat laborious ; but I doubt whether it really was hard work to these Kaffir women.

After all, the life of a Kaffir, especially if he be a chief, is a very free and independent one ; he has land in plenty, cattle, generally horses, and always wives, and weapons. He wants little more than what he possesses ; he is waited upon by his wives, and has unlimited power over them ; his children are of use to him, and if they be daughters, are really very profitable ; he can hunt or shoot to his heart's content ; can bask idly in the sun all day, drinking *itchuala* or smoking *dakka*, if such should be his inclinations. His crops are secure to yield him and his a plentiful supply of food at all times, and his rapidly-increasing herds enable him to purchase with them any luxuries that he may wish for. When we compare the conditions which surround these people, and reflect upon the climate and fresh air in which they luxuriate, with those to which the inhabitants in some of our London alleys and courts have to submit, we undoubtedly decide that the heathen of Africa has certainly the better bargain of the two, with the exception that the resident in the foul air and crowded regions of London or of other cities in England has the consolation of knowing that he lives in a highly-civilised country.

One of the men at this kraal was a most confirmed smoker of a kind of hemp. This he managed with the aid of an ox's horn, and a small pipe fixed about the middle of it. The whole apparatus was his own manufacture, and he used it by placing his mouth over the upper part of the horn, and drawing the smoke through the pipe by this means.

On the second evening of my arrival, a young ox had been killed at a neighbouring kraal, and the natural result was a night of singing. These jovial nights were very queer affairs.

As many Kaffirs as could cram themselves into one hut did so, and watched intently the steaming earthen pots on the fire; a monotonous, long-toned song being uttered by about a dozen of the men, who worked their arms up and down in a most energetic manner in time to the song. One or two individuals were provided with musical instruments, which were constructed and played as follows:—

A large bow was first formed, and to the wooden part of this a hollow gourd was fixed; from the string across to the bow a piece of string was fastened tightly; the fingers could, by pressing on this cross piece, either tighten or slacken the bow-string, and thus, when struck with a piece of stick, it would alter its tone from high to low, according to the taste of the musician. Half a dozen of these instruments formed a wild and fit accompaniment to the strange song of the remainder. The effects produced upon a portly gentleman by a Turkish bath are slight compared to those resulting to the Kaffirs from about two hours' "singing," when a feast is preparing.

It is really surprising, when we perceive how inflammable and dry are the materials of which a Kaffir's hut is composed, and also that the fire burns in the centre of this hut, in which there is no chimney, that the fabric does not immediately catch fire. Great caution is certainly necessary, for a spark even would soon set the place in a blaze, and there would probably be considerable difficulty in the inhabitants of a hut making their escape before they were severely burnt. Yet, with

the exception of the usual accidents, resulting from young children crawling in amongst the hot embers, &c., I rarely heard of or saw cases where the Kaffirs had been sufferers from fire.

There are few greater contrasts than that which we may observe between a Kaffir, or any black man, when seen in our country and when visited in his own land. Judging from the miserable outcasts whom one sees occasionally in England, we are accustomed to associate in our minds a half-starved beggar and a black man as one and the same thing; and hence, if we judge without reflection, we might conclude that a nation of these people is nothing more than a vast concourse of the same type of individual.

There is, however, a most marked distinction between the general style of the Kaffirs who hang about our colonial towns or settlements, and those one meets some scores of miles from them.

The Kaffir is at home in his own wild country, and in his native dress; let him but don a portion of European costume, and he looks a vagabond. Amidst the dense bush, or in the kloofs of Africa, a Kaffir is a very learned man, for he is perfect master of his position, and feels confident therefrom. His very walk and manner seem different when he is at home to what they are when he is in town, or working for a white man.

On almost every occasion of visiting a kraal, even though entirely unknown to the residents, I found the Kaffirs disposed not only to be friendly, but to be hospitable (I am referring now to those Kaffirs within the Natal district). Only once was my reception rather rough, and this instance occurred within a few miles of Natal Bay.

It happened that, having been hunting all day, I entered a small village in order to purchase some *amasi*, and hearing voices proceeding from the interior of a kraal, I dismounted, and hailed the inmates, who, upon hearing my voice, were at once silent. Seeing no reason for this, I removed the door which covered the entrance, and looked into the hut. There were two or three men and some old women



sitting around the fire, but the most prominent figure was that of a dwarf, whose appearance was so hideous, that it nearly baffles description. To a body of about three feet in length were appended legs of about one foot, and arms which would have suited a man of six feet in height. His head was about twice the size of that of a full-grown man, whilst the broad forehead and deep-set eyes gave earnest of a mind with power for either good or evil. The expression of his face—which may truly be called the index of the mind—was villanous in the extreme, and the whole character of this individual was so like what we are told is that of our greatest enemy, that at first I almost doubted whether I had not thus suddenly intruded upon his majesty's privacy. My doubts were almost confirmed, when the monster fixed his eyes upon me, and abused me in the choicest Kaffir. He then half crawled, half pushed himself close to the doorway, and grinned at me like a baboon, making threatening gestures as though he purposed to hurl at me an assagay, which he held in his hand. This unexpected reception surprised me, for usually the Kaffirs were very glad to partake of a pinch of snuff, a plentiful supply of which I carried for their express gratification. So I slowly withdrew from the hut. As I retreated, the little wretch waddled out and showed his misshapen carcass, at the sight of which my old dog stuck his tail between his legs and fled. Some of the other men came out and asked me to leave. They stated that the dwarf did not like white men, *and was not well*. I believe that I interrupted some incantation, and so raised this creature's ire: I reflected that if all Kaffir deformity was like this, their custom of destroying cripples was not a very mistaken one.

After repeated visits to various Zulu kraals in the Natal district and its immediate neighbourhood, I came to the conclusion that there is much to approve in the Kaffir character. They are undoubtedly brave men, honest to a rare degree, temperate even under temptation, and contented with their lot in life.

When, however, their temper is raised, and they once commence war, they are bloodthirsty to a degree, men, women, and children being destroyed without mercy. As hunting companions, however, especially if we do not require from them too much self-sacrifice, they are admirable; and thus for following a spoor, stalking an old buffalo, or hunting out a wounded buck, the Zulu Kaffir almost realises Cooper's ideals in the character of Chingachgook and his son Le Cerf Agile. The Kaffirs are a very gentlemanly set of men, there being much in their manner that seems to indicate a species of training. Their questions, when you visit them, are not by any means impertinent. When visiting some white men in Africa, all kinds of curious questions are put to you, probably from curiosity, but they strike one as odd. For example, a traveller must not be offended if he be asked by a man, at whose house he stops for an hour to rest, how old he is; whether he be married; if not, why not; how many brothers and sisters he has; whether he can swim, and so on; and the answer to these queries are discussed, and probably laughed at before your face by the family circle. When a Kaffir meets you he usually addresses you with *Sarcar bonar Inkcsi* (good morning; or, I see you well, chief). Then he will wait for you to speak to him, after which he probably will say, *Chelar pelar's indarbar* (tell me the news). This news may be rumours of wars, news of ships arriving, any intelligence connected with game in the vicinity, and so on. Perhaps he will then ask for a little snuff; but if you inform him that your stock of snuff is finished, he usually offers you his own gourd from which to take a pinch. It is quite a sight to see a Kaffir take his snuff. He sits down in a business-like manner, and as though he really meant to enjoy himself; takes the little stopper out of his snuff-gourd, and empties a quantity of snuff on to the upper part of his thumb. This will be the allowance for only one nostril. Heaving a deep sigh, he then takes a tremendous sniff at his thumb, and thus draws up half his allowance. The

process is repeated for the other nostril, after which the tears usually course down his cheeks, as he placidly sits, the most enviable of Kaffirs.

Until I tried genuine Kaffir snuff, I was not aware of the intoxicating effects of tobacco taken in this shape. But that it is so I practically proved on one occasion, when in the bush; the effect, however, lasts, only a few minutes, and is principally confined to a kind of giddiness.

Although occasionally given to bathe, I fear that the Kaffirs must be set down as rather a dirty race, a morning or evening wash being barely thought of; but we may hope that, as the Kaffirs progress, they may develop in this respect.

After about eight days' residence amongst the people of this kraal, I returned to Natal, having seen a beautiful country, and discerned many strange peculiarities besides those spoken of in this paper.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF BERMUDA.

I WAS in the Bermuda islands during the most eventful year in the peaceful lives of the inhabitants of those bright and sunny spots on the wide Atlantic. The great notoriety which Nassau, New Providence, gained as a rendezvous for blockade-runners during the late civil war in America, led to that port being closely watched by federal cruisers, and consequently very naturally induced blockade-running speculators to look out for other places from which to carry on their venturesome, but very lucrative trade.

Bermuda was particularly well suited for this purpose, lying in the middle of the Atlantic, and surrounded by coral reefs at nine miles distance from the shore, to attempt to pass which, without an island pilot, would prove ruinous to any vessel drawing even five feet of water. The blockade-runners being provided each with a pilot, could set at defiance the efforts of the Federal cruisers when they had once sighted the land—darting into a labyrinth of rocks, winding and turning at every moment, escaping destruction by a few feet, they could easily escape from the fastest-vessel in the Federal navy. So in a short time Bermuda almost surpassed Nassau as a blockade-running dépôt.

The inhabitants of Bermuda say there are there three hundred and sixty-five islands (an island for every day in the year); but I am inclined

to believe this to be a happy delusion of theirs, as I could never approach that number, even when I counted every rock which appeared above water. There are a hundred and one islands upon which trees grow, and forty or fifty of which are inhabited. The Main island, St. George's island, Tucker's island, Ireland island, and Boasy island, comprise the principal islands of Bermuda. The residence of the governor is at the capital, Hamilton, on the Main island; but St. George's is the commercial town, owing to its having a good harbour, perfectly land-locked, and of considerable size and depth.

The blockade-running business was altogether confined to St. George's, which caused great jealousy to the Hamiltonians. There were rival newspapers on those two islands (Main Islands and St. George's), and they carried on a perpetual war upon one another, taking the American style of personal abuse as their standard. All this, no doubt, increased the sale of their papers, and was very interesting to the old inhabitants; but to a stranger like myself it appeared highly ridiculous.

Previous to the American civil war the Bermudians lived by the cultivation of early vegetables for the New York markets, the manufacture of arrowroot, and the various business that a large naval station creates.

There was but one regiment of



Infantry, and a company of Artillery and Engineers there. I had almost forgotten to mention that during the winter season a great number of disabled vessels put into St. George's, and many were wrecked on the reefs, so that wreckers made a fair trade. There was also a good business to be done by fishermen; and a few years ago Bermuda was a large convict station, and of course the convicts had to be fed, and the profit of all they consumed went into the pockets of the islanders. All the roads and public buildings, fortifications, &c., were built by the convicts, and some of these works must have taken a very great expense of time and labour.

The scenery of the Bermuda islands is beautiful beyond description. They are of coral formation, and consequently, there is only a foot or a foot and a-half of soil covering the peculiar sort of sandstone of which the islands are composed. The only trees of any size that are to be seen are the cedars, and all the islands are covered with them. They grow sometimes from the tops of houses and walls. Of the smaller sorts, oleandra and geranium predominate. The appearance of groups of these little islands, covered with the graceful cedar, and the bright red and white oleandra, and the various coloured geraniums, in the midst of the glassy, peagreen water, with the branching coral visible at any depth underneath, is exceedingly lovely.

On Tucker's Island there are canes of considerable size and singular beauty. It is here that Tom Moore's gourd-tree is, which still bears his name. It is a lovely spot, shaded from the rays of the sun by dense foliage, and walled in by high hedges of geraniums, which here grow to several feet in height; soft and mossy under foot, leading down to a fine sandy beach, upon which are strewn curious shells and bright-tinted seaweeds, only to be met with on coral islands.

The population is about eleven thousand, a little more than half of whom are white men, and the remainder coloured. It was only thirty-five years since they were emancipated here. I only met with

a few old negroes who remembered having seen slaves, and they said they regretted ever having been freed on their own account, but rejoiced that their children were free. They said, very truly, if they were slaves they would now in their old age have no work to do. The Bermudian, black or white, is not long-lived; it is rare to see a man over sixty years of age.

I have seen negroes in the northern and southern States of America, in the West Indies, and in Canada, as slaves and as freedmen; and I must say that the Bermuda negro is far superior to any I have seen. He is civil and industrious when he gets any start in life; that is, if he has a plot of land or a small shop; but when he is only a working man he is as lazy and improvident as his fellows elsewhere, though always more polite. I account for this in the following manner. There were no large plantations at Bermuda, and the bondage was but a nominal one; and, owing to the large proportion of white people with whom the slaves were in daily and constant intercourse, they became civilised; and after they were freed, the legislature established a very thorough system of general education. I never met a black man in Bermuda who could not read and write. They have a great taste for music, and are always singing and playing on musical instruments. The morality of the coloured race is very low. Certainly they are as a rule sober and honest, and four policemen were found sufficient, previous to the blockade business, to keep the peace in the whole of the Bermudas; but then, while the population is increasing, the number of marriages is on the decrease.

"A change came o'er the spirit of the dream" of the sleepy islanders when the first blockade-runner made its appearance in the still waters of St. George's harbour, where, except upon the day when the fortnightly West Indian mail steamer called in for a few hours, nothing was to be seen but an occasional fishing boat, or the commissariat boat, going down to the dockyard and Boar Island. Now, all was stir and bustle, King Cotton was to bring health and happiness

to all except the unlucky soldier, who would only have to pay more for any little comforts he might buy with his scanty pay. Day after day more vessels arrived; ships came from England, from Halifax (Nova Scotia), and from New York and Boston; for although the Yankee might disapprove of the attempt to run into "Dixie" the means of assisting his brothers in the south in their efforts to rend asunder the starry banner, yet the almighty dollar stifled any qualms of conscience, and he sent his share of flour and biscuits in American flour-barrels, and salted beef in kegs. More steamers; and now commenced the painting of their hulls of a slate colour, the better to evade the vigilance of the lynx-eyed lookout, on board the blockading squadrons off Charleston and Wilmington.

Hundreds of strangers arrived; the one hotel was crowded and every house became a lodging-house. New warehouses were built; mountains of snowy cotton were piled up in all directions. Every steamer coming from the south brought crowds of southern families, who, tired of the wear and hardships which they had to endure, were glad of the opportunity of running the blockade, and eventually enjoying the blessings of peace. New shops were opened on every side, and tents and booths covered the hills, upon which, a few weeks before, nothing was to be seen but the sweet-scented sage-plant, and blossoming geranium. The island was soon filled with Jews; and, in fact, men of all countries were to be seen there. The original Bermudian was lost in the crowd.

In many respects the Bermudian resembles the American; like him, uses the same slangy expressions, and the same peculiarity of in'oning his words through the nose; but, alas! he lacks the untiring energy and enterprise which characterise their fellow-countrymen of Washington. In Bermuda, a man of old family and considerable property does not consider it derogatory to his social position to stand behind a counter and retail goods to all purchasers; will send his sons and daughters to Europe to obtain

the best education that money can procure, and they will return and do likewise. This is, to a certain extent, the same in Canada, and in all new countries. A new regiment arriving at Bermuda cannot understand this, and the officers are puzzled to know where the nice people live, of whom the goint-out regiment spoke so favourably. They say, "everybody seems to be in trade here;" but after awhile their prejudices are blunted, and they find that trade does make the Bermudian gentleman less a gentleman, or a worse fellow.

The Bermudians have no enterprise; a great portion of their trade was from the wrecking business, and vessels putting in in distress, and yet year after year they saw all that business go to St. Thomas and Nassau, because there no means of repairing disabled vessels in Bermuda. Vessels came in and got some temporary repairs done, and then sailed for one of the latter places, where there were dry and floating docks. A few hundred pounds would have remedied this, and there was no lack of money in Bermuda. Again, they have been for thirty years talking about connecting the main island with St. George's by a causeway, and yet up to 1864 not a stone was laid.

It is not at all to be wondered at that the stranger took most of the business out of the hands of the sleepy inhabitants. The price of provisions rose as if a famine was in the land. The wages of the negroes varied from ten to sixteen shillings a-day, and the hotel charges were most exorbitant. So, for two or three months in the year 1863, everything went very smoothly for the Bermuda blockade-runners, not a steamer was caught, and money was made faster than ever at a gold-digging. The negroes struck for a pound a day, and when it was refused to them they set fire to the southern cotton, and about forty thousand pounds worth was destroyed.

There was a Confederate States agent (Major W.) and a staff of officials from the Richmond War Office at this time at St. George's. They had an arsenal and stores of every description, which they shipped by



the blockade-runners on the outward trip. The harbour was full of steamers flying the Confederate flag.

The feeling of the Bermudians was strongly in favour of the Southern cause—I might say, wildly so; and the American consul's flag was was frequently pulled down, and finally the flag-staff was found broken.

Some Yankee visitors arrived in St. George's, and finding it very unpleasant to have the secession flag planted in their faces on every occasion, and in the hotels and boarding-houses hearing nothing but abuse of Yankees and Yankeedom, they removed their habitation to Hamilton, at which place there is a very fine hotel, kept by a Yankee, and conducted on Yankee principles. Soon after they left St. George's, an inoffensive individual came to stop at the hotel, and the people there heard that he was a Yankee spy, and asked him to leave. A crowd collected outside the hotel, and the poor fellow would have been roughly handled, only that some of us formed an escort for him until he was well on his way to Hamilton. The unfortunate man was never in America, and had no bias to one side or the other; so his surprise was great when we informed him of the danger he was in.

On the 4th of July, the great festival of all Americans, there was a picnic given by the blockade-runners on Tucker's Island, and they very properly selected that part of the island where Tom Moore's calabash tree is. We visited the canes, and roamed about the island for some time, and then had dinner under the shade of the trees; and after dinner there was a great deal of speaking, proposing of toasts, &c. "The cause of Southern Independence," "Queen Victoria's Health," &c., were proposed; and "Dixie," the national hymn of the land, sang very lively, standing up. In the evening we had a very pleasant sail back to St. George's.

A few days after this picnic, the "Florida," of great renown as a southern privateer, arrived under the command of Captain Moffit, of the Confederate States navy, and anchored in St. George's Harbour.

This steamer has been described as a low, rakish-looking craft, and she certainly well-deserved that description. There was something very mischievous-looking about her whole appearance, that would at once strike the eye even of the most ordinary landsman. She carried six 84's, and a hundred-pounder swivel gun, and a crew of about a hundred and fifty, the greater number of whom were English sailors, many of them old men-of-war's men. They had been at sea for several months, and had taken some prizes, and on their arrival at Bermuda, were paid their arrears of pay and their shares of prize-money, and permitted to go ashore by detachments.

When it is taken into consideration that they had been so long at sea, and the adventurous sort of life they were leading, together with the fact that they had plenty of money in their pockets, their conduct was very good. The soldiers in the regiment, in garrison, had a theatre, and on the arrival of the "Florida," it was crowded with sailors. The band played "Dixie," out of compliment to them, and they were in high good-humour. The officers were entertained by the governor and the military messes.

When the "Florida" arrived, she saluted the fort at St. George's, and as the guns rang out in reply from the fort, the excitement of the Southern men on the island was very great. It was the first time their flag was saluted by a foreign power.

All through the winter of 1863, the blockade-running increased, and a great number of the steamers were captured. They could only run on the dark nights; so that during half the month they had to remain at Bermuda at anchor, and as the dark nights approached, there was preparation and stir amongst them, and then, one by one, they sailed out of the harbour with the good wishes of all they left behind them.

One day, early in 1864, I joined a fishing party, and having obtained a good boat and a few native fishermen, we sailed beyond the reefs and cast our lines. We had not been there long when we saw two

steamers approaching from the southwards, which we soon discovered to be a blockade-runner with a Yankee cruiser in chase. They headed straight for us, and in a few moments we saw a cloud of white smoke, followed by the report of a gun, which was repeated every two or three minutes for some time. The cruiser seemed to gain on the blockade-runner, but they were both now close to the reefs that the pursued one had a certainty of escaping if the pursuer could not succeed in hitting it between wind and water. The blockade-runner was soon up with us, and as it passed us, we stood in our boat waving our hats and cheering. The captain was ordering the flags to be hoisted in defiance of his Yankee enemy, and all on board returned our cheers. On came the Yankee cruiser, and presently "bang" went a shot over our heads, which plunged into the water several yards astern of the intended prize. Our boatmen threw themselves flat in the bottom of the boat, and nothing could persuade them to get up and assist us in getting the boat out of the line of fire. The blockade-runner was now safe, as it was inside the reefs; and as the Yankee passed us we indulged in a little quiet joking, which they did not seem to approve of. Vast numbers of Southern prisoners, who had escaped from Northern prisons, arrived daily, and the accounts they gave of their adventures while travelling through the States, after their escape, was very interesting. Amongst the number was General John Morgan, of the Confederate States historic army, who succeeded in making a tunnel through which he escaped from his cell in the Ohio Penitentiary, and after many adventures reached Canada, where he met with friends who assisted him in reaching Bermuda. Lieutenant Brain, of the Confederate States navy, was also here about this time. He seized the United States steamer "Chesapeake" at Portland (Maine), with a crew of some twenty men, who took passage on board, and at night took command of the vessel from the officers by force. He afterwards seized and burned the "Roanoke,"

by similar means. He was afterwards, in New York, tried on the charge of murder and piracy, although he was at the time of those acts a commissioned officer in the service of a belligerent. As the warm weather came on, rumours of yellow fever at Nassau were wafted about, and the 'Mudians looked serious, for there were vessels daily arriving from that port, and the chances were that St. George's would not escape the epidemic. The town was dreadfully crowded at this time, and not over clean, so there were good reasons for being alarmed. There were as many as twelve sailors sleeping in one room in many of the lodging-houses, and altogether a more unpleasant place for fever to break out in could not well be imagined.

It was the interest of the merchant to hide the fact of yellow fever being in the island, as in that case the blockade running would be transferred from their shores; so when the fever did break out, it was said that they contrived to keep it secret, how truly will never be known. The first case was that of a sailor who came from Nassau, and contrived to get ashore while his ship was in quarantine; this case was followed by many others within a few days, and before a week was over there was a panic. I met a Jew who came by the mail steamer from Halifax, and I never before witnessed fear so visibly depicted upon the human countenance as upon his, when he heard the exaggerated stories of death from the much-dreaded yellow Jack. He went back to the steamer after being an hour on shore, and took passage to St. Thomas, although his business was in Bermuda, and I afterwards heard that he died on the passage to that island.

Day after day the number of deaths increased, and all the blockade-runners left the island, all business was stopped, and the rush to get away was tremendous. A vessel leaving the island for any place was crowded with runaways, glad to get accommodation anywhere on board, and very often the fever broke out on board, and they fared worse than if they had remained.

There was a man stopping at the



hotel at this time who had a great horror of yellow Jack, and every morning at breakfast he could tell the exact number of deaths during the night in the town, and would speak of nothing else but that disagreeable subject. At last the fever broke out in the house, and he disappeared, and was never again heard of. He may have gone mad, and committed suicide, or, still more likely, hid himself upon one of the vessels leaving, when he had failed to obtain a passage. Day by day our numbers in the hotel became less, and the *table d'hôte*, that used to be so crowded, had now but three or four covers laid. It was melancholy to walk about the deserted streets and see the empty harbour, lately so full of ships. There was a foetid odour in the air, and everything had a plague-stricken appearance.

The doctors were completely eclipsed by the native nurses, some of whom went about paying professional visits, and giving orders to the other nurses to carry out. The military suffered most at this sickly season—and, poor fellows, they were most to be pitied. They had no means of running away; they did not come there through any hope of gain; they did not benefit by the wealth which the new trade brought to the island; they were serving out the time of their exile, and for them there was no escape, “there’s but to do and die.” Funerals on every side; the dead march constantly sounding; every day hearing of the death of some acquaintance, it was truly a gloomy place, and yet it was a beautiful spot, but deadly as it was beautiful.

There was a discharged Irish soldier in St. George’s, a devout worshipper at the shrine of Bacchus—indeed, he was seldom to be seen sober, and when he had drunk himself into stupidity, he would lie under the cedars to sleep. In this state he was found by some negroes who were employed by the corporation to bury the dead, and conveyed by them to the graveyard, as they thought him dead, and thought he had died from yellow fever. They laid him down close by one of the graves, dug in the sandstone soil, and went to bring a shovel, &c., to bury him. During their absence he awoke from his drunken slumber, and when he saw them returning, and divined their object, he set upon them like a wild beast, and nearly killed one of them. Many stories were current of sailors having been buried alive in this manner.

The military were moved from island to island, and encamped but with no good result: they still continued to die. Medical officers were sent from Canada; all of whom took the fever, and one half died. At last when the fever had spent its force, and had almost disappeared, the troops were taken in military transports to Halifax. The graveyards were filled, and hundred of graves are to be seen outside the walls.

As the cold weather approached the yellow fever disappeared, and the blockade-runners once more made their appearance, the troops returned from Halifax, and all the Jews and motley adventures were once more to be seen crowding the narrow street of St. George’s.

H. O'BRIEN.

## POETRY.<sup>1</sup>

PLATO has been roughly handled for his edict against the poets; but, doubtless, he who was a poet himself of the first order must have had stern reason for his policy, and that reason we find in the general corruption of society, which had been mainly caused by the mytho-

logic fictions of the poets, who were the popular theologists, and who, by these fables, instead of raising man to a true conception of the divine, brought down the divine to the conception of man.

When we consider, however, that poetry is an indestructible ele-

<sup>1</sup> “A Glimpse of Spring,” “Gertrude’s Dower,” and other poems. By Rebecca Scott. Dublin: George Herbert.

ment of human nature, and may be of incalculable use to the statesman and legislator, by being made the handmaid of religion and law, we may wonder what little countenance in general it receives from state policy, and why such a sage as Plato should not rather have endeavoured to reform and regulate it than to ban it altogether—a feat, in the nature of things, quite impossible.

It is beside our present purpose to pursue this subject, but we have little doubt did Plato live in our time, or were his poets like ours, we had never heard of his severity, or perhaps we should say his severity had been directed rather against individuals than against the tribe. This moral superiority of modern to ancient poetry we may fairly claim as largely ours, and set it down unquestionably to the credit of Christian influence.

At this we may rejoice; for when the national taste is pure, there is no more effectual check upon licentious fancy. And, on the other hand, fancy the mother of literature being chaste, health and fertility are conveyed to the general mind. Far are we, we trust, from the time when the indignant Muse scourges flagitious vice, and corruption is but another name for the cancer which devours civilisation; for, auspiciously, while the chief poet of our time draws his rarest gems from the Arthurian cycle of legends—the epoch of British heroism the most brilliant—the other shaft of the great Celtic mine, the Gaelic, though long neglected, is not altogether unexplored. There are busy hands at work fingering buried parchments, and taking down the dim traditions which still float from lip to lip in Munster and Connaught, the Hebrides and Highlands.

From this source the fair authoress of the volume, which has given rise to these remarks, derives some of her inspiration. Two of the prettiest tales—to wit, the “Mermaid’s Revenge,” and “Eithne,” the one a Scottish legend of the mythologic class, the other an Irish tale of the historico-romantic kind—are taken from it. The latter

is a famous tale, in which King Cormac, the Arthur of Ireland, is the principal figure, and told by Keating, the Irish historian, in his happiest vein—the foundation, probably, of the English popular ballad, “King Cophetua” and the “Beggar-maid.” In the hands of the Irish bards it is expanded, and forms one of the most pleasing pastorals of our ancient literature.

There are some of these poems which evince the authoress to have passed through a certain cycle of heart-experience, in which we are glad to find a healthy tone of moral heroism—there is a scorn of meanness, indignation against studied insult, no less than patience under bereavement, self-consolation under disappointment—we may say, in general, that when her tone is religious, religion puts on no airs, her spirituality being as spontaneous as transparent, and though her muse loves to bathe oftener in Jordan’s stream than in her native Finn, yet here and there we have noticed, while there is no vestige of sectarian prejudice or passion, a fact we may as well congratulate the awakening north on as the gifted authoress, occasionally escapes a sentiment which evinces a patriotism which is not provincial.

The style of the book is simple, somewhat conventional in phrase, eschewing all affectation of ornament, no less than exaggeration of sentiment—the muse is a homely, well-attired matron, who finds herself at home in the circle of home-affections, and at the family altar, turning away with instinctive delicacy from foreign tinsel and studied conceit—yet she hath the wisdom, as in the poem of the “Two Peonies,” and others, to extract the finest moral essence from weeds and fading flowers, which sometimes, as in “Alexander the Great,” and “Maria Theresa,” rises to a solemnity approaching grandeur—a gratifying fact, as it raises our expectations of her future efforts, and proves the singing-bird which loves to haunt the valley and stream, is capable of a bolder flight.

The author of another little volume<sup>1</sup> informs us, in a modest pre-

<sup>1</sup> Rhymes and Sonnets, by R. C. F. Hannay. Mr. R. Gravatt, 11, King-street, Cheapside, London.



face, that many of his poems have already won "disinterested praise from competent critics." We heartily endorse their criticism, finding in its pages healthy sentiment, refinement, and humane and generous feeling. There is no morbidity, no mysticism, but wholesome humanity. The pieces entitled "Lazarus," "Tares in the Wheat," "A Lost Li'e," are excellent; "Embroidery" and "Cousin Amy" elegant and musical; "Chatterbox" is a domestic idyll which deserves to be a favourite at every fireside. We extract the opening verse:

"I've a wee bit lassie, just three years  
old,  
With bonny blue eyes and locks of  
gold;  
Spry as a squirrel, sly as a fox,  
And we've christened our darling  
Chatterbox."

The interest of such a topic never fades—perennial, like the flowers of Paradise. The second part of the book is composed of "Sebastopol Sonnets," being a rhythmical record of the facts of that great siege and the feelings incidental to it. Mr. Hannay's muse is both heroic and tender. The sonnets headed "Alma," "Balaklava," "Inkermann," are all alike vigorous and poetic; "The Bride" and others pathetic, and form the "mother side" of the great question of war. Most of the poems have already graced the pages of this and other Magazines, and in their collected form, we cordially commend this little volume to all purchasers of poetry, well assured that many of the "Rhymes" will be read and re-read with pleasure.

M.

## SOCIETY IN THE SCHWARZWALD.

THERE! my title is written, and now that most important part of any one's MS. is settled, let me ask myself, Who cares for Schwarzwalden society?

Not many, perhaps; but the title is alliterative, and then every one likes a little gossip, and to be told how other people manage matters. Our light literature—that of all nations—is a convincing proof of the curiosity each branch of society feels as to the doings of the rest.

I was established in the midst of an out-of-the-way little town, which led a comfortable, thriving life in one of the most beautiful parts of southern Germany. It did a nice little business with its neighbourhood, just what it could transact before its 12 o'clock dinner; had its vineyards and numerous breweries, and its herds; it never exported anything, therefore all the necessaries of life were to be had at a price that might seem incredibly small to English readers. It lived in itself and for itself, with a garrison and university, just to keep it from utter stagnation. It had a little newspaper consisting of two or three pages, and a little theatre. If a stranger came to the town, it

was but for a day or two,—in at one gate, out at the other, just enough to keep two hotels going. The obnoxious Pariah saw the gem of a cathedral, and climbed up a mountain or two, looking down on the wee town, which nestled so snugly under the hills. He gazed on the bright landscape, on the broad plain, stretching on till it touches the Rhine, and is bounded by the hills of France,—a plain dotted with village and grove, and streaked by broad road, unwinding their white lines in all directions. He traced the little river which, uncontaminated by trade, sparkled and splashed and hurried on, to lose itself in the mighty stream, and looked like a silver ribbon winding over an outspread mantle of green velvet. He turned again to the wooded heights rising one above the other, all thickly clothed in every variety of verdure; the snowy tops of some now flashing in the sun, now mingling with some white cloud. He saw this, and admired the loveliness, the richness of the scene. But then he went away again; the most adventurous discoverer never thought of settling here. Those "were the days when

Thalata was young," the golden days of our poor dear town.

At last, wild, speculative men, "freind" every one of them, some, too, with suspiciously dark hair and hook noses, began to buy land in a straight line before the ramparts; then workmen followed, who piled up the ground in some places, cut it down in others; and suddenly the town awoke to the fact that a railroad was panting and snorting and puffing away at the miraculous rate of forty miles an hour, close to its very doors. It did not at first see all the miseries attendant on the steaming monster; no, it was too innocent. Besides, it was so well guarded, it could never be corrupted by change. It pointed with pride to its sister university—Heidelberg. There the students were always making a *spektakel Anglice* row; here they might not raise their voices after eleven:—in all university towns at a quarter to eleven a bell is rung, and then the guests begin to leave the beerhouses, which must be closed at eleven. There half the population were Jews; here a Jew was not allowed to pass even one night, except at the biennial fairs, and then they were compelled to use one particular inn, kept solely for their use. In the fall of last year the Jews were, for the first time, admitted to common rights and allowed to settle. No; the town snapped its fingers at the railroad, and turned round to take another nap; but, poor dear old thing, it has never had a good sound sleep since. People would make a noise. There was the revolution of 1848; and, somehow or other, no one has had a day's quiet since the railroad stretched its iron feelers over those luxuriant meadows.

This was the state of the town when we came into it; but since then what a change has taken place! The young men would not stay at home with that locomotive passing and repassing before them; two trunk-makers sprung up; people began to move about and to grow speculative; foreigners—Russian and English—came, attracted by the extreme beauty of the spot, and the cheap prices of everything—intending to settle, too; but there

were no houses. We had the best of the only three apartments to be let in the place; our rent was instantly tripled. Without waiting to see if their geese would lay golden eggs, the simple townfolk killed them all at once. They asked enormous sums for most uncomfortable lodgings; and when they had frightened every one away, they decided to build. The town was to build six houses, containing three flats each! It took two years to come to this momentous decision, and two more to lay the foundations; meanwhile, whoever wanted a house was told, in every variety of tone, that "the town was going to build." Some shook their heads at such a wild speculation, others foretold a golden harvest; but every one discovered that the necessities of life had become much dearer, and laid all the blame on the three or four foreign families who had contrived to locate themselves here. They never perceived that a brisk export trade was going on; that on market days whole loads of hampers filled with butter, fruits, vegetables, poultry, and eggs, were sent off by the railroad; that their very cattle was carted off. The peasant knew this; but he kept his counsel, sold his produce, and grew rich.

The peasants in the south of Baden are very rich. Not long since a Bauer went into a silversmith's shop, and ordered twelve gold tablespoons. "Twelve!" exclaimed the tradesman; "why, this is a regal order: do you know what you are about?" "To be sure I do," said the peasant. "I have twelve *stuck kinder* [heads of children], and I mean each to have a gold spoon on its wedding day; so mind you make them strong and solid; never mind the price, that's my affair."

The town itself at last found out all this. It was obliged to widen its bridges and alter its roads for the accommodation of the wood-carts. Long lorries came hurrying down from the forest hills, bearing the tall trees which had formerly been cut on the spot to a more portable shape, but were now sent off in their pristine size; many to tower among some forest of masts, others for every kind of building purpose. Fuel rose from five or six to twenty



guldens the load, and the poor trees wandered away to France, Spain, and even Algeria.

Had not those foreigners ruined the place? and how the ladies used to scold at us and our ways at their coffee parties!

A German coffee is a pleasant thing of the kind in some respects, but quite different from English parties. In the first place, it is an entirely feminine assembly, to which no men are admitted. You are expected to come about two, and to leave at six; you must be sure to bring your work, most commonly some kind of knitting, and you must be well up in all the *on dits* of the neighbourhood. To talk of books would be predantie. Some old young lady may, perhaps, venture to speak of the last new novel, which came out two years ago; but the mammas are too much occupied with their housekeeping to think of anything but themselves and their mutual kitchens. The gentlemen are quite right to keep away from these parties, but they do not do much better at their own, be it said *en passant*.

If the party be given at the lady's own house, you must eat of every cake, admire all, and be sure to ask if they were not home-made, and beg for a few receipts. You must not be uncomfortable if your hostess and her daughters are never still, but wait on you yourselves. The servants never hand anything round; that is done by the young ladies. It is a remnant of the olden days, and has a hearty simplicity in it which is not ungraceful; but on the rare occasions, when gentlemen are present, it grates against all but German ideas to see them sitting to be waited on like so many pachas. In summer these parties are always given in some tea gardens. You walk out in a body with your inevitable knitting, and take your coffee, sausage, ham, and cakes; then the young people are sent to play; girls of eighteen and twenty play at thread-the-needle, hunt-the-hare, and so forth; and the matrons work or play cards, while the hostess assists to clear the table. That done, you have to begin eating again, more cakes and curds, wine and fruit; then you put up your

work and walk home again, to be in time to give your husband his seven o'clock supper. You have had a delightful walk, but otherwise you cannot help owing to yourself that your pleasure has been rather prosy. It may, however, be some comfort to you that you have been comparing notes about dress and dishes with a Frau Baronin or Gräfin, that you know that the Frau Hofrathin, has sent her daughter to the Adler, or the Deutschen Hof to learn cooking, and that Frau Stadt Director and Frau Major have quarrelled or become reconciled.

These titles! what a dreadful nuisance they are to be uninitiated! Every gentleman is a Herr something or other, and you must never forget to call his wife by her husband's title. Frau Physikus must not be called Frau Doctor, for Physikus is the higher dignity; and Hofrath and Stadtrath are different; and then there is Forstrath again, and a dozen more raths; and Amtmanns and Oberamtmanns; and Directors, Professors, Pfarrers, Fabrikants—what not? And then the officers, too! it is a never-ending task to learn and recollect all these different dignitaries.

The love of rank and title is inherent in us all, but I never saw it carried to such a length as in the petty towns of Germany, where every one seems miserable unless he has some sort of a handle to his name. An Irish gentleman who resided in our town was so anxious to fall into the prevailing mode, that he dubbed himself "General" in the Directory, in order, he said, that the people might know he was somebody. His real position was an army surgeon's, but he wished to distinguish himself from the common herd of doctors. I have heard of the wife of a fire-hose manufacturer who chose to be addressed as Frau Feuer-losch-Spritz Fabrikant.

The next thing that strikes us after the multiplicity of titles is the great pretensions made by the nobility—the *sous* or *petite noblesse*—who, in position, education, and fortune, are far inferior to our county gentry. They have nothing but birth, mere birth, without influence or riches and their concomi-

tant refinements. Yet they affect to look down on trade, and despise the lowly born. In many states they have a few privileges—remnants of the feudal ages—but with many disadvantages. The greatest drawback is, that in some parts of Germany every pursuit but that of arms is closed to them; in others, they may enter into any of the liberal professions, but cannot go into trade. In Bavaria they can only become brewers. They cannot all turn farmers, for many have no estate to cultivate, and have no prospect of ever possessing any greater territory than the six feet of earth which we all must have one day. The caste, too, remains stationary: titles do not die out, as with us, to be renewed in a fresher branch. A Graf, or a Baron, marries a Grafen or Baroness, and all their children, boys and girls, have the title, and in their turn transmit it to their posterity, on the sole condition of marrying a person of noble birth. This perpetuates the name, but produces a race of high-born paupers, and hence the German nobility are the poorest and proudest in Europe. If a nobleman marries a woman of low degree, only the eldest son has the title, though the “Von”—that aristocratic particle—remains by courtesy to the other children, and their lucky elder brother can be father to a dozen noble men and women, if he only marries a lady with the proper amount of quarterings in her shield.

The haughtiest of these good people are the *Frei Herrn*; It is a rank which is now only attained by descent, and they delight in saying that any tailor can buy a barony, but that no ruler can make a *Frei Herr*. They date from the earliest days of the Middle Ages, and are coeval with the *leudes* of the Frank kings. They are to be found in all the ranks of the nobility.

And now to return to my ladies, whom I have left at their coffee. Though they seldom talk about books, they are not uneducated, and there are few among them who cannot speak French fluently. English is very fashionable with the young ladies, and they delight in our light literature. They allow that we excel them in our needles, pins, and

novels; some add, in our constitution—the political one, I mean—but this is not a universal opinion and is only enounced by the radicals. Generally speaking, a thorough-paced German considers it unpatriotic not to give the palm to the “fatherland” in everything. Their prevailing idea is that they beat us to nothing as housekeepers. I doubt it. To be sure, they do not consider a young lady’s education finished till she has gone to a good hotel to learn cooking; but, as far as I can tell, this cooking accomplishment shares the fate of music, and the many things which girls acquire as indispensable, and married women forget. In fact, how should it be otherwise? Hotel cookery is so different from that in a private family; why, the mere paraphernalia of pots and pans would be a ruinous expenditure for a narrow income. However, it is necessary here:—I mean the learning; the practice is optional. Only you must have your cookery-book at your fingers’ ends, and talk a great deal about your housekeeping; and if you can manage to have your hand as coarse as your cook’s, you will gain universal applause.

The truth is, German women do not do so much more for their families than Englishwomen of narrow incomes; only we hold our tongues, while they are constantly proclaiming their merit to the world. They will not believe that we ever enter our kitchens, because nothing is said in our novels about our exertions in that line; but how many families in England would never taste pie or pudding, jam or jelly, if they were left to the mercies of the one servant! Then the German ladies glory in the hard work of housekeeping. I have seen a clergyman’s wife cleaning her windows, while one servant was knitting and the other spinning. There is no accounting for tastes. Among us the glory of good housekeeping is to let no one see the details; the Germans are always flourishing their ladles and skewers in your face. They are not such good needlewomen as we are: though they excel us in knitting and fancy work, we beat them hollow in plain work. When a girl is seventeen or eighteen she is sent to



a sewing school, to learn what we picked up in our infancy; after that she will be taught dressmaking, and an ironer will come to the house, to give her lessons in clear-starching and ironing. Meanwhile, there will always be workmen about the place, mending and making, turning and altering, and doing the work at which an English mother of the middle classes is externally employed. It is amusing to see what a fuss they make about this same learning. They cannot understand how one does a thing just through watching and imitating others, and using one's common sense. Had Eve been a German, Adam would have been condemned to raw food for all his life; she would never have found out how to cook it without being taught.

An auction is another odd sight, but the dawdling progress of the business, and the time that is lost, would drive an English person wild. There are no catalogues, and the lots are brought forward almost at hazard. If the sale take place on account of a death, everything is sold; not only the wearing apparel, but all the old rubbish, the contents of the rag-bag, everything. I have seen ladies try the size of a pair of *old* shoes, and then have an animated bidding for them. I have seen a disconsolate widow in comfortable circumstances bring forward the dear departed's old gloves and cravats, with the creases of long wear in them,—ay, and expatiate on their worth, and run them up when the bidding was slack,—and respectable persons would buy them.

Although the things are sold without any arrangement, there is a kind of order observed. The kitchen utensils go first, then the linen and clothes, and then the furniture,—and it is all done in one room. They pick out the largest in the suite to hold the company, so one must go an hour *à l'avance* to get a seat near the table, which is placed before the door of an inner room, and forms a barricade for the auctioneer and two clerks. Within are the family, and all the things which are to be sold. These are brought forward as they come to hand, and then carefully inspected by the assembly, who go on bidding *kreuzers*—or the third of

a penny—till they arrive at sixty, which makes a gulden (1s. 8d. English). After that, you bid *groschens* or three *kreuzers*, and then one often gets into a terrible puzzle as to what sum one is really offering. The auctioneer, it is true, helps his customers by adding the number of *guldens* occasionally, but fancy bidding fifty-three *threepences*! Cocker himself would not like that work. At about five or six *guldens*, one begins to bid by *streich*,—a *streich* being the quarter of a gulden. When you have bought an article it is handed over to you, and be it china or a saucepan, you must dispose of it as you can, on your lap or under your chair; no one but yourself is responsible for it now, and as it is not ticketed, your only security is to keep it by your side. Strangers are on this account expected to pay money down, and then they may walk off with their purchases; but all this takes up a great deal of time, and causes much confusion and noise. Every now and then old Mark rings a bell, and refuses to go on unless the assemblage is silent.

It is *de rigueur* for the ladies of the family to be present at the sale. They must bring forward the things themselves, point out their merits, and run them up. No good housekeeper must neglect any of these duties. I cannot say what their servants are doing; they are not seen; the ladies are the active agents. According to this system it takes two or three days to sell what an Englishman would knock off in as many hours.

We English cannot understand this selling in such a public manner—the very clothes of the dead;—the slippers, the morning gown which had almost taken the father's form, garments which from long wear and many associations, seem a part of the lost one; we could not expose the cap, which may have been worn in the last days of health, or was made by fingers which will never again clasp ours. We are not a sentimental nation; we do not deal in long-winded analyses of our feelings; yet such scenes as I have been describing would seem a desecration to us.

The most constant attendants at these auctions are young ladies about

to be married. It is the wife who furnishes the house and provides the linen; so as soon as a girl is engaged, she and her mother begin to buy furniture, and make sheets and table-cloths. It is extraordinary what immense stocks of linen and under-clothing are considered necessary; dozens upon dozens of every article. It is really a large sum lying dead, a capital which produces no interest; but it is the pride of a real German woman's heart to look at her cumbersome closets piled up with fine linen, which seldom sees the light except to be bleached, and to be able to say, "I only have a wash once in six months."

An engagement is naturally a great phase in every woman's life, but it seems to be the epoch of German existence. There is no mystery, no concealment about it. As soon as the betrothal takes place it is announced to the world,—to the private acquaintances by cards, sometimes by an advertisement in the papers; to society in general by the happy pair appearing in public arm-in-arm. The young lady is bound to look as if she were in the seventh heaven, and generally clasps both hands tightly round her lover's arm, as if to prevent all possibility of escape. She must also loudly proclaim his perfections and her happiness, have no hesitation in speaking about him, nor in kissing before folks; reserve in these cases is not understood. The gentleman seems to take it as easily as he can, but, as usual, is far more awkward in his new situation than his fair one. After all, it is not comfortable for a poor man, who has always been accustomed to walk alone and swing his arms, to find them hampered by a girl clutching at them, and to have her crinoline always beating about his legs. Then, if she be short, he must not walk upright, he must go crooked, as if drawn down by the interesting weight hanging on him; if she be tall, her bonnet trimmings tickle him so, and he can never keep step with his fair companion. It requires a great deal of affection to smile under these circumstances. Until a girl is engaged she never takes any man's arm. I wonder the young ladies do not learn how to do it in their dancing lessons, it would

be a great blessing to their lovers. Their mothers cannot teach them; for as soon as the honeymoon is over, man and wife go their separate ways. The wonder is how these attachments are formed, the sexes have so little intercourse, except in the ball-room. Fathers and brothers spend their evenings in their respective beerhouses with their own sets, the mothers and sisters flock in troops to their coffee-houses. They have their separate amusements and pleasures, until suddenly a couple fall in love somehow, and then they are never seen apart; they become inseparable, like poker and tongs, knife and fork, or any other implement which is useless without its fellow. As long as the gentleman remains in town, his charmer dresses much better than usual; but if he must leave, she renounces all society, or if she cannot help "breaking resolution," it is essential that she should make a "guy" of herself. A peculiar toilette—covered neck and long sleeves, in a ball-room, are as much a sign of betrothal as our widow's cap is of bereavement.

If it were a *bona fide* high dress it would not be so bad; but generally it is a makeshift, and strikes one by its oddness. The Germans are not good dressers. They follow the fashion implicitly, passively, without venturing to modify it so as to suit them, and there is no persuading a native milliner to sacrifice fashion in order to render a garment becoming or appropriate. I do not think you would find an old lady's cap or bonnet from one end of the country to the other: wrinkles and all must be exposed like the youngest face: the puffed head must tremble under flowers. Their only idea of suiting an old lady is to make her shoes like canoes, her dresses like sacks, slack and comfortable. That she should have feminine instincts enough to care for well-fitting garments is incomprehensible to them. Another thing they cannot understand is the English habit of never leaving the bedroom with uncombed locks and dressing-gown.

"What! do you always dress entirely before breakfast? But then you never go into your kitchens."



"Nonsense! we are not all millionaires: we do a great deal in a quiet way."

"But you don't work as we do, or you would never have time to dress yourselves. Every one knows you are no housekeepers."

And that settles the matter.

Though one laughs at these little things, one cannot help allowing that in some respects the Germans have the advantage over us. They take their pleasure in a much more reasonable manner, and therefore have a great deal more amusement in the course of the year than we English dare allow ourselves. Our little town has its theatre, which is open four times a week through the winter, and which has a very good average company for plays and operas. Every one goes to it; the gentry, and even the middling shopkeepers, have their boxes, or at least a season-ticket in the stalls. The students fill the pit, and are let in at half-price. The officers have the first two rows in the stalls, and pay about fourpence; the common soldiers go into the gallery for a penny. The doors open at half-past five, and it is all over before nine. You walk in, hang up your muffings at the back of your box, and your maid comes and fetches you with the lantern. The servants collect in the vestibule about eight, and have a nice gossip while waiting for their young ladies, who go habitually without a chaperone. Non-subscribers pay one and twopence in the best places, the centre box being reserved for them; and if, when you have bought your tickets, the weather or any unforeseen circumstance prevent your going, the good-natured old box-keeper will give you back your money; it is a mere matter-of-course, and no favour. These quiet ways and early hours take away the feeling of dissipation, and the extreme cheapness of the treat places it within everyone's reach. The theatre is open from Michaelmas, or a little before, till the end of Lent, and is always filled by the same audience. Four nights a week of the theatre is, I think, too much for young people—girls especially—whose predisposition to romance is thus nursed as in a hot-

bed. But it would not do our young men any harm if such an intellectual recreation were made come-at-able among us. They sit in a close theatre for hours, body and mind wearied at last by the succession of sensation drama and farce, and leave it too tired for enjoyment, too excited for rest; and then it is that, with every feeling aroused, they are exposed to the most fearful temptations. This is not merely making a toil of a pleasure, it is making a sin of it.

The German balls are just as reasonable in their way as German theatres. Almost every town has two or three different classes of subscription balls, its museum, or its casino, and all assemble very early; indeed, the tradespeople are the latest, and they must wait to shut up shop. We gentry begin dancing at seven, and we must be in the ball-room soon after six, or the chaperones would find no comfortable seats, and the young ladies would lose their best chance of partners. The girls seldom sit down, that would crush their draperies; but stand about in clusters near their mammas, while the gentlemen walk up and down to make their selection. An introduction, generally takes place, but it is not indispensable. In the ball-room you are all on an equality, and any gentleman has a right to ask a lady to dance without further formality, nor can she refuse unless she be already engaged. Between the dances the girls walk about with each other, and the gentlemen hover around. If a girl dance well she is sure of partners, be she ever so ugly. The Germans complain that the English are very heavy, so we generally sit a great deal, though considered the beauties of the room. The dancing begins with a polonaise, in which all, old and young, take a part. It is nothing but a stately march through the ball and supper-rooms and passages, and is led by the highest person present. At half-past nine every one stops for supper. You order what you like, from a cup of coffee to a regular hot meal, soup and all, just paying for what you have. Economical people, who live near, go home for supper. This

pause lasts about an hour, then the cotillon begins, and by twelve all is over. I must not forget to mention the "*frei tour*," when the ladies run about and ask the gentlemen. They, modest lambs, crowd up into the corners, but the girls ferret them out. It is rather amusing to watch the skirmish for a favourite partner, who must dance with whoever first makes a curtsy to him. He takes her round the room once, and then drops her wherever she happened to pick him up, makes his bow, and is generally whipped off by another claimant. Some girls go very composedly to work, have made up their minds whom they mean to choose, and will not notice any one else; others are in a flurry, get pushed about in the crowd, and take out the first acquaintance they meet. These *frei tours* are introduced to allow a lady a little liberty of choice. There are not above seven or eight dances in the evening, so a belle may be obliged to refuse many partners; if she invite them in the *frei tour*, it is a sign that they really came too late; if she do not, they are to understand that they are not to ask her again. The gentlemen are sometimes indulged with a *frei tour* on the same principle. The young ladies dress well at these balls; a great deal can be done with white muslin and tarlatane. But the chaperones exhibit a curious variety of toilettes. I remember, at a ball given to the Sovereign Prince, seeing one old lady with her head bound up in a strip of flannel, without even a cap or a handkerchief to veil it. The Prince came up and paid his compliments as gravely, and the old lady's daughter danced as much, as if her mother's head-dress had been velvet and diamonds,—so it made no difference to any one.

There are several masked balls during the Carnival, which are mixed to the last degree; but mothers allow their daughters to frequent them alone and in dominoes, or perhaps take them themselves. This seems very strange, when they talk so much if any young man be admitted intimately to a family circle where there are daughters. At the close of the Carnival, on the last Sunday, a mask-

ed ball is given at the Snger Halle, a very large building, which is then thronged by all classes. Sometimes the young people get up different ballets for the occasion; nothing else is talked about for a week at least, and great is the commiseration extended to us English who cannot be present. The whole town seems mad about it, and it has a known influence on the money lent on pledge at the pawnbroking establishments, which, as in France, is a government concern. Even respectable married people pawn necessities to be at this ball. A man once sent off his servant to pledge his feather bed, hired a costume with the proceeds, and went to the ball. The maid betrayed him to her mistress, when she instantly pawned the mattress, got her disguise, and set off in quest of her husband. Having discovered him, she flirted with him till he became very pressing to know who she was. "I'm the mattress dancing with the feather bed," she replied; "go home if you would know more."

One does not expect these scenes in quiet Germany. We have taken it into our heads that the natives are a simple-minded, domestic race, far superior to the volatile French, or our own gin-loving artisans. Come and live among them, and you will learn your mistake. There are many reasons for this false impression: first, their authors are not so fond of abusing home usages as ours are; there are not many who enter into details about such scenes, and the testimony of a mere passing traveller is not worth much. You certainly do not see the isolated cases of furious or stupid drunkenness one meets in our back streets; but unless we resolutely ignore everything which opposes our preconceived opinion, we cannot help observing the immense number of drinking-places in every town and village; add to this that you may buy spirits in every grocer's shop, and that many persons distil them at home, and we shall find as large, if not a larger supply than in England, with certainly a morescattered population. We meet one or two drunken persons in a day's walk in London, we will say; but how many thousands have passed us sober as ourselves! And are these encounters of daily



occurrence? Certainly not, as far as my own experience goes. Then beer and light wine do not intoxicate like spirits. I should say the Germans are soakers rather than drunkards; they *swill*—pardon the word—large quantities of liquor, and go home muddled. Even the better classes pass their evenings at some beerhouse or club, drinking and smoking till eleven, when they must turn out. The traveller is then most probably in bed, or too tired to be making notes of temperance statistics; and as these tipplers dare not make any noise in the street for fear of the police, Mr. Newcombe does not see their zig-zag, uncertain course, takes it for granted that no one drinks in Germany, and deploras the degrading habits of his own countrypeople. If he went among the natives, their bloated faces would tell a different story; and if he lived a little way out of town, where the police are less strict, the shrieks and yells along the road would shake his belief in the sobriety of his pet models. I am not now speaking of the mechanics and labouring men, but of the students and the better orders generally.

These remarks remind me of an anecdote which I cannot give without previous explanation. You will sometimes meet a gang of men along the road at work, or going to and from their task, under the care of one or two armed policemen. They are dressed alike in jacket, trousers, and cap, of a light grey colour, and of a sort of cotton or coarse linen. They are the prisoners who are hired out as labourers; part of their earnings is appropriated for their support, but a small sum is reserved for them when they are set at liberty. If you look narrowly at their legs you may see if this be their first offence or not. Their trousers are fastened round the ankle by string of a different colour, and every time they go to prison another row of a fresh hue is added, and they may not tuck these decorations out of sight. Our landlord sent a set of three men to work about our house; some little article was missing, and we fancied they had got hold of it. "Not at all," said our cook: "they are not scamps, poor fellows; they are only

poachers or murderers." "Only a murderer!" we exclaimed; when she explained that it was all by accident in a tipsy quarrel. The low, dishonest fellows were never sent out, and in our lot only two had had the misfortune to kill another. That very goodlooking one, who had won our cook's heart by a compliment, had knocked down his sister with a chair, she told us, and the sister had died in consequence; and another had run a knife into a young man, but he was not sober when he did it, and he had got twelve months' hard labour; and that other man, who threw the tailor out of window, was to have two years, and a month's hunger-kost—bread and water. But what right had the tailor to go courting his *madele*? They came from her neighbourhood; and, to be sure, people had grumbled that they didn't get more punishment; but after all, they wouldn't have done it if they'd been sober.

Now Anna is a very respectable girl, and I give her opinion as showing the general feeling about drunkenness and its effects. I do not think we could be more lax in England.

The great sore, the prevailing curse, in the whole of Germany, is the want of honour and chastity in the lower orders; and both—the latter especially—are in a great degree attributable to faulty legislation. In their dread of an over-increase of population, the Governments of the different states have thrown every obstacle in the way of marriage; the consequence is that two-thirds, at least, of the poor in their towns are illegitimate. As long as a woman continues faithful to one lover, her being the unmarried mother of two or three children does not entail the same degradation as with us. "It is a pity, a misfortune, a silly thing;" but it is no more: her mother, probably, did the same thing. "You see they can't marry;" nobody thinks anything of it, it is such an every-day occurrence. If she be in service, all her mistress's anxiety is to send her back to her own parish before her confinement, or she—the mistress—will be fined. It is too common an event for any one to make a fuss about it. Here one great barrier is withdrawn:

from being unfortunate, a girl soon becomes unchaste. Sometimes, when a man has scraped together the sum required by the authorities, he will obtain their permission to marry for the sake of legitimatising his offspring, but this is a rare event; more commonly he is obliged to leave in order to complete his *wander jahr*, and his victim does the best she can.

This *wander jahr* is another time-honoured folly, which cannot too soon be dropped. In the Middle Ages, when almost every town excelled in its own particular art, a handicraftsman, on finishing his apprenticeship, was obliged, before he could become a master, to go to the towns renowned for his trade, in order to perfect himself in it. This was his *wander jahr*. Inns were then rare, money rarer. His journey must be made on foot, for there were no conveyances, and he dared not carry much about him, exposed as he was to pillage from the bands of some marauding baron, or from the soldiery which then infested the country. The man who braved these dangers and hardships to learn his trade properly was deserving all praise and respect. He was not considered to lower himself by asking a night's hospitality, or even a slight gift to help him on his way, and they were never given grudgingly; but that this system should continue, when its necessity has long ceased, is absurd. The boy leaves his master and his parents' control at the very age when both are most necessary for him. He straps his knapsack on his back, walks off, and begins begging his way from town to town without the slightest shame or hesitation. In the towns he is obliged to work to support himself, but he never dreams of saving. He generally leads a life of low dissipation, just keeping clear of the police. He meets with the worst associates, and all his better principles are sapped, if not destroyed. When work is slack, or he tires of his present abode, he trudges away to another place, and recommences the same career.

It is very well for poets and enthusiastic writers to talk of the "poor tired mechanic," and "the

simplicity of German manners," but I know what we should say if a healthy, strong, well-dressed man were to come begging to us in England, with a pair of boots hanging over a bursting knapsack, and perhaps a watch-chain round his neck. They will knock at your door, if you live out of town, at twelve o'clock, the regular dining hour, and ask, not for a bit of bread, but a dinner.

I was once called to the drawing-room to speak to a "Herr," who introduced himself as an artist.

"Would we like our portraits taken?" I regretted we had not time for a sitting. "Would we buy some views?" I was sorry, but we were not picture collectors. "Well, then, would I give him something to help him on his way?" I offered him twopence, and he took it.

The Germans themselves are beginning to see the bad effects of this plan, though they continue to give their *kreuzers* from habit. The police are very strict with the *Wander-Burschen*. They must not beg in the towns, and the gendarmes constantly stop them on the roads to examine the book they are obliged to have from their burgo-master when they begin their travels, and to take to the police-office as soon as they have found work in any place. Then their name, and that of their present master, is inscribed in it. They must leave word if they change their employer, and must give twenty-four hours' notice before their book can be returned on quitting the town. If all be not in order when the gendarme meets them, he makes them walk before him to the next prison, where they will remain till everything be made right. They dare not refuse to obey, or attempt to escape the policeman, for he always carries a loaded gun, and would fire at them at once.

Another task of the policemen in the villages is to look after refractory school children. Their being sent to school is compulsory on the parents, who are generally so poor that they cannot lose their children's labour, especially in summer. They want them to gather wild flowers and fruit, which they sell in the town, or to collect wood for



firing, or dead leaves, which they use as a litter; and as the schoolmaster knows this, he shuts his eyes as much as he can to their absence; but if it be prolonged too far, he himself will be fined, and so he has to send the policeman after his missing scholars. If they have played truant, woe betide them! If it be their parents' fault, they will be punished unless they can produce some valid excuse, of which clergymen, schoolmaster, and policeman are the judges. In this manner the education of the rural classes is a very poor one; they are as ignorant, or it may be more ignorant than our own peasantry. It cannot be otherwise. One master has a whole village to teach. boys and girls; they come to him for about four hours a day, and are taught reading, writing, ciphering, and singing. The priest and clergyman come in turn to give religious instruction. The schoolmaster is so badly paid, that he is forced to eke out his salary by giving private lessons to the richer among his pupils; therefore he does not tire himself too much in school hours. It is just rote-work; the children pick up a very little, not enough to give them any taste for learning, and forget it all as soon as they can. The singing remains, and it is pretty to hear them singing in parts as they stand at their doors on a summer evening; then one begins to believe in travellers' wonderful legends of Germany.

There is a roughness, too, a familiarity about the manners of the peasantry and servants, which at first amazes, but ends by annoying one. It seems a good joke when your new servant brings in her knitting, and prepares to seat herself by your lamp, when her day's work is over; it reminds one of an old book, and you think of a

châtelaine seated amid her attendant damsels; but the dream is dispelled when she addresses you as "Mutter," and you find this unsophisticated creature anointing her tresses with your finest hair oil. Hand-shaking, too, is very common; you do not mind it in the beginning, only it argues a degree of intimacy which is not always pleasant, and then you discover that the peasant innkeeper who received you with such a hearty grasp can charge just as unconscionably as if he had bowed you into his *speise saal*, and you don't exactly like it.

After all, these are but petty blemishes, and I should not have dwelt so long on them had I not been provoked by the outrageous encomiums of people who just rush through the land, and only see the outside of the platter. That is clean enough. The Russians are not the only people who paint up their villages to meet a royal eye. It is done nowhere more than in Germany. The people are a system-building race. They have excellent plans and rules for everything, but they are so shackled and tied that it seems as if all their voluntary efforts were endeavours to escape their enforced goodness. Their bodies and minds are less active than ours, and we have far outstripped them in matter-of-fact civilisation. While they have been drawing up rules, we have been working on them, and should retrograde were we to put ourselves on a level with them.

But they have some things which we cannot equal—their climate and their lovely scenery. May they learn to enjoy them properly, and may a more enlarged contact with the world brush away the cobwebs which still hang about such places as this dear little town.

# DUBLIN

## UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCLIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1870.

VOL. LXXVI.

### BRITTANY IN TRANSITION.

#### THE DIFFICULTIES OF A LOCAL LEGEND HUNTER.

IN former numbers of this periodical, we dwelt at considerable length on the domestic life, customs, and legends of the Bretons, as well as the archæology of their country; and are glad of the opportunity of returning to the interesting subject which is afforded by the publication of the work mentioned below.<sup>1</sup> The rev. traveller, not being acquainted with the Breton tongue, has not been enabled to lay before his readers much of the traditional literature of the people; but he is a close observer of the living men and their manners and customs, as these have come under his observation; makes shrewd and just remarks on the general character of the people, and draws honest and impartial parallels between them and their neighbours, the French and English. Those readers who desire full acquaintance with the legends of the country, and the poetic remains, are recommended to study carefully the *Barzaz Breiz* of Count Villemarqué, and *Les Derniers Paysans*, and *Le Foyer Breton* of Souvestre; or extracts given from them in late volumes of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Any portion of the traditional literature of Irish, Highlanders, Welsh, or Bretons, obtained by travellers ignorant of their language, will ever be slight and unworthy of trust. Even if the natives were quite willing to communicate their lore to travellers, they cannot do it effec-

tually in the English tongue; but they seldom are well inclined to impart what they know of their inherited lore. They have a belief, however vague, in the general truth of the old fictions. They can afford, when the company is exclusively Celtic, to indulge in a laugh, or jest at these or those absurdities in the narrative; but they cannot bear to hear them turned into ridicule by a mere English or French man. Villemarqué says he was unable to obtain any traditional story or poem, though a Breton himself and acquainted with the language, till the people were exhorted by the owner of the near chateau, or the curé, to place their entire trust in their visitor, and open their legendary stores. J. F. Campbell reaped an abundant harvest of traditions, and fireside literature in the Western Highlands and Isles, simply because he was of the old blood himself and could converse in Gaelic. If our tourist could make no progress with the Celtic-speaking people, he lost no opportunity of gathering all the information from every one with whom he foregathered, who was master of French or English, in a broken shape.

#### ST. MALO AND CHATEAUBRIAND.

The reverend guide first conducts his readers to St. Malo, a seaport town, which, being built on a tongue of land, and surrounded on three sides by the sea, the architects were obliged to make the houses very high to accommodate the inhabitants. The loyal Breton noble-

<sup>1</sup> "The Pardon of Guingamp; or, Poetry and Romance in Modern Brittany By the Rev. Phillip W. de Quetteville. London; Chapman and Hall.



man and writer, François René de Chateaubriand, was born in one of these tall houses, overlooking the sea wall; and, in a little grassy isle a few hundred yards out in the bay, his remains lie; a railing surrounds the tomb, which is still left without an inscription. We are informed that St. Malo gets its name from a certain Scottish personage, Maclou by name, who flourished in the sixth century. He must have been a native of the Green Isle, as no other bore the name of Scot at that period unless a descendant of some recent immigrant from the North of Ireland into Argyle. The early converts to Christianity in Brittany were indebted to Irish missionaries for the blessing. The inhabitants of the old city long retained the regard for chastity inculcated by their Irish teachers. In reference to this excellent trait in the character of the St. Maloese of the Middle Ages, M. de Quetteville remarks:—

“Young women who decked themselves in the finery of the capital, were looked upon as worldly-minded, and shunned by their alarmed companions. For any of them to go astray was an event almost unknown; and suspicion having once fallen upon a lady of rank, the people became excited; and when they met her in the streets, sang before her their complaint, making at the same time the sign of the cross.”

Paul Feval said of Rennes, the ancient capital of Brittany, that it resembled an old town which had gone asleep in the Middle Ages, and only woke up yesterday. Our visitor does not impress us with any antique ideas, suggested by its appearance; but there is an old-world air in the picture taken from Chateaubriand's *Memoirs*. He gives an idea of the isolated life led by his family, in mentioning that the only guests entertained at their chateau of Combourgh in a year were two Breton noblemen, on their journey to Rennes, in the depth of winter, to attend the *Parlement*.

“They were mounted on horseback with swords by their side, and pistols at their saddle-bows, and accompanied by a servant, who carried on his horse a huge portmantau. The old viscount, who had all the affable manners of the *Vieille*

*Cour*, received them in the midst of wind and rain, bareheaded at the castle-door. The guests in the evening amused their hospitable entertainer with the history of the wars in Hanover, in which they had taken part, and were conducted at night to apartments in the north tower of the building, one of which was named after Queen Christina, and contained a ponderous bed of state, seven feet by seven, sustained at each corner by the gilt effigy of a Cupid, and fitted with magnificent hangings of crimson silk.”

The living traveller by rail has only to go by coach from Rennes to Nantes, to get the sensation of a drive in any European locality, in the year of grace, 1770.

“The driver's head was encased in a tight-fitting cotton handkerchief, over which was an extensive cap, with lappets coming down close over the ears. A heavy antique cloak of faded plaid covered his gigantic body, which made him appear like a vast mountain in front of us, narrowing most inconveniently the field of view; a pair of wooden shoes protected his feet; his pace was as slow as his appearance, for under his government we did not proceed to the extravagance of more than five miles an hour.”

This was a slow proceeding, but much to be preferred to the stage economy, under a drunken driver, who ruled the diligence from St. Malo to Rennes. His system was to cut all the corners amazingly sharp, and drive as close as he could to the ditch. The conductor, seeing the perilous condition of the poor travellers, got on the box beside him; but the disciple of Bacchus would for no earthly consideration resign the reins into his hands, offering instead to fight him for a *pot de Vin*. The mediator, however, did some good service by seizing the reins when the wheels were in dangerous proximity to the ditch; at last descending from his bad eminence, he smashed the window of the coupé, and ended by falling flat on his face in the road; contriving to get on his legs, he came down again with a run, but succeeded in the next attempt in getting inside a wine shop.

If M. de Quetteville intended, on

commencing his narrative, to give his readers a good impression of the Breton people, he has only partially succeeded. At Dinan, that old town of sonorous name, he took notice of quaint and venerable streets, and antique houses with overhanging fronts, crumbling walls, and massive entrance-gates, and shady and beautiful promenades, and the pleasant windings of its romantic river; but the cheerful picture is not without its disagreeable shades.

"If a stranger happens to pass through the Place Saint Sauveur, a little by-square on a certain market day, he will see the area crowded with hundreds of unhappy calves in every degree of wretchedness, tied fore and aft, and prostrate on the uneven stones, exposed to the ungentle kicks of every passer-by. When one of these miserable animals is bought, it is flung unceremoniously over the shoulders of the purchaser by way of convenience, just as a gigantic ring-shaped loaf, and there it droops its patient head in un murmuring despair. A bunch of them left the square in this manner, equipoised on a donkey's back, as if they had been so much dead weight."

Dinan boasts no hackney coaches; so ladies in white muslin dresses may be seen wending their way to pay visits at nine o'clock, p.m.; guardians, or loving cavaliers at their sides, and their *bonnes* walking after.

Proceeding from Dinan to Guingamp, our explorer had from the high road a view of the little town of Plancoet, where Chateaubriand was nursed. He takes the opportunity of relating the following curious circumstances connected with the childhood of the great traveller and loyalist.

His foster-mother was a pious woman, and as soon as the infant noble was entrusted to her care, she clothed him in blue and white, which colours were to be exclusively used in his dress till he was seven years old. She devoted him to the service of "Our Lady of Nazareth," fastened her picture with four pins above his pillow, and did her duty as a loving woman should, till he was three years of age. His parents then brought

him home to St. Malo, still in his white and blue garments, and when he attained his seventh year, conducted him to the Church of "Our Lady of Nazareth" in Plancoet, to fulfil the obligations incurred on his behalf by his foster-mother.

Blue and white, even to his shoes and hat, he was received at the door by mace-bearers, and conducted into the choir of the brilliantly-lighted church, and seated between his foster-mother and foster-brother. High Mass being celebrated, he retired into the vestry, and exchanged his blue and white for violet, and the dress thus laid aside was hung up, *ex voto*, under an effigy of his patroness. He was then treated to a sermon, in which the preacher exhorted him to tread in the footsteps of his loyal and devout ancestors, especially of one who had accompanied Saint Louis to the Holy Land.

#### A SEARCH FOR A PARDON.

St. Brieuc, lying in the way from Dinan to Guingamp, near the north coast of the country, a short stay took place, during which our travellers learned something of the power enjoyed by its bishop in ancient times. One of his privileges was attended with as little profit to himself as the rent-day ceremony of some of our own lords of the manor, when the tenant ceremoniously presented his three pepper-corns and demanded a receipt.

On St. John's day, at the hour of Vespers, a certain dweller in the street called *L'Allée Menault*, came forth from his house, staff in hand, and shouted out three times:—"Renouessenelles, taisez vous. Monsieur dort; laissez dormir Monsieur." "Silence, you frogs! Monsieur is asleep; don't waken Monsieur."

Chateaulaudren, between Brieuc and Guingamp, gives occasion to our traveller to quote from Souvestre a terrible tragedy which occurred there in the year 1773. The founder of the town, Andren by name, built above the town a huge dam across the valley of Leff, thus collecting a mighty pond of water, the safety of the burgh depending on the strength of this



dam. It held out till the year named, when Souvestre's father, then a youth of seventeen, was obliged, by his duty as engineer, to quit a pleasant ball held in the town, and worse still, his betrothed, after a lively dance or two. The young girl in her white muslin dress and rose-coloured shoes took leave of her lover at the door and returned to the dance, while he unwillingly sped on his forced journey. The next day, when he returned, he found the little burgh invisible, except the chimney-tops, the treacherous dam having given way in about half-an-hour after he had quitted it the night before. Two days later he recovered the body of his dear maiden, with the rose, his last present, fastened in the bosom of her dress.

We must now give an outline of the proceedings at Guingamp during the PARDON. On the eve of St. Peter's (and St. Paul's? 29th June), priests and choristers proceed from the church singing hymns, and one with a lighted taper at the end of a long rod, lights a bundle of faggots which surround a pole, bearing on its summit a garland of roses. They return as they came, and in time, after the flame has shot up and licked the garland, and the faggots have become a pile of ashes, the pole, burned nearly through, comes down with a crash.

A pious society existed in this town from an early period. It was called the *Frérie Blanche*, "The White Brotherhood," and was composed of the nobles, clergy, and people, who at times dined together in the open place of the town, regardless of rank. Their motto was *Fun trineud a vec'h ez torrer*—"A three-fold cable is hard to break." In 1619, Pope Pius V. granted the society a plenary indulgence (remission of temporal punishment, not guilt of sin) to all of the order, who, having devoutly confessed and communicated on the day of the Visitation (of the Blessed Virgin to St. Elizabeth), 2nd July, should give alms to poor pilgrims, pray for concord among Christian kings and people, the conversion of sinners, &c. Hence the title PARDON applied to this festival. Similar institutions prevailed in Ireland

under the title of *Patterns* (Patrons), at places where pagan festivals were once celebrated in groves and at fountains, in honour of tutelary divinities, the nymphs, dryads, &c. The early church authorities, finding it out of their power to prevent the newly-converted from resorting to these groves and wells at the established seasons, permitted the assemblies, substituting for the pagan rites devotions to God under the invocations of St. John the Baptist, St. Patrick, St. Bridget, &c. The wakes in England had a similar origin. However, so many mere seekers for pleasure and profit began to resort to these *Patterns*, and in so many cases did the devout of the morning exceed the limit of needful refreshment later in the day, and in so many others did undesirable results accrue from the assembling of so many young people of both sexes, that the clergy did away with the institutions, root and branch, and patterns ceased to be stumbling-blocks on the earthly pilgrimage of the Irish peasant.

Early in the morning which succeeded the faggot-burning, our traveller had an opportunity of seeing pass by the pilgrims from the distant parts of Brittany. The men of Cornouaille were distinguished by broad-leafed hats, from under which their long hair fell about their shoulders. Their waistcoats were furnished with a yellow border, and boasted spangles instead of buttons. The collarless coat was not without its border and spangles, and Mynheer *Van Ten-Broek* never indulged such a swell in his own peculiar garment, which was tied closely about the knee. From that to his sabot, stiff gaiters begirt his legs. The borders of the women's garments were not worse off for gay ornaments than the men's. The stuff of the male costume was, in some instances, white flannel bordered with black velvet, but the fashion was the same.

The dark, sack-cloth looking hoods, ending in appendages which descended to the waist, gave to the peasantesses of Morbihan (Lower or S. E. Brittany) a sombre and Asiatic appearance. These poor women, with their husbands and brothers, had travelled on foot all the way,

their feet encumbered with wooden sabots, some even observing an unbroken silence the whole distance. The first sight of the steeple of the richly-ornamented church of Guingamp must have been a delightful one to the foot-sore, jaded creatures.

Within the church devotions were in full exercise to a late hour in the day, some of the visitors, intent on hearing Mass, others engaged at particular offices in the side chapels; some making the circuit of the building on their knees, and others, again, losing the sensation of weariness in a profound sleep in some undisturbed spot. The organ ceaselessly gave forth its music. Each visitor, before he or she quitted the building, made an offering such as could be afforded. The poor but devout girl to whom money was not, left on the plate a long tress of her hair.

But while devotional practices were in full vigour in the church, a fair was in its fullest life in the wide place in front, and bodies and minds were refreshed in the open area at the end of the street. The people had brought their provisions with them, and the providers of drink furnished cyder or boiled milk according as they were needed, the boiling of the latter liquid being conducted in the open air gipsy-fashion. Even fried fish were handed over to the visitors, who carried away their purchases in paper. When the business of the horse-fair was at an end, the ground was taken possession of by groups of dancers, who made up, by the vigorous exercise of their limbs, for shortcomings in the musical accessories. Sometimes, indeed, they supplied with their voices the deficiencies in the instrumental performance.

The ceremony which seems to concentrate in itself the chief interest of the entire function, is the procession which leaves the church after darkness has set in, and traverses the principal thoroughfare of the town. The pilgrims who have come from the greatest distances get the preference as to the lights borne by all, and precedence in the march. These lights admitted much variety, from the small taper of a *sou* in price, to the long ornamented *cierge* (wax candle). The men having completed their circuit, ladies, young

girls, and a body of the clergy began theirs, the precious relics borne along being attended with a guard of honour—soldiers with drawn swords. Three piles of faggots, within each of which rose a pole adorned with flags at the top, were fired in succession, and shed a strong light on the houses and the crowds. When these returned, and the relics were again inside the church, the Pardon was accomplished, and the strangers began their homeward journey.

#### THE NORTH-WEST COAST AND ITS STONE DESERT.

Our traveller still keeping in a north-west direction, came on the wild maritime district of Plououmanha, a desolate region, cumbered with stones of all sizes and forms. Looking from an eminence down on this desolate region, he was shown the locality where a celebrated rocking stone rested. He thought he would readily make his way to it; but when he descended, and got involved in the stony forest, it was another matter. The women in the lonely hamlet or two, which lay in his way, knew neither English nor French, and he knew no Breton. He repeated "Saint Anne," a hamlet adjoining the *Pierre tremblante*, and made a rocking motion with his head, but only got a "yau yau," and a vacant laugh in return. The Breton saint who presides over travellers, at last guided him to St. Anne's, and on the hill above the little village he came to the wonderful stone. It weighs whatever number of tons belongs to a cubic mass, about eleven feet every way, yet he and a farm boy who went with him from the village, rocked it each with ease.

The wildest parts of Brittany are not without their churches; some of them rather small, but most of them ornamented with good taste, and enjoying good sculptures; and education, such as it is, is not neglected. In the early part of his exploring among the gigantic standing stones, he came on a lonely cottage, the mistress of which, sitting out in the sun and knitting, superintended a number of wild-looking children, giving them such an early acquaintance with letters as she could.



About 100 miles directly south of Exeter, near the north coast of Brittany, stands the old city of Tréguier. It is such a place as would have delighted Washington Irving to dwell in for a while. Their Cathedral forms one side of the principal *place* or square. The chief hotel and other houses were once inhabited by people of the first importance, Duke John III. once occupying one of them.

"Every where are high walls, enclosing pleasant gardens; above the level of which rises some shady lime, or vine, or fig tree, overlooking the street below. There is especially one extensive garden outside the town, once a convent, whose circuit cannot be less than half a mile. The whole place, in fact, seems a city of lofty walls, antique portals, delicious gardens, and ruined convents,—a town of by-gone ages, quiet, dull, and dreamy. It seems almost as extensive as Lannion, though only containing half the population, so much space being taken up by these tempting gardens enclosed by lofty walls."

About a mile outside Tréguier, is the chapel dedicated to St. Yves, the only saint claimed by lawyers, Breton, French, or English. At a farm-house, close by, called the Manor of Kermartin, they show his bed, one of these terrible Breton presses, with sliding doors in front, and still in use. How any one can endure being shut up in one of these airless receptacles, and survive, not only one, but several summer nights, can only be explained in the Talmud, or some equally recondite collection. This saint, whose name at full length is Yvon Helori, was born at that Manor House in 1253.

"He studied at Paris and Orleans, and was well versed in civil and canonical law, becoming eventually ecclesiastical judge, first at Rennes, and afterwards at Tréguier. He subsequently entered the Church, and preached three times each day in Latin, French, and Breton. He is called the patron of lawyers, and died in 1303. It is said that at the

church in Paris, which was once under his invocation, the following lines were sung every year at his funeral Mass:—

"Sanctus Ivo erat Brito,—  
Advocatus, sed non latro;—  
Res miranda populo."<sup>1</sup>

"It was impossible to avoid remarking the primitive, but pleasing civility of the people in this little interesting town of Tréguier, who almost invariably take off their hats to you as you pass them in the street, both men and children, not indeed as an act of servility, but of politeness; for, of course, you show yourself on an equality with them, and take off your own hat in return."

#### THE LAND'S END.

Morlaix, in the bishopric of Leon, still to the west in our traveller's route, is an old city, interesting both to the antiquary, and a person interested in the present order of things. It is built in a valley on each side of a navigable river, and the suburbs occupy the hill sides, which are beautified by terrace gardens. There are still to be found a few quaint-looking streets, with buildings of the old fashion; the upper floor projecting, and much carving and sculpture within and without, but those are occupied by the poorer classes, the richer occupying the vicinity of the quays.

Some of the streets which climb the hills resemble broad stairs, and from a fine esplanade towards the summit of one hill, planted with trees, a wide view is got, and a refreshing breeze may be obtained in the hottest weather. There the castle once stood. The fruit market in the early mornings of summer, is a charming scene. Flowers are seen every where, and the smell of rose-leaves, scattered on the street, perfumes the air.

Brittany is distinguished from the rest of France by its adherence to legitimacy, but the inhabitants of Leon (N. W. of the country) to which our guide has now conducted us, are distinguished by a still more intense feeling of that loyal quality,

<sup>1</sup> "Saint Ivo was a Breton,—  
A lawyer, yet not a knave,—  
A thing of wonder with the people."

from the men of Tréguier (N.E.), of Cornouaille (S. W.), and Morbihan (S.E.). Even at this very day the Leonnais are said to be looked on with distrust by the Emperor. When the persecution under Robespierre was hot, a levy of brave men were raised, and, like brave and loyal men, they fought. But the day went against them, and Bishop and clergy were hunted like wild beasts by the worshippers of the Goddess of Reason. The Bishop, assembling his clergy, gave them permission to disperse, and reserve themselves for a better order of things. He himself, who had been a cavalry officer in his youth, remained at the post of danger. He at last was secured, but fortunately escaped to England, and there ended his days. He is remembered in Leon as the *Escopau Patates*, the Potato Bishop, as he had encouraged the culture of that root, in his diocese. His body was brought back to St. Pol de Leon, and there solemnly re-interred, on the 18th of September, 1866.

St. Pol is distinguished by its fine Cathedral, and the Kreisker Church. These have beautifully-constructed square towers and steeples. Visitors now traversing the comparatively poor, and supine province of Brittany, and finding the business of an ancient city not exceeding that of a little burgh in extent, may wonder where the money came from, which paid the architects of the numerous churches over the land. Some of these were erected in the fourteenth century; others a century later, and during the rule of the amiable Duchess, Anne, of Brittany. Numbers of the skilful architects, who then exercised their craft through Western Europe, repaired to the Duchy at the invitation of Anne, her nobles, and church dignitaries. The native artisans who are nothing, if not pious, ranged themselves under the direction of these tried artists in stone, who moulded it at their pleasure, as if it was tempered clay, and produced those delicate traceries, those graceful and grotesque sculptures, which are the delight of travellers of taste at this day; the Vandals of the first revolution having succeeded in destroying only a portion of the wonderful art-relics. The bands of Breton

artificers proceeded from where a building was completed to where a new one was to be commenced, beads in hand, and beguiled the way with psalms and hymns, chanted in chorus. After the death of Anne, who became Queen of France, the architectural passion cooled down. For a spirited description of this movement, translated from Emile Souvestre, see the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, May, 1870.

No greater contrast to the speculative enterprising Briton of this day, or his American grandson, can be found than in the resigned, old-fashioned Breton of Leon, city or country. St. Pol (Paul), the Episcopal capital, contains about 7000 inhabitants, but has no more mercantile or political life than a large village. It is surmised that the Emperor, in return for the dislike of the people of Leon to his rule, will not allow the railway to be extended to their capital.

One striking distinction between Teuton and Celtic natures is found in the impatience of one race where hunger or sickness is concerned, and the resignation of the other. When the cholera visited the country, in 1853, the poor people, instead of crying out that the wells were poisoned, as they did in Paris and elsewhere, or seeking aid from medicine, took for granted that the scourge was sent on the people for their sins, and all their exertions were confined to visits to their churches, open during the entire day, and to fervent prayers that the Lord would be appeased and remove the visitation. Visions of female figures in red passing in the air, and breathing pestilence on the valleys, were testified to; one poor mendicant had even spoken with these agents of death.

M. de Quetteville furnishes an amusing conversation, which he held with a dealer in onions, as they journeyed in the diligence, between Morlaix and St. Pol; we give only the utterances of the Leonnais man.

"Are onions cheap in England? You're going about for onions, I presume. I suppose you eat nothing else in England. I saw six vessels sailing for England from Roscoff the other day, and they carried nothing else. Have you any grain? flax? any carts? horses? Churches? Are



you going to remain at St. Pol? You ought to buy a house there, and remain for good; you can't! then stay six months, any how, and learn Breton. The best thing you could do is to marry, and settle down at St. Pol's. Going to see Brest? a magnificent place, but St. Pol is much finer; you are very rich? No! To be sure you are; every Englishman is rich."

The ancient chateaux are yet extant, some few kept in good order, but the greater number more or less ruinous. Many who now appear in no better guise than the peasants themselves, are the grandchildren of nobles who once dwelt in these chateaux. The sons of impoverished Chastellans will not betake themselves to professions, and consequently find themselves after a time no better off than the peasants.

A proof of the difficulty which a stranger finds in coming at the legendary or superstitious lore of Celtic folk, is afforded by M. de Quetteville, who could extract no information about this or that *menhir* from peasant or peasant's child. Were he a countryman, and could he have joined in a fireside conference, he would hear that on Christmas eve all the huge standing stones on a certain heath arise out of their deep holes, and brush the dew in a manner fearful to any looker-on, till they sweep down the neighbouring slope, and take a drink, *menhir* fashion, at the neighbouring lake. Whoever watches for the favourable moment, will find at the bottom of the holes just quitted by the big stones, as much gold, silver, and jewels as will enrich themselves and their entire posterity. But there is some danger in the treasure search. The adventurer is so dazzled and confused that he neglects to fill his sack with the needful despatch; back come with a fearful rustle the giant finger-posts, and he is crushed to a film between two of them.

One individual thus escaped: A day or two before, while standing by one of the *menhirs* with a hammer and punch in his hands, he cut out the two lines of a cross on it. The stone thus baptised, as it were, did not move to the water along with the rest; and when the man of the

tools had his bag filled, and heard the dreadful *mrus, mrus*, of the returning stones, he stood full behind the christianised post, and escaped with life and treasure. The pagan stones dared not come in contact with the consecrated one.

The cathedral of Saint Pol presented a curious scene at High Mass. The central nave was exclusively occupied by women, some accommodated with those chairs used both for sitting and kneeling on, and others without any such convenience. In the aisles at each side stood or kneeled the men in their collarless coats, and in their hands their broad-leaved hats, ornamented with bands of dark velvet and tasselled silver cords. A sermon was preached with genuine Celtic fire and fluency. In the evening was a procession, and our spectator took notice of about a score of ladies sitting by themselves in a part of the cathedral. As they wore the only bonnets seen that day, he supposed they belonged to the generally decayed nobility of the place. The people enjoyed the evening in the episcopal grounds, dancing with all their might without it entering into the mind of bishop or priest to use a riding-whip or the rough side of his tongue on them. It is a thousand pities that the exercise, healthy and harmless in its nature, should have been so often abused by ill-inclined young folk as to render weekly dances among ourselves far from desirable.

At Pengol, near the Land's End, our traveller, searching for dolmens, and *menhirs*, and strange customs, and strange fashions, met with rather an inhospitable reception. The accommodation was poor; little food to be procured of a good quality, except coffee and eggs; and the inmates of the inn somewhat unsocial.

"In that portion of the kitchen," he observes, "in which I was seated, were three of those dark, close cupboards with sliding doors, otherwise Breton beds; and the landlady, who had already given premonitory symptoms of her wish that I should make myself scarce, now plainly told me that she wanted to retire for the night, as she was very sleepy, and had been up since three o'clock. I said I was only waiting for a candle,

and the next moment, with all her clothes on, she tumbled into the box, her daughter at the same time disappearing into another in the same condition."

In the same place a world of trouble fell on the traveller's head, through a suspicion of his being a spy coming to make illegal surveys, from his having left his passport at his last stage, and from the arrogance of a drunken *Maire*. Still making his way round the coast with Brest before him, he examined the fine old church of Folgoat (*coet*, a wood, the name meaning the "Fool of the Wood"). A fool dwelling there in the middle ages was of a most devout disposition. The name of the Lord Jesus, or his Mother, was ever on his lips. When death released him from his prolonged sojourn on earth, and his body was interred, a lily in full blow made its appearance on his grave, and on the leaves appeared, in characters of gold, the words which had ever been on his lips—AVE MARIA. On examination the stalk of the flower was found issuing from his mouth. A church was raised on the spot by Duke John IV., and a house for pilgrims afterwards added by Duchess Anne.

In the neighbourhood of Crozan, not far from Brest, the next halting-place of M. de Quetteville, the devout Bretons managed to discharge their duty of hearing Mass during the first Revolution in this way. Parties would be waiting in the little harbours along the coast till darkness, and then, guided by a light and the ringing of a bell, all would direct their course to a vessel which had approached the shore as near as a regard to safety would allow, as soon as twilight commenced. There, on the purposely low deck, Mass was celebrated, the crews of the surrounding boats joining their intentions to the best of their powers with those of the clergyman. When all was over, they made their way back to their respective landing-places.

In former papers on Brittany was mentioned the submersion of the city of Is, and the causes which led to it. A few words of recapitulation will not be out of place. It seems that the original planners of the city first made a mighty harrier, its two

ends resting on the rocks, and its central swell advancing considerably into the water; and within this enclosure, having first baled out the water, they erected their houses. When land was not so very limited nor dear, this was a strange proceeding. Still stranger, there was a door in the breakwater, the key being kept by the king; and if he was so minded, *diabolo suadente*, as to turn that key in the lock, in came the outer sea, and the city was covered. These circumstances are not easily accounted for, if common sense be permitted to have anything to do in the matter; but scarcely is any reciter of legends obliged to confirm their probability on oath. The throne at last was occupied by King Gradlon, whose daughter was little better than a devil of the feminine gender, if there be any such. She invited those young gallants who pleased her eyes to entertainments; and song, and dance, and feasting went on, and next day and every day which followed fruitless enquiries were made after the young guests of the daughter of King Gradlon.

One day there came to the city a "fine, fallow, Werther-faced sort of a man" (see *The Fudges*), who pleased her beyond all, and she danced with him till she became giddy, and felt so enthralled, that when he asked her to bring him the fatal key from under her father's pillow, she could no more refuse him than stop the circulation of her blood. The interesting stranger who was no other, saving the presence of our lady readers, than the devil himself, having got the key, danced away, with all the company round him, to the fated door, put the unlucky instrument to its use, and among the drowned that night were many miserable sinners, whose souls became the thrall of the fallow man. The tops of the houses are still seen by imaginative people, as they gaze down into the waters over the gun-wales of boats.

M. de Quetteville supplements this legend by a custom which long prevailed in Quimper. In that city (we are now going south and shortly will be going east round the western and southern coasts), there is a chapel, and in that chapel a well, and near that well was a taper burn-



ing, other tapers relieving it when consumed, the impression being that if the flame was permitted to expire, the well would overflow and drown the city. In 1792 a couple of mischievous and irreverent young brats had the temerity to extinguish the fated taper, having provided the means of rekindling it, if they saw any pestilent attempt on the part of the water to gush forth. But the tranquil well gave no sign, and the youths inconsiderately proclaimed that there was no further necessity of keeping up a perpetual light at great trouble and expense. The well was not betraying evil intentions, and never would. They were not suffered to witness the comfort of their fellow-citizens, now that public danger was got rid of. They were banished from the place, a warning to all philanthropists who benefit their fellow-creatures against their will.

In one of his excursions from Quimper, the traveller had occasion to notice the restraint and good conduct of the young Bretons, men and women, who agree to give up labour for a day, and repair to the garden of an inn, under the shade of whose trees they dance during the day, and considerably into the night. No strangers are allowed to insinuate their persons uninvited into these assemblies. Stewards with white silk ribbons round their arms, keep a sharp eye on the conduct of anyone who betrays a tendency to get bemused in wine or cider. The Gens d'Armes are present, but do not interfere except at the request of the white ribboned officers. The populace of the British Islands would really do well to take continental folk of their own order for models of natural good-breeding and politeness towards each other, when they meet in numbers for the purpose of relaxation.

The coast of Cornouailles, round which our route now lies, has need of strong barriers to protect it against the fury of the Atlantic waves, where winds and tides unite their terrible powers. The Pointe du Raz, a lofty headland, presents many sublime features when seen from some favoured situations. A steep, nearly vertical, cavity, open to the sea-view, with beetling cliffs on either side, and

affording homes for myriads of sea-fowl, is fearful to look down upon, from the summit, by a nervous spectator. Somewhat to the south-east of it, on a low part of the coast, the submerged city of Is is thought to have stood. Celtic folk delight in preserving the traditions of these sunken abodes of men. In Wales they relate how the bay of Cardigan covers many square miles of what was once good arable land. The guardian of the great stone wall, which kept the sea out, neglected his duty, suffered defects to remain unrepaired, and during a violent storm, his own fortalice was destroyed, and, through breaches made at weak points, the terrible waves swept in, and lives and lands were lost. At Bannow in Wexford, a land-covered city exists without doubt; and our legends relate the presence of the buried city of Kils-toween under the Shannon, near where it pours its waters into the Atlantic.

In this Bishopric of Cornouailles, now included in the department of Finisterre, may be found a city or two in ruins, as well as the one below the waters. Such is the once important city, now represented by the little villages, Kerity and Penmarc, (the last meaning the Horse's head).

M. de Quetteville does not omit the collection of old customs and usages. He finds, however, that such as he read of in the works of Villemarqué and Souvestre are dying out, or have lost the briskness and freshness they enjoy in the pages of these writers. He describes the match-makings executed by the village tailor, and the subsequent nuptials; but are not these things to be found in former pages of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE? He finds the remark, *Salé comme un Breton* as applicable to the women as the men, for which we are unfeignedly sorry. He sees some of the fields literally overgrown with bushes, and attributes it to the laziness of the owners. Perhaps as they do, or used to do in remote parts of our own country, they let them grow for the purpose of having them cut down one day, and tied up in faggots to be taken on market days to the next town to be sold for fuel. The most curious sight to be met in the S.W. of Brittany, on the road

from Quimper to Quimperle (we are proceeding eastwards), is the great Celtic cemetery outside of Concarneau. For some miles at each side of the road, with some interruptions, lie, in no certain order, Granite blocks, somewhat resembling newly-made funeral mounds. About the centre, a hugerocking-stone balances itself.

That part of Brittany testifying the most decidedly to things as they were in prehistoric times by the exuberance of stone relics, once set up by man's hands, is Morbihan on the S.E. of Quimperle, on its western border, so called from the streams, the Kemper and the Elle, is delightfully situated among orchards, and surrounded by the forest. It still bears marks of antiquity, has some quaint old buildings, and some of its streets are steep, the town occupying a valley and the sides of its hills. A pleasant glimpse is given in the volume of lowly life in the surrounding woods.

"Every here and there, throughout the forest, you come upon the rude cabin of some wandering wood-cutter, made of the boughs of trees, and furnished perhaps with a *lis clos* or cupboard-bed, a chest of drawers, and two or three stools or chairs. Notwithstanding the poverty of its inmates, who make wooden shoes to sell at a most unremunerative rate in town, the interior of the one I entered was neat and tidy. A large hole in the roof which served for chimney, and which likewise unfortunately let in the rain, would have made it a most comfortless abode in the winter months, besides every fire which was lighted filled the hut with smoke. Hanging at the side of the bed was a little *benitier* for holy water, and several rude pictures of religious subjects, and sentences from Scripture, were distributed round. An infant was lying in a very primitive cradle, while the mother was preparing the supper, and one or two other children were running about the place. They all, however, seemed cheerful and contented, a proof of how little man's happiness depends on fortune, where health, the chief of the gifts of Providence, is granted."

Much to our regret, the author—

having reached L'Orient, so called from its former trade to the east, and St. Louis, where the present Emperor was once held captive—did not concern himself with the subterranean buildings of Morbihan, nor yet the great stone avenues of Carnac, but made his way across country to St. Malo, his ordinary point of departure. He records in connexion with St. Louis, that when Louis Napoleon was taking leave in New York of those guardians who had been sent with him from St. Louis, he said to them, "Mind, my children, if you require me, that you send and fetch me. Take my word for it, however, I'll be in France before you." And so, indeed, he was. The vessel made a cruise and he landed in France before it reached the country. He visited the fortress some twelve years since, and made presents or conferred situations on all who had attended him during his imprisonment. Whatever faults distinguish the Buonapartes, ingratitude for old kindness cannot be reckoned among them.

#### A SECOND VISIT TO FINSITERRE.

On a later visit to Brittany our writer took care to be present at a pardon held at the Church of *St. Jean du Doigt*, not far from Morlaix, where they believe they have one of the fingers of St. John the Baptist. The disciples of the Baptist interred his body in Samaria, and history relates that Julian the Apostate had it taken up, and burned, but that a sudden tempest of rain dispersed the agents of the sacrilegious deed, and some relics of the saint were rescued. A finger was sent to the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and in time we find it in Brittany, and Duchess Anne and other great personages, seeking relief from bodily ills by its touch. The eve of St. John's day is distinguished in all Celtic countries by bonfires, originally lit by the early Pagan dwellers in honour of the sun. On a neighbouring hill the pile is prepared, and a rope extended between its central post and the tower of the church. At a certain moment a dragon loosed from its stance on the tower, runs along the rope, and the result of his arrival at the pyre is its sudden ignition. Banners are car-



ried in procession from the church to the hill, and back again, and these are contended for by the peasants of the villages, as they believe that whoever bears one of them, will bring a blessing home to the fields of his little community. On one occasion the curé dreading an unseemly squabble, announced that he would not join the procession, nor let the banners be borne. The stiffnecked men could easily carry the banners, but it was not so easy to make the priest walk against his will. A procession without the priest would be valueless; what was to be done? The very thing they hit on. They tied Monsieur hand and foot, and carried him in that helpless plight along with them. Dancing is indulged in after pardons, but at this particular one the exercise is not dreamed of. It was through it that the holy precursor was condemned to the loss of his head.

Huelgoat, in the vicinity of Morlaix, is a locality which much delighted M. de Quetteville, by its old stone bridge, its old mill overlooking heaps of boulders, its pretty hill-embosomed lake, and the number of pilgrimage chapels in its neighbourhood. Round one of these he saw a girdle of wax presented by a person anxious to obtain some spiritual favours. In another he found the offerings to consist of butter, and in all the surroundings a lively belief in the visitations of ghosts and mischievous spirits.

#### TRAFFIC PECULIARLY BRETON.

At Cairhaix, not far from Huelgoat, he had the advantage of seeing butter brought in small quantities from the peasants, who brought it to the market in any envelopes at hand, pocket handkerchiefs doing the duty at times. He wondered how the dust and other incidental defilements were got rid of; but he afterwards witnessed the process of refining, and the result was, that he would have preferred a print of it as offered in the market from a snuffy handkerchief, than when it had undergone the quasi-purifying process.

Another specimen of local traffic consisted in the parting of the abundant hair of the country girls for about five or six francs per head. However, the cunning merchant ge-

nerally has it for a couple of yards of calico, and a pocket handkerchief. The rural lass has apparently no time to comb out her abundant chevelure; besides, scarcely any of it is seen outside her cap. So she appears as attractive to her future husband without it as with it; and for the reason given above, she feels as comfortable after the polling as a shorn sheep in a hot summer. The hair merchants are generally a hard knavish tribe. About once in every four years the shearing takes place. In the same locality was witnessed the awful operation inflicted on a seller of hats, by a simple peasant, who was much pleased with a certain wide-awake specimen, but had not completed the purchase at the end of the two hours which M. de Quetteville spent, witnessing the little drama. The hat was a good hat, but unless it could be got half a franc under the merchant's lowest price, no arrangement could be come to. The *dénouement* is to the present day unknown to the narrator. The squandering of much valuable time, on a trifling abatement in the cost of an article characterises the Irish and French peasant. We are not able to speak with certainty of the brave peasantry of other countries, but suspect that stinginess in ordinary concerns, and in other wit besides, are not wanting to the representative "man of the people" whether in Italy, Germany, or Russia. But it must be owned that to the man who must give several hours' labour for a franc or a shilling, half that coin reduction in the price of a hat is a matter of moment.

Our author takes such interest in weddings and their accessories, that we rather regret having handled the subject before. The greater part of the Breton peasants are better off than they appear, and on such occasions give way to profuse displays,—more profuse in appearance than in reality, as in a great many cases, the guests bring food and drink with them; and if the newly-married are poor, they "put money in their purses, when coming to enjoy the show." M. de Quetteville had some difficulty in getting his presence tolerated. Bretons and Cymry, in this respect, showing the unamiable

side of their character, where their distant relatives the Gael of Ireland or Scotland, would make the stranger at home at once.

At these festivities, the beggars are right royally treated, nay, miracles are wrought among them, if our author is not guilty of "saying the thing which is not." There are his words: "The blind man has been known to recover his sight, and point to some dainty morsel on the table; the deaf man has heard the invitation given him to drink; and the lame has thrown aside his crutches with alacrity, and mingled gaily in the stirring dance."

The inherent melancholy or natural piety of the Breton is evinced by the celebration of masses for the dead before the marriage festivities are concluded.

It was already known to us that St. Fiachra, an Irishman, did missionary duty in Paris and its vicinity in ancient times, that a church was dedicated to him, and that the cab drivers had selected him for their patron. The term *Fiacre*, is the Gaelic name disguised. In the book before us, the writer introduces us to a church of St. Fiacre, accessible from Quimperlè, where one of the enigmas of the middle ages still remains unsolved. For why should the dignitaries who got these magnificent structures raised have allowed the introduction of grotesque images and groups within a building devoted to prayer and meditation?

"The massive and elaborately-carved screen is covered with grotesque figures. Among them a friar, in the form of a fox, is preaching in his robes to a number of fowls. Another fox is under the pulpit, ready to pounce on the congregation in a moment. The next piece represents the friar mobbed by the fowls, and another, shows him slain by his indignant flock. The screen itself is not in a bad state of preservation, and if it were painted judiciously, would be magnificent."

The drift of these designs would doubtlessly tend to bring a rapacious or worldly-minded clergyman to a sense of his unworthiness and its natural results, but their presence must have tended to lessen the respect of the congregation for their spiritual superiors.

Morbihan, which includes the long isthmus connecting the peninsula on which Quiberon is built with the wonderful avenues of Carnac, formed by tall standing stones, and those curious caverns with the yet undeciphered characters carved on the walls, and so well described by our own poet and archæologist, Samuel Ferguson, Esq.,—gets its name from the sheltered island-studded bay on the east of the peninsula, the name denoting "little sea." There are a great many words having the same root in the Gaelic and the Breton, especially those denoting the great physical features of land and water, and the qualities of objects. In Irish, Sea is expressed by *muir*, and Little by *beag*. Indeed, the Welsh, Irish, and Latin names for the sea are all derived from one ancient word.

The chapel of St. Anne d'Auray, in Morbihan, is one of the most celebrated in Brittany. M. de Quetteville did not let pass the opportunity of witnessing the arrival of pilgrims, their exercises of devotion, and their departure. It is not for want of intimate acquaintance with the garb in which Roman Catholic devotion clothes itself that he has not joined the community. No English Catholic could ever have endured the lapse of hours during which he has patiently waited and witnessed the proceedings of the Bretons, men and women, going through their protracted exercises of prayer and penance. For the number of cures effected on believers and formally attested, the church of the Mother of the Blessed Virgin bears the bell through Brittany. In returning to his favoured post, St. Malo, our observant traveller inspected the old chateau of Combourg, the ancestral seat of the Chateaubriands, whose inner life has been so graphically set forth by the great loyalist, traveller, and poet. To his *Memoires* we refer the reader, here making only one characteristic quotation.

"The mode of life at the chateau, with but seldom any visitor, was none of the liveliest. After the conclusion of supper at eight o'clock, Madame Chateauriand would throw herself with a sigh upon the sofa, while François (the future writer) would sit by the fire with Lucille, his youngest sister, and the old



Viscount would occupy the remainder of the evening until bedtime, in walking moodily backwards and forwards through the long apartment, looking, as he emerged from the obscurity of the further end into the light of the solitary candle, like a moving spectre, with his tall thin figure in a white robe and cap; and no sooner had the clock struck ten, which was the signal for his retiring, than the children, freed from the awe of his presence, would begin to laugh and talk."

#### LOOSE THREADS GATHERED UP.

The Bretons are distinguished by their love of country and their unwillingness to emigrate. Unless they are sure of opportunities of attending public devotion where they are to go, they can scarcely be induced to go at all. A band of natives being promised great advantages if they would proceed to Algiers, gave their consent only on the condition of being accompanied by their priest. Their piety, such as it was, did not prove sufficiently strong to prevent their going a wrecking when occasion offered. After an operation of this kind, a certain curé spoke to them so feelingly on the ensuing Sunday, that restitution was made when darkness covered their proceedings. The curé had a garden well-kept and full of choice flowers; and on Monday, coming into it at an early hour, to enjoy their sight and smell, he found them crushed out of life and beauty by the chests of groceries flung over the wall in the night by the repentant wreckers.

Count Villemarqué, on his excursions among the peasants to collect their songs and traditions, witnessed a striking instance of their deep interest in religious matters. The servant of a farmer was sick, and the count found the master starting to the priest's house ten or twelve miles away. "Will it not do," said the nobleman, "to send one of your servants or labourers?" "Ah, no," said he; "if it was my son that was ill, I'd do so. But if the priest hears it is only a servant he may make some delay unless I bear the message myself."

The Breton loves the strong waters as well as his cousins in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, or even his

very distant relations in England. From his being of a more bilious configuration than his Gaelic brothers it might be expected that drink would make him more ready for a quarrel than the parties mentioned. Such is not the case. It renders him merely loquacious. M. de Quetteville has seen a bemused subject address an acquaintance opposite him in the diligence for full fifteen minutes without receiving or expecting an answer, and others stating their opinions to the ground for want of a living audience.

We cannot easily forgive the Bretons for the inferior station to which their women are confined. The tailor, the Bazvalan, or match-maker, was the only one among the male population who was subjected to the indignity of sitting at the women's table. A husband is not ashamed of wearing crape for his departed wife; but if a suspicion gets abroad that the supposed master of a house has been subdued in any way by his helpmate, either with the tongue or the broom-handle, his fellow-countrymen secure him on a vehicle of some kind, and give him a very undesirable ovation through and round the village or burgh. The feelings of himself or of the partner of his lesson during the coming night are not to be envied.

Our explorer excuses his not describing the pastimes or games of the Bretons, giving as a sufficient reason his not having had any opportunities of seeing them. One ruffianly play, that of two parishes contending for a copper ball, called the *Soule* (the sun) is no longer to be seen. It was not kicked but carried in the hands. Each party would bear it till it was forced away by the other, and whichever succeeded in having it in their possession crossing a certain boundary, was the winner. The most bitter and furious feelings were excited during the game. At the last celebration of the *Soule* at Pont l'Abbaye, fifty men were drowned in a pool which crossed the line of contention. It was restricted in that neighbourhood for henceforth and for ever after that fearful occurrence. The game evidently came down from some celebration of a sun-festival in pagan times.

The mere reader of this article

will have but a faint idea of the care and diligence of our author. His work may hereafter supply the place of a guide-book; he has left so little unobserved concerning the localities, the physical features of the country, the condition of the towns and villages, the public buildings, especially the churches, the character, and the customs of the people. He appears disposed to speak as favourably of the populace as he can; but on their dirty habits and their distrust of visitors, he does not hesitate to visit his displeasure.

Still, the English Protestant clergyman travelling among a foreign people, differing from him in religion, should not expect much cordiality or expansion of heart on a slight acquaintance, especially in such a province as Brittany, where the populace is as exclusively Roman Catholic as they are in Spain. They know by a kind of instinct that he entertains in his mind a disparaging opinion of their language, their customs, and their religious practices, and they are far from feeling at their ease in his presence. The visitor is an Englishman, and, as such, provided with untold riches; and the "poor Christians" are naturally desirous to better their condition by a chance visit. Hence, instances of extortion cannot fail to be rife. Had the reverend gentleman been able to converse with them in their own tongue, and had he traversed the land as a pilgrim or an indigent person looking for employment, the hospitable and good-natured side of the people's character would be turned to him. He would

hear at the fire-sides the legends and traditions of the country, and become fully aware of the predilections and aversions of his entertainers, their good and evil qualities. We learned, from the introduction to the *Barzaz Breiz* of Viscount Villemarqué, how difficult he found it, though a Breton, and speaking the Breton tongue, to gain the confidence of the peasantry; but we were not aware till informed by our tourist that he had been obliged to pass himself off as a peasant. M. de Quetteville was in his company on two or three occasions, and it was probably from his own mouth he learned this last circumstance.

Thus, though we have not with our author penetrated deeply into the inner life of the Breton peasant, we have probably been enabled, by the perusal of the present volume, to become as well acquainted with the physical appearance of the country, and got glimpses of as many phases of the religious and social condition and character of the people, as could be communicated by one ignorant of the language of the country, and who was not of the religion of the people, nor capable of removing their prejudices by conversing with them in their own tongue.

M. de Quetteville takes notice of the many changes now in progress from the introduction of railways, and the freer communication with the outer world consequent thereon. He takes for granted that a century hence there will be but few peculiarities to be observed among the inhabitants of the Breton Peninsula.

## LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS OF IRELAND.

FROM A.D. 1189 TO 1870.

(81.) A.D. 1538. SIR JOHN ALLEN, Kt., was nephew of the Chancellor Archbishop of Dublin, of that name, whose murder at Artane, by the followers of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, has already been noticed. [Supra 78th Chancellor.] Sir John Allen's first introduction into public life was by the Arch-

bishop, his uncle, who had appointed him to act as his secretary. Having given the highest satisfaction in that responsible post, he was introduced to Cardinal Wolsey, who obtained for him the clerkship of the Privy Council in Ireland; his numerous letters on the state of affairs in that country, written in quaint old



English, are to be found in the State Papers. One of the very earliest questions he had to deal with was conversant with the legatine jurisdiction and powers of the Cardinal, the question being whether Wolsey was Papal Legate in Ireland as well as in England. Some Churchmen held that the words of the Papal bull were large enough to embrace Ireland, others that they were not. Outside the Colonial settlements, the native Irish, as well as the great English lords, everywhere denied that the Papal bull gave Wolsey any powers whatever in Ireland. In 1524, Allen thus advised the Cardinal, "As you, my lord, have admitted me to your service, I have thought it my duty to write to you from time to time of the causes committed to me. Enclosed is a list of the dispensations and other things which have been sped by your authority since our coming into *these exile parts*, containing what sums of money have, been received from the same. It is a great marvel that so much is done, considering the great poverty of the Irishry, which it is said is greater than hitherto." He then goes on to state that the Irish people took no notice whatever of the legatine powers, and that much doubt prevailed in the English districts "about your Grace's bulls (from Rome) whether you be legate here or not."<sup>1</sup> The Archbishop of Armagh and his suffragans living amongst the Irishry, entirely denied that his powers were extended to Ireland. By patent of the 25th Henry VIII., Allen was made Master of the Rolls, to hold him "for life with a salary of £20, payable out of the customs of the ports of Dublin and Drogheda." On the last day of August, in the same year (1534), he took the oaths before the Lord Chancellor Cromer, the Archbishop of Armagh.<sup>2</sup> The duties of his new office were not of so onerous a nature as to compel him to resign the clerkship of the council, which had also been bestowed upon him for life. Shortly before his elevation to the bench, commands were given him by the Council to report to the King "of the great decay of the

land, that neither the English order, tongue, or habit, nor the King's laws, be obeyed there above 20 miles in compass."<sup>3</sup> He was then instructed to lay before the King the causes of this decay, which were directly traced to the executive; that the people, in effect, were plundered by the connivance of the Viceroy; that they were rackrented by their landlords; and that the Englishry preferred "Irish barbarism" to the English rule. Those instructions to the Master of the Rolls are signed by two Archbishops, Dublin and Armagh, by the Bishop of Meath, and by the Grand Prior of Kilmainham, by the Abbots of St. Mary's and St. Thomas's Abbeys, Lord Trimleston, and three of the judges—in fact, the Privy Council thereby admit the scandalous system, if system it can be called, adopted in carrying out the Colonial Government within the Pale. Allen having prepared the report, it was brought up before the King, and was soon after, in 1534, followed by the great ordinance for the Government of Ireland. Many acts of tyranny on the parts of the landlords were thereby prohibited—such as compelling their tenants to give them and their followers suppers (cuddies) and enforcing "the charge of a peck of oats at seed time for every plough, that the tenants be no longer compelled to send their carts and men to build their landlord's houses without payment, and that they be no longer compelled to send their carts and horses to labour at their landlord's buildings unless on the borders or marches, when erecting fortifications against the Irish enemy."<sup>4</sup> The state of Ireland at this period, both inside and outside the Pale, was one of lawless confusion. The annals of the Four Masters state that from 1500 to 1534 there were 168 Irish gentlemen murdered, which gives 4·8 murders per annum, exclusive of those that fell in battle. The black rent, which was annually levied by the Irish enemy, on those living on the borders, was something extravagant, and amounted to £740 a year, equivalent to £15,000 present money value.<sup>5</sup> The "plan for the

<sup>1</sup> State Papers.<sup>2</sup> Morrin's Pat. Rot.<sup>3</sup> State Papers.<sup>4</sup> State Papers, vol. ii. par 210, 211.<sup>5</sup> Abolished in 1537.

reformation of Ireland," contained in the State Papers, sets forth the amount payable to the Irish enemy as follows:—"The King's Exchequer" paid Mac Morohoe, of Wexford, £53 annual black rent. The county of Louth paid O'Neil of Ulster £40; the counties of Kilkenny and Tipperary paid O'Carroll £40; and the county of Cork paid O'Brien of Ara £40. This remarkable document then contains a list "of the countyes which obey not the King's laws, and have neither Justice nor sheriff under the King," viz., the counties Waterford, Cork, Kilkenny, Limerick, Kerry, county Connaught, county Ulster, counties Carlow, Monaghan, half-county Meath (Westmeath), half-county Dublin, half-county Kildare, half-county Wexford. Then a list is given of those great captains of English descent, thirty in number, who followed the Irish laws. IN MUNSTER, the Desmonds, Barrys, the Barons Courcy and Barretts, the White Knight, Fitzgeralds, Knights of the Vale, Powers, Burkes of Limerick, and the Butlers of the county Kilkenny. In Connaught, (not yet divided into counties) the MacWilliam Oughties (Burkes) of Clanricarde, MacWilliam, Eighter, (Burkes of Mayo) Bermingham of Athenry, Sir William Staunton of Clanmorris, Sir Jordan Dexters, sonnes of the Barony of Gallen, Lord Naugle (Mc. Castello) of the county Mayo, the Barretts of Tyrrawley. In Meath, Dillons, Daltons, Tyrrells, De Lameres. Immediately after the murder of Archbishop Allen, commissioners had been sent over by the King to inquire into the state of the country and the administrations of the laws therein, and to enquire and report on the state of the monasteries; and to them did Sir John Allen, Master of the Rolls, address a communication, in which he sets forth many valuable observations on the then state of the country, and how "the Englishry in Ireland, during the long foul night of winter, are the most in danger;" that the English counties then were in a perpetual state of disturbance; that "though he was no man of warre, yet for eight years he con-

tinually faced the Kings enemies." Allen then went on to make many suggestions; that the Lord Chancellor and the Lords of the Council be compelled to sit in the Council-chamber every term, twice in the week, at least, there to hear and determine the complaints of the poor people, the omission whereof in his "opinion hath done much evil; and further, that the clerk of the council, or his deputy, attend there to enter such things as shall be done before the said Lord Chancellor and Council, in such particular cases;"<sup>1</sup> "that the judges should keep quarter-sessions especially within the four shires." "As for the Lord Chancellor (Lord Trimleston) and the other judges of the four courts of whom I am one of the inferiors (Master of the Rolls) in degree, so I am the most barbarous of wit and learning. I would that the judges wore their robes according to the statute. I also say that order be taken for the building of the Hall of the Castle of Dublin, where the laws are administered: for if the same is not built, the majesty and estimation of the law shall perish, the justices being then enforced to administer the laws on the hills like the Brehons;" "and that the Brehon laws shall be abolished." We omitted, when noticing the many grievances the unhappy tenants in those times suffered at the hands of the landlords, to state that even the laws of the land were shut out from them. "I have been informed," writes Sir John Allen to Cromwell, "that divers lords and captains have made laws amongst themselves, that who-soever pursues any action at the King's law shall forfeit five marks."

Such was the state of the Pale at the outbreak of the rebellion, led on by Lord Thomas Fitzgerald in 1534, of which we have already taken occasion to mention in the life of Archbishop Allen, and which is more fully set forth in the preamble of a statute passed by the parliament in the 28th year of Henry VIII., and presided over by the Lord Chancellor Trimleston. This Act was for the attainder of the Earl of Kildare, Lord Thomas FitzGerald, and others; and it was

<sup>1</sup> State Papers, 488, 493, 498, 501.



there recited that the Earl of Kildare had been guilty of combining and confederating with the Earl of Desmond, who, in 1525, had invited the King of France, then at war with Henry VIII., "to send an army into this land of Ireland for taking the same out of our Sovereign Lord's possession;" that by reason of a peace having been concluded, said traiterous intent could not take effect; that the said Earl of Desmond did then invite the Emperor (Charles V.) to send over an army for a like purpose; that the King, having intelligence of these, the designs of the said James, Earl of Desmond, instructed the Lord Deputy, the same Earl of Kildare, to apprehend and take the said Earl of Desmond; that in place of his so doing, he, the said Earl of Kildare, admonished him, the said Earl of Desmond, of his instructions and of his coming; that for this act and for divers others he (the Earl of Kildare) was pardoned; that again, when "sojourning at Newington, in the county of Middlesex, in England, he, on the 8th of July, 1528, sent his daughter, Ellen FitzGerald, wife of Lord Slane, to repair to the King's land of Ireland, and to incite O'Neil and O'Connor to make war on the King, which she accomplished; that, accordingly, the afore-said O'Neil and O'Connor made an insurrection; and there, burning, killing, robbing, and murdering, desisted not from the same until repressed by the puissance and power of our said sovereign lord;" that, being pardoned of this offence, the said Earl of Kildare, when again constituted Lord Deputy, permitted O'Neil, the King's Irish enemy, to invade and destroy the county Uriel (Louth) without any resistance; and that the Earl's brother, Sir John, was then actually in company with the said O'Neil; that he also invaded the county of Kilkenny, which he also plundered and robbed; that "our said Sovereign Lord, having notice of this and other his treasons, haynous offences, murders, and extortions by him committed, and willing the reformation of said land, and the relief and comfort of his subjects there, addressed his most gracious letters to the said Earl of Kildare, then being deputie-lieu-

tenant of his said land, commanding him by the same to repayr to his highnesse' presence into his realme of England, leaving such a person for the furniture of his realms and governancer of the said land in his absence, for whose doings he would answer." The preamble then states that the Earl appointed his son-and-heir, Lord Thomas FitzGerald, as his Vice-Deputy; and that he brought away from the Castle of Dublin the ammunition and arms thereof. "That, contrary to the King's express commandment, declared unto the Earl by JOHN ALLEN, MASTER OF THE ROLLS, and one of the King's most honourable council in the presence of the Bishop of Meath and the Prior of St. John's Jerusalem in Ireland, he conveyed out of the King's Castle, Dublin, all his grace's gunnes, powder, shot, bows, arrows, and other the King's artillery and munitions of war, garnishing and furnishing his own castles and fortresses with the same, and delivering part thereof to the wilde Irishmen, being the King's mortal enemies. After whose departure into England, he at his hither coming, perceiving upon the manifestations of his offences, that the King's Majesty intended to remove him from the governance of the said land . . . counselled the said Thomas FitzGerald (his son) to rebel against our said Sovereign Lord. . . . Whereupon the said Thomas FitzGerald, immediately being aided and abetted by his father's brethren, kinsmen, servants, and followers, falsely and trayterously rebelled against our said Sovereign Lord, refusing and disobeying all commandments of his grace and his council, concluded and determined most cruelly to murder, put to death, and exile all those that were resiant within the land being born within the realme of England, and to conquer and take the same from the possessions of our said sovereign lord and his heyres with most shamefull and detestable infamies; and for the accomplishment of his trayterous purpose addressed, as well the Bishop of Rome as the Emperor, by one Cale Mac Greuyll, otherwise called Charles Reynolds, Archdeacon of Kells, for to have their aid against our said

sovereign lord and his heyres for the winning of the said land of Ireland out of their possession, and to hold the same of them for ever."

The recital part of this Act then proceeds to set forth the murder of the Archbishop. "That, among other detestable abominations, he (Lord Thomas Fitzgerald) procured and commanded John Teeling and Nicholas Waffer, of Dublin, yeomen servants to the said Earl of Kildare, to apprehend and take the most reverend father in God, John Allen, Archbishop of Dublin, and Primate of Ireland, and one of the King's most honourable council, and him to keep in prison at Tartayne, within the county of Dublin; and the said Thomas FitzGerald, the 28th day of July, in the 26th year of the reign A.D. 1534) of our said sovereign lord King Henry VIII., accompanied with the most disloyall traytour, James Delahide, Sir John FitzGerald, Oliver FitzGerald, brethren to the said Earl, and divers others of the said Earl's servants, caused the same archbishop to be drawn out of his bed, and brought before him. And the same archbishop, kneeling in his shirt bare-footed and bare-headed before him, asking of him mercy immediately without any respite, most shamefully and trayterously murdered and killed out of hand, and also caused the said archbishop's servants, and as many other Englishmen as he could find within the land, to be murdered."

The preamble then sets forth the allying of said Lord Thomas with O'Neil and divers Scots, that he invaded and destroyed the lands of the Earl of Ossory, whose son, Lord Bath, he murdered, because the said Earl took part against him; and further, that he, accompanied with others, "besieged the king's city and castle of Dublin, intending to take the same;" and also "not only fortified and manned divers ships at sea, for keeping and letting, destroying and taking the king's deputy, army, and subjects, that they should not land within the said land; but also, at the arrival of the same army, the said Thomas, accompanied with the said Earl's brother, his uncles and servants, followers," assembled on the

sea-coast for the purpose of keeping out and resisting the King's Deputy," &c. The Act then attaints Gerald, eighth Earl of Kildare, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, and divers others, amongst whom were "James Gernon, son and heir of Patrick Gernon, of Gernonston," all of whom were thereby declared guilty of high treason, and their properties forfeited to the crown.

During the rebellion, Allen was twice sent to England to urge on the Crown the absolute necessity of sending over troops and ammunition to Ireland; in the autumn of 1534 he wrote from Chester to Cromwell that the Lord Deputy, Sir W. Skeffington, was then at Beaumaris, and that his horses had been on board for twelve days; but that the weather was so foul and so stormy in the channel, "it was dangerous to cross the sea to Ireland;" he then implored, "for the love of God, that some aid be sent over to Dublin."<sup>1</sup> His second mission to England was to inform the King of the capture of the Castle of Maynooth by the Lord Deputy; and that, whilst the army of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald had been scattered and broken up, new dangers were thickening around the Pale, inasmuch as that young nobleman was then in the act of forming alliances with powerful Irish chieftains; and that, in the face of this impending storm, the Lord Deputy was lying in a weak and in a sickly state at Maynooth, oppressed, no doubt, with the fatigues brought on by the siege of that castle. Day and night, from the 18th to the 22nd of March, were the heavy guns of the King's artillery brought to bear on walls of that fortress which the Geraldines had built more than a century before, and which they vainly ventured to hope was impregnable. The application of Allen had the desired effect. Lord Leonard Grey, a close connexion of the Geraldines, was forthwith despatched to Ireland, with the title of Marshal, and he succeeded in putting down the rebellion, and in capturing the unfortunate young Geraldine, of whose unhappy fate we have already reminded our readers.

In all the transactions of his life

<sup>1</sup> State Papers.



Allen had one great object in view—namely, himself. He had, on his first entry into public life, been the secretary of his uncle, Archbishop Allen, then the confidential servant of Cardinal Wolsey; and now, in the changes that were coming to pass, Allen ranged himself on the side of the King; supported the novel doctrines of the Reformers; begged for the grant of a monastery even before its suppression; was unrivalled in his detestation of the Bishop of Rome, as he affected to call the Pope; and chose as his constant and great ally Archbishop Browne, an abandoned monk of the Augustinian order, whom Henry VIII. had appointed his Archbishop of Dublin, and who, though called and known by the name, style, and title, of archbishop, was never consecrated either by or according to the conditions and formularies of the Roman Church or of the English ritual, which was not printed until the 1st of April, 1548, fourteen years after his elevation to the archbishopric.<sup>1</sup> The royal reformer had now, at the period we write of (1538), been five years parted from the Papal church; the monasteries had fallen in England, and it was plain that the next step would be the overturning of the religious houses in Ireland. To accomplish this end, John Allen, Master of the Rolls, was created Lord Chancellor; and he, even before the suppression, applied that the monastery of St. Thomas, founded by William Fitz Adelm De Burgho, close to the City of Dublin, where Thomas Street now stands, might be granted to him, “if it should be dissolved.” “I have no house,” he wrote to Cromwell, “to live in, nor provision for one horse for myself there; and if it please your lordship that I may have the monastery of St. Thomas’s Court to farm.”<sup>2</sup> This alleged poverty of the Lord Chancellor does not appear to accord with the fact, when the following letter from his friend, Archbishop Browne, written on the 16th of February, 1538, to Cromwell, is remembered. “God knoweth what a treasure the King’s Majesty and your lordship have here in my Lord

Chancellor, who is a right wise gentleman and an impartial judge, who sifteth matters depending before him full briefly, to the great ease of the King’s subjects, the poor suitors. His lordship also keepeth a right sumptuous house, like a chancellor, as much to his prince’s honour as any chancellor did here for many years past, notwithstanding that his possessions were not so good as other Chancellors’ were. I am ashamed to tell your lordship how my Lord Deputy doth use himself towards my Lord Chancellor; what the cause is I cannot understand, unless it be in disdayne that my Lord Chancellor keepeth so bountiful a house, which indeed, hitherto, is far above the Lord Deputy’s.”

The act for the suppression of monasteries had passed, and it was followed by a commission to the Lord Chancellor and others therein named. That commission, which contains no charge of immorality or other offence, is as follows:—

“Whereas, from information of trustworthy persons, it being manifestly apparent that the monasteries, abbeys, priories, and other places of religion are at present in such a state that in them the praise of God and the welfare of man are next to nothing regarded, the regulars and nuns dwelling there being so addicted, partly to their own superstitious ceremonies, partly to the pernicious worship of idols and to the pestiferous doctrines of the Romish Pontiff, that unless an effectual remedy be promptly provided, not only the weak lower order, but the whole Irish people may be speedily affected to their total destruction by the example of these persons;—to prevent, therefore, the longer continuance of men and nuns in so damnable a state, the king, having resolved to *resume* into his hands all the monasteries and religious houses for their *better* reformation, to remove from them the religious men and women, and to cause them to return to some honest mode of living and to the true religion,” the King then directs the Chancellor and other Commissioners to signify his intention to the heads of the religious houses, to receive their resignations

<sup>1</sup> Wheatley on the Book of Common Prayer.

<sup>2</sup> State Papers, vol. iii. p. 129.

and surrenders *willingly* tendered, "and to *apprehend* and punish such as adhere to the authority of the Romish Pontiff and *contumaceously* refuse to surrender their houses. The Commissioners to take charge for the *King's use* of the possession of those houses." Forthwith the monasteries within the Pale, and other English colonies in Ireland, were closed, and their estates confiscated and granted to those whom the Crown desired to reward as friends, or to bribe as foes. It is right, however, to observe that the grantees of the Abbeys in many instances held them on a *quasi* trust, to shelter the unhappy monks from the laws in force against them, as the Earls of Clanricarde for centuries unvariably did.<sup>1</sup> Allen obtained for himself a grant of no less than five-and-twenty monasteries at an annual rent of £10 to the Crown. Many of those houses, thus confiscated, were founded nine hundred years before.<sup>2</sup> The Irish monasteries, we are informed, by no less an authority than Hallam, whom none will accuse of leaning too lightly on the Papal Church, were preservers of such learning as had survived the downfall of the Roman Empire, and were the instructors of Europe in the dark ages.<sup>3</sup> Who is there that is unfamiliar with the names of St. Columbanus, of St. Brendan, of Annadown, of St. Fursæus, whose life, written by the Venerable Bede, has been thought worthy of translation by the Rev. S. Giles, of the University of Oxford, and the ruins of whose monastery (the church of Killursey) in the neighbourhood of Headford, in the county of Galway, has been lately described by the graphic pen of Sir William Wilde,<sup>4</sup> who is ignorant of "John the Irishman," who was the instructor of King Alfred.<sup>5</sup>

There are others in later times, such as Friar Clyun, Colgan, and Oclery, of the Four Masters, too numerous to detail, but whose names the inquirer will find in great part collected by Sir James Ware, in his "Writers of Ireland," also in *Colgan's*

*Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, and, fuller still, in the Ballandist "*Acta Sanctorum*."

To save six of the convents from impending ruin was the fond but vain hope of the Lord Deputy Lord Leonard Grey. In writing to Cromwell, beseeching him to spare but six, he says, "there are convents here for men and for women, where mankind and womankind and young childer are taught in virtue, in religion, and in the English tongue."

Henry VIII. having now gained, by the confiscation of the Church property, enormous wealth, resolved to add a new title to the crown—King of England and Lord of Ireland were beneath his dignity. A parliament was accordingly summoned to meet before the Lord Deputy St. Leger at Trim, when the statute xxxiii. Henry VIII., chapter 1. (printed), was passed, whereby it was declared that the King, his heirs, and his successors, were to enjoy the stile, title, majestie, and honours of King of Ireland. The Lord Deputy thus informed His Majesty of the passing of the Act: "After our most humble and bounden duties, it may please your most excellent Majesty to be advertised that your Highness's parliament began *crastino Trinitatis*, and the Tuesday next following, resorted to the same, the Earls of Ormond and Desmond, and with them the Lord Barry, the Lord Roche, the Lord Fitzmaurice, and hither came also the Lord Bermingham of Athenry, in Connaught, which lords have not been here of many years before; and the Thursday being Corpus-Christi day, after a solemn mass of the Holy Ghost, resorted to the parliament-chamber, where the Commons presented to us their speaker, one Sir Thomas Cusack, who made a right good speech in praise of your Majesty, most worthily deserved, and also declared what benefit came of obedience to princes, and observing of laws, which, after being answered by your Grace's Chancellor (Sir John Allen) in English, and by

<sup>1</sup> Vide History of the Abbey of Ross, by Oliver J. Burke, 2nd Ed., 1869, pp. 10-27.

<sup>2</sup> Vid Ware's List of the Irish Monasteries.

<sup>3</sup> Hallam's Constitutional History.

<sup>4</sup> Sir William Wilde's Long Corrib. 104-125. Vide also Transactions of Kilkenny Archaeological Society. 1868.

<sup>5</sup> Turner's Anglo-Saxons.



the Earl of Ormond translated into Irish, contented the said Lords and Commons."

The next step taken by the King was to reconcile the great chieftains to the English government, amongst whom was MacWilliam Oughter, otherwise Burke, whose family had, since 1333, been at open war with the Crown, and who agreed to hold his lands from the King, and in return was granted same, and the Earldom of Clanricarde.<sup>1</sup> St. Leger, the Lord Deputy, and Sir John Allen, were now involved in endless disputes. The former accused the latter of being a subverter of all deputies; which accusation, too, if false, lied like truth, remembering that Lord Grey was sent to the scaffold some short time previously by reason of the intrigues of this restless and unscrupulous Lord Chancellor.<sup>2</sup> His reply, together with his many letters to the Lord Deputy and others, are collected in the State Papers of those times.<sup>3</sup> In his answer to the Privy Council, having implored of them, "for the love of God, to hear him," he repels St. Leger's accusation of being a subverter of deputies, that he invariably did his duty, and that it will be found yet that he "was the cleanest-handed chancellor in matters of justice that ever was in Irelande within the remembrance of man." His greatest enemies could not deny that Allen had a peculiar aptitude for praising himself. The deep-seated animosity which rankled in the Chancellor's heart against the Lord Deputy St. Leger, was owing, perhaps, to the outward reverence paid by him to Catholic forms of worship. On the 20th October, 1538, Allen wrote that the Deputy was a Papist, a hypocrite, and a worshipper of idols; that notwithstanding Archbishop Browne, Sir Thomas Cusacke, and the Lord Treasurer, had refused to come into the Abbey of Trim to hear mass, "the Lord Deputy, devoutly kneeling before the idol of Trim, heard three masses."

Towards the close of the reign of Henry VIII., Allen got entangled in some disputes that arose between the Lord Deputy St. Leger and the Earl of Ormond—the Deputy, it appears, having resolved, in consequence of the impoverished state of the exchequer, to impose certain taxes, which imposition the earl opposed. Each party accused the other of high treason, whereupon they and the Chancellor were summoned to the King's presence, —William Brabazon being appointed Lord Justice, and Sir Thomas Cusack Lord Keeper. The matter was heard at considerable length, in 1547, before the King and Council, when both parties were reconciled; "but Allen, being found an ambidexter, or double dealer, was committed to the Fleet and discharged of the chancellorship."<sup>4</sup> The following year Sir Edward Bellingham, a zealous Protestant, was chosen by Edward VI. as Lord Deputy, and, through his interest, Sir John Allen was once more appointed Lord Chancellor, when a cause of considerable importance, as affecting the trade of the town of Galway, was brought before him,—the case of *Fitzsimons v. the Corporation of Galway*, which was shortly as follows:—

In 1542 a bye-law was passed by that corporation, whereby it was enacted that merchants from Dublin should, if they sold their wares in the town of Galway, pay the same customs as they should do if the said goods were thither imported in foreign vessels (this, it is presumed, means from foreign countries), and in default of payment of such customs the goods were liable to be forfeited. Now, in 1548, the plaintiff did import a cargo of cloth into the town, and paid, therefore, merely the duties payable on wares coming in from the country districts. Forthwith the corporation, by their officers, seized the cargo, and the plaintiff brought the matter before the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the sole resource in those times for many cases

<sup>1</sup> For this patent to the Clanricardes vide Rymer's *Fædera*, vol. 14, p. 301.

<sup>2</sup> Kennett's History of England. Fronde's History of England.

<sup>3</sup> State Papers, vols. ii. iii.

<sup>4</sup> Cox's *Hibernia Anglicana*, p. 284.

which at present would be entertained by a court of law. The case came on to be heard, and on the 13th February, 1548, a decree was made declaring that the monopoly was void, as contrary to public policy and to the law of the land, and that the plaintiff was entitled to have his cloth delivered up to him.<sup>1</sup>

In 1550, Allen was deprived of the seals, and never again restored to his place in the Court of Chancery. In 1553, he was permitted, though a mortal enemy of the faith to which the then Queen (Queen Mary) belonged, to remain a member of the Privy Council, "and in respect of his infirmities and great age," Her Majesty, in the kindness of her disposition, wrote to the Lord Deputy, "We mind not that he should be compelled to go to any hosting or journeys but when he conveniently may; and we signify our contentation unto you, that upon surrender of his leases, not yet expired, you should make a new lease to him for twenty-one years."<sup>2</sup>

Having lived in seclusion for many years, even to the middle of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, though the exact date of his death is unknown, Allen had leisure to contemplate the work that was done, "of

which so large a part was his." He had seen in the days of his youth the Church of Rome in the plenitude of her power; he had seen the convent gate opened as wide for the poor man as for the rich; and in the late evening of an active life, he saw the overthrow of that Church; he saw the convent gate closed, and the poor thrown outcasts on the world; but these are subjects for the consideration of political economists. We shall pass on to the next chancellor.

(82) A.D. 1547.—SIR RICHARD READE was appointed Chancellor on the committal of Lord Chancellor Allen to the fleet, Sir Richard's salary being increased by £200, payable out of the customs of Dundalk, Drogheda, and Dublin. On the 8th of November, in the same year, a commission was directed to Sir Anthony St. Leger, Lord Deputy to Sir Richard Reade and others, commanding them to receive their surrender from the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick, with all the jewels and ornaments of the Church. Having remained a few months in office, he retired at the close of 1547, when Sir John Allen was restored, as we have seen, to power.

OLIVER J. BURKE.

## A DAY IN THE CLEVELAND DISTRICT.

DURING a visit at pleasant Whitby this summer of 1870, a gentleman proposed to the writer to vary the days by going among the manufacturing districts of North-east Yorkshire, and exploring some of the rapidly-risen towns that there abound. Accordingly, we rose at six one morning, and took the early train for the north. The valleys in this part of the county are very picturesque in winding undulations, where the numerous streams find their way off the bleak barren moors. At first the rail follows the valley of the little river Esk, which abounds in shady tree-clad nooks and dells, where the stream dashes past in

some parts like a Welsh river, in others with a more leisurely course. The neighbourhood of Egton is especially pretty, through some of which scenery we passed; other parts, as at Egton Bridge and thereabouts, are still more pleasing; and we can assure the visitor a day's pleasure should he take the valleys for excursions, the combinations of river and wood being highly effective. About Arnccliffe Wood (Erne=eagle) the scenery culminates in beauty, we are informed; the seclusion once so marked is now somewhat broken by the railway passing near. Beggar's Bridge is a pretty single arch of stone for foot passen-

<sup>1</sup> Decrees preserved in the Rolls Office, 2nd Edward VI.

<sup>2</sup> Morrin's Patent Rolls, 337.



gers, harmonising well with the woods around: it is said to have been built by a lover who found it difficult to ford the stream for access to his lady, when the river was swollen with rain.

At Grosmont Junction our train turned off to the north, still following the course of the Esk where the valleys, seen on either hand occasionally opening out, gave us very interesting glimpses of Yorkshire landscape. Not far from Egton is observed a ridge of dark grey rock, being a portion of the extensive Whinstone Dyke or Basaltic rock, locally called "Whin Sill" (in Shropshire, "Dew-stone"), which strike up through the rocks of a great part of North Yorkshire. Starting from the moors, between Scarborough and Whitby, it runs by Egton, and thence past Castleton and Ayton to a few miles of the south-west side of Stockton, where it crosses the Tees into Durham. This trap or basaltic outbreak we noticed on our left hand, not far from the railway; it is one of the most useful materials found suitable for road-making. The manner in which this and other trap rocks have thrust themselves through whatever rocks of another kind came in their way, is very striking, this volcanic rock having not unfrequently overspread itself on the surface of other formations, much like volcanic rocks of the present day.

We were not long in reaching Danby Station, not far from which we could see Danby Castle at some distance on our left hand, situated in a beautiful and wide, open valley, with high Yorkshire moors closing it in at the upper end. This ancient Castle of Danby is very interesting, though on this occasion we had not time to stay and visit it. It appears originally to have been founded by Robert De Brus, to whom this lordship was given by William the Conqueror, among others in North Yorkshire. The Bruces held it until 1271, when their estates in this county became possessed by four heiresses, one of whom married Marmaduke De Thweng. His grand-daughter conveyed Danby to William Latimer; and thus a branch of the Neville family become lords of Latimer and owners of Danby. At the time of

Queen Elizabeth this line ended in females, the oldest of whom married Sir John Danvers. Their son was Charles the First's *Earl of Danby*, who sold this castle and manor to the first Lord Downe, whose descendants still retain it.

In this neighbourhood are the remains of several British villages, as some rude circular pits mostly placed, or rather excavated, on moor or hill, are supposed to have been. One of the most important is on Danby Moor, where the pits are in two nearly parallel lines, with an open space between them, after the manner of a rude kind of street. Near these pits are several tumuli, and a few tall, upright stones, relics of a far antiquity, into the recesses of whose darkness archiologists peer almost in vain.

After starting from Danby Station, we found the moors rising in dignity and extent before us, until they form very respectable hills at Ingleby, and seem to stop progress in one direction as you face Ingleby Greenhow, which that morning wore a cap of cloud, adding to his importance and supposed height. We are told that several of the vales leading up among the higher moors here, no less than an excursion across the hills themselves, will amply repay the trouble of such journeys. It is a district but very little known to Englishmen in general, like the hills and mountains of North-West Yorkshire, but enclosing scenes on which the eye would linger with delight and memory revert with pleasure. From the station at Ingleby Junction we could see a kind of monument on a hill called Easby Moor, which proved to be no less than one erected to the memory of the famous navigator, Captain Cook, whose birthplace is said to be at Marton; though, as in the case of some other noted men, several towns have claimed that honour. At Marton, the field in which Cook's father's cottage stood is still called "Cook's Garth;" and in the church a tablet has been erected to his memory by the parishioners. In the adjoining churchyard is the tombstone of Mary Walker, who taught young Cook to read, and in whose service his father was employed as a day labourer.

Soon after taking train again on

the Cleveland line, we passed under Rhosbery Toppen, of about 1,022 feet of elevation above the sea, a singular and conical hill, sharply isolated from the mass of moorland behind, and standing boldly out against the level of the country. It is capped, we are told, with a crag of Oolitic sandstone. Its name is a remnant of the past, being derived from Ross, a heath; Burg, a fortress; and Toppen, Danish for a sharp hill point. This hill commands a view over a vast extent of country, from the headlands of Northumberland to Mickle Fell, and the bold hills of the West, and across the brown moors to the South, taking in no few spots of interest intervening. Round the summit are remains of more of those so-called British huts, mentioned above. Not far from Rhosbery Toppen we passed other but lower hills of lias formation, with hollows of old jet mines plainly visible. Presently we passed the quiet village of Ayton, placed at the commencement of a fine open plain, extending as far as the eye could reach, and evidently well wooded. Here there is a large Quaker's school, and pleasant and appropriate the situation for such an institution; we much fear, however, the friends will soon have to retire to more secluded spots, as the extending population and industry of the Cleveland district, so *rapidly* progressing, encroaches on their privacy. Farther on we saw a princely mansion on our left hand, rising like a palace on the horizon. We were told it was the seat of a member of the Vaughan family, the wealthy ironmasters. Verily, there is something besides iron to be dug out of the Cleveland hills.

Presently there rose upon us a smoky horizon of dense obscurity, which grew wider and thicker every moment, until numerous tall chimnies were seen belching forth smoke of thickest volume, and filling the air with carbon: a vast contrast to the pure air of Whitby left behind us only an hour or two ago. However, we were in for it, and *in it* soon, so out of the station and in the dark grimy street of Middlesborough. Of all dirty, smoke-coloured places, of all ginger-bread, shaky, up-start tenements, of all low dwellings, Middles-

borough is one of the dirtiest. It seems built out of smoke which hangs like a pall over the place. There is scarcely a decent house in the town, or that part of it we saw: and we paced along several of the main streets. The Exchange is a good building, true, and it contains a noble room; but the spirit of the place seems "money, and then I'm off": one fancies everybody, who can, prefers not to sleep in the atmosphere, but places a few leagues of country behind him at night-fall. Mind you, it is a very prosperous place: one of the first in the island at the present day for acquiring money; just as Scarborough is for spending it: and people throng the streets with plenty of the needful in their pockets on a Saturday night.

Few towns have ever risen with the rapidity of this: a few years ago it was comparatively a small place of no mark or peculiarity: now it exerts a strong influence on the markets of the world.

After wending our way along several of the principal streets, and observing their uniform aspect of cheap dwellings and shops for the ironworkers, we made our way to a large iron work for the purpose of inspecting their mode of iron-working in this most prosperous of England's iron districts of the present day. As we passed along a branch of the North Eastern Railway, we noticed several very old and small mineral trucks, of the original Stockton and Darlington railway, the first of its kind opened for traffic in England. After going to the office of one of the large iron works here, and obtaining permission to inspect their machinery and processes, we proceeded to walk through the extensive premises. As one iron work is very like another, we will speak generally of the mode of iron-making, except giving a few particulars shewing the vast industry and resources of the Cleveland District, as yet only being opened out, and which, we predict, will prove for many years the most prosperous branch of our iron factories. Probably some of our readers in Ireland will be glad to know something of iron manufacture in England: for in Ireland no opportunity offers for inspecting this portion of our national



industry, such as we have here in England.

If we suppose ourselves approaching one of the great Iron Works such as abound in this Middlesbrough district, we shall see before us an extensive array of buildings of various forms, some massive, others lofty and smoking, surrounded by others less important. Conspicuous among these we find several large and lofty pyramids, more or less tapering upwards; and in some cases, but not frequently in the Cleveland district, emitting a mass of flame and smoke. These are the blast furnaces, those vast crucibles of destructive distillation, which play the first part in the manufacture of iron from its raw state in the ore. Let us in imagination go to the scene of rapid industry carried on around the base of one of these blast furnaces. Those heavy wheelbarrows, full of coal or chiefly of coke, supply the fuel first essential in carrying on the smelting of iron. This is raised from coal mines abounding in the neighbourhood, the coal of which is found particularly suitable and economical for the purpose, since the very small dust, or "slack," as it is termed, is capable of being burnt into a compact bright coke, admirably adapted to iron-making. Herein lies one of the secrets of the success of the Cleveland iron manufacture: for most other districts have no such coal so capable of making fine coke from the small dust of the mine.

Yonder we see a mass of reddish stone, most unpromising in appearance to those unused to it: this is the native iron ore from the mine or hill-side: and here we may premise that there are several kinds of iron ore or ironstone, capable of conversion into iron in various degrees of richness, ranging from thirty to seventy per cent. of metal, or in rare cases even more. Generally, the masters of the trade prefer a union of several kinds of ironstone or ore, as corrective of each other's bad or injurious qualities, and as frequently working to better advantage in the furnace. Hence it follows that at some works they use minerals brought from widely-distant counties, on purpose to effect a mixture, as well also as for cheapness occasionally. Now, if we move

a little on one side, we shall find a whitish stone, cleaner-looking than the other minerals. It is limestone, necessary for fluxing purposes: that is for causing the metal the better to leave the dross with which it has hitherto been united. This limestone is obtained from several places, generally at some distance from the works: much of it is brought from the Welsh hills and Derbyshire.

Let us follow a cargo of these three minerals of coke, ironstone, and limestone, as they are placed on a square platform, beneath a network of iron reaching above our heads to the top of the adjoining blast furnaces. When we have taken our stand between the wheelbarrows, the workman in charge moves a lever at a given signal, when, behold, we and the whole platform are rapidly carried upwards!—so quickly, the sensation is not quite pleasant. We soon come to a pause, however, and find ourselves at the top of these lofty blast-furnaces, where a roomy platform runs round the chimnies at the top, and connects one furnace with another. The heat is great, as we observe a large funnel-shaped piece of iron inverted over and covering the opening at the top of each furnace. This is a modern appliance for utilising the waste gas and heat of the furnace, and by this means the gas is conveyed in large pipes down the side of the furnace to heat whatever ovens or boilers are required. And so effectually does it answer, that several large boilers or hot-air ovens can by this method be heated without any other means whatever. Hence a great saving of fuel. Now, if we stand on one side, we shall see the men empty those wheelbarrows round the cap of iron just mentioned, which is occasionally raised to admit the minerals to slide on each side, and so pass into the burning mass below. Very complicated are the chemical gases which pass off from the furnace top, and would puzzle a professor to analyse. They are certainly laden with valuable products, could we but captivate and retain them for our use.

As we stay a short time at the top of one of these Middlesbrough



blast-furnaces, we can get extensive views across the mouth of the tidal river Tees, with its shipping going in, and away over the dark but prosperous manufacturing country around us, where ironworks are very plentiful and rapidly being extended. From below comes a roar of air rushing into the furnaces, blended with roll and rattle and clatter of a thousand sounds of the works, where the iron is subsequently made up into various useful forms, as we shall presently ascertain. Now for the descent. The tank beneath the platform we came up upon is filled with water, and at the given signal, *down* we go at a rapid pace; our weight of water overcoming the weight of the opposite platform of minerals, which is just as rapidly being drawn to the furnace top. Let us look round the bottom part of the furnaces. Here we find, on three sides, hollows in the thick masonry, where are placed iron pipes projecting right into the furnace a little way, through which pipes a current of hot air is rushing at a great pace. This is the "blast," by which the materials within the furnace are kept at a very great heat. The number of such blast pipes, or "tuyeres," varies from three to nine. Round each pipe, as it enters the furnace, there is placed a hollow tube, through which is passed a stream of cold water, to prevent the heat burning it away. On the fourth side or front of the furnace is a somewhat similar opening, through which at different levels are drawn off the metal and dross of the manufacture. That long bed of sand, with narrow grooves formed in parallel lines throughout, is the bed for receiving the molten iron, which is run out at least twice in each twenty-four hours, and fills these hollow spaces in the sand, to form the "Pig Iron" of commerce. This process of running out the metal is called "casting," and forms considerably warm work in summer time. After cooling, the pig iron is weighed, and delivered into railway trucks, or, as at Middlesborough, into vessels, and sent to the various consumers at home or abroad. At a higher level, in front of each furnace, the dross or "cinder" is nearly always running off into large square moulds, and is

at intervals taken away and deposited as refuse on the nearest waste ground. At Middlesborough, and in the district just round, they find a useful purpose in the cinders for depositing along the banks of the river Tees, where it is out of the way, and answers the purpose of keeping back the tide, and also of deepening the river bed.

Now let us take a peep at those squarish ovens for heating the air before it passes into the furnaces. Here is an oven open for repairs: let us crawl in and see the plan of it. Along each side at the floor is a large box or pipe; out of this at intervals spring other upright pipes or tubes which rise the height of the oven, and are, as it were, two pipes side by side, there being a division down the middle. It is so arranged that the air, forced by an engine, is made to pass in each case *up* one side these pipes and *down* the other; so, as the entire oven is heated to a red heat, the air, on issuing from the oven, is very hot, and in this state is conveyed to attack the minerals before mentioned. In some rare cases, in certain iron districts, the air is passed into the furnaces *cold*: by this method the process is much slower and more expensive, but the iron resulting is better and stronger.

We will pass now to the engine, called the Blast Engine, and see how the air is urged along the pipes with such force. In general respects such engines are like others, but have a second cylinder, very like the usual steam cylinder, with a moveable piston, or diaphragm, sliding up and down; which, by means of valves, contrived to open and shut at the right times, causes a constant current of air to be urged along the large pipes or tubes, just before mentioned. The engine we saw at Middlesborough, during our visit, was one of the best and most economical kind, comprising the effects of strong high pressure of steam, which is shut off at a certain part of the working, or "stroke" of the piston; by which means the *expansive* power of steam is best employed; this is afterwards condensed in a separate vessel, causing a strong *vacuum*, which adds power to the engine. So in this engine we had all the best appliances of a modern one.

• One other point we must not omit mentioning, before we leave the blast furnaces, and that is—that for some particular kinds of ironstone, a preliminary roasting or “*calcining*” process is adopted to drive off some impurities before use in the furnace. Taking up a lump of ironstone or ore at random, how unlikely it looks to yield the *hair-spring* of a watch, or furnish a Damascus sword-blade!

But we must move on, and if ladies are of our party, it is well for them, provided they have dresses not the most choice or costly, for dust and dirt are in the ascendant, and plenteous “blacks” fill the air. We pass on to the “forge,” where the pig iron, of whose production we have just been speaking, is subject to a process called “puddling,” by being passed into a puddling furnace, which is a long kind of oven, only the temperature is *rather* higher than for baking our bread. The iron is thrown into a sort of basin, over which a strong flame passes with great heat, so as to melt the metal. The workman, called a puddler, then stirs this molten iron about for an hour or so, with iron rods, so as to subject all parts to the action of the flame; at length a curious chemical change takes place; the metal, as it were, crystallises, while the dross falls in a more liquid state to the bottom. The man then rolls or balls this up into five or other masses, which are then taken to a large hammer, to have the dross further removed from it. At the works we looked over at Middlesborough, most of these hammers were those of Nasmyth, or similar ones; that is, upright masses of iron worked by steam, and capable of being worked to such a nicety that, in some instances, a man can crack a nut with them, or strike a tremendous blow of many tons weight. “Mind out!” here comes a man wheeling a trolley, with a vast mass of very hot iron upon it; as it passes we step aside and shade our faces. It goes to a hammer; blow after blow; the dross flies in every direction; like some stubborn man under severe chastisement of affliction, that metal surely ought to be the better for it. This over, a man seizes the “bloom,” as the piece of iron is now

called; drags it along to some quickly rolling mills; thrusts it between two grooved rolls, revolving in opposite directions, and placed one over the other. By this means it is passed through several grooves, each smaller than the last, and is gradually lengthened into what is termed a “puddled Bar” or Billet. Although in this state it is malleable iron, it is seldom so sent into the market, but is taken to some immense shears, working with dignified regularity by the engines, whether air only is in between the blades, or a piece of iron as thick as a man’s arm. There is something noble in the unassuming, but persistent way in which these great shears work; on they move, come what will between them. When so cut down into lengths, these pieces are piled one on another, and are now ready for the great final process of conversion into the “finished iron” of commerce.

Let us go and follow one of those piles through its stages. “Mind those hot plates, sir!” a man calls out; and no sooner do we step aside than “Hey, look out!” as a man with a wagon full of dross hurries past, the liquid mass leaping out on the plates as it goes. What a fearful noise there is everywhere! inseparable from such employment and so much machinery. “Here, look this way!” so we go to inspect a “squeezer,” which also acts like the hammers, in driving the cinder or dross from the metal, and is composed of two great drums, one within the other, the *outer* one stationary, with one opening to the *inner* one, which revolves. Through this opening a ball of iron is pushed; it is then rolled round, and as the chamber contracts within, the dross is forcibly ejected, though not so thoroughly as is done by the hammer.

But we must follow our pile of iron. Here is a “heating-furnace,” (as though there was anything cool on the ground!) and our pile is placed therein, and heated to a white heat. Drawn out, it is passed through more rolling mills, more accurately and variously made than those of the forge before-mentioned. By this means, in time, the heated mass is lengthened out in the shape required, either a square or round

bar, of various thicknesses, from a quarter of an inch to six inches thick, or it is rolled into a wide and very thin piece, called a "sheet;" otherwise into a wide and *thick* mass, called a "plate," such as are used for armour-plated vessels, or for making boilers; else it may become a very long and narrow strip of iron called a "hoop," familiar on our casks; or it may be fashioned into a small thin rod, for horse-nails or for wire. One other form only we will allude to, namely, *rails* for our public railways, of which great quantities were being turned off, at Middlesborough, at the time of our visit: partly from Russian railway speculation then going on. The facilities for straightening, bending, *sawing*, and filing these rails were all remarkable. A rail was seized as it left the rolls, pushed along pulleys let in the iron floor, straightened, sawed, and so finished, in a wonderfully short space of time. The side-pieces of iron, which tie two rails together, were there punched with three holes, after being cut to the right length, then moved away to a block, and there straightened; thence pushed along to fall in a wheelbarrow; all done by one machine, and the pieces delivered in a continuous stream.

We must not linger, but pass to notice the great steam-cranes, on Tees-side, capable of lifting heavy weights, and depositing them at once into sea-going vessels. *Here lies the main strength of the Cleveland district.* Whereas most other iron-manufacturing districts have to transport their produce a long distance to the nearest sea-port, they can *here* load goods at once into vessels, and so save, by this means alone, a good margin of profit. We pass next to a large iron foundry, where the pig iron is run into various moulds, to form all kinds of castings, such as pots, grates, pipes, garden-chairs, bridges, parts of engines, &c., &c., too numerous to mention.

At the foundry we visited, they were engaged in making some very large pipes for some town in Germany. It is to be hoped the contract was complete before this deplorable war which has broken out. We had not time for a lengthy stay at the foundry, but proceeded to no-

tice other details of the works with which we will not trouble the reader, but give instead a few particulars showing the great resources and high prosperity of the Cleveland iron trade.

Being quite a recently-opened district for iron manufacture, the resources of materials are practically unbounded, especially as concerns the ironstone of the Yorkshire hills, where are doubtless many square miles of extent untouched, and lying far from present mines. The rate of produce is very great. Of pig-iron, most of the blast furnaces can each produce no less than 400 tons per *week*; some 500 tons. We heard of *one* wrought-iron work capable of turning out 700 tons of finished iron weekly. The foundry we saw can produce 100 tons of castings in a single day! Now, when we consider that there are in all no less than 109 blast furnaces at work at the present time (July, 1870), we shall see what a volume of metal comes forth from that district. In fact, we have now before us some particulars of the "make" of iron there; for the "Iron Trade Review" of July 27 gives the exports of pig-iron for the week ending July 23 as 2965 tons for foreign markets, and 3985 tons for home use: this, of course, does not take in the large quantity used up into finished iron in this same Middlesborough district. We may predict for this district that it is destined to be the great iron workshop of England, and carry on a brisk trade when most other iron districts are given up to the fox or the lonely heron.

From Middlesborough we took steamer up the Tees to Stockton, a distance of about four miles, observing on the way how rapidly works for iron-making were being erected here and there on either side the river. We counted fifteen blast furnaces in sight at one time, with long and extensive ranges of ironworks in the distance, mostly blowing away a cloud of smoke, indicating prosperous times by the rate of manufacture. Here we saw the use of the cinder, or furnace refuse, deposited along the riverbanks, and effectually holding back



the tide from overspreading the flat lands on each side. As we approached Stockton, we passed under several fine iron screw-steamers, one being named the "Burgos," probably for Hull and Spanish trade; another the "Seine," suggesting traffic to France. While our small boat steamed under them, we could not but admire the graceful water-lines curving beautifully from stem to stern, imparting, doubtless, a good sea-way.

Stockton is an old-fashioned place for the most part, consisting mainly of one long and very wide street, as much as *eighty* yards or more wide in some places, giving the town a very open appearance. Over what seemed to be a public or magistrate's room we read the fitting words :

"Age quæ justa sunt;  
Confide recte agens."

There is a fine bridge thrown across the tidal Tees, with overhanging footpaths, supported on flying bearers thrown out from the roadway. This bridge, being over a tidal river, answers for the traffic a long distance each side, as well as up and down stream. On the Yorkshire side of this bridge has sprung up an extensive and populous district, peopled by those concerned in ship-building, and altogether distinct from Old Stockton, which wears a more durable aspect. Like the houses of Middlesborough, many of these new ones are "run up" rapidly and cheaply, we can see, and look not unlikely to come down with a run.

We did not stay longer than the first convenient train, before starting for Hartlepool. On the rails we again noticed some curious old trucks of the original Stockton and Darlington Railway. We also observed one wagon of the North-Eastern Railway, numbered 15,632—no small number for the rolling stock of that company. Leaving the station at Hartlepool, we soon passed some immense ranges of shipping store-warehouses, telling out to any observer the great traffic of any place; warehouses seven or eight lofty storeys high. Soon we came to the vast series of docks swarming with

vessels of diverse orders, crowded together as only vessels in dock can be, and causing one to wonder how, in the name of confusion, any particular vessel can ever be got out safe and sound. But the thing is easy to nautical men.

Here are a lot of fellows loading coal from trucks carried on aerial-looking railways right over the vessels lying in dock: a most convenient contrivance. Yonder we see a company of sailors at work on board a grimy old ship, and singing uncouthly, as they strain at their work, after the manner of sailors. What weather-beaten fellows some of them are! embrowned by storm and sunshine, wrinkled by strong winds of winter, and hardened by severe work in the rain. Now we come to a monster in the way of a crane, and upright pieces of timber not less than 100 feet high, as we ascertain by counting the cross pieces used for men to climb to the top. That crane, we were told, could lift a weight of forty tons at one time. Presently we arrived at a dry dock: and what a noise greeted our ears as we entered through some large doors! Fearful clatter of a hundred hammers, beating away at plates, bars, and pins, for repairing the screw steamer "Marmora," then undergoing repairs. This vessel we walked upon, as she lay in the dry dock, affording us good views of her four-bladed screw and long, well-formed lines of her sides. How strained and hardly used some of the vessels are, shewing most plainly battles with the storms of the wild winter nights in past years! Yonder ship, the "Agenora," looks as though she had made many a cruise in angry waters and leaped through the crest of many a deadly wave. Often must the wild winds have sung through her cordage, and whistled past the man at the wheel, enough to take his head off! She lies peaceably now: but must have understood the brunt of many a tempest.

At the entrance to the docks, we saw a tall flag-staff, carrying a sort of drum or buoy, signal to those at sea as to the dock-gates being open or shut. We thought of the agitating time, when many a good vessel with a brave crew of hardy sailors, lies tossing out on the offing

yonder, weather-stressed and perhaps wrecked: nor able to gain the friendly shelter of the harbour. Anxious times those, and perilous: when many a good ship goes to the bottom, unable longer to maintain the conflict with wind and wave.

But our time was going by fast; so presently we ferried over, and walked thence to East Hartlepool, again inspecting the shipping interest of the place and having a long walk through the streets. By the lighthouse is a fair open sea view, near some ancient fortification. There is a stately old church here, with flying buttresses to the tower. The church is dedicated to St. Hilda, and was formerly extended considerably beyond its present dimensions, being originally a beautiful edifice: but the chancel was taken down some time ago, leaving only a recess for the communion table.

There is an old saying—"the nearer the church, the farther from God." This we should think is almost applicable to some of the back streets and houses near the sea, not a stone's throw off. The natives of the place we passed, old and young, but chiefly children, seemed of the lowest order even of a fishing station, and were evidently of a low moral tone. Young rascals were grouped about of both sexes, in the rudest style, and of the roughest exterior. What words we heard were bad, many of them: and the general aspect of these people indicated a sad depravity. True, we may here have seen the worst characters of the place, as we passed along from one part of the town to another: but the younger portion of the population were painful objects to contemplate, in those streets near the church on that one side. We were very glad to arrive in a more healthy neighbourhood.

Some streets of Hartlepool are highly clean and respectable, with good quiet dwellings, where flowers greet the eye, from open windows;

several of such streets are long, telling how many townsmen of the better class are engaged in shipping commerce. In one part of the Hartlepool docks we passed through piles and piles of fir poles, stocked on the side of the dock, just as they arrived from Norway or Sweden. Such vast quantities of firs we never saw before, most of them as straight as a dart. When I noticed some long, delicate grey shreds of lichen trailing from the bark of a young fir pole, I thought of the pure air and clean country where such most probably grew; possibly on some wide hill-side, looking over a thinly peopled country, and affording a great contrast to the busy docks of Hartlepool.

Before leaving this notice of Hartlepool, let me allude to some of the remarkable and strange names seen in the streets of this and one or two other towns of north-east Yorkshire; some of which seem to point to a Scandinavian origin, having been retained, with slight alteration, from the earliest times. Here are several of those names, chiefly those of persons, and transcribed from street sign-boards:—Outhwaite, Sleightholm, Leng, Womfra, Lund, Ugglebarnby, Pybus, Mouat, Kinkup, Semple, Cossar, Airtton, Vitty, Bulmer, Ord, Sexhow, Huntrods, Margoris, Prosser.

We left Hartlepool by an evening train, bound for Whitby, going by rather a different route to the one we traversed in the morning, and passing the quiet and ancient town of Yarm, looking picturesque with its bright red corrugated tiles, and its grey church beside a smiling reach of calm Tees, winding among well-wooded meadows. After a ride of from fifty to sixty miles, we reached the purer air of Whitby, by no means sorry to inhale its salty salubrity after the dust of Middlesborough, and the fatigue of a long day in the Cleveland district.

H. P., F.G.S.

## THE ROMANCE OF NUTLEA MILL.

WALKING one day with a friend farther away from the inland town where we reside than usual on our perigrinations, we came upon the verge of a wide and deep valley, bearing along its course a small stream. Following the road which ran paralled with this valley, it brought us presently to a long pool, which we saw was widest at the lower end, where we found a quaint old mill.

As we stood looking down on the singular cottage-like villa adjoining, with its many angular projections and deep recesses; its two carved oak entrances, with large side windows, its Swiss-like gables, and wavy sky-line of roof, all surrounded with the remains of a once beautiful garden,—we dreamt not of the tell-tale relics mouldering within, or of the desertion of velvet-hung rooms, or of rare works of art in carving and painting left to decay, or of the touch of old romance the house possessed.

After we went down to the mill, curiosity and the deserted look of the place led us to walk through the gateway and round to the front of the house. Sad remains of former comfort and prosperity were to be seen in vases and pedestals here and there; an old sun-dial and rustic seats left to decay in grass-grown walks, and in neglected vines trailing their length past broken-down hothouse walls. We were struck with the picturesque entrance on one side, which consisted of a projection in beautifully carved oak, the rich mouldings and twisted pillars being of really artistic finish, while plate-glass windows on each side told that expense was less an object, with some former proprietor, than appearance. Several windows were also of this elaborate character, so unusual in a cottage of this kind, adjoining an old mill, in quite an out-of-the-way spot. The door being open, we entered, to find the rooms many, but chiefly small, yet decorated in a costly style; in one room was a rich marble mantel-piece, evidently removed to where it stood

from some nobler dwelling. What surprised us most was that many old articles of furniture were still left in the room, which clearly had not been used for many years. In one of these, rich velvet hangings yet fell on each side the window, and a massive chair, with faded crimson covering, stood in one corner of the room. In another were a broken music stand and part of an old picture-frame. After leaving this part of the house, we came to a room containing a curious medley of past days scattered on the floor. It was suggestive to see old numbers of *Titan* and the *Athenæum* side by side with French books and old newspapers. Near a broken mirror leaning against a fresco, life-size and evidently valuable, was a number of *old letters*.

After looking round on these mementoes of by-gone days, telling of owner's taste and wealth, and after musing how sadly such things speak of some olden times, possibly dear to some hearts, we went out to glance round the little homestead, now forsaken, at the deserted greenhouse, with a *child's book* on a flower-stand, and at the large mill-pond, looking much as it must have done in the palmy days of Nutlea Mill.

Sometimes shall it happen, during our common walks into the country, that we chance to tread on romantic ground; when least suspecting such a thing, may the romance of common life be told us, to startle us into remembering how grave and solemn a thing is the life of each, and with what eventful issues may our commonest actions be fraught. The progression of each man's life moves on under august witnesses, and to a solemn and martial music. Can we not sometimes almost catch a strain of such music in the *silence* above a busy crowd; or among the rustling leaves of autumn; or where opens up to our gaze the deep starry vault of immensity?

It was not until after the lapse of some months that we again wan-



dered in the neighbourhood of Nutlea Mill, in search of ferns, of which some rare kinds were said to grow there. After searching along the stream and hedgerows for some time, we walked down to the mill, thinking we might find some there. As we were walking round the old buildings, we met a very aged man, who proved to have been a miller there many years ago, and who now occupied part of the house, as a sort of watchman. After talking awhile of ferns and fishery, we fell to discussing the venerable villa and its former occupants. Presently the old miller asked us to go in; so having a few hours to spare, we were nothing loth, remembering the interest awakened in us by the mysterious desertion of the place, and the costly relics so strangely abandoned, and left scattered about the rooms. In passing through one room, the miller called our attention to the heap of old books, music and letters, which had struck us on our former visit. "That lot, poor old Mr. Carson gave me one day," said our guide; "but they aint worth much; only he said I might like to read the magazines, perhaps, when I had nothing to do." Stooping down, we glanced over the remains of the old literary feasts and nights of song, as we turned over the leaves of faded magazines, and yellow M.S. music; underneath an old number of "Blackwood" were several old letters, lying open to any chance comer. Taking up one of these, we asked permission to read it; thinking that, probably, some persons had done so already, since they lay so exposed. "O yes, it can't matter now;" said the miller. We carried that and other letters to the miller's rooms, and read them there. Here is one, written from abroad, in a dainty lady's handwriting.

"14 May, Bruges.

"DEAREST FRED,—Charles and I came here last night, after a tiresome ride of about thirty miles from Ghent. What a queer old town that is! so full of strange gables and projecting upper storeys; such odd-looking chimnies and quaint door-ways; some of the streets are so narrow you might almost shake hands across

them from the top windows. You would be *charmed*, Frederico mio, with those picturesque turrets and gables; but then, poor one, I was so tired with sitting up for Charles the night before we got there, I could scarcely find courage to go about next day. I am so weary with all this travelling, Fred, and wish for dear old England and its green shady lanes, but most of all, to see papa and all of you. Write to me, there's a dear boy, to Lille, where we go to-morrow. Charles is very kind when he is with me; but your sister would be a *happier* girl, Fred, if he came home, I mean to our hotel, earlier in the evening; but then he has to see after old pictures, he tells me, or look up some acquaintance. Only sometimes I cannot help feeling rather lonely when left by myself at night in strange hotels. The lace collar is for my darling Clarie; give her a kiss along with it. Tell her not to forget to water the acacia every other day. The post goes early, so good-bye, with fond love to *all* of you, from your sister,

WILHELMINA."

After reading this and several other letters of less interest, there fell out of a foreign book this fragment:—

"——can scarcely hope. But oh, Fred, to think that my husband could have——; but *no*, I dare not think so, it would make me wild. I dread losing faith in Charles, but then why does he so often——"

This fragment led us to dwell in imagination on some worthy English girl, perhaps lately married, out on the Continent with her husband, a fragment too sadly suggestive. Eagerly we questioned the aged miller about the former tenants of the place, and about the writer of the letters from abroad. Thus it came to pass on this and several subsequent visits to Nutlea Mill, that we gathered up some threads towards weaving the life of its former inhabitants, and found a strong interest in its picturesque decay and the signs of former plenty and beauty it possessed. The substance of what we gathered from those old letters and conversations with the venerable miller was as follows:—

In the spring of a certain year, a long time past, it happened that a certain Mr. Carson entered into negotiations for purchasing Nutlea Mill, with the intention of residing at the house adjoining, being charmed with the situation of the place and the irregular old buildings, which touched his appreciation of the picturesque. It so happened that there was a trifling mortgage upon the property; this Mr. Carson arranged to pay off as part of the purchase-money. This was done in the course of time; and one evening Mr. Carson and family arrived from a distant county, having sent on their goods previously.

The new resident proved to be an elderly gentleman of quiet demeanour and grave countenance, while in dress he seemed a follower of olden fashions. His family consisted of one son and two daughters. Fred was a young fellow fresh from school, and just about entering college, with no special features of character marked enough to strike a casual observer. In age he was younger than the eldest of his two sisters, who was a dark, stately girl of about seventeen; grave in deportment, she yet had the appearance of one ready to resist intrusion in the familiarity of any chance acquaintance, while the flash of her brown eye kept people at a short distance. She wore her dark hair in smooth plaits on each side of a face that was of a very notable oval shape, such a mode of wearing the hair being usual at the distant time of which we write. To see her and her young Sister Claribel, as they busied themselves among their flowers, was like noticing some primrose placed beside a dark hyacinth. Clarie was the light of the house, flashing her young presence about in quite a bewildering way; you never knew where she was (the aged miller told us), or rather was *not*. She was the old gentleman's plaything by the evening fire, when he would even lay by some rare old print, after admiring its bold open strokes of engraving, to catch her on his knee and enrage her for a while. "Bonny Clarie! your upturned innocent face and long yellow hair must have caught the heart of many a pedestrian passing Nutlea Mill, to make his solitude seem the greater. Claribel

was then about twelve summers old.

The neighbours soon found that Mr. Carson spent his time chiefly in collecting works of art, paintings, prints, and more especially old carving, being himself rather clever at executing the latter. If any collection or exhibition of art was known to be in the neighbourhood, Mr. Carson was sure to be there. He was also a "bit of a botanist" and passed long days in collecting and arranging wild-flowers, ferns, and mosses; taking long rambles after any desired specimens. In addition to which he had learnt to play on the flute in his younger days, and often on still summer evenings would people passing the mill pause to admire the tone of his flute, coming from some unseen quarter of the garden. The mill he at once let off, when he came, to a needy miller; the same old fellow who furnished us with the materials for this imperfect sketch.

Thus matters went on for two years or so. The third winter this family spent at Nutlea Mill proved a most severe one throughout the country. The mill pool was frozen to the depth of six or eight inches. Consequently many people came from neighbouring towns, since that was by far the largest pool for many miles round. Among the skaters came one morning, a certain Captain Charles Rensfield, who rather astonished the rustics. After looking for some time at the skaters and sliders, he sat at the top end of the pool, and whipping out of his side-pocket a pair of curiously-constructed skates, clapped them on quickly, and in a few tremendous strokes dashed down the whole length of the pool, before the bystanders had well looked what he was about. He then coolly drew off his skates and walked away.

Two days after, the frost continuing, the captain was seen there again, and got introduced to Fred Carson, who was just then learning the difficulty of the "outsidestroke." The captain gave Fred a few hints how to go to work, and so won his good will. A day or two following Fred introduced his new friend to Mr. Carson and the girls.

Thus it fell out, among the mysteries of Providence, that from the



seemingly chance meeting on the ice, Charles Rensfield came to be a frequent guest at the mill, while his regiment was quartered in the neighbouring city.

To what weighty issues do small and trifling events sometimes conduce! like a pebble dropped in smooth waters, causing an ever-widening circle of commotion.

Of mostly affable manners, and assuming great interest in the subject of conversation from anyone he wished to please, the captain had a bearing rather too authoritative occasionally, but pardonable, perhaps, from an officer; and some people remarked a sort of *self-assertion* offensive to retiring or well-balanced minds. But then he possessed that subtle power which tells so much on the feelings of some persons, born of a specious deference to their opinions and desires: a power too often effectual in glossing over the defects of character in its possessor.

The captain on several occasions charmed the family circle in the evening by his skilful playing on the flute, often accompanying Miss Carson while she played upon the piano. Now, as the paterfamilias was very fond of music, and *also* played upon the flute, this pleased him very well. As a matter of course the captain found this sort of thing very pleasant, and multiplied his visits accordingly. Possessing a large amount of worldly tact, and having quite a gentlemanly exterior, Charles Rensfield contrived to ingratiate himself with all at the mill, and took especial care to stand well with Mr. Carson, whom he pleased occasionally by bringing some rare vase or print or bit of old carving. On one occasion, during Fred's first long vacation, it was proposed they should all spend a day among the excavations at that time going on at the site of an old buried Roman city, which lay about twenty miles away from Nutlea Mill. As they were passing down one of the ancient streets, where marks of carriage-wheels could still be seen on the large stones forming the pavement, the captain, who was with them, espied a peculiar rough sketch on a wall of a room belonging to a house

adjoining; partly obliterated as it was, the curves and ornamentation could readily be traced in dark lines. He called Mr. Carson's attention to it, who was enraptured, declaring he had found the origin of a peculiar form of *curve* which he had several times observed in very old carving. Consequently he was highly pleased, and set himself to copy down the drawing upon the wall where this occurred. While he was thus engaged, Fred and Rensfield strolled off with the two girls alongside the river which flowed past the buried city. After a while they sat on the bank and rested, admiring the flowing river rushing past just as when the Roman forces crossed over the bridge, the ruins whereof are said to be discoverable at low water; and watching the swaying of willows across the water, just where some half-dozen cows were standing knee-deep in the stream. It was at this moment, Miss Carson well remembered afterwards, that a stranger passed them, as he walked along the river-side, and nodded to the captain, who seemed in no way pleased at the encounter, and muttered something under his breath. Miss Carson remarked to herself what a "sour-complexioned" man this stranger seemed, and what a swaggering gait he had. Presently they all rejoined Mr. Carson, who was delighted at the result of the day's excursion.

Wily to a great degree, this Captain Rensfield played his game well. For weeks he would absent himself, well knowing his return would be doubly pleasing to the dwellers at the quiet mill, on which occasions he generally contrived to bring some trifle to gratify Mr. Carson's love of art. As to his own object in improving the acquaintance, there was not long any doubt. Wilhelmina Carson was just the sort of august girl a fellow like Rensfield would aim at conquering, being handsome, rather than beautiful, and of high-spirited nature and queenly bearing. Such men less frequently care so much for quiet homely girls, as being too tame for them; gentle, earnest womanhood has less charms for men of the world.

We need not attempt to dwell



upon the intermediate time. Suffice it to say, the Captain readily gained Mr. Carson's consent to becoming the suitor of his eldest daughter, and that not long afterwards they were married. Immediately following the wedding, they left for the Continent, at the Captain's express desire, he having shortly before sold his commission in the army for a good round sum.

The next we learnt about them was from a fragment or two of old letters, headed by various places abroad. It appears, however, that "Willie" (so her father seems generally to have addressed her), gradually found out that Charles was not altogether the amiable fellow he seemed in England: bit by bit was the dreadful truth told her, as his manner changed to her and grew harsher, and his ways in those foreign cities stranger and more doubtful.

How terrible must be a wife's loss of faith in him she has hitherto looked up to as almost perfect, and confided in as one more truthful and stronger than herself! Bitter, indeed, must be the gradual awaking to a husband's coldness, and specious assumption of tender regard before the world, denied by rudeness and cruelty in companion hours.

Here is a portion of a letter headed "Certoaldo":—

"DEAREST PAPA, — Your note came safely. We called for it as we passed through to this place. What a singular spot this is! From the window where I am writing I can look up to a very steep hill, rising abruptly from a plain, and having on the top a very large fortress. It has just the appearance of a great crown placed up there, and seems from here impregnable. There is another similar hill a little to the left, but not so high. Beyond these I can trace a long range of distant blue mountains, across which this afternoon a few white clouds very beautifully trail along. I sat watching them a long time before I began this letter, till they made me feel quite melancholy, being so very beautiful. But, papa dear, Charles is not with me; he went out shortly after we arrived this morning. I can't think why he leaves me so much alone. Is Clarie well? and dear Fred? Do you know, papa, I

saw the *loveliest* bit of sycamore carving yesterday; it was out at a door for sale, and we stayed the carriage to look at it; but Charles 'did not want such things,' he said; I *did* so want him to buy it for you. Italy is extremely lovely I wish so much you and Clarie could . . ."

Here is a bit of another note, written from Como, but the date and address were gone. The old miller found it, he told us, in a dusty cupboard, behind some carved bits of wood.

" . . . by far than that. From this window, Fred, I look across the Lake of Como, lying in its blue beauty, while warm evening sunlight is reposing on the grand old mountains. Round the shores are the *prettiest* villas, with here and there a campanile to give a wider view over this glorious land. I so much wish you were with me: this isolation from home is dreadful,—but what am I saying! I ought not to speak in that way, but I can't tell what to think of Charles. Sometimes he comes home—I mean to our hotel—so excited and restless I don't know what to do to please him; then next day he is generally low-spirited. Last night he threw some money on the floor; I was so nervous and anxious, but kept myself from flying into a passion, though once or twice lately I have for hours at night walked restlessly backwards and forwards about my room, when he has left me in strange hotels alone. I want to come home to dear Nutlea again, and see you all. Is my pet Clarie as great a frolic as ever? I fear there will . . ."

One afternoon, in some town they were staying at, Mrs. Rensfield had gone out to select a few choice bits of lace from a shop where she had noticed some excellent goods of that kind. As she was turning a corner of a street, her attention was drawn to a man in English style of dress and general appearance, when she was rather startled to recognise the features of the stranger, as having somewhere once seen them before. Thinking it out, she concluded this was the same man who had passed them as they sat by that

river in England, when she and others were spending the day at the buried Roman city. It seemed to her rather strange, but she could not well be mistaken—the man wore such a repulsive look, and had just the same “pushing” way with him. That evening, when she saw her husband, there was a singular shyness in conversation about his manner, and a seeming wish to elude her glance. He complained of the supper, too, and was manifestly ill at ease, and disposed to find fault with everything. Not long after, the Captain was closeted with a “friend of his on business;” the interview was a long one, and poor Wilhelmina heard most alarming language; they seemed about to quarrel or fight, so violent they became. She fancied she heard, through the wall of the room, her father mentioned as “old Carson;” this roused her indignation, while it excited her curiosity. For a day or two after this, Captain Rensfield refused to be seen by any one, remaining strictly within doors all the time. The poor wife seems at this time to have been fast losing her high spirit, and becoming reservedly anxious. Charles told her nothing as to the cause of these freaks and changes. A sad lot, and the prospect of a painful disclosure, seemed to be dawning upon her. A mystery overhung the manners and strange movements of her husband; the confidence of a wife was denied her; gradually she lost faith, and painful suspicions corroded her happiness.

In endeavouring to trace the movements of this pair, from the scanty materials at hand and the narration of the aged miller, we have been unable to discover any clue to their whereabouts from the time just alluded to, until we find them at Rome, as seen from a letter or two written to Carrie by her sister, and one to Mr. Carson.

It appears things were no better; for we find Mrs. Rensfield, late one evening, following her husband, out of dread and curiosity, along many streets and passages; at last she saw him present himself at a narrow doorway, beside which stood a man dressed in a *yellow* jacket. To this fellow Charles gave some word, and

was then allowed to pass. Poor Wilhelmina waited long. A dread and sense of utter loneliness and friendliness possessed her for three hours, as she watched and waited; her, who should have had the care and attention of her husband in that great city. No husband returned in all that time. Then, late at night, she, in fear, went to their rooms, to pass the night in snatches of troubled sleep.

It must be a sad and terrible thing indeed when a young wife is forced to pen such details to her father and sister at home. For will not the true love of a true woman last long before it cools? and her faith in the beloved one stand shocks most trying to its strength? Will not the heart hope on that even its sorest suspicions may be unfounded, and its sad forebodings unprophetic? Dreadful, truly, must be the sensation—as of a cold hand clutching the heart—when its treasure is thus found worthless, and its best-beloved becomes suspected, distrusted, and *unhonoured*.

One evening, when the captain was more elated than usual, and they were sitting together in a window in some town, while he was smoking and she doing some feminine work, a messenger came: “My master wants your worship to see,” said the fellow. Charles went into another room, and remained a long time closeted with this stranger. Wilhelmina heard angry voices. Presently Charles came out to her, hot as he was with passion, and swearing horribly at the “rascally thief” who, it proved, had called to claim some wager won at a gambling-house. This man forced payment and threatened exposure. So, to find the necessary means at the moment, Wilhelmina had to part with a beautiful opal ring her father had given her; Charles declaring he could not “still the fellow” without it. It was painful to read, in a letter to her brother Fred, how this added a fresh grief to the English girl, thus to part with her father’s gift.

We must now pass on to the return to England of Captain Rensfield and his wife. The time was

well remembered by our friend the old miller, who told us it was "that year there was a disease among the sheep." This miller said likewise that his landlord, Mr. Carson, had by this time grown quite fond of having a chat in the mill now and then, so the miller became acquainted with most of the family affairs. Good and kind father as he was, Mr. Carson prepared a pretty little cottage villa for his son-in-law and daughter, not far away from his own home. His meeting with Wilhelmina was very tender, though touched with a trace of sadness, told more by his tone of voice than anything else. He soon saw for himself how irregular were the ways and habits of the captain, and sorely it grieved him. He once had a long talk with his son-in-law in their study, and for a time afterwards there was a marked improvement in the conduct of the latter. But old habits soon again prevailed, and old companions found him out and led him frequently from home. So matters went on for a while.

One morning, when Wilhelmina and Clarie were out on the grass, watering a case of ferns, a stranger called. It proved the same repulsive face seen that day beside the river, and once in a foreign town. While her husband was occupied with this man, Wilhelmina felt a strange and extreme dislike to the visitor, and a shrinking she could not account for. A sudden depression came over her at the same time, and a deep dejection for which there seemed no reason. This painful impression lasted all that day, as though the power of feeling within her was captivated by some cause she could not realise.

From that day the captain's manner grew more strange and harsh, and his eye more restless. Once or twice he vexed his wife by vague threats concerning her father's position, which the poor girl could not understand, and dreaded to ask about. One morning, not long after this, Mr. Carson received a business letter which Clarie at the breakfast-table could see, by her father's manner, was one of no ordinary interest. He became silent and grave, and let his newspaper lie unread. Afterwards he kissed his young daughter with more than usual warmth, and

started for the neighbouring city to consult his lawyer. Late at evening he returned sad and weary. Beside his hearth that night he sat long in silent thought. Clarie was surprised, when sitting on his knee, and resting her luxuriant hair on his shoulder, to feel a tear or two fall on her head, while she was held in an embrace longer and closer than usual.

A few days after came a letter from Mr. Carson's lawyer to this effect:—"After further search they feared there was good foundation for the intimation contained in the said letter; further inquiries should be instituted, and they would report Mr. Carson thereon in due course."

Here we should say that the expensive tastes of Mr. Carson had left him but little property save some small locked-up capital, and the house and premises at Nutlea Mill. He had, at considerable expense, prepared the cottage for his daughter not long previously. Not very wisely, about this time, he bought a costly fresco, by a celebrated artist, comprising a life-size figure of a knight being armed by attendants.

It was with no small dismay, therefore, he learnt from his lawyer that it was necessary to investigate the writings and deeds relating to Nutlea Mill, and make a thorough search to ascertain the truth of a claim put in by a certain lawyer on behalf of a client whose name was yet suppressed. The plea related to some prior right claimed as pertaining to a person since deceased, and now vested in his descendants. The name could not be withheld long; and even the hard matter-of-fact lawyers seemed reluctant to inform Mr. Carson. It proved to be none other than Captain Rensfield, in whom the claim was now vested, at which intimation Mr. Carson was sadly disconcerted; for, should there be any ground for this claim on the property, no hope of clemency was to be entertained from this rapacious spendthrift. For a time, the lawyers gave out hopes to Mr. Carson that his title to the property was indefeasible. By degrees, however, they intimated to him that there was a flaw somewhere, and that "they feared a suit might be needful to validate his claim to Nutlea Mill."



Driven hard by stress of these adverse opinions, Mr. Carson had a long interview with his son-in-law. Sorely grieved was the old man to find such stern treatment from so near a relative; but the captain wouldn't yield an inch, and swore tremendously about Mr. Carson's lawyers. So it came to pass that, rather than see the bulk of his property go to pay for gambling debts and find fresh incentives to evil for so base a fellow as his son-in-law had turned out, Mr. Carson resolved, with the advice of his lawyer, to throw the property into Chancery. Such was accordingly done. Almost immediately after this the family left the pretty villa at the mill, and hastily removed to a small house a mile or two distant. Indeed, so quickly were they forced to leave, that many odds and ends were left about the rooms, some not suiting their fresh home, and the interest in others having waned under the presence of a great calamity. Nor could Mr. Carson be induced to go over the rooms when once they had left: the feeling was too painful, he said to the miller, to whom he gave what few things lay about them. This miller was also appointed a sort of watchman about the place, being always on the spot.

Shortly afterwards the captain had a narrow chance of being arrested for debt, so deemed it prudent to leave the country. Not so his unhappy wife. Persuasions nor threats could again induce her to leave her father and England. Their pretty cottage was soon afterwards sold to a retired clergyman, who proved a pleasant neighbour and companion for Mr. Carson: and Wilhelmina once more entered her father's house as her only earthly home. It is a sorrowful story,—the once queenly girl (her spirit quelled, the ardour of youthful enthusiasm gone), now a pale, sorrow-laden woman. The fire that once burnt in her dark eyes was partly extinguished, or shone forth in a milder and far different radiance. Yet had sorrow and disappointment wrought their work of bringing patience, and a meekness of spirit unknown in happier years. Clarie was now growing into womanhood, and, like a true little woman, devoted herself to house-

hold management and economy, so sorely needed under their altered circumstances. Her sister gave herself mainly to comforting their father, and winning him again to take something of his old interest in works of art, and persuading him even to execute a bit or two of carving now and then, when he was more cheerful than usual.

So things went on quietly for a while. But the strain of mind and feeling, consequent upon what she had gone through, were fast telling upon Wilhelmina, who grew thinner and paler slowly. She had acquired a habit of gazing long up into the open sky from a window, or when seated in their little garden. The expression of her face at such times, the miller told us, was *sweetly sad*; with a peculiar absent look, as though gazing into the future. She would often sit long in one position, without sign or motion; while her light-hearted sister ran about like a greyhound. What a contrast between them! the pale, calm features and dark hair of the elder sister, set off by the blooming cheeks and golden locks of Clarie. One like the pale calm twilight, the other resembling a fresh May morning.

Slowly and gradually Wilhelmina changed; you could not tell, the miller said, that she was altered, but by remembering what she was several weeks before; in spirit and experience she seemed much older; more like one who has passed through all the stages of a long life. There gleamed strange flashes of wisdom out of her sayings now and then, such as made Mr. Carson anxious and thoughtful about her. Yet there was always an increased fondness for the lower creation, as for dogs and birds they had, and a greater love of flowers.

Sometimes she would gaze on her father gravely for a long time; then go up to him and give him a kiss quietly, as the result of long thought.

So several months passed away; during which time Mr. Carson received several threatening letters from that repulsive-looking man Wilhelmina had twice or thrice seen; who proved to be a notably dishonest lawyer who dealt principally in low cases, and who had

somehow or other got the captain into his toils. These troublesome letters were framed in a variety of ways ; at one time threatening proceedings for something or other done at the mill ; at another hinting at exposure, alleging the discrepancy in the title was known when Mr. Carson purchased the property. Though vexatious at the time, these letters came to nothing ; and grieved Wilhelmina more than her father, from the share she felt she had had in bringing this trouble upon them.

Turning now to Captain Rensfield, we find he went to western America, where he led a more rambling and irregular life than at home. After a few letters at first, his relatives rarely heard of him, except when once or twice he wrote pleading letters to his father-in-law for cash. After months of silence, they had a letter from some acquaintance the captain had made, conveying the sad tidings that he had become concerned in a brawl at some distant western town ; when he was stabbed by a Yankee trader during the quarrel, and that he sank from the effects of the wound. It was another sad blow to his poor wife, already weakened by slow consumption.

Very distressing and unspeakably grievous is it to see one, who is to us almost as the light of our eyes, fading and failing slowly before us : and ourselves to be quite powerless to stay the dreadful declension. Brighter grew the spiritual power of Wilhelmina as the power of the body grew less, and clearer discernment marked her mental vision. Abstrac-

tion from all surrounding objects was now no uncommon state with her, although joined to a closer love of home and dear ones there. Her attention to and care of her father was the more marked : she rarely left him, and delighted in ministering to his wishes. When Fred came home after long absence, his noisy welcome and jovial manner were hushed when his eye caught "Willie," looking animated, but so very pale : that expression of sweet and peculiar quietude awed him into thoughtfulness.

Thus a few more months wore away : at last this poor girl could not walk upstairs one evening, and Fred helped to carry her. That night she wished the sitting-room door to be left open, and Clarie to play for her a few old familiar airs. All saw the change that was daily creeping on. A few more days of calm attention, a few more nights of watching, before the end came. She died one evening, as the sunset flashed a rosy light upon the trees of the mill pool. Calmly and solemnly she waited the last dread struggle. But its power was gone : and like some agitated water gradually settling into rest that mirrors the stars, she passed unto her repose.

Mr. Carson and Clarie went from home that autumn into Wales for a week or two. Subsequently there came an order from the Court of Chancery, that during the investigation and as the property would almost surely revert to him, he could go to live at his old home. But no : he preferred to remain at the little cottage, with his bright-haired Clarie.

H. P.

## ANTIPODEAN HIGHWAYMEN.

THE Turpins, Claude du Vals, and Robin Hoods, have all long since disappeared from our own country—indeed, they could not easily carry on their wonted trade as "minions of the moon" more than a few hours under present circumstances, for what with telegraphs and railways, they would find it not an easy matter to escape detection beyond a very short period. But our colonies pos-

sess these heroes still in full career, and for these knights of the road they are greatly, if not solely, indebted to the mother-country, who has furnished the scum and off-scourings of her cities to create a criminal population to some of her dependencies. The system of convict treatment was a fertile source of supply to the ranks of the bush-rangers, many of the convicts

choosing this life, arduous and uncertain as it is, rather than submit to the continual floggings, scanty fare, and cruel treatment to which they were subjected. There would be, no doubt, many convicts whom the fear of the lash would alone keep in control, but some time ago it was applied in all instances of breach of duty or of discipline; and this indiscriminate use of the lash became altogether ineffectual for the reformation of the criminal, and only made him more reckless and hardened. Once suffered, no convict would risk it a second time, if by any means he could make his escape from the master to whom he had been assigned as a servant. It is true that all bushrangers have not been convicts, but as a general rule nine out of every ten have graduated in crime to some extent. Frequently the convict has been honest and industrious while working as an assigned servant, but "having got into trouble" for some little offence, is sentenced to hard labour on the roads, and rather than submit to this he will take to the bush, and there, banding with a few more like-minded to himself, will keep the surrounding districts in continual terror. When it is known that a gang is in the neighbourhood, all is anxiety—the settlers live in daily expectation of an unwelcome visit, and are never suffered to forget the danger for an hour. If anything goes wrong upon the station—if a party of strange horsemen appear in the distance, disturbing the cattle—they were the bushrangers; if the saddle-horses had strayed further than usual in the morning, the stock-keeper will prematurely give up the search, and return home in despair, declaring the bushrangers had got them. On every station the guns will be discharged and re-loaded every evening, and there will in all likelihood be a sufficient accumulation of powder and ball for a small garrison. Notwithstanding all notable precautions and preparations for defence, it sometimes happens that the settler, while enjoying his evening cup of tea, is not a little astonished and chagrined to find himself "covered" with the bore of a rifle protuded through the window of his hut—his arms are close to him in a corner of the room,

his ammunition is neatly arranged on a little table close by, but—to stir towards them is instant death. The mysterious stranger on the outside maintains his post till his companions have entered and bound the settler fast to his chair, when he joins in the work of pillage. They now help themselves to what they please, and after perhaps cutting many a rude jest on the unlucky settler, they leave him to call the police at his leisure; to empty the barrels of his gun, now filled with water; to re-arrange his hut, and render it again, if he like, once more proof against a visit from the bushrangers.

This would be about one of the mildest of the modes which the bushrangers generally adopt. They hold the landlords of the country inns at their mercy, and extract from them information as to the travellers who may be in the house—their business, probable route, and possessions. The bushrangers then lay in wait for the travellers at some quiet part of the road, and "bail them up," as they term it. Mr. Therry, author of "Thirty Years experience in New South Wales," gives a very graphic description of an adventure of this kind, which we will here reproduce, premising that the bushrangers had forced the landlord of the inn at which he lodged the evening before to disclose Mr. Therry's intended route, and threatened that if he betrayed them, they would return at night, set his house on fire, and destroy him, his house, and its inmates, and they were scoundrels enough to have executed the threat.

"At a lonely spot, on my way to to the Bathurst circuit," (Mr. Therry was a judge on the Supreme Court, in New South Wales), "about ten o'clock in the morning, I was hailed by two men, partially hidden behind a tree, their guns pointed at and covering the heads of myself and servant, with the cry of 'Stop, or I'll send the contents of this through you!' We were at once reduced to a state of terrified submission, and did as we were bid. A few yards farther on, and upon the opposite side of the road, was posted a third bushranger, with instructions (as I



afterwards learned) to fire upon us if we hesitated in yielding instant obedience. On alighting from the carriage, I put my hands instinctively into my pockets, the hope suggesting itself at the instant that by giving my purse I might perhaps save my life. The captain of the gang, however, a convict for life, named Russell, suspecting I had put my hands into my pockets to search there for pistols, desired me at once to take, them out, or he would shoot me on the spot. No fugleman ever performed a motion more quickly than I disengaged my hands, as directed from my pockets, which were then rifled by Russell. This varlet, who led the gang, (they were a party of three bushrangers, each armed with a double-barrelled gun and a brace of pistols in their belts), consoled me by telling me 'that I need not be apprehensive for my life, and that as to the little they took I would not miss it.'

In the midst of this very alarming adventure a somewhat ludicrous incident occurred. 'The captain,' as the others called Russell, having taken my money, my watch and chain, espied a watch and chain on my servant. He then asked me if the man, whom he ordered to stand at the horses' heads, whilst he was engaged in robbing me, was a free man or a prisoner?—that is, an emigrant or a convict. With perhaps imprudent truth I replied he was a free man. 'Then,' said the ruffian to him, 'give me that watch.' If I had said he was a convict, the 'fellow-feeling that makes us wondrous kind,' would have induced him to spare the watch; but, finding he was not of the convict clique, he was compelled to surrender it. With great coolness and audacity, the bushranger then asked my servant if the watch was one of a horizontal or a lever movement? My servant, probably not knowing the difference, guessed at which it was, and said, 'Horizontal, sir.' The bushranger thereon deliberately opened the watch and examined the works, and said, 'What a fool you take me for! why, this is a lever, man!' Putting his hand to his hat, with a low bow, as if some favour were

conferred upon him, my servant replied, 'Excuse my ignorance, sir; I know no better.' This explanation was deemed sufficiently apologetic, and we were ordered to stand aside.

"Another traveller came in view, who shared a like fate. The treatment of this traveller showed of what little avail it is to carry arms as a means of defence. On such occasions the bushranger covers your head from the road-side with his piece, before you have time to use firearms, though you may carry them. Mr. Bowman, of Richmond, afterwards a member of the legislature, was the gentleman who succeeded me as the next bird to be plucked and preyed upon. After taking the money and watches worn by him and his wife—a lady just arrived from England—a brace of pocket-pistols Mr. Bowman had in his side-pocket, and a gun strapped to the dashboard of his phaeton, they too were told to stand aside. A third traveller came the same way, carrying a gun strapped like Mr. Bowman's. Russell quietly unstrapped both guns, and told him and Bowman they were 'a pair of fools for carrying guns in places where they ought to know they could not use them.' On examination of the guns, finding the last traveller's gun unfit for his purpose, Russell dashed it against the back of a tree with such violence as to separate the stock from the barrel, and he then flung the fragments on the road-side. He kept, however, Mr. Bowman's—a handsome fowling-piece, which that gentleman did not carry for attack or defence. He was taking it to his station to amuse himself with shooting up the country.

"To other articles of plunder was added a bundle of percussion-caps, which the rascals found in Mr. Bowman's pocket. We had a still further ordeal to pass through, which is termed *bailing-up*. This sort of ordeal consisted in our being grouped together on the roadside, whilst one of three bushrangers was placed as a sentinel over us, with instructions from the captain to shoot the first man that stirred without permission.

"Having thus been detained for

about half-an-hour, and robbed of everything it was worth a bush-ranger's while to take, the welcome command was given for us to 'move on.' These fellows were afterwards apprehended for another and still more serious robbery. They were transported to Norfolk Island, where I understood Russell, the captain of the gang, became leader of the choir in the little church of the island. His fine voice, no doubt, captivated the chaplain, and constituted 'a case of special circumstances,' and exempted him from hard labour."

Since the opening of the gold fields in Australia, bands of bush-rangers have, to a more or less extent, hovered near to the different diggings, watching at a distance the gold-laden diggers returning to the cities, and pouncing upon them at a retired spot. One of the earliest of these bands was a party of five, who flourished for some months, defying all the efforts of the mounted troopers to capture them. The vicinity of the Lambing-flat Diggings, where they had first made their appearance, became at last too precarious for them, and they shifted to the vicinity of the Lachlan River—at that time the Lachlan gold-field had not been discovered—and began a regular system of highway robbery. At this place, however, their career was but a short one. Having gone to an inn at Jemalong, they took possession of the arms and money in the house, and then sat down to dinner, drank what they choose, afterwards going to the door of the inn to enjoy a smoke. At this moment a stockman, belonging to a neighbouring farm, was driving past a drove of horses, and as he rode unsuspectingly past the inn, one of the gang levelled his gun at him, and ordered him to "bail-up." Startled at this summons, he had yet presence of mind enough to give spurs to his horse and gallop off; the robber fired, and slightly wounded the stockman, but the latter kept his seat and made the best of his way to the nearest station, some twenty miles distant. The robbers, when they saw he had got off, quickly mounted their horses, and rode off. Fortunately, at the station to which the stockman rode, there happened to be a large muster

of the settlers of the surrounding district, gathered for branding cattle—these men, to the number of fourteen, well acquainted with the country round about, lost no time in organising a pursuit after the gang of bushrangers. They soon got on the track, and though they discovered that the robbers had caught and mounted fresh horses the next morning, they were not discouraged, for the settlers knew that once they had got their "trail," they could follow it for a thousand miles if they kept clear of the towns, which they were certain the bushrangers would. On the second day of the pursuit the tracks became more clear, leaving one of their number to keep close to the track, the rest of the pursuing settlers spread out, keeping within sight of each other, however, so as to cover a large extent of ground. In this way they rode on for some hours, till suddenly one of their number—who was some distance in advance, and had reached the brow of a hill—was seen to wave his hat as a signal for them all to close up and advance quietly. Peeping over the hill they saw the five men they wanted encamped about half a mile below on the plain. Resting for a while to breathe their horses, they soon galloped full speed right down upon the gang, who, taken by surprise, at first knew not whether to fight or flee, but eventually made off in different directions. Two only of the gang were captured, the other three escaping for a time. The two prisoners were tried and sentenced to ten years' hard labour on the roads.

Benjamin Hall was the leader of another gang of these highway robbers, but he and his two companions enjoyed only a brief career. Pursued by a party of mounted troopers, they were brought to bay, and a desperate struggle ensued. One of the bush-rangers managed to force his escape, but Hall and his remaining companion were shot down on the spot, and so inveterate was the enmity towards this gang that the party who hunted them down fired at and mutilated their dead bodies, their features being so mangled that they could hardly be recognised. The one who escaped was by far the most criminal of this gang, having com-

mitted several murders, but he was not long after captured, and sentenced to death.

A bushranger, named Dunne, was greatly distinguished for courage and ferocity. The gang to which he had belonged originally had been dispersed, and the settlers had made up their minds that he too was "where the wicked cease from troubling," when, early one morning, Mr. Pitcairn, a settler on the river Shannon, was aroused from his slumbers by a visitor, who had seated himself by his bedside.

"Good morning, Mr. Pitcairn," commenced the stranger.

"Good morning," returned Pitcairn, yawning and stretching himself.

"I hope I have the pleasure of finding you well," said the uninvited guest. "I daresay you didn't expect to find me here. You don't know me?"

"Really—" said Pitcairn, rubbing his eyes.

"Well, well, I don't wonder," interrupted the visitor; "everybody seems to have forgotten me—I am Dunne!"

"What!" said Pitcairn—"Dunne the bushranger?"

"The very man. Turn out, if you please; I'm in urgent want, and I know you can accommodate me with a few articles, as shirts, stockings, trousers, powder, lead, tea, flour, and other little odds and ends.

To argue with a man who had already secured all his servants, and who was armed to the teeth, would have been a piece of insanity which Mr. Pitcairn did not attempt.

The robber's demands were, of course, at once complied with. During the process of rifling he became somewhat communicative. "Humph!" said he; "so they thought poor Dunne was dead, did they? They'll find him alive, however, and that to some of their costs before long. I'm the last bird of the covey—I'll commence business single-handed. There's been a deal of treachery, but I'll pay them for it—I have a few in my eye who shall smart for it before the summer's done. You will hear of me, sir, depend upon it; I'll leave a bloody memento—but, good morning to you, sir, I must be off—and now you

may let the 'lobaters' know you have seen me as soon as you like. I'll show them some sport before they can catch me."

So saying, the outlaw went his way, and, in conformity with the resolution expressed to Mr. Pitcairn, he continued prowling about alone among the fastnesses of the vicinity. One evening he entered the hut of a shepherd acquaintance, and turned into bed beside him. A preconceived scheme having been arranged between this man and some neighbouring stock-keepers, the shepherd and Dunne had not been long in bed when two of them made their appearance. The fellow in bed instantly threw himself upon Dunne, being joined by the new-comers, who had previously secured the fire-arms. The bushranger, seeing that the game was up, desired they would suffer him to rise and dress, as he would offer no fruitless resistance. With this they complied. On pulling his jacket over his head, the outlaw contrived to draw a clasp-knife, and with the rapidity of thought he dealt blows right and left, inflicting a terrible wound on one, and a horrible gash on the throat of another. A life-and-death struggle now ensued, which terminated in Dunne's being overpowered and bound. He now earnestly implored his captors to show mercy—entreating them to blow out his brains, a request which they of course did not comply with. Having been delivered into the hands of two constables, he was forthwith conducted towards Hobart Town. On the way thither, they were under the necessity of halting during the night, the constables agreeing to keep watch and watch. Dunne was seated near a brush fence—a constable, pistol in hand, within a couple of yards on either side. Choosing a moment when the moon had become obscured, he dexterously slipped the boots from his feet, and the cords with which his legs had been bound along with them—sprung up, exclaiming, "Good night, gentlemen!" leapt the fence like a deer, and was lost in an instant. Both his guards fired their pistols, but it is a question if surprise permitted any aim to be taken—off started the astonished guar-



dians in pursuit of the runaway, but the nimble bandit, striking into the depths of the woods, became lost to view, leaving the unlucky constables to excuse themselves as they best could.

For upwards of a week no tidings were heard of the fugitive, but at the expiration of that period a convict conducted a constable to the barn of a farmer named Barker. Here, nestled amidst sheaves of wheat, incapable of either defence or flight, the prey was again secured. Once more in the hands of justice, Dunne was not permitted a second time to escape, being hurried to Hobart Town without delay. Condemned to death, at his execution, Mrs. Edward Curr, a lady of his own religion (Roman Catholic) presented him with an extraordinary vesture, resembling a shroud covered with black crosses. In this appalling guise he ascended the scaffold, dying with a firmness characteristic of the reckless career he had lived.

Gardiner is one of the most celebrated of the bushranger fraternity—one of his earliest exploits was the robbery of a gold escort, in June 1862, of £14,000 in gold bullion. The troopers were beaten off by the robbers, but the latter were hotly pursued, and a portion of the gold recovered. Gardiner and another named Peasley had a hiding-place in the mountains near Bathurst, from which they made descents on the roads round about, and both being invariably well mounted, they were exceedingly difficult to capture. Their retreat was at length discovered, and two troopers rode up to it, and found Gardiner alone in the hut, Peasley being absent at the time. Gardiner heard the troopers advance, and retreated to a back room, from which he returned shot for shot till his revolvers were empty, when he made a spring for the door, but was prostrated by two shots from the officers. They now handcuffed the robber, placed him on his horse, tying his feet in the stirrups, and thus proceeded on their way to Bathurst. They had not got far on their journey, when Peasley made his appearance, and the saddles of the troopers were almost instantly

emptied by two shots from his revolver, and the reunited bushrangers rode away in company. The troopers were not severely wounded, but were unable to follow in pursuit. Peasley after this took refuge in the Abercrombie mountains, where his retreat was well-known to the bushmen; but though a reward of £170 was offered for his apprehension, no one of those who knew and saw him almost daily, would betray him, for he never robbed a poor man, and never injured anyone but the police. Drinking one day in an inn with two farmers, a quarrel arose, and in the scuffle Peasley shot them both, in revenge, it is supposed, for an attempt to betray him into the hands of the police; this at once changed the current of opinion against Peasley, and a large force of troopers was sent out to search for him, but the search was without success.

The Abercrombie mountains were now too insecure a refuge for Peasley, and he concluded to shift his quarters into Victoria. On his way thither, as he was about to cross the Murrumbidgee river, he was accosted by a mounted trooper, who, after a few words of ordinary greeting, suddenly spoke to him by name. Peasley, seeing he was recognised, set spurs to his horse and rode off, abandoning the pack-horse he was leading, on which were his few moveables. The trooper followed, but having only a single-barrel pistol with him, and knowing that the outlaw was armed with a revolver, he gave up the chase and went back for help. Peasley returned by another route to an inn he had passed in the morning, and went in for some refreshment, and being recognised as having been there some hours before, was asked what had come over his second horse. He replied that it had broken away from him, and he intended staying there all night, and searching for it in the woods next morning. A cattle overseer who was lounging at the bar with the bushranger, from some expressions of the latter, had a shrewd conjecture as to who he really was, and quietly rode away to the nearest police-station, where

he procured a pair of handcuffs, and heard of the trooper's adventure with Peasley in the morning. Thus, certain of his man, he returned to the inn and concerted a scheme with the landlord for Peasley's capture. Supper was placed on the table, and when the landlord brought in some ale and porter, for which the outlaw had called, he came round by the back of Peasley's chair, and suddenly seized him by the arms; the others came to his assistance, and after a desperate struggle Peasley was handcuffed, his legs fastened by a strong bullock-chain, then pitched into a cart and driven to jail. He was shortly after tried at Bathurst, and condemned to death.

Gardiner, meanwhile, had taken up his quarters on the Wedding Mountains, but, as he, like Peasley, never meddled with the stockmen, the troopers were long in finding any opportunity of getting near him. In one of his excursions to the Lambing-flat gold-fields, Gardiner came across an innkeeper, who had boasted that he could take the bush-ranger single-handed if he got the chance. Gardiner had heard of this foolish boast, and now rode up to him revolver in hand, and made the innkeeper surrender his arms and his money. The robber wished to take the innkeeper's saddle also, but he begged so hard to retain it, that Gardiner said he would let him keep it on payment of ten pounds. This was agreed to, and the two rode together to a neighbouring station, where the innkeeper borrowed the money and handed it over to Gardiner, who then rode off. Some hours after two troopers arrived at the inn, and when they heard of the outrage, they set off at once on Gardiner's track, accompanied by the innkeeper. After a journey of about twenty miles they reached a station, tied to a fence of which was seen Gardiner's horse. One of the police took charge of this while the other two went into the hut. Gardiner was not in there, but they saw him in a paddock at the back—the outlaw ran for it when he saw them, firing his revolver as fast as he could—the two pursued, firing their weapons also, neither party with effect. When Gardiner found that

all the chambers of his revolver were empty, he suddenly doubled and made for the trooper who was holding his horse. Presenting his empty revolver, he told the constable that "if he did not hold up his hands he would blow his brains out." The constable, taken by surprise, did as he was bid, and Gardiner jumped on his horse and rode away laughing. Gardiner for some time after this successfully eluded all attempts at capture, but was at last betrayed by the woman with whom he lived, and tried and sentenced to twenty-eight years' servitude.

Of the many bushrangers who have figured in the annals of Australian crime, few have excelled in atrocity and deliberate cruelty one named Morgan, who was looked upon as something approaching to a human tiger, revelling in bloodshed for its own sake, and sparing neither age nor sex in his guilty career. In everything he seemed to have more affinity to a fiend than to a human being—as one who had chosen an outlaw life from deliberate liking, and acting as if he found his ruling principle in "evil be thou my good." His career was one of bloodshed, and its closing incident was of dramatic interest. Morgan came one night to the station of Mr. Macpherson, wearied and hungry, and sought rest and shelter for the night and a fresh horse for the morning. He at once "baled-up" the house, Macpherson's life paying no price for any of the inmates attempting to pass out. The outlaw was conducted to the parlour, supplied with food and drink; of the latter he took sparingly and cautiously, and then became communicative regarding the hardships of his life; told of his being continually in a state of semi-starvation—often he had to leave his meals untasted, when he discovered the troopers were at his heels; of his having to sleep with an eye and ear ever open, and never beyond an hour at a time; and confessing also his belief that the police would be too strong for him some day, but he would die game, with his revolver in hand. Mrs. Macpherson's pianoforte stood in the parlour where they were sitting, and he asked her to favour him with a song, for he had a passion for music

—it brought to his memory a time when his own hand was not against his fellow-man, and when he was not hunted like an evil beast. He evidently looked upon himself as the injured and not the injurer, so warped had his mind become. He said that the cruelties he had perpetrated were done on enemies who had sought his life, and expressed his resolve to do the same again if it was needful for his safety. His wish for a song was complied with more than once, as it was long since, he said, he had heard such singing before. Night came, and he retired to rest, intimating first that no one was to pass out. Accustomed as he was always to be on the alert, the least movement would have aroused his suspicion, and death on the spot would have been the lot of some one; but watchful as Morgan was, a plan for his capture or destruction had been arranged. The girl who waited at supper had, of course, leave to go to and from the kitchen, and at night, while Morgan sat listening to the singing and drinking, the girl started off for the police-station, seven miles distant. On her way she called at the hut of a man named Jack, and arranged that he was to be ambushed in a little thicket close by Macpherson's stack-yard and stable, so that when Morgan and Macpherson went for the horse in the morning, Macpherson, on reaching a certain spot, would step aside a little, then Jack was to fire.

According to this arrangement, when Morgan and Macpherson went to the paddock to get the horse which the bushranger wished to borrow, on reaching the spot agreed on, Macpherson stepped aside, and pointing to the horse, said, "See, there he is!" The next instant the bushranger fell mortally wounded from a shot from Jack's rifle. He had only strength enough left to utter: "It is cowardly done—no chance has been given," when a gush of blood checked his further utterance.

Macpherson showed great presence of mind in the performance of his part in the tragic affair, the distance at which Jack fired was nearly seventy yards, and Mac-

pherson's aside step could not put him beyond the reach of danger if his friend's nerve failed him; besides, there was the fear of awakening the suspicion of Morgan by any untoward movement. The police soon after arrived, and as they lifted the body of the bushranger into their waggon, they were surprised at his little weight, and curiosity prompted them to weigh the remains of Morgan, and he was found to be only eight stones;—the terror of the district had been little better than a living skeleton!

Many other bushrangers have attained notoriety in their peculiar walk of life, such as the brothers Clark, whose career was one of wholesale slaughter. Surrounded in their den, they cowardly surrendered, and were executed near the scene of their butcheries. Douglas, a mean, mercenary villain, whose life was one of greedy avarice—he was leader of a band who waylaid diggers returning from the gold-fields; and Dido, another gold-robber, who finished his career by being apprehended when intoxicated in an inn. There was also one named "Jack-in-the Boots," whose career had more excitement, perhaps, in its commencement than in its end. He was a convict in a prison at Darlinghurst, and one day, whilst in the exercising-yard, he and several other prisoners coolly displaced some stones in the wall, and walked out through the gap they had made. The passers-by on the street gave the alarm, and the escaped prisoners were at once pursued, and all brought back except Jack-in-the Boots, who had appropriated the horse of a gentleman, which he saw tied to the gate-post of a house, inside of which the owner of the horse was visiting. In a day or two after this, various robberies took place on the highways round about by a man who was generally identified as the escaped convict Jack. Day after day news came of fresh robberies—the mail was stopped, stores and public-houses were plundered, till at last his depredations increased so much that a large reward was offered for his apprehension, and he was captured by some cattle-drovers whom he attempted to



plunder. Jack was sent back to his former quarters for an additional eight years.

Only one aborigine has as yet been properly classed amongst the bushranging fraternity, though the natives furnish plenty petty thieves. Robberies had been prevalent on Murray Plains for some time, and murder had been committed. Suspicion pointing to an aborigine as the perpetrator, three troopers were sent out after him. They saw the fugitive mounted on a stolen horse, and came up with him near the banks of a river. They called to him to surrender, but this of course he refused to do. The object of the savage being evidently to cross the river and escape into the scrub, the troopers fired; but as soon as the native saw the flash he sheltered his head and body as far as he could on the opposite side of his horse. No sooner had the shot passed than he was up and flung a waddy with such vigour that one of the troopers was rolled from his horse. Another waddy was flung from under the neck of his horse, and a second trooper fell. The swift evolutions of the savage seemed to confer a charmed life upon him, for the revolvers of the troopers were fired in vain; and now, with but one assailant left, he stood upright in his stirrups and prepared to hurl another missile—his hand had described half a circle when it became arrested, his eyes shot forth a gleam of defiance and he fell—he had been shot by the third trooper under the arm. The next moment, while the trooper stood amazed at his own good fortune, the savage plunged into the river and disappeared. The constable stood and watched in vain for his reappearance, but looked in vain—the waters remained unruffled, and nothing, not a ripple, indicated a struggle beneath, and the trooper concluded that the savage had got a watery grave. Two or three days after, however, he was seen again farther down the river, in an encampment of natives. He was naked from the waist up, with his back against a tree, holding his arms up, whilst the medicine-man of the tribe was performing a surgical operation with a broken bottle. When he saw the troop come up, he burst away

from the operator, and through the surrounding savages, and disappeared in the bush. The trooper made an examination of the river at the point where he disappeared on their former adventure, and discovered a cave under an overhanging bank, into which he could easily enter from under water, without being seen from the banks above.

Captain Thunderbolt is the bushranger's pseudonym, who bulks largest in the colony at the present time; he is a substantial mystery, with an unknown retreat, and robs with an audacity which has not yet been paralleled even in the Australian annals of crime. He robs with all the sauvity, grace, and politeness of a Claude du Val, and is said to be a favourite with the ladies—those who have been robbed having been heard to declare that they would have no objection to it being done again by him, he shows so much gallantry in the process.

We must now conclude these very rapid sketches of a class of men who have taken so prominent a position in Australian life. Many of them have shown an energy which, had they virtue instead of vice, would have raised them to high positions, and given them an honoured walk in life. In the life they chose, according to their motto, "a short and a merry one,"—they do not find it so, judging from the confession one of their number made to a shepherd in the wilds of Murrumbidgee, who said—"If he could have formed the least idea of what it was to be, he would rather have remained in his fetters (he was an escaped convict).

Lurking in caves and fastnesses of the bush, the very silence of which drove him to think—his greatest curse; hunted day and night by the mounted police; prevented from sleeping, or even taking a meal in security, by the knowledge that they were always on his track; with his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him—he was more like a wild beast than a human being, and "the never-ceasing strain upon his mind was," he said, "almost insupportable; but it was too late then to retreat."

## THE STORY OF RUTH.

A MODERN VERSION.

THE golden rays of the declining sun were tipping the distant hills of Moab with their tender radiance, as Naomi, the widow of Elimelech of Bethlehem, paced the square enclosure of the roof of her humble dwelling, and meditated on the reverses that had befallen her. Her spirit was troubled within her, when she thought of Bethlehem, on the other side of the Dead Sea, that rolled its stagnant vapours between her, and her beautiful Judean home. Beautiful and comely to look on was Naomi, as her name truly indicated; but the sadness of an ever-present affliction reposed in her melancholy lineaments, and gave a chastened expression to her whole demeanour. Her husband was dead, and her two sons, Mahlon and Chilion, had been taken away, and Naomi was left alone with her two bereaved daughters-in-law. Thus were three widowed hearts left desolate, and would not be comforted. Unusually sad was Naomi this evening, her heart was full of unutterable thoughts, and restless longings, a desire to leave the land of the stranger, to leave the fertile plains and purple hills of Moab, with all the glories of its "fat valleys" and luxuriant slopes, for the still fairer valleys and more beautiful pastures of Judea, the land of her birth and her own people.

Many a long day had passed by since she trod that glorious land, a youthful wife and happy mother of children; and while she mused, the prophetic instinct, that ever and anon moved her, began to stir in the depths of her soul, and inspire her to a speedy departure; for she had heard of the extinction of the famine, which at a former period had driven her into a sorrowful exile from all that she held dear in the world—she had heard that God had indeed "visited his people with bread," and her spirit was appeased, though her sorrow was unabated as before, as she withdrew from the roof of her dwelling, and, entering one of the inner chambers, found herself in the presence of her daughters-in-law.

The youngest of the daughters was dark and comely, with lustrous black eyes, which had a wistful expression, as they seemed to gaze into the future. Living in a heathen country, where her brethren were worshippers of unprofitable gods, her understanding had been partly opened to receive glimpses of the knowledge of the true God, which Naomi had brought with her out of Judea. Ruth, accordingly, forebore from the idolatry of her people. An intense longing had been generated in her bosom to know more of the God of Israel, and to forsake the gods of her own land that were no gods. Thus she wore an inexplicable expression of deep and earnest thought on her open and lovely features; humility seemed to be one of her sweetest characteristics; the "shame-facedness" with which she was unconsciously "adorned," betokened the modest disposition that had belonged to her from her earliest years. Such was Ruth, the youngest of the daughters-in-law of Naomi.

Her sister, Orpah, had all the stately beauty of a genuine daughter of Moab: she was tall and graceful, and more matter of fact than her more imaginative sister, who was also more tender-hearted and reflective. But Orpah had an affectionate disposition, and much patriotic fervour; for she clung to the fame and fortunes of her forefathers, and delighted in the land that had given her birth; and would have found it hard to have quitted it for ever had it been required of her. Such were the daughters-in-law of Naomi. The one filled with indefinable longings for a nobler state of existence and a purer worship; the other content with her lot and satisfied with the faith of her fathers—yet she in her way believed in the God of Israel, but had not the faith that would sacrifice all things to attain His favour, and rest under the shadow of His wings. She may be looked upon as the anti-type of too many half-hearted Christians—half-heart-

ed in that which is more to be desired than thousands of gold and silver. How much more charming the tender constancy, and prophetic intuition of Ruth, than the more worldly tone yet friendly solicitude of her elder sister's mind! Orpah may be compared to the ever memorable wife of the virtuous Lot, who looked back after the voluptuous pleasures of the doomed city, and thereby lost her interest in the Mount of Salvation to which she was commanded to flee; while Ruth resembled the dove that plumeth its wings in readiness to fly away and be at rest, in the ark of everlasting peace and joy.

The two sisters looked up to greet their mother-in-law as she entered their presence; they marvelled at the light that beamed in her brilliant eyes, and waited for the words that should fall from her lips. Then spake Naomi:

"My daughters, the Lord hath restored plenty and prosperity to Judea, and my intention is to return to Bethlehem on the morrow." Ruth answered, "Deeply do I sympathise with thee, Naomi, in thy desire to return to thine own land, the land of which thou hast told us so much, the land of glorious memories and tender recollections. May thy desire be prospered of the Lord, and may He watch over thee, till thou art safely lodged in the beautiful city of thy birth!" Naomi smiled sadly as she listened to the enthusiastic encomiums and thrilling words of Ruth, but said nothing; when Orpah responded and said:—"Nay, art thou not happy with us? Peace and prosperity are our portion: here our heritage is goodly, everything we can desire is ours; wherefore, then, my mother, shouldst thou seek to flee away, and quit the land that hath been a door of hope to thee for so long a time? Abide with us still, and give up thy thoughts of returning to Bethlehem." Naomi replied, while soft tears welled from her eyes, and dropped like diamonds, into her lap: "Never, Orpah, can I cease to remember Bethlehem, the city of my birth, or remain a stranger to its precincts! Deep in my heart is fixed my resolution to return thither. Moreover, the God of my fathers willeth me to return; there-

fore must I relinquish the attractions of Moab, and resist your desire that here I should abide for ever. It is true, the land of Moab has been a blessed land to me—a shelter from the famine; and much kindness have I experienced—kindness I shall never forget; but seek not to move me; Bethlehem stretches out her hands to have me back, and everything conspires to urge me thitherward; so to-morrow's dawn must see me on the way home." Orpah answered, and said: "Pardon me, my more than mother, affection for thee hath inspired me to speak as I have done; but I would not grieve thee by further importunity, but say, The God whom thou worshippest give thee the desire of thy heart, and convey thee in peace to the city of thy heart, and the people thou lovest so well." The tears were flowing fast down her lovely cheeks as she thus gave utterance to the feelings of her heart, and the three noble-minded women mingled their tears together. Solemn and affecting was the tableau here presented; affection like theirs is worthy of commendation, and falls like refreshing dew on the parched and barren hearts of our own day, when less scope is found for the development of the purest emotions, which are in part paralysed by the materialistic tendencies that surrounds us.

Naomi, at length, quietly extricated herself from the clinging arms of the tender-hearted pair, and kissing them softly, she bid them good even, and retired to rest, the two sisters soon after following her example.

The morrow dawned bright and cheerful, and Ruth and Orpah rose early to prepare for the projected journey of Naomi, and receive her commands. When all was ready for her departure they stood before their mother-in-law. Ruth had an expression of settled and unswerving affection in her saddened countenance, and an unvarying resolve in the lustrous depths of her dark-fringed and beautiful eyes. Orpah was grave and sad, and seemed wavering in her mind between affection for Naomi and home-love for her own glorious Moab and the



people among whom she had been reared, Naomi looked first at Ruth, and a deep tenderness mantled her face and kindled in her eyes; for her prophetic soul discovered the affectionate resolution of her daughter-in-law. Then she turned her eyes upon Orpah, and a touch of additional sadness moistened her vision; for she saw that Orpah's heart was with her own people, though she had prepared herself to accompany Naomi. Then Naomi addressed them in the characteristic style of Judea, and said:—"The Lord hath visited His people in Judea in having given them bread, and hath bid me quit the land of Moab, and return to mine own people; here, therefore, will I take leave of you, my daughters, while my servants go forward with the caravan. Return each of you to your mother's house, and the Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have done with the dead and me. I go my way to Bethlehem, and shall see you no more. The Lord provide each of you another husband in the place of those who are dead." When she had ended her farewell, she kissed them, and would have turned away. But they, with their young hearts bursting with grief, clung unto her, and wept bitterly; for they dearly loved Naomi, and would not let her go without them, but said: "Surely, we will return with thee to thy people; we will not be left desolate among our brethren. Let us die, but let us not be parted after so long a period of love and joy. We will go with thee, and forget the country of our birth, among thine own people, and in thine own land." Then answered Naomi: "Ye know not what you say, my daughters! Turn away, why would ye go with me? why waste your youthful days with one who will never know youth again, who will pass her days in sorrow, and know not the pleasure of husband and children any more; and even if it could be so, would ye tarry till my sons should grow to man's estate, that ye might marry then? Nay, my children, it cannot be; we must part here, alas! it grieveth me sore for your sakes, that the hand of the Lord is down heavy upon me." She paused, for her heart was well nigh breaking to

witness, the genuine distress of her daughters-in-law, who wept as if their grief would never have an end, so great was their love for Naomi. Her pleadings could not move the gentle perseverance and secret resolution of Ruth, who had set her heart on going with her mother-in-law, and would not be dissuaded. But Orpah, whose affection was not so deep-seated as her sister's, when the abundance of her grief had subsided, yielded to the sad eloquence of Naomi; and the moral reaction of her heart, with its homesick fancies and local attachments, completed the victory of Moab. Thus wavering, she clung a moment to Naomi, and kissed her passionately; and, observing the tender devotion of Ruth, she passed her arm round her waist, and pressing her lips lingeringly to her forehead, she turned back to her own people, and her father's house, leaving her sister still clinging to Naomi, who said, "Behold, thy sister is gone back to her people, and unto her gods; return thou after thy sister." But Ruth only all the more clave unto her, and would not be turned away; her prophetic and yearning instinct bound her to Naomi with a three-fold cord of yearning love, that could not be lightly broken. Deep in the hidden recesses of her being, her resolve was anchored, as if she had a divine premonition of the destinies that were bound up in her innermost life, destinies big with interest to the people of Israel, among whom she was about to cast her lot, and full of promise to the Gentiles of the future, and she beseechingly said:—"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also if aught but death part thee and me." Here was love, love strong as death, a love based on the surest foundation, the heaven-love of a true heart for God, the living God; for whom she was forsaking country, home, and friends, to dwell among strangers in a strange land. Envious is that nation which

hath such hearts as Ruth, the daughter of a heathen tribe, and treebly enviable he or she who is like this humble Moabitess, to be hereafter, like her, fair as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.

Naomi, in her heart of hearts, rejoiced that her daughter-in-law, relinquished all things for her sake; in this she saw the hand of God; and when she found, notwithstanding her solicitude, that Ruth was stedfastly minded to go with her she left off entreating, and together they departed from the land of Moab, towards Bethlehem in Judea.

Glorious was the victory of Ruth, the angels of heaven who encamped round about her, rejoiced in her self-sacrifice, and ministered unto her in secret after their manner, as unto one of the heirs of salvation, watching over her and Naomi, by day and by night, during their sorrowful pilgrimage to Bethlehem. Many a day's journey they had before them, but they feared not, for the Lord went before them, and the God of Israel was their "rereward." The sun would not smite them by day, nor the moon by night; for their secret Protector and Friend had vouchsafed to be their keeper wherever they went. Such was the departure of Ruth and Naomi out of the rich and teeming land of the Moabites, that proud and haughty people of idolators and false worshippers.

In the days of the Judges of Israel, Bethlehem, and the adjacent districts were afflicted with a grievous famine of several years' duration. It was during the prevalence, more or less severe, of this visitation, that Naomi, her husband, and sons had removed into the land of Moab, where peace and plenty abounded. But when God took away the scourge of His hand, and restored the abundance of the harvests of Judea, then Naomi, a lone widow with one adopted daughter, returned to the land and the city she so much loved. The report of their sudden arrival spread rapidly through the city (for this was a people that took much interest in each other's welfare, looking upon each other as brethren, bound together in the bonds of true affection, class-distinctions being held subordinate to higher and more heavenly

claims, and multitudes of the inhabitants, both high and low, rose to receive their long-lost Naomi; and when they beheld her sorrowful face, and neither husband nor sons with her, they lifted up their voice in sympathy with her desolate condition, and said:—"Is this Naomi?" which conveyed a world of meaning to her heart. The bright associations of the past, recurred to her saddened memory, and the contrast of her present with her past, was too powerful; and, as the tears began to flow, she answered mournfully, "Call me not Naomi, but rather, Mara; for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and He hath brought me home again empty; wherefore, then, should I be called Naomi, seeing the Lord, hath clothed my beauty with a cloud, and given me sackcloth for a covering and leanness for my inheritance." She spake those words in almost despairing accents, for she saw not then the blessing that was destined to cheer her soul in her old age.

\* \* \* \*

The fields of Bethlehem were yellow for the harvest when Ruth and Naomi arrived. The glistening heat of summer rested on every tree, and herb, and flower, everything seemed to rejoice in the genial temperature of the atmosphere, and in the luxuriant panorama unfolded before the eye. The reapers were busy in the fields, gathering in the bearded barley, and the laden shocks of full-eared kidneys of wheat; the ripe cereals rustled blithely under the hands of the husbandmen, who hailed the crops with thankful hearts to Him who had dispersed the famine, and renewed the face of the earth. Now, Ruth, the fair Moabitess, following the prophetic instinct that ever seemed to animate her, desired to glean the ears of corn in the fields of her adopted people, and signified her intention to Naomi, who intimated her assent to the project, and directed her to one of the fields of Boaz, a kinsman of hers, whither the young woman wended her way, and commenced to glean with the reapers. Now these reapers were reverent worshippers of the true God, and, animated by the refined spirit of that wonderful Being, they received her graciously. But

Boaz was not present, nevertheless he made his appearance during the heat of the day, and greeted his reapers with a benediction to which in like phrase they courteously responded. Here was an evidence of the mutual confidence that subsisted between master and servants; the purest friendship seemed to link them to each other, so much so as to afford a grateful lesson for all time, that masters and servants of every generation may study with advantage, and, by acting thereupon, secure the blessing that must inevitably follow. Boaz, when he observed Ruth gleaned after the reapers, questioned them saying:—"Whose damsel is this?" for he was astonished to see a solitary female in the field. The servants replied that it was the Moabitish damsel that had come back with Naomi, who had asked if she might be allowed to glean after the reapers among the sheaves, where, after she had received permission, she had continued from the morning till then. Then Boaz,—whose heart was immediately enlisted in her behalf, for he saw more in this little incident than appeared, and resolved to place no obstacle in the way of its (whatever it might be) perfect development,—went up to the maiden, and accosted her "Hearest thou not, my daughter? Glean not in another field, neither go from hence, for thou art welcome. Abide with my maidens in the field, and take what thou wilt. I have charged the young men that they molest thee not; and thou shalt eat and drink with them, and none shall make thee afraid." Thus delicately and graciously did Boaz welcome the lovely stranger, who had appeared among them, and Ruth was overcome by the speech of Boaz, and such manifest tokens of goodwill; and, after the manner of her country, she bowed herself to the ground, as unto one in authority, and said:—"Why have I found grace in thy sight, seeing I am a stranger?" and a solitary tear rolled down her cheek at the kind words she had heard, and the gracious reception she had met with on every hand: for both young men and maidens united to do her honour,

and became rivals in courtesy. Boaz replied that her kindness to her mother-in-law had been fully made known to him, and how she had cheerfully left father, mother, friends, and country, to abide among a strange people; and he thus continued:—"The Lord recompence thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, within the shadow of whose wings thou hast come to trust; for faith like thine shall be held in everlasting remembrance." Ruth acknowledged the kindness of Boaz, and hoped she would continue to find favour in his eyes, for she felt comforted by his words. And Boaz invited her to drink and assuage her thirst with water, and eat, and be filled with such things as appertained to his board. So she sat down, and refreshed herself, after which she arose, and gleaned after the reapers as before.

Boaz enjoined them privately to deal liberally with her, and leave plentiful scatterings from the sheaves that she might gather them without fear and without reproach. So she gleaned in the field till the evening, and beating out what she had gleaned, which filled the measure of an ephah, she took it to Naomi, who rejoiced greatly at such demonstrations of friendliness and goodwill; for Ruth told Naomi all that had befallen her in the field of Boaz; and Naomi invoked a blessing on the head of her kinsman, who had manifested such courtesy and liberality to the strange damsel within his gates. Ruth then informed Naomi that she had received permission to associate with the young men and maidens of Boaz till the barley-harvest should be over.

Naomi, acknowledging the wisdom of this arrangement, encouraged Ruth in the unconscious predilection she had formed, and said, "It is good, my daughter, that thou go with his maidens, and not into any other field."

Having Ruth's welfare at heart, Naomi secretly rejoiced in the friendship that was beginning to ripen between her daughter-in-law and her near kinsman. So Ruth kept by the maidens of Boaz to the end of the wheat and barley-harvest, and she dwelt with her mother-in-law.



\* \* \* \*

The morning dawned fair and beautiful; all Nature seemed to feel the graciousness of the time. The weather was propitious to an extraordinary degree. God had truly visited His people. The end of the harvest was at hand. Naomi and Ruth rose refreshed from their slumbers, to fulfil the duties of another day. Then Naomi, feeling her thoughts stirring within her, called Ruth into her presence, and said unto her, "Boaz, thou art aware, is one of our kindred: well, after thou hast gleaned all thou hast to glean to-day, thou shalt return to me, and attend to what I shall now tell thee. This night Boaz will winnow barley in the threshing-floor. My desire is to seek a rest for thee, that it may be well with thee. Wash thyself, therefore, this evening, and anoint thyself, and put on other raiment, and proceed to the threshing-floor of Boaz; but conceal thyself till he shall lie down to rest, the place of which thou shalt carefully observe; then, anon, thou shalt leave thy hiding-place, and steal gently to the spot where thy kinsman lieth, and quietly uncover his feet, and lie down, and afterwards he will tell thee what thou shalt do." Now, this counsel may appear strange to us; but it was quite in accordance with the manners of that particular time, for it was incumbent on a kinsman, if required, to purchase the inheritance of a kinswoman and marry her, and it was necessary that Boaz should be reminded of this fact; hence the expedient of Naomi, which was quite in harmony with the purity of her mind that thought no evil. By lying cross-wise at the feet of Boaz, and lifting his skirt to spread partly over herself, she would at once open the eyes of Boaz, and then throw herself on his protection, and claim his authority as her *betrothed* husband.

Naomi, with a true woman's unerring instinct, seemed to foresee all that would be done by Boaz. Ruth, with a heart free from every kind of misgiving as to the wisdom of the counsel she had received, answered Naomi and said, "All that thou hast said I will do; for I know that the Lord is with thee,

and giveth thee understanding in all things."

So, when the evening had drawn nigh, she proceeded to the threshing-floor, and hid herself behind some of the sheaves scattered about, to wait for the opportunity required to carry out her plan. Boaz, unconscious of the presence of Ruth, commenced his evening meal, and regaled himself to the end; he then laid himself down to rest, and fell asleep by the heap of corn. Now was the time for Ruth to execute her project, so creeping from her hiding-place, and stealing softly to the feet of Boaz, she quietly uncovered them; and laid her down. Now, it chanced at midnight that Boaz was disturbed by an indefinable consciousness, which he could not account for—a sensation of fear, such as the presence of a supernatural being might be supposed to occasion, and, turning himself tremblingly, he beheld a maiden lying at his feet, and he cried out, in his sudden amazement, "Who art thou?" and she answered, "I am Ruth, thine handmaid; spread, therefore, thy skirt over thine handmaid, for thou art a near kinsman." At this speech of the damsel, Boaz discerned the surprising excellence of her understanding, her *naïve* simplicity and purity of heart, and, being a virtuous man himself, and one who feared God and eschewed evil, he fully appreciated the generous confidence of his kinswoman, and said, "Blessed be thou of the Lord, my daughter; for thou hast shown more kindness in the latter end than in the beginning; inasmuch as young men, whether rich or poor, have had no attractions for thee, since thou hast not regarded any of them, desirable young men howsoever some of them may be." For Boaz instantly divined the mother that had impelled Ruth to appeal to his generosity and goodwill, and he further added, "Fear not, my daughter; I will do all thou requirest, for all the city doth know thou art a virtuous woman. And now it is true that I am thy kinsman, howbeit there is one nearer than I. Tarry this night, and, in the morning, if he will perform unto thee the part of a kinsman, let him do so; but if he re-

fuse, then, as the Lord liveth, I will take his place. Lie down until the morning." So Ruth lay at his feet till the morning dawned. But when, in the inviolability of her innocence, she arose to leave the floor, he said, "Let it not be known a woman came into the floor." So much did he value the reputation of his kinswoman, that he would not have it stained by the breath of an unjust suspicion. He then measured out into her vail six measures of barley, and gave it her, and she conveyed it to her own home. Ruth then acquainted Naomi with all that had transpired, and with the resolution of Boaz. Naomi rejoiced in the success of her plan, and anticipated the speedy accomplishment of her object. So she said unto Ruth, "Thou mayst sit still now, for the man will not rest till he has completed the purpose of his heart to-day." Rightly did Naomi estimate the disposition of Boaz, the husbandman and farmer, yet a man of a refined nature and masculine understanding, with a delicate tact surpassing that of the man of the world, and a knowledge that enabled him to judge rightly, and discern the motives and feelings of those with whom he came in contact—a wisdom that was not from beneath, but from above, the divine Source of all good, the inexhaustible Fountain of all that refines the heart and purifies the understanding.

After Ruth had departed to her own home, leaving Boaz to his new meditations, he prepared himself forthwith to carry out his promise to Ruth; and while he was musing on the event which had given a new turn to his life, the kinsman of Boaz passed by; so the latter saluted him, and bade him draw nigh, as he had somewhat to say to him. So he sat down to listen to Boaz's communication. But Boaz, ere he began, requested his kinsman to tarry in the floor till he should return from the city, whither he must immediately go on an errand of some importance, in the solution of which he, the kinsman, was implicated. The kinsman, therefore, turned aside into the floor, as requested. Boaz then went to the city, and selected ten of the elders, that he might confer

with them on a subject that he had at heart. Having made his errand known, they proceeded together to the threshing-floor, where the kinsman of Boaz was tarrying; and when they were all assembled, Boaz bade them be seated, and, turning to his kinsman, thus addressed him:—"Thou art aware that Naomi has returned to Bethlehem from the land of Moab. Well, she desires to sell a parcel of land that belonged to her brother, Elimelech; it is my wish that thou shouldest purchase it before the elders of my people, lest it fall into the hand of a stranger. If thou wilt redeem it, redeem it; if not, let me know, for there is none after thee to redeem it, save myself." The kinsman therefore said he would redeem it. Then Boaz added—"What time thou buyest the land thou must also, of necessity, after the usual custom, purchase thy kinswoman, Ruth, the Moabitess, the widow of Mahlon, to raise up his name on his inheritance." The kinsman, at this, replied that he could not redeem the land for himself, lest he should mar his own inheritance; and he called upon Boaz to redeem it, and buy it for himself. And as he spake, he drew off his shoe. It was a custom, in contracts of this kind, for the kinsman who refused to fulfil his part to cast off his shoe; for, by so doing, he cast off the damsel he was required to marry, and transferred his right to another. Boaz then said to the elders, and the people that had drawn near,—"Ye are witnesses this day that I have bought the land of Naomi, and with it Ruth, the Moabitess, widow of Mahlon, to be my wife, to raise up the name of the dead on his estate, that it be not cut off from among his brethren; ye are witnesses this day." The elders then said, in the presence of the company assembled:—"We are witnesses. The Lord make the damsel who has come into thy house, like Rachel and Leah, out of whom the House of the Lord took its birth, and do thou worthily in Ephrata, and be famous in Bethlehem; let thy house be like the house of Pharez, whom Tamar bore unto Judah, and let this young

woman be the beginning of blessings, and the fulness of thy joy."

Thus Ruth became the wife of Boaz, and the desire of Naomi was accomplished, the horn of her daughter-in-law was exalted, and she was destined to become a mother in Israel; for in process of time she gave birth to a son. The women of Bethlehem thereupon visited Ruth, in the dwelling of Boaz, where also Naomi now resided, and they congratulated the latter on her good fortune, in having found favour with the Lord, and invoked his blessing on her head, at the same time predicting that the child should be a restorer of her life, and a comfort in her old age, for Ruth, who had borne the child, loved her better than seven sons. Thus had Ruth won the esteem and affection of all her neighbours; for nought but good was spoken of her, she was one of the bright morning stars of Bethlehem. She had preferred a man of sterling worth to the more attractive array of youth and manhood, that sought favour in her eyes; and she was blessed in her choice to the end. Naomi took the child and laid it in her bosom, and became a nurse unto it, while the women of the city gave him a name—Obed. So Ruth became the fountain of a royal line, for from Obed proceeded Jesse, who was the father of David, King of Israel, with whose name a greater than that of David was blended for evermore.

What a grand example of domestic

purity, and earnest faith has been handed down to posterity, in the conduct of all the actors in his simple idyllic drama! We sympathise with the noble sadness, and prophetic intention of Naomi; the tender simplicity and devoted constancy of Ruth, the pattern of Christian virtue and faith; the masculine uprightness of Boaz; the respectful reverence and affectionate attachment of his servants; and the generous praise of the people of Bethlehem, who were capable of rejoicing with the joyful, and weeping with those who wept. Neither do we altogether forget or refrain from pitying the less faithful Orpah, who had not the heart, nor the far-seeing faith, to leave her country, her home, and her friends, as Ruth had done. Thus while the name of Orpah is barely thought of or remembered, that of Ruth has been affectionately regarded by the people of many generations, the children rose up and called her blessed, her husband also, and he praised her. Many daughters had done virtuously, but she had excelled them all.

Truly may it be said that a woman who feareth the Lord shall be commended. She shall receive of the fruit of her hands, and her own works shall praise her in the gates.

In no history, since the world began, is there a character that has been regarded with such a tender interest as the character of Ruth, the self-exiled daughter of Moab.

J. C. H.

## MRS. GREVILLE; OR, TWICE HER AGE.

### CHAPTER XV.

THE theatre that had been intended as such a blow to the Summer party was now finished, and the play that had been preparing secretly was now ready to burst on the astonished county. It was a translation from the French by the Honourable Reginald Fitzhurs; the principal part had been assigned, as in duty bound, to Mrs. Greville, Lady Lou playing the subordinate rôle of pert waiting-maid to Chum Dering's

valet. Ralph had long ago been fitted with the Lover (a part which he would gladly have resigned to some other candidate for the lovely heroine's smiles). Reginald Fitzhurs undertook the comic rival, buffoonery being his line. The plot itself ran in the usual groove; complications of the Lover and the Lady; complications of the Valet and the Maid. Everybody, in fact, knows the style of thing. Mr. Dyke was of



immense importance on these occasions—not that he did much, for he was too cautious to commit himself by any suggestions whatever ; but every one said it was a great thing to have Dyke—so he attended all the rehearsals, going from one to another of the *corps dramatique*, and receiving into his holy keeping an amount of confidences that would have submerged an ordinary man. Dyke always reminded me of the good fathers of the Catholic Church ; he seemed to carry about with him an imaginary confessional, into which he invited all who were heavy-weighted with a secret of any kind. Renée was a puzzle to the mind of Mr. Dyke ; she was in an anomalous position ; he did not understand it, and he set himself to master the situation. From under the shadow of his thick-growing eyebrows he silently took in all that went on around him ; too cautious to give voice to the suspicions that were in him, he slowly accumulated, in his own mind, a vast amount of evidence that satisfied him that Colonel Windham took an intense interest in this unknown girl ; forthwith he invested himself with his sacerdotal office, and waited for his fair penitent.

All this time, through the rehearsing and the dancing, the laughter and the seeming gaiety, the little drama about which I am writing went on ; everything was fun and pleasure, good humour and hilarity ; nothing could be more festive than the whole thing : but in the midst of it all, eyes were watching and ears listening, and many hearts in Fair Oaks were ill at ease. What a strange life this is ! and we, the puppets in it, how blindly we run on to a certain fate !

Mrs. Greville never for one moment lost sight of the design she had formed. She had entered on a course which she was resolved to pursue. Go through with it she *would*, and end it *should*, in her own glorification ; she was visited by no twinges of remorse, for she looked upon a girl's first fancy as only born to be trampled on, and she considered she had the best right to Ralph's love. So she went on her way smiling, and people said she was more charming than ever. It would be endless to recount the many little things by

which she contrived to place poor Renée at a disadvantage, and gradually estrange her from her lover. A girl of her simple character had but little chance against a woman versed in artifice, and "twice her age."

More than once Ralph was on the point of giving her up for ever, when a guileless look, or an innocent appeal to him, recalled him to her side.

One afternoon the Honourable Eva arranged an expedition to see some curious caves that were on the sea-shore some miles distant. It was to be a sort of pic-nic party, and there was great settling of the different contingents, everyone having some particular interest except Dyke, whose *only object* was to secure a comfortable seat for himself, which he did, much to his satisfaction, in the barouche, with Lady Rosemary and honest Robert.

It is a matter of course to visit the lions of a neighbourhood—not that anybody cares three-farthings about them, but it is a pretext for a pleasant excursion. Astute dowagers, like Lady Rosemary, know how useful these little expeditions are in the way of business, and how many a recreant knight has been known to see things in their proper light under the influence of champagne and a moonlight ride home from Richmond !

"Many is the man who has been caught on the rebound," was the wise old lady's observations to her daughter, as she attended her toilette, to give a few maternal hints. "Mark *my* words, that Windham is heartily sick of Mrs. G., and if you play your cards well——"

Lady Lou listened dutifully, but with a secret smile ; Chum and she had nearly brought matters to a conclusion. However, she kissed her mother more affectionally than was her wont.

"Put any notion of Ralph and me out of your head, mamma," she said ; "he will never get free of 'Cleopatra'."

That was Mrs. Greville's *soubriquet* amongst her own set.

Windham had wished to drive Renée in his dog-cart, and told her so ; but the poor girl was so afraid of the scolding that she knew it would bring down upon her from her guardian's wife, that she re-

fused. For some days past a change had come over Renée; she was unhappy, restless. In Ralph's presence her embarrassed shyness made her almost rude; away from him she was quite miserable at her own *gaucherie*, so now, when he spoke to her she coloured so deeply, and answered so abruptly, that Ralph looked at her in amazement. The besetting sin of his character was mistrust, and he instantly suspected some reason for her embarrassment.

"Of course," he said haughily, "if you have made any other engagement——"

"Oh, no!" said Renée, quickly. "How could I do that? Indeed, I am going to remain at home all day;" and then catching Mrs. Greville's eyes fixed upon her in angry reproach, she coloured again, and beat a hurried retreat.

Colonel Windham looked after her half angrily, half admiringly. "I have been deceived by many women," he thought, "but I cannot be mistaken in her; she is too young, too lovely, to be anything but the angel she looks."

Later on Mrs. Greville came into Renée's room. She was dressed for riding, and was looking wonderfully handsome. The poor girl was standing by her window, sadly enough, looking at the gay party preparing to mount, when her hostess touched her on the shoulder.

"Why are you not getting ready?" she asked.

"I am not going," Renée said, in rather a suffocated tone of voice.

"Oh, but you are, my dear. I could not have you left behind. Somebody wants to drive you; so get ready."

"Oh!" said Renée, starting and flushing violently, from sudden hope; "did he tell you? and may I really go?"

"Yes, you may—with him," answered Mrs. Greville, smiling and nodding her head significantly.

"And—and you think Madame Mère wouldn't object?—you don't think it would be bold or——"

"Now, my dear girl, no nonsense!" said Mrs. Greville, with a return to her severity. "I think you may trust me; and when I let you do a thing, do it, and ask no questions. Young and innocent as you are," she went on, with an irrepressible

sneer, "you must guess that this man likes you. Don't blush so dreadfully—it's all right. I saw there was something this morning, when I asked him to join our riding party; so I let him off—ain't I good?"

Renée, wondering not a little at this sudden change in her hostess, raised a very bright face, and Mrs. Greville bestowed on it a truly Judas-like kiss. Then drawing her away from the window, she added, "Run to Louise, and get my smelling-bottle, and bring it to me here."

When Renée came back, after a long hunt for the missing bottle, she found Mrs. Greville gone, and the riding party no longer in sight. So Renée made a hurried toilette, and coming down with a happy heart, encountered Deermouth at the foot of the stairs. He was flicking his whip against his boot.

"I wish you would be quick, Miss Cardillan," he said. "My ponies are fresh, and they want a deal of keeping in hand."

"Are you coming too?" Renée asked, a little disappointed. This boy's manner had become very unpleasant to her, and his cold, worldly notions disgusted her.

"That's not bad!" he laughed. "Am I coming too? not a little, rather!"

"Oh!" said Renée, as politely as she could. Then added in a minute, "You'll sit behind, I suppose?"

"Not unless you have a decided preference for my groom's society. He is a deuced good-looking fellow, is Flam—has a look of Windham, I think." And he turned on her with a malicious grin; but the sneer and the look were alike lost on Renée.

"Where is Colonel Windham?" she said, anxiously. "He is going to drive, is he not?"

The young peer stared at her for a moment, and then gave a comprehensive whistle. "Get in, Miss Cardillan; settle yourself comfortably—that's it! give me the reins, Flam. Well, I rather think Windham is not coming, seeing this is my trap. I say, Miss Cardillan, don't move, for the ponies are fresh: let go their heads, Flam—here goes!" and with a spring the boy took his seat beside her and they were off. For some time they drove on in silence. Renée was too

bitterly disappointed to speak, and Deermouth was chewing the cud of vanity. Presently he turned to her.

"So you thought Windham was coming?" he said. "I am the wrong man, it seems."

"I certainly thought Colonel Windham was to drive me," Renée said, quietly. "You know, he asked me this morning, and now I am sure he will be vexed."

"You must be very green to think he'd desert his colours," the boy said, maliciously. "Indeed, I don't believe Cleopatra would let him. I suppose you know who 'Cleopatra' is?"

"Oh, yes," Renée answered absently; she was revolving in her mind how she could excuse herself to Ralph for her apparent want of truth.

"I can tell you one thing," said this amiable youth, with a spiteful smile on his pale face: "Windham is not a marrying man; so, as that old cat, Lady Rosemary, would say, it's wasting time on *him*. Eh, Miss Cardillan?" Then, finding she made no answer, he went on: "Cleopatra will never let him; she is keeping him on till old Greville is under the sod. I say, don't you think Windham will be an awful muff if he ever marries her? Oh, I'll tell you such a capital story that old Rosemary told me! She was in the conservatory last evening——"

"Thank you," said Renée, quickly, "I should rather not hear anything about it."

"Oh, very well, just as you like. I forgot, you're a friend of Windham's. You know the old song, Miss Cardillan," and he hummed under his breath——

"Sous le nom d'amitié! Sous le nom d'amitié!"

Presently he began again: "I say, Miss Cardillan, I wish he could get up with the barouche with the *Slows* in it."

"Oh, yes!" interrupted Renée, "that would be charming. I know they have a spare seat, and then it would be all right."

"How awfully afraid you are of Windham!" "No, thank you; *that* wouldn't suit my book at all. I want to make little Sumner jealous. The fact is, I am an awfully spoony fellow; I am always falling in love, and

I can't tell you what uncommon jolly lines it is for a fellow in my position, being run after, and all that; but I think it's only fair to tell all the young ladies that I don't intend to marry. It would be a great mistake on my part for the next ten years." He made a pause to see how Renée took this astounding piece of intelligence.

"I don't suppose any one would marry *you* for the next ten years," she said, quietly—"or at least, until you are a great deal older than you are now."

The young peer looked into her face to see was she in earnest. "She is saying this to throw me off my guard," he thought.

"Oh, wouldn't they?" he said aloud, with an air of ineffable conceit. "Why, there's Lady Lou been angling to get me all last season. And the Duchess of Northampton's girls ran a perfect race. There was even betting at all the clubs; but they didn't know the fellow they had to deal with. I'm wide awake! I'm the one of the greatest catches in the market! I and Chute—only he's a kind of fool—goes in for religion, and that sort of thing. Luck has been dead in my favour ever since I was born; my elder brothers went off in scarlatina; next the governor went under; and now that my cousin Danby is dying, I'm next for the dukedom!" Renée looked at him in intense disgust.

"Do you know," he said, with a laugh, "I was nearly caught once? I was in a regular 'funk.' I was screwed, and I proposed for a girl—deuced unpleasant business! However, I got my guardian to interfere, and he pulled me through. I was under age, you know."

With a succession of these agreeable anecdotes about himself, Deermouth beguiled the time, thinking, in his low cunning, that he was paying Renée out for her evident preference of Colonel Windham.

Meantime, the riding party had proceeded towards their destination, Ralph riding, as in duty bound, by his hostess's side. At first he entrenched himself in a gloomy silence. He had been disappointed in Renée's society, and he was too much in love to care to conceal his feelings.



Mrs. Greville was far too clever to pretend to see his annoyance. She had set out with the determination to charm him back to his allegiance, and she was not the woman to fail where she had made up her mind to succeed. So by degrees Ralph's brow cleared; he suffered himself to be made much of, and petted with a tolerably good grace.

It is a great mistake to suppose that any man, even granting him to be as much absorbed as our hero really was by one passion, is ever inconsolable for the absence of his lady-love. Men are too great actors—philosophers if you will—not to dissemble whatever they feel; and the generality of them act upon the French proverb: "*Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime, il faut aimer ce qu'on a.*" So, on this principle, Colonel Windham made himself pleasant to the woman who had laid herself out to fascinate and attract him. He paid back her sweet smiles with still sweeter speeches, and bent his dark eyes upon her with a certain amount of admiration. The Honourable Eva was looking more than usually handsome that morning, and Ralph saw that it was so. "Man's life upon earth is a temptation," says holy Job; and poor Ralph bent like a reed to every temptation that came in his way. To a nature like his it was positive pain to refuse any one any pleasure it was in his power to give. As he loitered behind the rest of the party with his hostess, conscience told him that now was the time to tell her how it was with him, to undeceive her as an honourable man should do, and not allow her to expose herself to the significant looks and smiles of her guests; and still he could not bring himself to say the words. Beauty exercised over him such a fatal influence, that twenty times, as the confession rose to his lips, it was checked by a bewitching look or a bright smile; and so the moment passed away, and Mrs.

Greville arrived at the Caves of Pentross with a triumphant feeling of success in her heart. She had not been so happy for some time; and she felt such a feeling of unwonted security, that she almost regretted the trick she had played upon Renée; it was unnecessary, she thought, and, to do the Honourable Eva justice, she was seldom spiteful without a motive. Ralph was helping her to dismount, with a return to his former tender manner of assisting her, when some one asked what had become of Deermouth.

"He remained behind, to drive Miss Cardillan," Mrs. Greville said, with a sweet voice; and then added *sotto voce* to Colonel Windham, "That little business is going on beautifully, and I do think it will be a match."

"You must be mistaken," Ralph said, ignoring her aside. "Miss Cardillan told me this morning she wasn't coming."

"Oh! she altered her mind when Deermouth sent me to her with a message; she is not quite such sweet simplicity as she looks," was Mrs. Greville's spiteful rejoinder.

"And are you sure *she understood* your message?" Ralph asked, in a slightly dubious tone.

"Well, you may ask her yourself," Eva answered, with a light laugh; "for here come the delinquents."

"Shall I put them both in the witness-box for you?" she added, with such apparent frankness as convinced Ralph of the truth of what she said.

"It is unnecessary," he answered bitterly; "their movements are quite uninteresting to me." And turning away from Renée, he stalked gloomily enough by his hostess's side for the remainder of the day. His heart felt sad within him. He never knew till now how passionately he loved Renée, now that there was a prospect of losing her.

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE caves that Mrs. Greville had brought her guests to see would have repaid a geologist or an antiquarian for the trouble of a visit. They were *such* curious freaks of nature; stretching far back under the rocks, fragments of which formed themselves into grotesque shapes, and looked weirdlike by the light the torches the guides held.

The gay party of London fashionables fluttered through the dark little recesses of the cavern, their voices and laughter being repeated by a hundred echoes. The ladies made pretty little exclamations of horror and wonder, as the guides stopped to shew where a man's skeleton had been found, and how it was supposed to have been that of some unfortunate Royalist, who had taken refuge there in troublous times. Lady Sumner was immensely struck with the principal torch-bearer, declaring he was the handsomest man she had ever seen, and that every one looked quite common near him; she was quite sure he was some one in disguise, and a great deal more nonsense to that effect. Lady Lou and Chum got lost in the different turnings and windings, much to Lady Rosemary's annoyance, and much to their own satisfaction. They assert that it was there they came to a proper understanding. Dyke was the only one who seemed geologically inclined. He walked at the head of the party next to the guide, who, in telling his legendary lore, addressed himself particularly to him; while Dyke kept tapping the rock severely with his stick, as who should, say "There is something here that I will develop; even the rocky strata will repose confidence in me."

It was characteristic of the man, that when the time came for offering a gratuity to the guides, Dyke was nowhere to be seen.

In all these *al-fresco* parties eating generally makes the most important feature; and wherever Robert Greville was, the *commissariat* was sure to be attended to. The soup was

hot, the champagne well iced; nothing was forgotten; the day, too, was delightful; everybody was in spirits, and those that were not *seemed* to be, for there are no better actors than your first-class people; and the heavy work of sight-seeing being over, the refreshment was doubly enjoyable, as being reward for so much labour done. I don't think there is a pleasanter feast to the eye than the gay brightness of a *dejeuner à la fourchette* when laid under the spreading branches of trees on a summer's day. The chickens look so inviting, in their white masks of *béchamel*; the lobsters so piquantly red in their green salad beds; everything is cool and refreshing, and there is none of the heat and glare that really stupifies the intellect at a dinner party; for how can any one (even your professed talkers) be witty and amusing when your next neighbour's elbow is running into your side, and your forehead is as damp as if you were in a Turkish bath?

Lady Sumner was in great spirits. Sitting at the head of the table, between her host and Deermouth, she talked and laughed, and gave such pretty looks from under her long eyelashes, that even honest Robert, under the influence of champagne, thawed a little. She pretended to be vexed with her boyish admirer for not having driven her, and chaffed him unmercifully about his admiration for Renée; until Deermouth, alarmed that Robert Greville might, in his character of guardian, call him to task for his attentions, emphatically denied all the charges brought against him.

"Miss Cardillan is really quite charming, and all that," he said, in his most pedantic manner; "but she is not the style I *admire*. Besides, as I told her to-day, I am not a marrying man. I can't think of it for ten years: fact, upon my honour!"

"And who the deuce wants you?" growled Robert Greville, "Renée Cardillan needn't go a-begging: *that* I can tell you."

"Oh dear, of course not! the young lady has, I am sure, hosts of admirers," was Deermouth's answer, shrugging his shoulders all the time, in deprecation of his host's *gaucherie*. Pray, don't suppose for one moment, Greville, that I doubted the fact. I think myself," he added, with a wicked look in his eyes, "that she has already lost her heart to the 'beau' Ralph."

"And I think," laughed Lady Sumner, "that the 'beau' Ralph is very much taken with her; I do indeed, Mr. Greville."

"Do you think so? now isn't that extraordinary?" said Robert, eagerly, "Well, so did I; but when I mentioned it to Mrs. Greville, she said it was all nonsense, and that Wyndham hadn't a notion of such a thing; and you know she must be the best judge."

A telegraphic look passed between his listeners.

"You see," he went on, "just after she came to us, Evy got a bad cold, and was shut up in her room. She and the little girl didn't hit it off, somehow; and I used to meet these two, morning after morning, philandering under the trees, just like lovers. I told Evy of it, and she wasn't at all pleased. She thought Wren was in fault somehow, and she must have been right; for I never meet them now, and I am afraid it *was* all flirting, as Evy said."

Again a look of quiet amusement passed between his two companions.

"I think it was a lovers' quarrel," said Lady Sumner; "and I mean to set matters right if I can. I take a great interest in your niece, Mr. Greville," added the little lady, with a sweet smile.

"She is not my niece; only the child of an old friend. She has neither father nor mother," said Robert, "so I offered her a home with us, poor little thing! I am very much afraid, from what Evy tells me, she is not altogether what we could wish; but I suppose, as Evy says, it is her foreign bringing up. But then my wife has very strict notions, thank God! I would have had nothing to say to any of your fast girls."

If he could have seen the look of pitiful contempt his neighbour gave him! But luckily, or *unluckily*, as

the case may be, the spectacles were turned, with fond pride, in the direction of "My Wife."

Deermouth murmured in Lady Sumner's ear: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'twere folly to be wise." And so the conversation drifted into other channels; but Lady Sumner did not let it escape her memory. She watched for an opportunity to give a backhander to her hated rival, and got one. "I am quite vexed with you, Colonel Windham," she began—"I know you don't care for my good opinion; but I declare you make me quite angry."

"How could I live under the ban of your displeasure?" answered Ralph, laughing.

"Men are so heartless," Lady Sumner went on, with a bewitching little pout, "there's no putting up with them. I allow women to flirt as much as we choose;" continued her ladyship, with a total disregard for the pronouns; "but in men I think it too dreadful."

"I gather from these remarks," laughed Ralph, "that I am supposed to be flirting with some one. I am sure I must be a terrible sinner. No one seems to care for me; even my cousin Lou has thrown me over for Chum. Will *you* take me in hand?"

The terrible sinner looked so killingly handsome as he said these words, that Lady Sumner could not resist doing a little business on her own account; and gave him such a very bewitching look, that Lady Rosemary kindly plucked Mrs. Greville by the sleeve, and drew her attention to the little scene; but Lady Sumner was going on: "I know myself how ill-natured people can be, and how mischief can be made. Why! my Lord told me himself, that he believed for two days and a night all the stories they told against me. Ah! you don't know the wicked things they say of me," continued this much-injured innocence.

Ralph composed himself to listen. He thought she was going to ramble off on a history of her own domestic misfortunes; but he was mistaken, for she turned quickly on him: "Why do you wish to break that poor little girl's heart?" she said.

Colonel Windham, man of the world as he was, was not quite proof



against this sudden attack. The colour came to his face; and the laugh with which he tried to parry his accuser was an embarrassed one.

Now, don't say you *don't* understand what I mean. Anyone can see how it is with her, poor child! and, indeed, I don't wonder you like her, she is such a pretty, engaging creature."

"My dear Lady Sumner," Ralph said, with a half sigh, "you forget that I must seem an old man in Miss Cardillan's eyes. Thirty-six and seventeen are hardly suited; and she evidently prefers one of her own age."

"Oh! you are jealous of Deermouth," laughed Lady Sumner, "I can calm your mind about that; but seriously, Colonel Windham, you provoke me with all your refinements. You are turning away from happiness," added her ladyship, with a touch of real emotion in her tone; "trust me, that girl loves you. The difference of years only makes her like you all the better; and I must say that I think you'll be treating her very badly, if you don't mean anything more serious than flirtation. You really should not have followed her about, morning, noon, and night, as you did, when Eva was sick. Ha! ha! when the cat's away, the mice will play, Colonel Wyndham; a little bird told me, you see!"

"Who has been telling you these absurd stories?" said Ralph, so

sternly, that her ladyship grew frightened and sulky.

"Oh, there you are getting cross! I positively won't say another word. I hate cross people!" and so on; until Ralph, whose curiosity was intensely excited, had to administer an immense dose of flattery, under the influence of which she gradually imparted all Robert Greville's conversation, improved by a great many additions of her own; and, finally, winding up with this friendly remark: "As for poor Eva, *she* is naturally a little jealous of such a pretty young creature as Renée is. Although she touches up remarkably well, she is beginning to shew her age, and last season tried her terribly."

The result of this conversation was, that Ralph drew near to Renée, and forgetting his anger, resumed his former position with her; while she, on her side, received him with a glad smile of welcome. This gentle humility on her part delighted him. Mrs. Greville, looking on from a distance, saw this little scene, and it went like a dagger through her heart.

"The poor fool!" she thought, "one smile from her, and he forgets everything. She was so irritated that she could not control her temper, and gave Ralph sulky answers enough on her way home; but he did not observe it. His thoughts were too much taken up with Renée."

#### CHAPTER XVII.

IN the silence of his own room, and in company with his best cigar, Colonel Windham took counsel with himself. Lady Sumner's revelations had disturbed his mind considerably. "If I could believe her," he thought suspiciously; and then many things rose up in his mind to confirm what she had stated. "My poor darling," he said half aloud, "how like a bear I have behaved to her! how cruelly she has been used!"

It was curious even to himself, this infatuation that possessed him,—that he, the most fastidious man avowedly in London, who had openly scoffed at marriage, and been

given up as hopeless, both by match-making mothers and wealthy heiresses,—that he, the "hero of a hundred fights," should have become so enthralled by a school-girl, a mere child! But it is well said by the divine Williams that—

"None are so truly caught,  
When they are catted,  
As wit turned fool."

Susceptible as he was to female beauty, it may be supposed that Windham had often been in love before; the sensation therefore was not quite a novelty to him. But, as he told himself, the others had been only fancies—dreams, which

had vanished and only left him disappointment and heart-ache.

Disgusted with the tricks and artifices that he saw around him, made utterly suspicious by what he *knew* went on in the homes of his married friends, Ralph had fore-sworn matrimony altogether, and had earned for himself, as we know from Deermouth, the reputation of not being "a marrying man." Like a fresh breeze, this girl had come to his sour, discontented mind, giving him back strength and youth. In her presence his cynical worldliness disappeared, and with Renée Colonel Windham was young again. Poor Mrs. Greville would hardly have liked, could she have guessed how little space she had in her good friend's thoughts. "Eva will kick up the deuce of a row," was his closing meditation, as he threw away the end of his cigar, and betook himself to slumber; but lovers in the frame of mind in which our hero was, are not likely to enjoy much of the favours of "Morpheus." The gallant Guardsman was positively too nervous to sleep; the man whose pulse had not quickened in the Balaklava charge, was now quite feverish at the thought of facing a young girl's decision. "Renée is different," he said to himself, "from all the other women, I have ever met—there is no trick, no artifice in *her*—she is innocence itself."

Indeed, it was not so much her beauty that attracted him as this singular purity of heart, which, over a man like Ralph, world-weary and suspicious, exercised a most powerful charm. Ralph's nature was a passionate one; and his long intercourse with society had not deadened his feelings. In spite of what a great observer of human nature has said, "that a heart accustomed to beat only in good society can never be broken, and rarely even touched," Colonel Windham, who had lived, flirted, and loved in good society for thirty-six years, felt now that in his love for Renée Cardillan lay his last hope in life, and that if this love were unreturned or rejected, he would be a disappointed and desolate man.

The next day Renée was sitting on the grass under the shade of the

spreading oaks with little Ada Sumner on her knee.

She was making daisy chains for the child, a delicate little creature, precocious beyond its five years of life gave it any right to be. All children loved Renée; she was still herself such a child, she understood their little ways, their sensitive natures; but this morning Renée was more listless than usual, her smiles were languid, and in the midst of her fairy stories she was apt to grow abstracted.

"And the Princess's uncle grew and grew, until from being able to fit in a bottle as big as my finger, he was"—here Renée, becoming conscious of having another listener, paused, and over the fair young face came a deepening colour.

"Go on—go on!" said the child eagerly, "he grew," and the little limbs quivered with excitement.

Colonel Windham advanced from behind the trees.

"Shall I finish the story for you, Ada?" he said, sitting down on the grass beside Renée.

Ada, a perfect little coquette, like her mother, first hid her face on Renée's shoulder, and then held it up to him.

"You may kiss me, if you like," she said; "and as Windham bent over her, and took her in his arms, she added imperiously—

"Kiss Wren too; she's a very good child."

Ralph, with an embarrassed laugh, placed her on his knee.

"Now, Ada," he said, "I am going to tell you a story: once upon a time there was a girl——"

"A little girl?" interrupted Ada.

"Well, she was a young girl," said Colonel Windham, with his eyes on Renée, "a beautiful young girl."

"Was she like Wren?" questioned the child.

"My dear Ada," Renée said hurriedly, while her face glowed with blushes, "I must take you into the house if you go on like this."

"Mamma said this morning that Wren was bootiful," Ada remarked in a triumphant tone.

"Well," Colonel Windham went on with a mischievous look in his eyes, "my beautiful young lady

had a fairy godmother—you know what a fairy godmother is, Ada?"

"O yes," answered the child in great excitement, "like Cinderella's godmother. Go on; it's very pretty, isn't it, Wren?"

"This fairy godmother said to her, 'You shall have your choice of three things in life: you shall have riches, titles, or you shall have a heart,'—a heart," said Colonel Windham, warming to his subject and forgetting his childish listener, "that only thinks of you, that is devoted to you, that from the first moment was filled with your image, that if you reject——"

"What's a heart like?" interrupted Ada pettishly. "I don't understand your story. Wren's is much prettier, about her little uncle. You don't say how the godmother came. Had she a chariot? or did she come down the chimney?"

"I tell you what," said Colonel Windham: "will you run to the house and bring me a letter that's on the hall table; it will tell me something about three dolls that are coming in a big box from town."

Then as the child disappeared he turned to Renée.

"Will you take this heart?" he said, "Will you try to love me a little? It's not much to ask, when I love you so much more than all words can tell. Oh, Renée, say you *can* love me enough to be my wife!"

Renée looked up amazed.

"I know," he went on, "that I am not worthy of an angelic nature like yours; but in my contact with goodness, I myself may in time come to be good like you. Consider, that in taking me, with all my faults upon my head, you save me from myself—you save me from a thousand evils, Renée. Oh, tell me that I am not indifferent to you! Answer me, may I love you?"

Renée was silent. She was bewildered at the suddenness of the whole thing, and almost frightened at the vehement passion of her lover. Ralph took her hand in his, and drew her towards him, looking anxiously into her face that was half turned from him.

"You fear to hurt me," he said, with trembling lips. "My own darling, if you even do not love me, I

say, from my heart, may God bless you."

"No! no!" cried Renée: "it is I who am not worthy of you. You, who are so good, so clever; how can you care for poor ignorant me?" and quite overcome by this unexpected happiness, poor Renée burst into a passion of tears.

"Then you love me? you do love me?" said Ralph, wildly, and clasped her to his heart.

To Colonel Windham, the few minutes that ensued compensated for many of the troubles, the disappointments of his life. The torrent of passionate words that he poured out, the delirium of love that he gave way to, expressing feelings that Renée could not understand, terrified her; it amazed her to think that she could have excited in any one such intense admiration; while she would not have been a woman if she could have remained insensible to such worship. She was too young and too shy to give expression to her own grateful happiness; but in her silence she looked so exquisitely innocent and beautiful, that Colonel Wyndham was quite satisfied. Lovers' talk is proverbially foolish, but what of that? We have been all foolish in our own young days; and the remembrance of our past folly is very dear to us, now that we have past into cooler and more reasonable days.

By degrees Renée was able to lift her shy eyes, bright with happiness, to his. Her hand remained in his clasp, and unchecked, his arm went round her waist.

"You are happy, my darling?" he whispered; "and when you are my wife there never shall come a cloud to your sweet face; there shall never be a doubt or a trouble that you will not share with me; our thoughts will be in common—you will have no secrets from me; our days will go by in one dream of happiness."

"And Freddy?" said Renée; "you will love Freddy, won't you? Mamma left him to my care, and I could not give him up."

"Fred shall live with us, my own darling," Ralph said. "Windham Abbey is large, and Fred shall have his own rooms; and by-and-bye, when we go there, you shall choose them yourself. I shall like to see you and good Mrs. Thomson, my



housekeeper, in conference together," he went on, smiling. "How I shall laugh at her face when she sees the little scrap of a thing I have brought home to be mistress!" and Colonel Windham looked fondly into the childish face.

Renée laughed the low musical laugh in which he delighted; and then, to his surprise, tears came into the brown eyes raised to his.

"*You* will never be angry," she said wistfully; "you will never repent this, and think that in choosing me you have chosen a foolish, ignorant child." Then as Ralph was about to interrupt her with fervent protestations, she went on gravely: "I know so very little, so very little of the world, that you have been always in, that I may often do wrong things, and Mrs. Greville says that I am stupid and silly."

"Mrs. Greville talks nonsense," said Colonel Wyndham, shortly; but

the mention of her name brought with it a new train of ideas. He had forgotten his promise to her; and had asked Renée to be his wife without first telling her. Well, he didn't care much for what she said or thought *now*; but still there should be some delicacy used in the matter, and it would be better, he thought, that the first announcement should come from himself. So he said to Renée, "that their new happiness should be a secret between themselves for a few days. Circumstances made it necessary," he added, a little confusedly; but he needed not to enter into explanations. Renée had no law but his, and was, indeed, only too glad to keep silence. So she returned to the house, knowing that the whole tenor of her life was changed; but outwardly pretty much the same, shy girl, she had been before this great event had happened.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

RALPH WINDHAM was happy. For the first time in his life his weary soul seemed satisfied; and the world took, in his eyes, a brighter aspect. He felt certain that he had found at last a heart suited to his own. Renée's innocence, her guilelessness, he thought, would never pall upon him, and his fastidious temper would never be shocked by any low or mean thought sully-ing her beautiful lips. In fact, Colonel Windham was now truly and desperately in love; and my readers would soon tire if I were to give them all the lover-like rhapsodies of my hero: but it *was* singular, and a type of the man's disposition, that he still delayed to tell Mrs. Greville of the important step he had taken. His dread of a scene was so great, and he knew that in the matter of the promise he had not kept his word. No happiness is perfect: and this business of telling his hostess hung over Ralph like a dead weight.

In the course of the evening he contrived to get near Renée, and whispered to her his wish that she would meet him early the next morning in the wood that ran round Fair Oaks.

Renée shook her head: "I don't know," she said. "Mrs. Greville told me I was not to go out with you; and I think that as I am with her, I must obey her."

"But that was before," said Ralph, tenderly, and taking possession of her hand, "you promised to be mine, my very own. Nobody has any claim on you now but me. You yourself have given me the right."

"Madame Mère said," answered Renée, smiling and colouring very prettily, "that I was to do nothing of the kind without my guardian's permission."

"Oh, then *the* good lady *did* contemplate your committing such a dreadful deed as liking one of the Wolves in sheep's clothing," said Ralph, laughing. I did her an injustice. I thought she wanted to get my darling into one of those fly-away caps, only fit to frighten the crows with."

Renée laughed, and then getting suddenly grave, said sadly:

"They are very happy, the sisters. Madame Mère looks after everything for them, and they are always smiling and contented. 'I saw one of the sisters dying,' she went on, 'and she was so peaceful and so

happy, so glad to go to God ! It was so different with poor mamma ; she was glad, too, but then her mind was so tormented, leaving Freddy and me. I thought then that I would like to live and die in the convent ; but now it is different. The world is very beautiful : I never thought it would be half so beautiful ; but perhaps it is very wrong of me to take such pleasure in it. Do you think God will punish me for loving you ?”

She put this question to him so innocently, with such an utter absence of all coquetry, that Colonel Windham was tempted to fall down in blind worship ; but ladies and gentlemen in modern drawing-rooms must restrain their feelings.

“My own darling,” he said, “God made the world so beautiful that we might enjoy it, and he made you and me, that we might love one another.”

Renée raised her eyes, full of wondering surprise at this, to her, new doctrine.

“He made us to love and serve *Him*,” she said shyly, “and we must never forget *Him*.”

“Beautiful saint,” thought Colonel Windham ; and again, as in the little chapel, there came over him an uneasy feeling of the immense distance that lay between *him* and this young girl in her innocence and holiness. Again came the promptings of his good angel ; “leave her, now and for ever—love like yours will bring her nothing but trouble ; or at least tell her the whole truth about yourself, and so thinking, he said aloud ; “Renée, you must remember that my life has been spent very differently from yours : men have many temptations to go through ; and I do not wish to make myself out better than another : he added, raising his head proudly. “You will always remember that I have not imposed myself on you as a saint. I am not worthy of you, I know ; but you will teach me to be better. I love you so entirely, Renée ; my whole future is in your hands. You can make of me what you like ; but,” he went on with increasing vehemence, “if you desert me, I am lost ; if you deceive me, my faith in everything is gone.”

Renée looked at him puzzled at his agitation.

“I will never deceive you,” she said, in her calm, gentle voice : “why should I ? I trust to you in everything ; and you, who are so good, will never tell me wrong, I know.”

“Never, so help me, God,” Ralph answered solemnly ; but while he spoke the thought crossed his mind : “she deceived me about that drive with Deermouth, but I’ll not remind her of it now.” Presently he said : “Dearest, you will promise me to be very cautious in your conduct to all the young men here. You must not walk or talk with any of them, now you are my property.”

Renée looked a little astonished, but she answered quite gently.

“I should never have done it with you, but you told me it was your English ways.”

“Oh, it was quite different with me,” Ralph said.

“But you are a young man,” laughed Renée ; and then added, quickly, “I promised Mr. Dering to hear him his part to-morrow ; but now I won’t do it, as you don’t like it.”

“Oh, Chum !” said Ralph, “poor fellow ! he’ll do you no harm. He is in the same boat as myself.”

“And Mr Dyke,” said Renée, “he said he would shew me, some day, where the best ferns for stamping grow. Would that be wrong ?”

“Oh, poor old Dyke !” laughed Ralph, “he is as safe as your father confessor. You can get as many ferns as you like with him ; only I am afraid he will worm our secret out of you ; and it would never do not to tell your guardian first,” he went on anxiously, for the vision of Eva’s wrathful face rose before him. “You are content to trust me in this, my own darling ?” he said. “I will choose the best time and the best place, and for the present our secret is our own. There are no prying eyes to watch us—no hasty tongues to gossip about us. Are you satisfied to wait a little, until circumstances, that I cannot now explain, make it easier for me ?”

And Renée was only too glad to remain silent ; for she would have

been afraid to tell Mrs. Greville, and she hardly ever saw her guardian. So for the next two days these two made a perfect idyll of their own. Colonel Windham grew more and more in love with this beautiful child, who held him in a silken bondage by her gentle ways. She was in every way so different from any other woman he had ever met.

In the meantime other love affairs were going on in the house. Chum and Deermouth seemed to have changed places; Chum worshipping at Lady Sumner's shrine, and the peer engaging in a violent flirtation with Lady Lou. The truth being that by so doing the boy gratified

his malicious temper in two ways. He thought he was protecting himself against Renée's designs; and with the fine instinct of his womanish nature, he *knew* that he annoyed his hostess, and defeated her plan of exciting Windham's jealousy. This afforded him intense amusement, and he hung about Lou, paying her all manner of small attentions, and throwing tender little glances at her from his white eyes, until Lady Rosemary's veteran heart began to beat high with dawning hope: "if, after all, this visit to Fairoaks should do the business!" she thought, full of triumphant success.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

LADY SUMNER's indignation had been roused to a pitch of frenzy by finding that no part in the approaching entertainment was given to her. She formed a cabal, at the head of which Deermouth figured; and as it was secretly fomented by the stage manager himself, Mrs. Greville was obliged to give in, and with the best grace she could, re-request her rival's assistance. Then it was that Reginald Fitzhurst produced a little thing he had just knocked together, and which he said would do by way of interlude between the first and second pieces. It was quite suited to Lady Sumner; a slight thing, and only wanting graceful acting and musical talent. It was called: "The Vision of the Artist," and possessed one merit, the *mise en scene* was of the simplest description. A red curtain hung picturesquely across the stage, made the studio; and Deermouth, in blouse and flowing curls, made the artist, palette and brush in hand. It was evident that sleep or drink had overcome the painter, for he is discovered with his head reclining on a cushion, and with a generally typified air about him, suggestive of beer. In his slumber, however, he is most curiously talkative; and from the very coherent narrative that drops from his lips to slow music, we gather that he has lately lost his

wife, and that, in consequence, the light of his life and the inspiration of his genius has gone out, the departed lady having been in the habit of sitting to him as his model. The picture on which he is at present engaged, and on which his whole future hangs, is in consequence a blank, as nobody can be found who realises the artist's idea of female beauty. In this dilemma, he apostrophises his lost "Louise." He says pathetically, "Lost companion of my happier hours, where art thou? where art thou?" Then it is, that having given by these feeling words the cue to the orchestra, a tremendous vibration of fiddles (which in theatrical matters is always a sign that something is coming) is heard, and a chorus of invisible spirits chant, as appropriate, the nun's chorus in the *Trovatore*. The stage is darkened, and a rattling of tin outside conveys the idea that a storm is abroad. The artist, (*i.e.* Deermouth) is awakened by all this row. He stretches out his arms and legs as if he were suddenly galvanised. His finger points to the far end of the room, to where a figure stands; Lady Sumner in a flowing garment of white, face, hands, and arms, of a ghastly hue, with an electric light burning behind her, did not make a bad impersonation of a ghostly visitant; but the lost Louisa must in life have had a very dictatorial manner with her



husband, and kept him to his work, to judge by the sharp voice in which she says :

"I have come at your bidding—paint, without loss of time."

Deermouth sets to work like a steam-engine, and in an incredibly short space of time produces, it is to be supposed, something to his own satisfaction, for the tremulous vibration is again heard, the tin can rattles away jollily, and the vision begins a sort of vibratory motion.

The artist, seeing these unequivocal signs of approaching departure, calls out in an agonised voice, "Louise ! Louise !" and again throws out his arms in a galvanic movement. The figure glides slowly over to him (while he sinks in rapt devotion on his knees), and touches his forehead with her lips. In dumb show she conveys to the audience that she is returning to Spirit Land, very much against her will. Suddenly an idea strikes her : she comes down to the front of the stage, and sings a touching melody, which has a soporific effect on her husband, for he sinks gradually back on his cushions, and falls fast asleep, while the vision glides out to slow music.

It was the day of the play. Any one who has ever taken part in private theatricals knows all that conveys the hurry and the confusion, the rush at the last moment, the number of things to be done, the multitude of things forgotten, the nervousness of the prima donna, and the overpowering selfishness of the principal actor.

The Hon. Reginald Fitzhurst combined in himself three distinct offices. He was author, actor, and stage manager ; and in his triple character made himself most eminently disagreeable. He ordered, fussed, and fumed until everybody was weary and disgusted. Amateurs are a set of impracticable people ; and the *corps dramatique* at Fair Oaks were not exceptions to this universal rule. Half the actors were at odds with the other half ; jealousies and petty quarrels were occurring at every moment, and bidding fair to shipwreck the whole thing. Mrs. Greville had enough to do to keep the peace between her high-bred guests. As it was, the seeds of

many a life-enmity was laid in the green-room of the new theatre ! In the midst of it all, Dyke went gliding about, receiving confidences on all sides, and throwing oil on the troubled waters. Chum, who had never set himself to learn his part, now that the fatal moment was drawing near, was getting to use his own expression, "uncommonly funky" about the whole thing. A nasty feeling was dawning on him that he would make a fool of himself. He went about, repeating his part to everyone he could get hold of ; and, as his mind was running, naturally enough, on his very successful flirtation with Lady Lou, he made rather a curious jumble of the real and the pretended love-making.

Renée, being the most good-natured, was victimised by him, and he waylaid her in every direction, book in hand.

(Renée, prompting Chum, repeats :—) "There goes master's bell."

"I'd bet you five shillings Lou doesn't give the cue ; and if she doesn't, I'm done !—Miss Cardillan, would you mind starting me again ?"

(Renée). "There goes master's bell !"

(Chum, acting). "'Faith, Mary, my darling, you're the *belle*, and no mistake ; but I'd like to see the fellow, master or not, who dared to ring for *you*.'—That's right, isn't it ?"

"Quite," Renée says smilingly ; "but you have another long piece ?"

"Hang it ! so I have ; but I've forgotten how it begins."

(Renée). "Tell me, Mary ?"

"Oh, of course ; I know it now."

(Then speaking very quick). "Tell me, Mary, darlin', does my lord's gentleman, or the Duke's man, ever kindle the flames that rise to your cheeks ?"

"Oh, no, no !" interrupted Renée ; "you've skipped a whole page."

"Oh, bother it ! there never was such confounded rubbish. Who the deuce could learn such stuff. By-the-bye, did you hear about Lou and me making it up, after all ? I think Lou's a trump, she'll never give me up ; isn't she an uncommon pretty little thing ?"

"Very," said Renée, "and I'm very glad you are going to be so happy."

"Thank you ! you're an uncommonly nice creature yourself ; and only that Lou's in the way, I wouldn't answer for myself ;" and Chum threw his hat up in the air, and down again, as a vent to his feelings.

"Renée, I think," remarked quietly, "you had better begin again.—"

"Confound it ! I suppose I had better have another go at the old Fitz's beastly twaddle."

"Would you mind starting me again ?"

"There goes master's bell," and so on, over and over again.

In the meantime the green-room was the scene of strife.

The charming little interlude had up to this gone very well ; but on the day of the performance Mrs. Greville, coming in to rehearsal, found war raging between the high-contracting parties.

Lady Sumner was on the stage, looking heated and excited, and surrounded by the whole corps.

"If you persist in this," she was saying to Reginald Fitzhurst, "I give up the whole thing. No one ever heard of such nonsense, and I know my lord wouldn't allow it for a moment. He makes a point of my side face being turned to the audience.

A smile passed round the circle, my lord's indifference to the little lady and her doings being only too patent to the world.

"Permit me," said Reginald Fitzhurst, in a voice that trembled with rage, "to remark to you, that I allow no interference here from any one—*anyone*. This matter is most important to me ; and I must beg you will kindly place yourself in the attitude I require. You forget that the eyes of the country will be on us, and such a breach of artistic rule cannot be tolerated.

"I don't agree with you at all," answered Lady Sumner, hotly ; "I will not sacrifice myself to any artistic stuff."

"Well, then, I appeal to Mrs. Greville ; and, of course, if she wishes," said Fitzhurst, in a boiling rage, "I lay down my office of stage manager ; the piece can do well enough without me."

"And the piece can do very well without me," was Lady Sumner's

pettish answer. "I will not submit to disfigure myself to please any one. Eva, dear, I resign my part."

Mrs. Greville looked from one to the other, and saw determination in both faces. She at once made up her mind to side with the one who would be to her the greatest loss ; besides, it afforded her a slap at her enemy.

"Mr. Fitzhurst is right, dear," she said : "your profile is *not* your best point."

"That's very strange, dear," replied the other, with a flush on her cheek ; "Buckner took me in profile, and he did *you* full face ; but then," she added, innocently, "when one is under thirty, one can stand it."

This sally, being accompanied by a very expressive look, caused the fair Eva to wince a little ; for she knew all her guests had peerages, and were aware of her age to the day.

"It is a pity my lord isn't here to decide the point," she said, with one of her cold smiles. "I am afraid we shan't have him here at all, I heard from my cousin, Major Kerr, this morning, and he met him at the Bal de l'Opéra two nights ago."

This time the shot told. Lady Sumner, who, with all her faults, *did* love her fickle lord and master a little, changed colour visibly, and with an attempt at a careless laugh, laid down her arms ; she never could hold her own against Eva. Fitzhurst, who had been retailing his grievances to Dyke, now returned to the charge.

"If you really find it so very disagreeable, Lady Sumner," he said, "I must only find another Louise. I am an old hand at this sort of business, and I invariably have a substitute to fill up the place of any member of the corps who becomes troublesome. At all events, I am pretty sure of a sweet temper in my present selection, for I have never seen a more angelic face than Miss Cardilan's.

"Renée Cardillan !" said Mrs. Greville, in amazement.

If a thunderbolt had fallen, both ladies could not have been more astonished ; but Lady Sumner was the first to recover herself. She saw in one moment, by her hostess's face, how distasteful to her this idea



was, and she instantly adopted it, for even her own vanity was secondary to her delight in the mortification of her dear Eva ; besides, she was a sharp little woman, and had noticed Fitzhurst in close consultation with Dyke. She had no doubt but that the whole thing was arranged between them, to frighten her into submission.

"The very thing!" she said, in affected delight; "I wonder you never thought of that before. I resign my part with pleasure to such a charming successor, and I'll lend her all my things."

"I don't think her guardian would hear of such a thing," Eva said. The image of Renée in the vision rose before her as she spoke. "Oh, my dear, when *he lets you*," sneered Lady Sumner; "besides, we all know *you* can make him do anything."

"You are mistaken there," was Mrs. Greville's answer, with the sigh of a "*femme incomplise*."

"How delighted Colonel Windham will be!" her tormentor went on; "it was only yesterday he was saying to me how beautiful she would look on the stage. Do you know, dear, that's a regular case.

As I was coming through the Oak-walk, just now, I saw them sitting under the trees—didn't we, Lord Deermouth?"

"Oh, it's a fact!" said that young gentleman; "he was busy trying the effect of his long curly wig in the glass; but he looked round with his malicious grin. "They are spooning; and no doubt it's *the* fishiest case I have seen this long time."

It was Mrs. Greville's turn to change colour now. With a violent effort she mastered her emotion, so many eyes were on her, enjoying, as she well knew, her discomfiture.

"Renée is only a child," she answered, as quietly as she could; "and Colonel Windham treats her as such," and then brought the subject back to its theatrical level.

It needed a good deal of diplomacy to arrange matters as they were before this general encounter; but, by the assistance of Dyke, and judicious flattery, Lady Sumner was induced to forego the display of her side face, and Reginald Fitzhurst abandoned the idea he had never entertained of making Renée Cardillan one of his *corps dramatique*.

#### CHAPTER XX.

THE little theatre at Fair Oaks was crowded; all the county gathered in to see the fun. Before the footlights there was pushing and jostling, to get the front places. Dyke had been told off by Mrs. Greville for the duty of placing the people, and it was curious to see the way in which he, as it were, scented out those with any possible claims to social standing of any kind, and disposed of them accordingly. There is nothing draws like amateur acting; people will come many miles, and be at great inconvenience, to see others of their own species make fools of themselves; and the consequence was that the benches that were intended to hold seven or eight persons comfortably, had to do duty for ten. All the usual little byplay of "Vanity Fair" went on:—Obtuse Dowagers in large tow-row head-dresses and

plumes of feathers push to the front, while the fresh-looking country girls, their daughters, try to pull them back. These innocent creatures knew well that Mary and Jane, their rivals in the back seats, will take an unfair advantage, as the men are sure to come late. "Papa is always in such a fuss to be early," they whisper to one another, and hang back; but they are driven ruthlessly on by Dyke, unless, indeed, they belong to the peerage: the manœuvres of any of that august body are favoured by silent and most efficient co-operation.

At last every one is seated, squeezed together like herrings in a barrel—no! there are more coming in: and an extemporised row of chairs, down the centre, blocks up the passage, a proceeding viewed with much disfavour by those who, with great diplomacy,



had secured to themselves the end seats, which, as everyone knows, is *the* thing to do. Fans flutter wildly, and scraps of conversation float about the room there is great anxiety to know for whom the row of arm-chairs in front is kept, and for the arrival of those intended occupants the performance is evidently delayed.

At last, after great bustle and confusion, and moving of the extemporised chairs, the long-expected guests made their appearance, and then, indeed, looks *are* interchanged as Dyke, with much obsequiousness, hands to the coveted *fauteuil*—the young Duke of Morehampton and his party, amongst whom is an illustrious member of the royal family. *Such* a compliment! for Morehampton is more than twenty mile's drive. Lady Sumner, looking through the little hole in the curtain, is ready to burst with rage, her only consolation being "the vision." but now the bell rings—there is hurry, scurry behind the scenes, the orchestra strikes the first note, and the curtain draws up!

It is not my intention to fatigue my readers with an account of the amateur performance, so like in every detail to all other amateur plays, with which, no doubt, they are familiar. Mrs. Greville played well; and if the Hon. Reginald Fitzhurst's mawkish composition *was* received with a tolerable amount of favour, it was certainly owing to the actress who impersonated his heroine. In her scenes with Colonel Windham, her recreant lover, she threw such an abandonment of sorrow, such pathos of real feeling, that brought down the house in genuine hearty acclamation. Ralph did not at all justify the reputation that *he* had brought into the "provinces" of being a "crack actor." He was so *distracted* and pre-occupied that it was no wonder that critics called him "a stick;" but the ladies were all on his side, his dreamy eyes won all their hearts, and there was an unanimous voice in his favour that no masculine cabal could get the better of. When his duties were over, and he had changed his dress, he hurried round to the front, to find Renée; but she had left the place where he had seen her sitting, and was nowhere to be

found. Surprised, he wandered listlessly about, looking for her everywhere, and giving but short answers to the pretty flatterers who pressed their praises upon him. Coming at last into the long gallery, he stood transfixed; for there, in the shadow of one of the windows, was Renée, and not alone; her hand was in the clasp of a young man, while her face was raised to his. *We* can guess who he is? Julian le Noir, who had come with the select party from Morehampton, where he was engaged painting the picture for which Dr. Lefèvre had got him the order; but poor Ralph was not dreaming of the artist of St. Etienne, and it was with an acute pang of jealousy that he saw that the shy, brown eyes had never sparkled for him as they did for this unknown stranger. In very truth, Renée seemed quite a different Renée from the one he was accustomed to see. Excitement or pleasure had given to her usually pale face a colour like the tinting of a shell; her eyes shone like stars, and the rosy lips were parted every minute in the rippling laugh that Ralph loved to hear. He ground his teeth together, he was in such a rage, and made a hasty movement towards the unconscious pair.

Renée looked round and saw him.

"Oh," she said, springing to him with glad, girlish delight, "here's Julian le Noir! Only fancy his being here!" and she added, her eyes kindling with triumph, "he has come over to copy a picture for the Duke of Morehampton, and he has already got three more orders, and he says that——"

She stopped suddenly, struck with the sullen look on her lover's handsome face. Ralph offered her his arm, bowing with cold English stiffness to the young Frenchman.

"I came to look for you," he said, with icy politeness. "I could not have imagined that you would have left your seat; I should have thought Madame Mère's teachings would have shown you the impropriety of such a thing, even without my wishes."

"But it is Julian!" Renée said, looking at him with amazement, while the bright light faded out of her face. "You know who Julian

is—you have heard me speak of him.”

“Yes,” Ralph answered, dryly; “I think you mentioned to me you were indebted to this gentleman for drawing-lessons.”

The moment the ungenerous words passed his lips, Colonel Windham was sorry for them. He felt the little hand that rested on his arm make an involuntary movement to free itself; he saw the quick look of indignation on Renée’s face, and he was wise enough to know that he had made a false move. He half hoped that the young foreigner had not understood him; but when Julian spoke it was in as pure English as the Guardsman’s own.

“I am glad to have met you again, Mdle. Renée,” he said, “and to see you don’t forget old friends and old times. You are quite unchanged, in fact. I shall see you again before I leave Morehampton.” And without taking any notice of Colonel Windham’s unceremonious salute, he turned to go.

“Oh, Julien!” cried Renée, quickly, and leaving Ralph’s side abruptly, “you are not going away like this: you have not told me half I wanted to hear.—I couldn’t let him go,” she said, turning to Ralph, while the tears started to her eyes. “You forget it is the first time I have seen anyone from home since I left, and I want him to tell me so many things. Oh, please, Julian, don’t go,” and she laid a detaining hand on the sleeve of his coat.

Two things in this unfortunate speech displeased Colonel Windham mightily, that his future wife should call a drawing-master, a travelling-artist, by his name was bad enough; but that she should cling to him like this, and associate her ideas of home with this man and his class, was most offensive to his sensitive nature; but he felt he would only make himself ridiculous if he interfered further; he was too much in love to venture on being too disagreeable; so, with a violent effort, he controlled his temper.

“I am afraid I interrupted you,” he said. “I forgot that, of course, you must have many things to hear of your old friends. I think I had

better leave you to yourselves. Of course, Renée, if I can be of any use to your friend, I shall be happy to oblige you. My name is well known at all the studios in London, and if Monsieur Le Noir would care——”

Colonel Windham, in saying this in rather a lofty tone of patronage, thought that he was making an *amende* for his former rudeness, and he was not prepared for the rather ironical bow with which the artist thanked him, and then, turning to Renée, added, with one of those rare smiles that made his plain face look quite handsome—

“Now, Mademoiselle, let us avail ourselves of your guardian’s kind permission.”

“My guardian!” said Renée, with an involuntary burst of gay laughter. “Oh, Colonel Windham, Julian thinks you are Mrs. Greville’s husband!”

Ralph flushed to his very temples; it only wanted this to fill up the cup of his rising indignation. Not trusting himself to speak, he turned quickly away, and took his way back to the theatre. Here he found the “vision” in full progress. Lady Sumner, in flowing garments of white and a magnetic light burning behind her, looks really very ghost-like and artistic.

She rouses the attention of the royal visitor; he is seen to sit up in his chair, his curiosity is excited, he asks who she is? Her *mignonne* style of beauty is much more to his taste than the grand Cleopatra air of our friend Éva; he applauds vociferously, and the whole company following suit, it is universally considered that Lady Sumner has beaten Mrs. Greville by long odds. In the meantime, while the clapping resounds in his ear, and the curtain draws up again to give another view of “the vision,” Ralph stands gloomily against the wall, watching for Renée to come in, but there is no sign of her; the crowd, so long imprisoned to view the antics of their neighbours, are at last let loose, free to take their place on the stage of society, where, indeed, a good many more thrilling dramas than the one they had just seen performed, are hourly acted.



The gaping, yawning mass stream out, the ladies shaking their gauzy dresses, crushed in the narrow seats, in the hope of restoring them to something of their freshness. The dowagers are hungry for their supper; the girls are hungry for flirtation. Following the crowd listlessly, Ralph made his way back to the long gallery, and from a distance saw that Renée and her companion were still engrossed with one another. The fact was, that in Julian's conversation, there was something irresistibly attractive; it absorbed the attention of his listener; it was the power of the genius that was in him that gave colour to his language and a thrill to his voice—this power was wanting in Ralph. Handsome and winning as he was, he could not interest his listener as the artist could; and Renée, in this hour of renewed intercourse with the companion of her childhood, did not even miss her lover.

As she smiled at Julian, sympathising with his artistic fancies, and laughing gaily at his stories of her old home, she never, for one moment, dreamt of the pain she was giving.

As I said before, Ralph was of a gloomy, suspicious temper; and his experience of the women amongst whom he had been thrown had not improved his opinion of them. Looking at the girl who, barely twenty-four hours ago, had promised to be his wife, he doubted her. He saw her absorbed attention, he marked the adoring look of *Le Noir*, and quick the thought flashed through his mind, "All her innocence and *naïveté* is assumed; she is as great a coquette as any of them."

He waited on, in the hope that Renée would look round, but she did not, and with a bitter sigh he turned away, to meet the eyes of Mrs. Greville, fixed upon him with a melancholy, tender interest that touched him at that moment particularly.

"Poor Eva!" he thought, "after all, she loves me;" and drew near to her. The crowd that was around her, paying her adulatory compliments, fell away on his approach, and he and she were alone. Ralph began

the conversation by a few well-deserved praises of her acting. She listened greedily to his words, and then gave a well-modulated sigh.

"Do you know," she said, "that while that play went on I was happy, happier far than I have been for weeks. I fancied it was all true, Ralph, and that I was a girl again, and that—that—" Here she looked away from him, and tears—genuine tears—of emotion stood in her eyes.

Colonel Windham looked at her with pity; he could not find it in his heart to say anything to her, knowing, as he did, what manner of lie it would be.

"Something—the acting, I suppose—has made me nervous," she went on presently; "but I do think that if I had married a man I loved, I should have been a different woman. God knows, my life has been a hard one," she added, "and no one but myself has an idea that poor Robert makes me suffer."

"My dear Eva," said Ralph, kindly, "we must not make miseries for ourselves. Of course, Greville has *his* peculiarities; but I am sure he fully appreciates the treasure he has in you."

Mrs. Greville looked at him; this tone was something quite new. I don't think that Windham was at all conscious of her gaze, for he was revolving in his mind how he would break to her his news; but suddenly she startled him by saying, "Did you ever see anyone look so happy as our little nun does to-night? I am afraid Deermouth has no chance, and I must confess I do think *Le Noir* very charming."

"Are you alluding to the drawing-master?" Ralph said, coldly.

"Oh, that was a mistake of mine," Mrs. Greville answered. "He is really a very clever artist, and Morehampton tells me he is well connected on his mother's side. She was an Englishwoman. I am sure Robert will be very angry with me; but how could I refuse, to make the poor child happy, by asking him?" and Eva looked with an angelic smile on her face at Windham.

"Then Miss Cardillan knew he was coming to-night?" questioned Ralph quietly.



"Well, I should think she did; but didn't she tell you? You are her father confessor," added Mrs. Greville, with a mocking laugh. Then, suddenly changing to a plaintive, tender voice, she went on—"Oh, Ralph! why don't you trust me?—believe me, I would be your friend, even to the breaking

of my own heart. I cannot bear to see one like you deceived."

"Deceived!" said Ralph starting. "How am I deceived?—what are you talking of?"

"Oh, nothing," answered Mrs. Greville; "it is time for us to go to supper," and she turned off the subject resolutely.

## WHO ARE THE ZINCALI, OR GIPSIES? AND WHAT IS THEIR ULTIMATE DESTINY?

THE only people on the earth, who may be looked upon as scattered and fragmentary races, are the Jews and the Gipsies. Both are under a law that perpetuates disintegration, and yet preserves what it perpetuates. Both seem to be the subjects of a special Divine retribution, the effects of which, for many generations, have been pre-eminently disastrous and terrible. The nation of the Jews was originated under the most auspicious promises of the Divine favour, that should culminate in the pre-eminence of Israel over all other nations, among whom that "peculiar people" should not be counted; but this marvellous exaltation was made to hinge on the principle of implicit obedience to a Divine law. To fail in this particular would result in the abasement and dispersion of the whole nation that was to be as the sands of the sea innumerable, a hyperbolical expression significant of a multitudinous host. Nevertheless, God's original promise to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—the founders of the Hebrew race—would stand good, though its realisation would have to be postponed till the termination of the "times of the Gentiles," now in course of completion.

After many generations of various fortune, good and evil fluctuations, during which the most stupendous miracles were performed, the predictions of evil against the Hebrew nation began to set in towards their consummation. After repeated judgments, and a succession of recurring mercies, the Divine forbearance was for ever exhausted, and

the end came, the abolition of the Jewish theocracy, and the utter overthrow and dispersion of the apostate nation throughout the earth. This had been the theme of prophecy for thousands of years till the time of Malachi, three or four hundred years before Christ. The same predictions announced, moreover, that the results of Jewish apostacy should be manifested through a long succession of ages, till the "Deliverer (Christ) should (a second time) come out of Zion, and turn away ungodliness from Jacob, restore their counsellors as at the first, and their judges, as at the beginning."

History has recorded how literally to the present time the prophecies against Israel have been fulfilled—a guarantee of the literal exactitude with which the predictions concerning the future glory, and restitution of this remarkable people will be finally realised. Those who are familiar with the Scripture text will be able to reproduce before their mind's eye the various passages that, in graphic terms, refer not only to the dispersion of the Israelites, but to their ultimate restoration. Those who are only imperfectly acquainted with the text will do well to look into the vaticinations of the Hebrew Prophets, not one of whose predictions, the Book says, will fail.

The Gipsies, like the Jews, at some antecedent period of their history, incurred the indignation of Israel's God, and have been for 2,000 years labouring under the curse they have thereby brought upon themselves. *They* are under a law of degradation

and dispersion ; they are wanderers, vagabonds, and outcasts in the earth. This is evidently an exceptional state of things, and must be explainable on intelligible principles ; for no nation could be brought into such a state of isolation save under the operation of a powerful law, similar to the one that effected the dispersion of the Jews, and yet preserved them a distinct and separate people to this day.

The Jews and the Gipsies are the only people extant, who occupy this independent unity in adversity among the nations of the earth. Though broken up into detached sections, the homogeneity of the Gipsy tribes remains as unique as the homogeneity of the Jews. The same peculiarities that prevail among the Gipsies of Spain prevail among those of England, Russia, Hungary, and the East, as well as among the various tribes, or fragments of tribes, spread over the world.

The existence of these tribes is a fact that has given birth to much speculation and conjecture as to their origin ; and none of the writers on this interesting subject have arrived at any authoritative conclusion. It has been commonly thought that this wandering and scattered people proceeded originally from Egypt ; but this is one of the many popular errors that have been allowed to take deep root in the public mind. The only evidence of an Egyptian derivation is in the colour of their skin, and their Oriental descent ; neither their physiognomy nor their language has any affinity with either ancient or modern Egypt.

The Gipsies themselves can give no account of the land of their birth, though they are not without legends, which, however, are of the most unreliable character.

Borrow, in his "Gipsies in Spain," affirms them to be of Indian origin, the Gipsy dialects being considerably intermixed with words from the Sanscrit, an ancient language, the mother of Hindustâni, and with which several European languages may claim affinity ; words from the Persian and the Greek tongues are found freely interspersed among the "seven jargons" of the Zincali ; but there are no Arabic, Moorish,

or Egyptian expressions. The Gipsies are evidently a people distinct from the Moriscos, Arabs, and Egyptians ; but bear a remarkable resemblance to the natives of Persia and Hindustan.

Borrow thus defines the etymology of the term Zincali :—"Cales is merely the plural termination of the compound word Zincalo, and signifies the 'black men,'—the complete word indicating the 'black men of Zend.' Chai is a modification of the word Chal, which, by the Gitanos of Estremadura, is applied to Egypt, and by other Spanish Gipsies is held to be an equivalent for Heaven . . . . thus Chai may denote the sons of Egypt or the *sons of Heaven*. It is, however, right to observe that amongst the Gitanos the word Chai has frequently no other signification than the simple one of 'children.'"

The names by which they are known, in the various countries where they are found, are almost identical : hence in Spain they are called Gitano (a name of infamy) and Zincali ; in Hungary, Czigani ; in Italy, Zingari and Ciani ; in Germany, Zigeuner ; and in Russia and the East, Zingani and Zingarri ; they are also called Bohemians and Gipsies—the last term evidently derived from their supposed Egyptian origin.

Admitting the Oriental descent of the Gipsy tribes, it seems that, after they began their wanderings from their ancient *habitat*, they entered Europe from the East, and made Roumania their first resting-place, and from thence they spread over Europe, particularly Russia, Spain, and England. Mr. Borrow observes :—"In Wallachia and Moldavia, two of the easternmost regions of Europe, are to be found seven millions of people calling themselves Roumouni, and speaking a dialect of the Latin tongue, much corrupted by so-called barbarous terms. These people are supposed to be in part descendants of Roman soldiers—Rome, in the days of her grandeur, having established immense military colonies in that part of Europe. In the midst of these people exist vast numbers of gipsies, amounting to at least 200,000."



In the Gipsy dialect it is therefore natural that we should find many words appertaining to the language of Roumania, and this is unquestionably the fact; but Mr. Borrow goes on to observe, that the term *Rommany* is not derived from the name of this particular country, but is essentially a Gipsy word, that means the "sect of the husbands," to whom the *Gitanos* inculcate and enjoin implicit obedience among themselves.

Their general occupation, in all countries, seems to have been of a mean and unambitious character,—tinkering, and jockeying, and like vagabondising employment, including fortune-telling and fraudulent dealing, constituting their general mode of action. Their unchangeable hatred to the *Busnees*, or *Gentile* nations, is part of their creed; this malignant feeling has been fostered and stimulated by the barbarities and persecution with which they have been afflicted from time immemorial. Objects of suspicion and fear they have ever been to the nations of Europe; the tales of their brigandage and lawless habits tending to confirm and perpetuate the dread and dislike with which they have been continually regarded. They seem to possess the inherent reputation of Cain, having a characteristic mark upon them to distinguish them as a reprobate and abandoned race. They are probably descendants of Cain, in a direct line, and retain in their blood the murderous enmity that ruled over that eminent fratricide. Persecution has followed them ever since their expatriation? In Spain the most barbarous enactments have pursued them, from the earliest period of their appearance in that country. What marvel if they should retain a lively recollection of their wrongs, and inculcate war—war even to the knife—as has been too often exemplified? Like the Jews, however, the more they were persecuted the more they seemed to increase and multiply; and, though naturally timid and cautious, exhibited both boldness and audacity during the periods of their greatest tribulation. They might have been exterminated, had not God, in His inscrutable provi-

dence, continually prepared for them a way of escape from this terrible conclusion. The same threatened fate was for many long centuries hovering over the heads of the Jews, against whom every man's hand seemed to have been raised. It seems as though the pseudo-Christians of those degenerate days had been turned mad, because God had visited His people with indignation and wrath, and driven them from His presence, scattering them to the four winds. The Jew and the Gipsy might appropriately quote the words of Job, and apply them to their own case:—"Behold they . . . have us in derision, whose fathers we would have disdained to have set with the dogs of our flock . . . among the bushes they brayed, under the nettles they were gathered together; they were . . . fools, children of base men: they were viler than the earth. We are their song, their byeword: they abhor and flee from us, and spare not to spit upon us. Because He hath loosed our cord and afflicted us, they also have let loose the bridle before us, and . . . raised up the ways of destruction against us," &c.

The Gipseys of Moscow are in many instances distinguished above their brethren in other parts of the world. Borrow says:—"The station to which they have attained in society in that most remarkable of cities, is so far above the sphere of their brethren that it may be considered as a phenomenon in Gipsy history, and on that account is entitled to particular notice. Those who have been accustomed to look upon the Gipsy as a wandering outcast, incapable of appreciating the blessing of a settled and civilised life, as one who never ascends higher than the condition of a low trafficker, will be surprised to learn that amongst the Gipsies of Moscow there are not a few who inhabit stately houses, go abroad in elegant equipages, and are behind the higher order of the Russians, neither in appearance nor mental acquirements." This change in their social condition is attributable to their proficiency in song, which has been exercised before the nobility and gentry of Moscow by female Gipsies from a very early period.



"Perhaps," remarks Borrow, "the highest compliment ever paid to a songster was by Catalani herself to one of these daughters of Russia. The celebrated Italian *cantatrice* was so enchanted with the voice of a Moscow Gipsy that she tore from her own shoulders a cashmere shawl, which had been presented to her by the Pope, and embracing the Gipsy, insisted on her acceptance of the splendid gift."

Large sums of money are frequently acquired through this talent of song among the Gipsy females, who are thereby enabled to support their relatives in affluence and luxury; "some are married to Russians, and no one who has visited Russia can but be aware that a lovely and accomplished Countess, of the noble family of Tolstoy, is by birth a Zigana, and was originally one of the principal attractions of a Rommany choir at Moscow."

Nevertheless such examples are splendid exceptions; refreshing oases in the Zigana life, which, as a rule, displays nothing but the most unenviable sterility in all its ramifications. The Gitanos, however, preserve the kindest affection among each other; and if a stranger should appear among them, speaking their language and fraternising with them, they would hail him as their brother, and give him the heartiest welcome. Among a thousand crimes the gipsies exhibit one more virtue,—they are, commonly speaking, faithful to their marriage vows, especially the females, who are also remarkable for their chastity. Borrow observes:—"The Gipsy women (of Spain), as far as corporeal chastity goes, are very paragons; but in other respects, alas! little can be said in praise of their morality." They seem to be utterly destitute of the religious principle, the bump of veneration must be scarcely discernible; they neither fear God nor regard man, except to deceive and overreach him. They have no idea of a future state of existence, and despise the doctrine of rewards and punishments hereafter. Mr. Borrow intimates that, as far as he could learn, their forefathers seem to have entertained some notions concerning the transmigration of souls; but when appealed to on the subject generally, close it by the melancholy apology: "We have been wicked

and miserable enough in this life: why should we live again?" They will listen to your exposition of Scripture in their jargon with admiration and delight; but it is not the doctrine that entertains them and arrests their attention, but the familiar sounds of their own dialect, which they listen to with the enthusiasm of a primitive and barbarous people.

They furnish a mournful example of the degradation to which a race of human beings, of the same blood as our own, can be reduced, when abandoned by God to their own devices and desires. How lame and impotent the inevitable conclusion at which they must necessarily arrive, though worse specimens of humanity than the Gipsies might be specified!

"The climate of England," says Borrow, "is well known to be favourable to beauty, and in no part of the world is the appearance of the Gipsies so prepossessing as in that country; their complexion is dark, but not disagreeably so; their faces are oval, their features regular, their foreheads rather low, and their hands and feet small. The men are taller than the English peasantry, and far more active. They all speak the English language with fluency, and in their gait and demeanour are easy and graceful."

In proof of the homogeneousness of the Gipsy tongue, an English Gipsy can be understood by his brethren in the heart of Russia, though the two jargons are in many points necessarily dissimilar and dissonant; but in no part of the world, says Borrow, is the Gipsy language preserved better than in Hungary.

Notwithstanding the intimate acquaintance with Gipsy life and character, Mr. Borrow exhibits, he has only made an approach towards elucidating the mystery of the Zingali. He describes them as "coming from Ind;" he has, however, discovered only a clue to their real origin. He has unaccountably overlooked the only evidence that may be considered final, unmistakable, and authoritative. In due time we shall indicate where this evidence may be found. We shall also demonstrate that Mr. Borrow, with his accurate knowledge of the mixed language of the Romas, and its resemblance to the ancient Sanscrit,

Hindustani, and the Persian tongue, supports, though indirectly, our view of the case. But before we enter on this branch of our subject, we shall briefly review Mr. Borrow's admirable comparison of the Jews and the Gipsies, between whom he observes an antithetical resemblance, if we may be allowed to use so paradoxical an expression.

Calling to mind the exodus of Israel from Egypt, under the miraculous direction of Moses, bringing to our recollection the pillar of cloud and the pillar of fire, that went before the armies of Israel, their long wanderings in the wilderness, their victories and their defeats, and their ultimate dispersion by the Romans; and acknowledging the unfailing truth of the Word that assures them of their final restoration to the Divine favour, when the kingdom and sceptre will be relegated to His expatriated people, Mr. Borrow observes:—

“There are certainly some points of resemblance between the children of Roma and those of Israel. Both have had an exodus, both are exiles and dispersed among the Gentiles, by whom they are hated and despised, and whom they also hate and despise, under the name of *Busnees* and *Goyim*; both, though speaking the language of the Gentiles, possess a peculiar tongue, which the latter do not understand, and both possess a peculiar cast of countenance, by which they may, without difficulty, be distinguished from all other nations; but with these points the similarity terminates.

“The Romas, unlike the Israelites, have no religion . . . . The Israelites possess the most authentic history in the world . . . . The Romas have no history, they do not know even the name of their original country . . . . The Israelites are of all people the most wealthy, the Romas the most poor—poor as a Gipsy, being proverbial amongst some nations, though both are equally greedy of gain; and finally, though both are noted for peculiar craft and cunning, no people are more ignorant than the Romas, while the Jews have always been a learned people, being in possession of the oldest literature in the world, and certainly the most important and interesting.”

Mr. Borrow very properly dismisses the Gipsy tradition concerning their alleged descent from the ancient Egyptians, as unworthy of credence, and believes that “India's sunny land” was their ancient birth-place. There is a prediction concerning the Egyptians in the 29th c. of Ezekiel, verses 12 and 13, which may have indirectly given rise to the Gipsy tradition; it is thus written: “I will make the land of Egypt desolate in the midst of the countries that are desolate, and her cities among the cities that are laid waste, shall be desolate *forty years*; and I will scatter the Egyptians among the nations, and I will disperse them through the countries.” So far, this seems to give an extreme probability to the assumption of an Egyptian origin for the Gipsies, which, as we said before, is a corruption of the former word; but the succeeding verse, effectually removes the transient impression, and maketh the vision clear:—“Yet, thus saith the Lord God, at the *end of forty years* will I gather the Egyptians from the people whither they were scattered.” The same dispersion is indicated in the language of the 30th c. and 26 v. of the same book. It appears from this that a restoration was to follow the forty years' exodus, whereas the Gipsies have been wanderers among the nations for upwards of 2,000 years, which we shall now proceed to prove, from the 49th c. of Jeremiah, in the irreversible language of a prediction that has been as singularly verified to the present day, as the prophecies concerning their brother outcasts, the Jews, have been, and will continue to be till the consummation. We will quote from the 34th to the 39th verses:—

“The word of the Lord, that came to Jeremiah the prophet against Elam, in the beginning of the reign of Zedekiah, king of Judah, saying: Thus saith the Lord of Hosts: Behold, I will break the bow of Elam, the chief of their might, and upon Elam will I bring the four winds from the four quarters of heaven, and scatter them towards all those winds; and there shall be *no nation whither the outcasts of Elam shall not come.*” And to prove that the prophecy refers to a people that



is still extant, we will quote the three remaining verses, the onus of which rests on the final one:—"I will cause Elam to be dismayed before their enemies, and before them that seek their life; and I will bring evil upon them; even my fierce anger, saith the Lord; and I will send the sword after them, till I have consumed them; and I will set my throne in Elam, and will destroy from thence the King, and the princes, But, *it shall come to pass in the latter days, that I will bring again the captivity of Elam, saith Jehovah.*"

The Gipsies are the only people in existence—the only people that have existed for 2000 years—that can be said to meet the requirements of this explicit and detailed prediction. The Elamites were natives of ancient Persia, and according to Borrow—who had ample opportunity of ascertaining—the Gipsy language is a heterogeneous mixture of Persian, Sanscrit, Hindustani, and Greek words, or words derivable therefrom, the Persian and Sanscrit predominating. Borrow says:—"Still more abundant, however, than the mixture of Greek and Slavonian, is the alloy in the Gipsy language, wherever spoken, of modern Persian words. . . . The modern Persian . . . is a daughter of the ancient Zend, and, as such, is entitled to claim affinity with the Sanscrit and its dialects. . . . With the rise of Islam, the modern Persian was doomed to be carried into India," where it became the language of the court, as French has become the fashionable medium of communication in the Russian court, and in other European circles of the aristocracy. The result was, it became thoroughly intermixed with the dialects of that country.

But we lay more stress on the words of Jeremiah than on any testimony that may be adduced in support of his words; and we have no doubt whatever, and never have had, that the Zincali, or Gipsy tribes, are the scattered descendants of the inhabitants of a powerful kingdom in ancient Persia, distinguished by the name of Elam. The Elamites, in common with the Hebrews, were the descendants of Shem (Gen. x. 22); on whom God's blessing

should ultimately rest, and this accords with the words of Jeremiah in reference to the latter-day restitution of these benighted "outcasts," who have lost their way in the darkness, and know not what is to be the end of their peregrinations. The terminal period of their expatriation has not yet arrived, for outcasts the Gipsy race still remain; but a *remnant* will be preserved for the fulfilment of the prophecy.

We are now living in the latter days of Gentile domination; many prophecies might be cited to prove the identity of the *latter-days* with the "times of the Gentiles," under the Christian dispensation; therefore, the period ordained for the restoration of Israel and Elam is near its dawn: it is probable they will both be gathered together at the same time, and displayed before "all the nations" as a monument of the truth of prophecy, and God's enduring mercy.

Let the period of Elam's restoration be when it may, it is to occur in the "latter days," at a time subsequent to the present time, inasmuch as the Elamites continue to remain outcasts in every nation under heaven where they are found. The word, therefore, up to this period has been literally fulfilled, and we may reasonably presume that its later provisions will, in the fulness of time, be substantially verified also.

The Elamites were, in the days of Zedekiah, a powerful people, inhabiting the Persian territory; God's decree went forth against them, and evil began to befall them, till they were finally driven into that exile from which they have not been recalled. Ezekiel xxiii. 24, thus refers to Elam: "There is Elam, and all her multitude round about her grave, all of them slain, fallen by the sword, which are gone down uncircumcised into the nether parts of the earth, which *caused their terror* in the land of the living." The succeeding verse further enlarges on the overwhelming destruction depicted in the vision. A multitude of nations, the chief of which is Egypt, are devoted to the sword, which God had put in the hands of the King of Babylon to chastise and overthrow them. Elam was singled out not



only for a partial extermination, but for a more signal example of God's marvellous power of preservation, which we now witness in the present existence of the Gipsy tribes. The modern Persians are probably descendants of a collateral branch of the ancient inheritors of the land, though not of the Elamites particularly, inasmuch as they are not partakers of the peculiar doom of the Zinali. The Elamites are said to have occupied the southern frontier of India. It is also stated that, after the subversion of the Babylonian monarchy, opportunity was afforded for the return of the exiles; but the irrevocable fact had gone forth that the period of their return should be coincident with the "latter days"—a term, as we observed before, frequently employed to denote the time of the end of the Gentile-Christian period. Though, therefore, after the fall of Babylon, some who had taken part with the Medo-Persian army, may have been permitted to repossess their original heritages, the great body of the nation continued, as they have continued ever since, exiles and outcasts in the earth.

With reference to the modern Persians, we know, from Ezekiel xxxviii., that they, at the time of Israel's restoration, will be the subject of an unexampled display of God's retributive vengeance, in which will be involved a vast confederacy of the northern nations of Europe, which, in the text, are distinguished by their ancient names; but mention is made, in

plain language of "Persia, Ethiopian and Lybia." This unprecedented coalitionary force will invade Palestine, and rush, like a storm, against the mountains of Israel "to subjugate the Jews, who have been brought back from the sword, and who shall dwell safely, all of them, without gates, and without bars." So great, however, is the destruction of the invading army, that seven months are required for Israel to bury the dead, and burn the weapons of war. This may be the period assigned for the restoration of Elam to the Persian dominions, her emancipation from captivity and disgrace, and her re-establishment in her own base. But we are not so much concerned about the *time* as about the fact itself. The elements of a great people are in this dispersed and rejected race.

All who are capable of receiving the words of prophesy on this subject, as truth that cannot be gained and must prevail against any, and every form of scepticism, will be necessitated to accept the view of the case, as herein presented, and look upon the Gipsy tribes as the residue of Elam, who, for many generations, have been doomed to remain outcasts among the nations of the earth, till the period allotted for their re-integration shall have arrived—outcasts distant from every other people, and characterised by the peculiarities and singularities of a nation branded, like the Jews, with the unchangeable mark of a Divinely appointed isolation.

J. C. H.

## THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY, AND OF ST. PATRICK.

AN hierarchy was early established in England, as three British Bishops assisted at the Council of Arles, A.D. 314, being one for each province into which the kingdom was then divided. In consequence, Christianity there was of older date than the fourth century. When we reflect on the zeal of the primitive preachers of the Gospel, and the contiguity of Ireland to England,

it cannot be supposed the former isle escaped their evangelical labours. It afforded the terrified British clergy a secure asylum from the Dioclesian persecution in 303. So that it is highly probable that the glad tidings of a Redeeming Saviour were promulgated here very little later than Britain. And we are the more inclined to believe what is advanced, because St. Jerome

incontestibly proves there was a Christian Church in Ireland in the fourth and beginning of the fifth century, and that letters were then known and cultivated here. Speaking of Celestius, the bosom friend of Pelagius the heresiarch, he says: "he was made fat with Scottish flummery." Now, Pelagius was a British monk, and an eminent scholar: to him resorted youth from England and Ireland for instruction, and among others our countryman Celestius, who embraced the monastic life. While in the British monastery he wrote to his parents in Ireland three pious epistles, exhorting them to the practice of virtue. All this evinces that our isle had been long Christian. Pelagius was an able teacher, and well read in Greek philosophy: it was there he found the notions about God and the human soul which were the foundations of his heresy.

The Irish themselves are the best evidences of the origin of their faith. About the year 661, a conference was held at Whitby, to determine whether the ancient discipline of the British and Irish Churches respecting the paschal festival, tonsure and other rites, should be continued; or whether the Romish innovations, adopted by the Anglo-Saxon Church, should be preferred. Wilfrid, an Elève of Rome, supported the latter, as Colman, an Irishman, educated among the Culdees at Hy, and Bishop of Lindisfern, did the former. "The Easter I keep," says Colman, "I received from my elders, who sent me Bishop hither; the which all our forefathers, men beloved of God, are known to have kept after the same manner; and that the same may not seem to any contemptible or worthy to be rejected, it is the same which St. John the Evangelist and the Churches over which he presided, observed."

About the year 160, the Gallic Church, in a long epistle to the brethren in Asia and Phrygia, relates the martyrdom of many professors of the Gospel. Pothinus was then Bishop of Lyons, and a Grecian; as were Attalus, Alexander, and Alcibiades, who were missionaries in Gaul. These were sent by Polycarp into France, when he went to Rome

in the pontificate of Anicetus. Of course the letter written by them to the Christians in Asia was in Greek, and this is remarked by Valesius. Irenæus, who succeeded Pothinus in Lyons, was a Greek of Smyrna, of which city Polycarp was Bishop. Irenæus when a youth saw and conversed with Polycarp, and heard him relate the discourses he held with St. John and with the rest who had seen Christ. From hence we clearly discover the grounds of Bishop Colman's practice, and how it was deduced from St. John. Polycarp was disciple of St. John, as Pothinus and Irenæus were of Polycarp. These Asiatic missionaries founded Churches, ordained Bishops, and gave to the Christians of Britain and France a liturgical form. A very ancient MS. informs us, that St. John the Evangelist first sang the Gallican office, then the blessed Polycarp his disciple, and after him Irenæus, Bishop of Lyons. Bishop Stillingfleet, who carefully examined this ancient cirrus or office, shows that it agreed with the Greek, and materially differed from the Roman, in the communion service, in the prophetic lessons, in the sermon and offices after it, and in various other particulars, and that this office was adopted by the British Church, and no doubt by the Irish, which perfectly symbolised with it. Indeed, we have direct and positive proof that our liturgy was not the Roman, in Gillebert the Bishop of Limerick's epistle to the Irish prelates in 1090. We shall find the Irish rites and ceremonies differing from the Roman, in the celebration of Easter, in the administration of baptism, in the multiplication of Bishops, and in numberless other points wherein they agreed with the Asiatic and British Christians, from whom they received their faith. Irenæus, in the second century, loudly complained of Romish innovations, "that the schismatics at Rome had corrupted the sincere law of the Church, which led to the greatest impieties. These opinions, adds he, the presbyters who lived before our times, who were also the disciples of the Apostles, did in no wise deliver. I, who saw and heard the blessed Polycarp, am able to protest in the presence of God,



that if that apostolic presbyter had heard these things, he would have stopped his ears, and cried out according to his custom, 'Good God! for what times hast thou reserved me, that I should suffer such things? He would have fled from the space where he was sitting or standing, should he have heard these things.'" Thus far Irenæus.

These sentiments on Romish corruptions the Asiatic missionaries brought with them into Western Europe; they inculcated them on their converts, and the horror and detestation they excited in their minds were not effaced for many ages; it lasted in Ireland for more than ten centuries. Such was the origin of Christianity in Ireland, and such the orientalism of our rites and ceremonies, which during our progress in these inquiries we shall have frequent occasions to remark.

How laborious soever these researches may be, I apply to them with ardour and pleasure, in hopes of discovering truth; but I confess myself dispirited and dejected when reduced to the miserable necessity of combating senseless fictions, and all the ignorance and absurdity of Irish hagiography. No laurels are here to be reaped, no reputation to be obtained, and yet silent contempt would soon be construed into acquiescence, if not approbation.

The puerile figments of Vincent of Beauvias, Moronus, Vasaldus, O'Sullivan, and Colgan, concerning the first preachers of the Gospel in Ireland, are totally undeserving notice. Prudentius has characterised such pious and lying fables in one line:

"Corruptela, dolus, commenta, insomnia, sordes."

"The Acts of our Saints" inform us, that Kiaran, Declan, Ailbe, and Ibar, were Hibernians, who, after residing at Rome for some years, were consecrated Bishops, and erected sees here, about the year 400. This is an artful monkish fiction to excite our gratitude to Rome, who so maternally watched over our salvation, and sent us these precursors to reclaim us from paganism. Bishop Lloyd, who though ingenious and learned, was not

profound in antiquities, says, "I dare not wholly reject those Irish legends of Kiaranus, Declanus, and Ibarus." Every respect is due to authenticated, and in remote matters, even to probable facts; but why the same regard is to be paid to suspicious legends is not easy to discover. It was his business to establish their credit, but he found this too difficult to attempt. It was impossible to be done; for if these precursors of St. Patrick ever existed, and lived no longer than the rest of mankind, their age will be found posterior instead of being prior to that of our apostle, who, it is said, was sent hither, A.D. 432. Now the annals of Ulster and Innisfallen, as cited by Ware, place the death of Ibar in 500, that of Ailbe in 527, of Declan later, and Kiaran, at an advanced age, was disciple of St. Finian of Clonard, about 520. If we reject these authorities, we bestow on these precursors a longevity beyond verisimilitude; if we adopt them, the legend is more than doubtful.

These teachers, we are told, travelled to Rome, and there received ordination. This is incredible, because Bede is an unexceptionable evidence that our hierarchy was exactly similar to the British, and that we know was independent and episcopal. Episcopal, for her Bishops appeared in the Councils of Arles, Nice, Sardis, and Ariminum, all in the fourth century. Independent, for the British prelates nobly opposed the usurpation of Augustine sent by Pope Gregory, and refused obedience to a foreign jurisdiction, consequently they would not receive ordination from the hands of strangers. But these silly fictions are trifles in comparison with the legends of St. Patrick, which come next to be examined.

The existence of this saint, and his conversion of the Irish, are points not only firmly believed by the Irish, but referred to as undoubted historic facts by every writer who has treated of the civil and ecclesiastical history of this country. But about the year 1618, Doctor Ryves, one of the Masters in Chancery here, and Judge of the Faculties and Prerogative Court, to



answer a calumnious and inflammatory libel, was obliged to consider minutely the ancient history of our Church. Doubts arose in his mind as to the reality of our apostle, and of the age in which he was supposed to have flourished. However, before hesitatingly applied to an investigation of these matters, he thought it proper and becoming to consult Camden and Usher, the two great luminaries of British and Irish antiquities. To the latter he opens his objections; and first, he observes the wonderful miracles recorded by St. Patrick were neither common nor believed in the age in which he lived; and this he proves from St. Austin, who was contemporaneous with our apostle. Secondly, he argues from the silence of Platina, who, though in his life of Pope Celestine he mentions the sending St. Germanus into England and Palladius into Scotland, takes no notice of his appointing Patrick to Ireland, and therefore concludes he must have lived later than was generally supposed.

Unacquainted with Camden, yet desirous of his opinion, Ryves prevailed on Usher to lay his letter before him, which he did. Usher seems not to have acted friendly, impartially, or candidly on this occasion; for in his letter to Camden, enclosing that of Ryves, he endeavours to prepossess him in favour of St. Patrick, and even to point out what answer he should give. He, indeed, remarks that "the ridiculous miracles fastened upon our saint were the work of later writers," and in this Camden agrees. On the present occasion, our learned primate and his excellent friend deviate strangely from strict veracity; for the Roman Martyrology, Erric of Auxerre, Nefnius, and others, never omit St. Patrick's miracles when they name him; they are both *cœval* and from the same mint. Nor would an argument so open to confutation ever have been brought forward was a better to be found. His miracles are so monstrous and incredible, so numerous and unnecessary, and such a prostitution of Divine omnipotence,

that the most stupid, credulous, or bigoted cannot digest them. These first suggested to Ryves, as they would to every man of sense, the suspicions before stated. As to Platina, few were more conversant in ecclesiastical history than he; so that his silence about St. Patrick is really inexplicable, was he convinced of his mission. A Cotton MS. recording St. Patrick is much boasted of; surely we might expect to find in Usher's *Primordia*, published twenty-one years after his writing this letter to Camden, an account of its possessors, its letters and language, so as to enable us to form some judgment of its antiquity; but none of these appear, if I recollect right, in that work. A Cottonian MS. occurs, but it is not noticed as remarkable for age or contents.

Ryves, discountenanced by the oracular decisions of these eminent men, and overborne solely by authority, no further pursued this curious subject, a few hints excepted, although his learning enabled him to bring it to a fair conclusion. This triumph of hagiography over criticism and erudition has continued to the present hour. A well-informed writer in A.D. 1700 declared, "he was not satisfied about St. Patrick's 365 bishops, it was probably a fable, and himself a saint of imagination; for who can tell but Patricius Avernensis may have sunk a day lower in the calendar, and made the Irish a Patricius Hibernensis, or the Spanish Patrick of Malaga, who, according to Luitprandus, laying claim to that day, might appear to the Irish in a dream, as St. George did to the English, and become their Protector, and at last their Apostle?" For the calendar is the ground upon which the legends run divisions, and as barren as it seems to be, it has produced a world of devout fables. For in old time, give a monk but a name, and he would quickly write a life.<sup>1</sup> Thus far Maurice, whose conjectures, thus vaguely and jocularly thrown out, are yet the result of uncommon knowledge of the subject, as we shall now see.

The calendar is certainly the

<sup>1</sup> Maurice's Defence of Episcopacy, p. 155. Fuller's Church Hist., ad Ann. 730.

ground-work of every fabulous legend. Each Church, we are told, kept one for its saints and martyrs; but Ruinart declares they were exceedingly imperfect.<sup>1</sup> Nor could it be otherwise among barbarous nations, where Christianity was without establishment, and its teachers itinerant, supporting a precarious life among rude and ferocious pagans. As the common martyrologies were compiled from the calendars, it will not be wondered at if they are but little to be depended on. But two have reached us, one Roman calendar of the fourth, and one Carthaginian of the fifth century, both to be suspected, and not contributing to the credit of such works. Our calendars and martyrologies are less estimable and of less authority. Colgan, it may be imagined, give in the preface to his *Irish Saints*, the best reasons he could invent to induce us to believe the tales he delivers concerning them. He quotes Gorman, who wrote about A.D. 1170; the *Cashel* calendar composed, as he says, earlier; and the martyrology of *Ængus* and *Melruan* of the eighth century. Now the latter, like the other Irish manuscripts, famous in obscurity, has never seen the light, nor is it to be regretted, because it carries internal marks of forgery. Let one instance suffice. In its second preface it cites the martyrology of *St. Jerome*. *Launoy* has proved that no such work under the name of *St. Jerome* was known to early writers, but that about the ninth century a trick, then common, was practised, that of fathering on him a supposititious performance.<sup>2</sup> Neither *Ballarmine* or *Sixtus Senensis* enumerate this among his works; so that instead of the eighth, this martyrology cannot be older than the ninth century. Colgan acquaints us that the deaths of *Ængus* and *Melruan* are found in this martyrology, and those of other saints posterior to them, which he supposes the additions of some monk living about the

conclusion of the ninth century. No proof is brought of this conjecture, so that the antiquity of this work rests solely on the supposition of an interested individual, and is opposed by the strongest external and internal proofs. Take the facts as stated by *Colgan* himself, and let any judicious and impartial reader pronounce on the credibility and degree of weight this martyrology carries with it when it deposes for *St. Patrick* and other ideal saints.

The Roman martyrology is the oldest in which we find the name of our apostle. This, like the rest, has been interpolated in various ages, so that it is impossible to know what were in its original contents. By the French antiquaries it has often been convicted of falsehood: its making *Sergius Paulus* first Bishop of *Narbonne*, and *Dionysius Areopagita*, the Apostle of France, destroys every claim it can make to authenticity.

*St. Patrick* is in *Bede's* martyrology. Whether he ever composed such a work is very doubtful, as he barely hints at it in one of his compositions. *Cave's* opinion of that passing under his name is by no means in its favour. It would be tedious and disgusting to review the fables and errors of *Usardus*, *Notkerus Balbulus*, and others, who lived later, and have the name of our Apostle: the same bold, plausible and groundless figments crowd all their pages.

What idea must we form of martyrologies, when *Durandus*, Bishop of *Maude*, declared, there were above five thousand saints for every day in the year: and it has been supposed, not improbably, that *All Saints' day* was appointed, to supply the want of days in the year, and to appease the anger of those who had not particular honour paid them?<sup>3</sup> *Bollandus* and *Papebroch*, learned Jesuits, *Launoi*, *Tillemont*, and many other eminent Catholic writers, not only reject these deified phantoms, but speak contemptibly of the rest.

<sup>1</sup> Ruinart. *Præf. gen. in Act. Sincer. Martyr.* p. 17.

<sup>2</sup> *Disput. epist. P. de Marc. ad Vales. c. vi.* p. 66.

<sup>3</sup> *Bayle Dic. Crit. article, Launoi.*



As nothing advanced by Usher, Camden, or the martyrologists, can in the smallest degree supply evidence of the existence of St. Patrick, so neither will the general character of our Sanctology, which Bollandus declares to be the compilation of arrant fablers, and not older than the twelfth century. Tillemont's words are equally strong:—"*Que la plupart, sont d'auteurs tres-fabuleux.*" This is the language of liberal, learned, and enlightened Roman Catholic writers, who saw the disgrace brought on religion, and the real injury done it, by lying miracles and horrible blasphemies. Even St. Austin, in the fourth century, declared there were few genuine memoirs of martyrs or saints. The Trullan council ordered all forged acts, which began greatly to multiply, to be burnt, because, as Balsamon on this canon observes, they lead "to laughter and infidelity."

From the manner of composing these Lives of Saints, we may judge of the deplorable mental weakness of those who believe them, and the consummate hypocrisy and wickedness of those who inculcate them on the ignorant. Cardinal Valerio tells us, it was usual with the monks to exercise their scholars in composition by proposing the usual topics to them, the lives and martyrdom of saints. Popular stories, and more commonly the suggestions of their own fancy, were the groundwork of their amplifications. The best of these were laid by, and after some years produced as genuine works. There is a curious anecdote in Mr. Warton to this purpose.<sup>1</sup> About 1380, flourished Gilbert de Stone, a learned ecclesiastic and good Latin writer. The monks of Holywell, in Flintshire, applied to him to write the life of their patron-saint; Stone asked for materials; he was answered, there were none; upon which, he said, "he could execute the work without materials, and would write them a most excellent legend, after the manner of the legend of Thomas à Becket."

By such juvenile monkish exercises, lives of St. Patrick multiplied amazingly. When Joceline sat down

to compose his life, he found sixty-six biographers had preceded him in this walk: all but four were destroyed in the Norwegian invasion; from these, he tells us, he selected such facts as deserved belief. Here are some of the miracles which our author thinks credible. St. Patrick, while an infant, brought a new river from the earth, which cured the blind. He produced fire from ice. He raised his nurse from the dead. He expelled a devil from an heifer, and he changed water into honey. These were but the infant sports of this wonder-working saint. The miracles recorded in Holy Writ, even that of creation itself, are paralleled, and if possible surpassed, by those of our spiritual hero. So that for authenticity, the legend of St. Patrick merits no higher estimation than the most contemptible fictions.

I shall now proceed with stronger evidence, to prove our apostle an ideal personage. If he received his mission from Pope Celestine—his orders in the Church of Rome—was graced with the archiepiscopal dignity—formed an hierarchy, and established rites and ceremonies from Roman originals, as all his biographers boast,—can the utmost stretch of human ingenuity assign a reason why Cogitolus, Adamnan, Cummian and Bede have passed over these interesting particulars unnoticed? Bede, whose predilection for Rome and her tenets had led him into many errors, and whom all allow to be well informed, never would have omitted so capital an event as the conversion of Ireland by a missionary from Rome, and the miracles of that missionary in support of his favourite doctrines, did such facts or any tradition of them exist in the beginning of the eighth century, for Bede died A.D. 735.

About the year 604, Laurence, bishop of Canterbury, and two other prelates, writing to the bishops and abbots in Ireland, have these remarkable words:—"When the Apostolic See sent us to these western parts to preach to pagan nations, and we happened to come into this island of Britain, we very much esteemed the holiness of the Britons

<sup>1</sup> History of English Poetry, v. ii. p. 190. Cardinal Bessarion said of these deifications; "Affe ch  questi Santi moderni, mi sanno assai dubitare delli passati."



and the Irish before we knew them, believing they proceeded according to the custom of the universal Church; but we have been informed that the Scots (the Irish) do not differ in religious sentiments from the Britons, for Bishop Dagan, coming to us, not only refused to eat with us, but even to take any repast in the same house." Let the advocates for the existence of St. Patrick consider well this citation. Bishop Laurence succeeded Augustine in the See of Canterbury, and was by birth a Roman. St. Patrick was dead but an hundred years. Could all remembrance of his mission from Rome, and his connection with that see, be forgotten in that space of time; if it could not, would he have neglected to upbraid them with ingratitude to their apostle and a dereliction of his doctrines? And does not this letter demonstrate what was before advanced of the difference between the British and Roman Churches in religious tenets, and that the Irish agreed with the British? By Bishop Dagan's refusing to eat with or remain in the same home with the Roman missionaries, we must know that a person whose company was thus rejected was under excommunication, for so it is expressed in ancient Irish canons. The Britons, says Bede, could no more communicate with the Anglo-Saxons than with pagans. The Irish, we see, had exactly the same sentiments. "The British priests," complains Aldhelm, "puffed up with a conceit of their own purity, do exceedingly abhor communion with us, inasmuch that they neither will join in prayers with us in the church, nor in communion, nor will they enter into society with us at table: the fragments we leave after refection, they will not touch, but throw to dogs. The cups also out of which we have drank they will not use, until they have cleansed them with sand and ashes. They refuse all civil salutations, and will not give us the kiss of pious fraternity. Moreover, if any of us go to take an abode among them, they will not vouchsafe to admit us, till we are compelled to spend forty days in penance." Words cannot convey a stronger detestation of popery

than this testimony of Aldelm, an excellent scholar and contemporary with Bishop Laurence. We may observe that the British and Irish Churches had hierarchies independent and episcopal among them, and that they fulminated excommunication against intruders.

In 630, the Roman clergy address an epistle (to be seen in Bede) to five Irish bishops and five presbyters, on the paschal festival. Here, again, St. Patrick might be very properly and advantageously introduced, and his own, as well as his successors', practice in the see of Armagh. But nothing to this purpose occurs in our ecclesiastical historian: the bishops are styled, without any distinction, the most beloved and most holy Tomianus, Columbanus, Cronanus, Dimanus, and Baithanus. I have before mentioned the convention at Whitby in 661. These, it may be said, are negative arguments; but is an accumulation of these of no weight, particularly in very remote matters? But the subject does not rest solely on these: it is a positive fact that Columbia and his Culdees differed widely, as we shall see, from Rome in doctrine and discipline, in the sixth century, when St. Patrick was but a few years dead. We have just seen the same difference subsisting in 604. In 639, Pope Honorius testifies the same in Bede; and in 730, Bede declares our aversion to Romish customs. Will any impartial and sober man assert that if St. Patrick founded the Irish Church, and that his rites and ceremonies were from Roman archetypes, there could be such a total falling off from them within a few years after his death? A barbarous people are ever retentive of first impressions. Who was the preacher of these new opinions so opposite to the Roman? History does not record his name. The fact is, and we find it has been amply confirmed, that Christianity flourished in Ireland long before the age of St. Patrick, and that it was first preached, not by Roman but by Asiatic missionaries or their disciples, the latter dissenting in various important particulars from the former, as will hereafter appear.

If the principal events of our

apostle's life are shown to be, not incredible and uncertain, but absolutely false, it must decisively remove the vulgar prejudices respecting his existence and mission. He is said to have been a North Briton, born at Kilpatrick, A.D. 372, his father was Calpurnius, a deacon, the son of Portitus, a priest, his mother was Conchessa, niece of St. Martin, bishop of Tours. Baronius and Florilegus tell us he was a native of Ireland; O'Sullivan that he was born in Brittany; the Scholiast on Joceline that he was from Cornwall, and others made him a Welshman. See the most wretched, senseless trash collected by Usher as to his parentage, life, and adventures, with his genealogy, up to Brutus. Primor, c. 17; and who, tired at last, says with Horace,

"Incerta hæc si tu postules  
Ratione certa facere, nihilo plus agas  
Quam si des operam ut cum ratione  
insanias."

And yet he is in favour of St. Patrick!

Now Bede has declared, that the Southern Scots did not receive the faith till 412, nor the Northern before 565, for that Calpurnius and Potitus were Christian priests in Scotland long before it was evangelised. St. Martin was born at Sabaria in Pannonia or Hungary; how his niece came to marry our North Briton, no one has yet explained. It seems it was fashionable for missionaries to be related to St. Martin, for Ninian, who converted the Southern Scots, was also his nephew.

Our apostle, conscious of his inability to convert the Irish without proper qualifications, such as travelling and study supplied, removed to the Continent, visited Italy, and remained among the canons of the Lateran for some time, and then, with the monks, dispersed in the isles of the Tuscan Sea. Thirty-five years were spent in this manner. St. Patrick's residence in the Lateran is void of truth; for Onuphrius assures us from the archives of that Church, that Pope Gelasius was the first who placed canons there, and he was raised to the pontificate, A.D. 492, one year before the death of St. Patrick.

After this preparatory discipline, he was consecrated Bishop by Amatus, or Pope Celestine, who granted him the dignity of Archbishop. Here all his biographers, ancient and modern, discover their ignorance of ecclesiastical history. On the establishment of Christianity, to preserve to the Bishop of the Metropolis his rank, the title of Archbishop was invented. At the Ephesine council in 431, Cyril, bishop of Jerusalem, and Celestine, bishop of Rome, were publicly honoured with this style. Before Theodore, archbishop of Canterbury, enjoyed this title, in 673, it was unknown in Britain; and Mabillon is confident that few claimed or assumed it before the ninth century.

In 462, St. Patrick went to Rome, and related to Pope Hilary the success of his mission, which was so pleasing, that the Pope, as a mark of esteem, conferred on him the Pall and Legateship of Ireland. We may form some notion of the credit due to this story when Dr. Talbot, titular Archbishop of Dublin says, "that St. Patrick was neither Archbishop, Primate, nor Metropolitan: that his Pall is chimerical, made of goat's wool, and flies through the air, sewn to reliques of Stephen the proto-martyr." This is speaking pretty plainly for a Roman Catholic prelate, and treating these monkish falsehoods with just contempt. Talbot, throughout his work, evinces strong good sense and liberality, with considerable learning; these led him to despise the silly legends, on which his antagonist, Dr. Mac Mahon, so much relied, and he had truth on his side when he rejected the legateship of St. Patrick, for there was no such office as Legatus until the second Nicene Council, A.D. 787, above three centuries after the decease of our apostle; nor were palls bestowed in Ireland before the year 1152. It must be as tiresome to the reader as it is to the writer to pursue farther this critical examination of the life of our Saint. I do not hesitate in affirming, that every chapter in Joceline, Colgan, and Probus is liable to similar objections; internal and invincible proofs these, that our apostle and history are equally



fabulous. Even the editor of Probus candidly confesses that his authenticity is doubted, as in some things he is palpably false: and Richard Stanihurst, uncle to Archbishop Usher, assured him there are many instances of childish anility, and others directly contrary to evangelical truth.

Let us next inquire how St. Patrick came to be dubbed the Patron Saint of Ireland. The ninth century, famous for reviving and incorporating pagan practices with the Christian ritual, observing that Rome had her Mars, Athens her Minerva, Carthage her Juno, and every country and city a proper and peculiar deity, whose guardian care was its greatest protection and security, conceived it a very becoming employment for Christian saints to assume the patronage of a Christian people, and to interest them the more in this new occupation, they brought their bones or reliques, wherever laid, and deposited them in the principal church of the metropolis. This superstition and illiteracy of the age were favourable to every clerical imposition. Thus Hilduin, in the beginning of the ninth century, was not ashamed, such was the deplorable ignorance of the times, to affirm to the Emperor Louis, that St. Luke, in the Acts of the Apostles called Dionysius, was a most illustrious nobleman, and an excellent philosopher, and that he was ordained the Apostle of Gaul. Though nothing like this is in the Acts, it passed current, for Hilduin was an ecclesiastical of high rank, being Abbot of St. Germain. Here we have the origin of the patron of France.

About the year 816, Pope Leo III. made St. James the Apostle the patron of Spain. He assert with all the confidence of infallibility, that at the instance of Abiathar, the Jewish high priest, St. James, was slain by Herod: that his body was concealed and placed in a boat, which at that instant miraculously offered itself; that, after sailing far, it landed in Galicia, and the body from thence was translated to Compostella. In virtue of these reliques, the Archbishop of Compostella in 1215, boldly claimed in the Lateran Council the prerogatives due to his

sec. The proof of the legend, through a monstrous fiction, thus grounded and sanctified by time, did not admit of particular exceptions, and therefore Ximenes, primate of Toledo, took the shortest course with it, by peremptorily denying the arrival of St. James in Spain; and in this, after a lapse of many centuries, he is supported by Baronius against Pope Leo. The Scots, in an Apology to Pope Boniface VIII., give nearly the same account of the coming of the reliques of St. Andrew, their patron; this was in the reign of Ungus, and in the ninth century also. If the Irish had no other examples, France was sufficient for their imitation, in constituting a tutelary deity for their Isle. France was the asylum of the learned Hibernians in the ninth age from the Danish tyranny. This consideration well deserves attention, but I rely more on written evidence, liable to no mistake.

It is an undoubted fact, that St. Patrick is not mentioned by any author or in any work of veracity in the 5th, 6th, 7th or 8th centuries. In 858, we find his name and miracles in a fragment of Nennius: this fragment is composed of the wildest incoherences and exactly in the style of the incredible fictions of that age. It seems to have been compiled from an Irish legend, as in some places it refers to it. About 880, Herric of Auxerre, in his life of St. German, calls St. Patrick, "*Hiberniæ peculiaris apostolus*," the proper apostle of Ireland, and at the same time he was inserted in Usuard's Martyrology. These, I apprehend, are the first and oldest notices of our patron saint, for he was not heard of when Bede died in 735.

In Usuard's and the Roman Martyrology, Bishop Patrick of Auvergne is placed at the 16th day of March, and on the same day the office of the Lateran Canons, approved by Pope Pius V., celebrates the festival of a Patrick the apostle of Ireland. The 17th of March is dedicated to Patrick, bishop of Nola. Had not Doctor Maurice, then, the best reasons for supposing that Patricius Averensis sunk a day lower in the Calendar and made for the Irish a Patricius Hibernensis? This seems exactly to be the case. It is very extraordinary the 16th



and 17th of March should have three Patricks, one of Auvergne, another of Ireland, and a third of Nola! The Antiquities of Glastonbury record three Patricks, one of Auvergne, another Archbishop of Ireland, and a third an Abbot. The last, according to a Martyrology cited by Usher, went on the mission to Ireland, A.D. 850, but was unsuccessful; he returned and died at Glastonbury. If all that is now advanced be not a fardel of monkish fictions, which it certainly is, the last Patrick was the man who was beatified, by the bigotted Anglo-Saxons, for his endeavours to bring the Irish to a conformity with the Romish Church. Camden remarks, "that as for Patrick's miracles, I verily think that fabulous writers in succeeding ages amplified them and forged others—yea, and might in that ignorant and credulous age affix upon him those of St. Patrick of Bulgaria." This is fairly giving up the legend of St. Patrick as a fiction. I know nothing of Patrick of Bulgaria, but the Bulgarian Prince, Boger, and his people, received Christianity, A.D. 845. So that every circumstance and inquiry seem to point out the ninth century as the precise time when a patron saint was bestowed on Ireland.

St. Augustine, speaking of the passions of Fructuosus and Eulogius, observes, "We are taught but only to worship God: for we ought not to be such as the pagans are, whom we lament upon that very account, because they worship dead men." In another place he declares even angels are not to be adored, and that they would be highly displeased at being worshipped. With such sentiments as these, and they were those of the age ascribed to St. Patrick, can we be surprised at Ryves denying the existence of a saint whose history and miracles outrage credibility? Not one solid argument can be adduced from calendars, martyrologies, or Irish hagiography, that such a person lived in the fifth century; but there are numberless ones drawn from the silence of writers in the fifth, sixth, seventh,

and eighth centuries, as well as direct and positive proofs of the doctrine and discipline of the Irish Church being different from the Roman which he taught. Is it not, then, to be hoped, and earnestly wished, from this impartial evidence, and the authorities on which it is founded, being thus fairly laid before the public, that no such prayers as the following may be addressed to him, or others, deified by wretched mortals? "O God, who vouchsafed to send St. Patrick, a confessor and bishop, to preach Thy glory to Gentiles, grant to those begotten by him through Thy Gospel in Jesus Christ, that remaining unmoveably in the doctrine which he delivered, we may be able through him to fulfil what Thou commandest!" Nor this:—"Increase in us, O Lord, our belief of a resurrection, Thou who workest miracles by the relics of Thy saints, Patrick, Bridget, and Columba, and make us partakers of immortal glory, of which we adore the pledges in their ashes."

Such addresses to the Almighty, and through such mediators, are profane and shocking mockeries. Where, it may be asked, is the doctrine delivered by St. Patrick to be found? Certainly not in the practice of the ancient Irish Church. Columba and his Culdees, as I before showed, differed widely in religious opinions from the Romanists, and yet he is joined with St. Patrick as if he held the same belief. St. Bridget is an imaginary saint, like Patrick. The Roman Catholics of Ireland are a liberal and enlightened people, nor is it possible they will be longer amused with fictitious legends, or pay their adoration to ideal personages. The night of ignorance and superstition is passed, and with it the rustic and undiscerning piety of the dark ages. A scriptural, rational, and manly religion is alone calculated for their present improvements in science and manners: this alone will establish an empire in the heart of every thinking and well-disposed man, which no revolution will be able to shake.

## CONFESSION AND ABSOLUTION.

"It hath been the wisdom of the Church of England, ever since the first compiling of her public liturgy, to keep the mean between the two extremes." These are the words at the commencement of the preface of the Book of Common Prayer; and, although in this extract, reference is made only to the "Forms of Divine Worship," and "to the Rites and Ceremonies appointed to be used therein," yet the rule is evidently intended to include all the non-essentials of religion. And well would it be, if in these days of party strife, this "golden rule" was adopted, and whilst fighting manfully, and earnestly, "for the main body and essentials" of our holy faith, we nevertheless considered in an impartial spirit the opinions of those who differed from us; and instead of widening the breach by hasty inconsiderate words, strove, by calm reasoning and earnest prayer, to "conserve and maintain the Church in the unity of true religion, and in the bond of peace."

There has been considerable agitation amongst a certain party in the Church, clergy and laity, to obtain a revision of the Liturgy, under an impression, amounting, perhaps, to a conviction, that some slight remains of Popish error pervades a few of the services, especially those for Baptism, the Visitation of the Sick, the Burial of the Dead, and the Ordination Services. But impartial minds will not entertain such ideas, if they consider and carefully examine the "Articles" of our religion, where "Holy Scripture," and that alone, is set forth as the rule and guide; and that "whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man." And further, "that it is not lawful for the Church to ordain anything that is contrary to God's words written." See the 5th and 20th Article. Neither is it fair and just of the party alluded to, thus indirectly to accuse those who engaged in the compilation of our liturgy of hypocrisy. It is unreasonable to believe that the eminent

and pious men employed in that holy work would dare knowingly to sanction error, or would allow such to "creep in," as has been suggested, with the Articles to which allusion has been made present to their mind, as the basis on which the superstructure of an excellent and spiritual "form of prayer" was to be raised. Unquestionably, therefore, these good men *believed* that every "form" to be used in the Church was sanctioned by the teaching of God's Holy Word, and that if the entire compilation was not free from the imperfection attaching to all things human, it was nevertheless exempt from those errors, which, by a mighty and bloody struggle, we had striven for ever to banish from our reformed Church. And it would be well if the same piety, zeal, and discretion, were used in the controversies of the present day, by the advocates of *extreme* opinions; and that instead of *contrasting* the Prayer Book and the Scriptures, they would, with the thoughtful compilers of that book, *compare* them; not in the narrow spirit of sectarian bigotry, but with an earnest desire to ascertain and maintain the truth.

There is, in truth, a startling anomaly exhibited by *some* of the clergy, in this special controversy. The extreme "High Church" party are contending for, and wishing to enforce, "confession and absolution," as matters of essential import. The extreme "Low Church" immediately designate such practices as portions of Popish superstition and priestcraft. And yet *both* have assented and subscribed to the same Articles and the same Prayer-Book. Do we ever hear of the members of either party taking exception to the authority given unto them, at the "imposition of hands" in the Ordination Service, or expressing any conscientious scruples, or a desire to have this authority clearly defined? But no sooner do they rise from their knees than we find, on the one hand, a belief in an absolute power to remit sins by virtue of their priesthood, and, on the other,



something approaching to a repudiation of the words which are a transcript from those to be found in that sacred book which they reverence as the Word of God. Surely, if there is undue assumption on the one part, there is a lack of ingenuousness on the other.

If it be "not *lawful* for the Church so to expound one place of Scripture that it be repugnant to another," and if, in the desire to establish a doctrine, or enforce its truths, the several texts bearing on the point are diligently compared, and seriously pondered, the same mental process ought to be applied in weighing the arguments for and against the subject now under consideration. If this reasonable suggestion be complied with, the obvious interpretation of the words "confession and absolution," and the relative duties of clergy and laity, will easily be discovered, especially if the Prayer-Book is compared with Scripture, as our Church requires.

The question of "confession" presents less difficulty than that of "absolution," inasmuch as the former implies, at most, the act of unburdening a conscience ill at ease, in the hope of obtaining spiritual consolation. Whereas the latter *appears* to endue an erring and sinful man with a prerogative at variance with his character as a fallen and fallible being.

The "Prayer-Book"—not we—taught confession," writes Dr. Pusey in one of his letters to the *Times*. True, the Prayer-Book does enjoin this act of humility in a *general sense*, and also, under special circumstances, in *private*. With the former, the present controversy has nothing to do; all admit its propriety, and with the actual words the most bitter Nonconformist ought not to take exception. The special cases we find in one of the exhortations of the "Communion Service," and in the "Order for the Visitation of the Sick." In both cases it is *supplemental* to that confession to Almighty God, and that deep contrition of soul, without which we cannot hope for forgiveness, and is not to be considered as a primary step to the throne of grace. If, as is often the case, the penitent is so overpowered with a sense of sin as

to feel that he cannot approach the "Lord's table" in consequence of this burdened conscience, who can reasonably object to his opening his grief to some "*discreet* and learned minister of God's Word?" One who is presumed, by experience of his own heart's bitterness and God's mercy towards him, could not only soothe the sorrows and assuage the grief, but could point him to that Saviour as the Mediator through whose merits alone he would be able to secure true forgiveness and lasting peace. In the "Order for Visitation of the Sick," the same remarks apply with greater force; and doubtless, many a dying sinner has been comforted by the revelation of some special sin or sins, which have pressed upon his mind and bowed him to the dust; and though he may again and again have confessed them before God, yet, in cases affecting his fellow-man, he feels the need of humbling himself, and perhaps of making restitution, ere he closes his earthly career. The rubric preceding evidently points to offences of that class, though it may include other besetting sins, which have had possession of the dying man to the last.

But what has this authorised and comforting confession to do with that habitual and periodical confession to a priest which many of our High-Church clergy strive to impress on their congregations as a *necessary* act of devotion? The one is an obvious duty and privilege, scriptural in its origin, and calculated to calm and soothe the conscience. The other suggests a course of procedure the efficacy of which is impaired by its formality and frequency, and is apt to degenerate into a mere matter of routine and petty detail, sometimes disgusting in its character, and calculated to affect the moral purity of confessor and minister. The one is the sympathetic utterance of soul to soul, each conscious of the cleansing efficacy of a Saviour's blood as the true fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness; the other, frequently (perhaps not always) an act prompted by a sentimental piety, encouraged, it may be, by the prurient desires of a fellow-mortal, endued, as he thinks, with

authority, but whose power is unacknowledged by the Most High.

"Absolution," as interpreted by a portion of the clergy of the Church of England, is a subject, however, requiring much thoughtful investigation. The views they advocate will not be overthrown by mere declamation and party spleen, but must be discussed and opposed in a humble, serious, prayerful spirit. The passages in John xx. 23, and Matt. xvi. 19, and xviii. 18, are plain and startling words, and those used in the Ordination Service for priests are so nearly a transcript thereof, that none but a captious mind can reasonably object to them. The authority to remit and retain sins, to bind and to loose, was given by Christ to His apostles individually; the Prayer-Book asserts no more. The question resolves itself into this postulate: Are the words in Scripture to be construed in a *positive* or a *relative* sense? Was the power there given *absolute* or *contingent*? The scriptural interpretation settled, the rests follows as a matter of course. Let, then, the several texts quoted be carefully considered. First, Matt. xvi. 19. Here it is evident that our Lord desired to test the *faith* of His disciples. His numerous followers—enemies and friends—had agitated the question, Who is He? Various were the opinions, but none of them attributed to Him His rightful title. His own favoured twelve were around him, and addressing *them*, not Simon Peter alone, Jesus says, "Whom say ye that I am?" Peter, with that promptitude and eagerness which on more than one occasion exhibited his weakness, answered in this instance rightly, and for all, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." The reply is then vouchsafed to Peter, as the representative of the rest, that the *faith* thus expressed should be the keystone of His Church—the rock against which the gates of hell should not prevail. Then follows the authority to "bind and loose." The passage in Matt. xviii. 18, where the same words are repeated, if considered with the context, presents, however, a somewhat different aspect. There reference is made to disputes arising in the Church be-

tween Christian brethren; and the power to "bind and loose" is evidently intended to imply an ability to determine such disputes, and that on a prayerful investigation, such decision should be approved by Him, to whom "all hearts are open, and from whom no secrets are hid." In the text, John xx. 23, the authority is associated with the gift of the Holy Ghost, but evidently also with faith. The words in this text vary from those before quoted; but it will be admitted that all have a parallel signification, and imply an authority bestowed by Christ on His disciples, to be used for the benefit of His Church.

It is not reasonable to associate in this controversy the power given by Christ to His faithful apostles to heal diseases, &c. These gifts of the Holy Spirit were manifestly bestowed on them as a confirmation of their authority to preach the Gospel of the grace of God, and for the comfort and edification of the early Church; and these special gifts were withdrawn when that purpose was fulfilled. This power was vested in them on account of their *faith*, and was exercised indiscriminately, both on believers and unbelievers. Some had faith to be healed (Acts xiv. 9). Others merely wished to avail themselves of the miraculous gifts, considering only the healing of the body (Acts xix. 12). But the power to proclaim the remission of sins required faith in those who were to be recipients of the benefits, as it is by faith alone that a sinner is justified and pardoned (Romans v. 1), and without faith it is impossible to please God. This latter authority may therefore be fairly claimed by the *faithful* ministers of God, without connecting it in the slightest degree with the *special* gifts of the Spirit before alluded to; and the force of an argument is lessened by an attempt to attach to an opposing party views and opinions which it would be a positive absurdity to maintain.

It might fairly be presumed that if the power and authority to remit sins was *absolute*, some evidence of its positive character would have been displayed during the sixty years terminating with the New Testament era. But we search in



vain. There is not a single text wherein remission of sins is pronounced authoritatively by any one of the disciples, but several where blessing is associated with true, genuine faith in the penitent believer;<sup>1</sup> and faith at that period implied something more than an intellectual assent to gospel truth. A crucial test was applied, of which, in these days of much outward profession, we know nothing. There was no inducement *then* to practise deception. But, with every advantage of detecting the true from the false, we do not meet with a solitary instance where the words used by our Lord in John xx. 23 were uttered by His disciples. Nay, more; are they not found on all occasions repudiating any power in themselves? and even in performing the several recorded miracles, we find them using such expressions as this:—"As though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk" (Acts iii. 12). They rent their clothes on another occasion at the bare idea of such self-exaltation (Acts xiv. 14, 15). And in every similar instance we find the utmost humility, associated with unquestionable power. The Epistles to Timothy and Titus, where, if at all, we should surely find some allusion to this "power of the keys," as it is termed, have no reference whatever to the subject; and it is marvellous how any Christian minister can read the injunctions and directions given to these bishops or elders of the Church, and yet contend for an absolute power, by virtue of their descent from these holy men, to remit or retain sins. Exhortations to personal holiness, to a steadfast cleaving to the Word of God, to a holding fast of sound doctrine, to be gentle, patient, and meek, to preach the Word, to reprove, rebuke, or exhort, to watch and pray, are found therein. Warnings there are against the "perilous times," when that grievous display of iniquity shall prevail, in clergy as well as laity, which we find recorded in 2 Timothy, iii. 1 to 5;

but not *one word* to favour that assumption of priestly authority contended for by the extreme High-church party.

Dr. Pusey, in his published correspondence, replied to the letters of Canon McNeile and Lord Ebury, warning them against the argument which implies that, as Scripture is silent with reference to the *use* of the power that the apostles possessed (as he thinks absolutely), it did not consequently exist; and writes, such argument is "dangerous, because ill-founded," and refers to the same omission as regards infant baptism. A singular style of reasoning for a Church of England divine, who has, with reference to baptism, subscribed to the 27th article, and to the important truth contained in the 6th, and also that Service where the Gospel by St. Mark (x. 13) is quoted as an authority for the administration of the rite. This is not a *mere* question of words. The learned doctor *implies* that infant baptism was practised in the case of "households," but can he find *one* text *implying* that the apostles authoritatively remitted or retained sins? The argument, therefore, is not "ill-founded," and, in furtherance of this position, it must be borne in mind that Scripture is not silent, but records fully the several instances of miraculous healing; and if the Word of God records with minuteness what may reasonably be considered the lesser power of healing bodily infirmity, surely it would not fail to instance the cases in which they exercised the higher privilege of remitting the sins of the early converts to Christianity.

In the several instances recorded in the Gospels, where Jesus utters the words so precious to the heart-broken sinner, there is no ambiguity in the language. "Thy sins are forgiven thee," says the Lord of Life; and though the world may serve to allure, and Satan will ever assail, they can *bind* no more (Romans vi. 14). If, therefore, the same authority was delegated

<sup>1</sup> Acts xiii. 38, 39; xxvi. 23. Romans iii. 25, 26. Eph. i. 7. Col. ii. 13. 1 John, i. 9; ii. 12.

to His apostles, why was it not exercised by them in the same definite manner? For this simple reason: they were *human*—He was *divine*. They would have been the last to exercise such a power in its absolute sense, as it involved a pre-science belonging to God alone. They well knew that the power with which He had graciously entrusted them was a *relative* authority, contingent on their own faith and the belief of those to whom remission was proclaimed. If we fail to find any instances where the forgiveness of sins was positively assured on the mere authority of even a faithful apostle, innumerable texts are to be found where a full and free remission was declared to the humble and contrite believer in Christ.

If the foregoing premises have been correctly stated, only one conclusion can be derived therefrom, *i.e.*, that faith in Christ as the Son of God; faith in His finished work as a Saviour, faith in Him as the "High Priest" at the right-hand of God, ever living to make intercession for us, and a "looking unto Jesus" as the "author and finisher" of that faith,—that this, and this only is the *foundation* of all our hopes of salvation—the *arch* that spans within its radius the true Church of the living God, and the *keystone*, so binding the whole structure as to ensure its stability till "time shall be no more."

What, then, has this fundamental principle to do with the question under consideration? Much every way; because it places "confession and absolution" on their proper bases. The former is, with the faithful, simply an act of humility and penitence, warranted by Scripture, whereby the burdened conscience may receive, from the godly, pious minister or layman, human comfort and consolation under mental or bodily suffering (2 Cor. i. 4, 7); the latter, simply a declaration contingent on the true faith, alike of minister and penitent.

To further exemplify this, let an imaginary case be stated. A person has been brought by the Holy Spirit, either through the instrumentality of the preached Word,

or by some special dispensation of God's providence, to a knowledge of himself as a *sinner* in that acceptance of the Word which can be understood only by those who have experienced an abasement of soul similar to that of David (Ps. li.). Such an one, bowed down by the sense of his sin, flies to the Saviour for refuge. His prayers *will* be answered we know—the Word of God has declared it; but they may not at the *time*. In depression and doubt, he seeks for human sympathy; but to whom can he go? His mind is naturally drawn to that minister of God from whom he first heard the welcome sound of a promised pardon, and to him he unburdens his heart. Supposing that minister to be a true servant of God, what is there wrong in such a confession to such a man; What then follows this confession? the proclamation of pardon through Christ. The precise words spoken are of little signification. The *sins are remitted*. The first breathings of the contrite soul to Jesus, influenced as they were by His Spirit, *ensured the forgiveness*; and the recording angel blotted out for ever the black catalogue of guilt. The minister, taught by the "self-same Spirit," knows this, and as a true servant of his heavenly master, pronounces the absolution. "By His authority committed unto me, I absolve thee"—not by any power in mine own self, but on account of *thy* faith, and *my* sure trust in God's promises. But here is implied, as has been before stated, true, genuine faith. The words, either of "confession or absolution," are valueless without this. The services of our Prayer-Book were only compiled for such. The Ordination Services therein, whether for deacon or priest, recognise only those who are "called according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ," and are "moved by the Holy Ghost," and in its confessions only sanctions those who truly repent and believe in Him. True, the 26th Article alludes to the unworthy minister; but, taken in its entirety, it militates lightly indeed against the principles herein maintained; and the final clause proves with what jealousy the



Church desired to guard against such persons. There was a Judas Iscariot amongst the twelve who were in daily communion with our Lord; and this fact shows how difficult it is to detect the true from the false. Such offences will indeed come; but woe unto him who knowingly persists in the wrongdoing. This very Article proves, also, that the Church never intended to sanction the teaching of the "High Church party." "They do not the same in their own name, but in Christ's," are plain words, and the whole tenor of the Article is diametrically opposed to the assumption of absolute authority to remit sins.

On the first basis, therefore, of "justification by faith," every *believing* member of the Church of England may take his stand: "confession and absolution" have with him their true signification and interpretation. If, amongst merely professing Christians disputes and vexations arise, he may have his regrets, but is undismayed; he, by Divine teaching, knows that to *them* "confession and absolution" are words without meaning; the carnal mind comprehendeth not their spirituality.

Consider, then, the whole matter in connection with our Book of Common Prayer. Let the several parts of this excellent compilation be compared, first with each other, then with the Articles, and *then* with the Word of God, and the earnest, impartial investigator will assuredly acknowledge the book to contain, indeed, a "form of sound words;" especially should the three forms of "absolution" be compared—*i.e.*, the "General Absolution" in the Morning and Evening Services, the absolution in the "Communion Service," and that in the "Visitation of the Sick," and the true meaning of the Church in this comforting and consolatory "form" must be clearly

seen by all but the wilfully blind and perverse.

The following quotation will not be an inappropriate conclusion to this article. It proves that, even in the Church of Rome, priests were, and perhaps are, to be found who repudiated the "power of the keys" as conferring an absolute authority. It is an extract from a work entitled "Memoirs of the Life and Gospel Labours of Stephen Grellet." This man was born in 1773, and educated in the Romish faith, emigrated to America at the time of the French Revolution, and joined, in early life, the "Society of Friends." In page 5 of the first volume of this work, the following passage will be found: "As we were educated," he continues, "by Roman Catholics, and in their principles, we were required to *confess* once every month. I had chosen for my confessor one whom I had thought to be a pious and conscientious man; and as I could not understand how it was possible for a *man* to forgive my sins, I asked him what he could say to satisfy my mind on that point, for I considered that God alone could forgive sins,—a doctrine, however, which I had never heard of. He, seeing farther than many other priests, told me that he considered himself invested with such authority only so far as that, if I was sincere and truly penitent in the sight of God, he was the instrument through whom information was given me that my sins were forgiven. This rational answer gained him much of my confidence and respect."

This is all that is contended for. Faith in the penitent *ensures the pardon*, irrespective of priestly absolution. God, through Christ, forgives the believing sinner; man simply proclaims the fact, for the benefit of those who, weighed down by their sins, seek comfort and consolation.

## POPULAR ERRORS.

The errors referred to in this paper are such as affect the position, or impair the usefulness, of our English and Irish Church.

Now, before proceeding further, these two axioms may be fairly agreed to: the first, that the Bible is truth itself; and the second, that the teaching of the Church in her Articles and Prayer-Book is in accordance with the Bible, and is therefore true. It follows from these that any teaching which is opposed to that of the Church is *error*, more or less popular as it is more or less generally received.

There can be no doubt that the three greatest errors of the present day are scepticism, indifference, and dissent; but, as these are often only developments or results of others less thought of and less striking, it will be better to consider a few of the apparently trifling errors which are so very common amongst persons of all classes, and by their very popularity almost escape notice. These popular errors may be classed under three heads: firstly, as they refer to Holy scripture; secondly, with regard to Church history; and thirdly, as they result from superstitious or ignorant fancies.

First, then, as to errors in reference to Holy Scripture. Now, there is no need to re-open the vexed question of Colenso's opinions, for these are held by so few as not fairly to come within the range of *popular* errors; but there are numberless instances which might be adduced of biblical errors held by persons who are otherwise well-informed, and who have not the least wish to impugn the veracity of the sacred writings. They arise from various causes, and are not checked by that true nobility which the Bereans possessed, who "searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so." Oral tradition is, no doubt, answerable for many; and that short and easy road to learning, which consists of picking up a fact here, and a fiction there, from story-books and newspapers, is the cause of more. Pictures, too, have much

to answer for. Scenes from Scripture history are often, either from ignorance on the painter's part, or from a craving for pictorial effect, entirely misrepresented. Take, for instance, a very favourite subject, the meeting between Joseph and his brethren, in which "little Benjamin," the "lad" whom his father so grieved to part with, is always represented as a mere boy of tender years; although the painter, if he had read his Bible a little farther, would have found him in a few months more arriving in Egypt with ten children. Again, take the adoration of the Magi, which is invariably depicted as taking place in a lofty stable, though there can be no doubt that Joseph and Mary had removed to a *house* some time before the arrival of these wise men from the east. Take the death of Absalom for another example. He is popularly supposed to have been caught by his *hair* in the branches of a tree, and is so delineated in many a picture. There used, indeed, to be a favourite barber's sign in which Absalom was seen hanging from a tree by long, curling locks, while a practical inscription pointed an appropriate moral to the barber's customers. It is rather puzzling to conceive how the hair of Absalom could have so waved above his head as to become entangled in the branches; but in referring to the Bible, we find no mention of his *hair* in this place, but "the mule went under the boughs of a great oak, and his *head* caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth." Absalom, flying before Joab, would naturally look often behind to see if his pursuers were gaining on him, and might thus easily be caught beneath his head in the fork of some spreading tree. Why, again, should St. Paul be so universally made to fall from a *white* horse in paintings of his conversion? and the Virgin be invariably shown seated on an ass, as she flies with the young child into Egypt? A very common, but



erroneous expression, often too perpetuated in pictures of the Crucifixion, is that of "Mount" Calvary, suggesting the idea that "the place of a skull" was some lofty eminence that bore the name of Calvary, whereas there is no reason to suppose that it was a mount at all, and it is certainly not called so in the Gospel narratives.

Even where the *words* of the Bible are correctly used, how often do popular errors arise from false conclusions, either ignorantly or perversely drawn! This, indeed, is a special error in all sects, and with all kinds of agitators. The advocates of total abstinence make a great deal of the story of the Rechabites, as though the special favour that was vouchsafed to them was in consequence of their abstaining from intoxicating drink, forgetting the weightier matter of filial obedience, which was *the* lesson to be taught. Most Dissenters, too, as their authority for always standing at the time of public *prayer*, quote the publican in the parable: "the publican stood, and so do we:" though the answer at once suggests itself that the Pharisee stood also; while our Lord and His disciples knelt in prayer, as the Church has ever ordered since.

Ignorance of the true meaning of words is another frequent source of popular errors, an instance of which is the common idea that the cloven tongues were so many emanations of fire, *each* tongue cloven or divided in the middle. If the Baptists would only consider the real meaning of the word "baptise," as used in Greek, they could hardly maintain their notion that no baptism can be valid without total immersion. There is a word, too frequently used in a sense far from its true purport, and very misleading as to the character of some of the Lessons read in church: the word "apocryphal" is constantly applied in common conversation to stories that are doubtful, or even entirely false; its derivation and its use by our Church being entirely ignored.

The misapplication of a word may be exemplified by the word "heaven," which is so often employed to denote the *present* abode of our departed

friends. Surely this is a needless error, when we have our Lord's own expression—"paradise"—for the place of departed spirits; and it must lead to confusion in the minds of the unlearned or thoughtless, and tend to obscure the great doctrines of the Resurrection and the Day of Judgment. Probably this misuse of the word may have become common when the Romish doctrine of purgatory was eliminated from the teaching of our Church, and no other term for the intermediate state seems to have been introduced; but it would be well to distinguish, by the use of different words, the place of departed spirits *now* from the *future* abode of our re-united souls and bodies.

Disregard of punctuation is the frequent cause of a perversion in the meaning of sentences in our Prayer-Book. The first petition in the Litany is constantly read thus: "O God, the Father of Heaven," instead of the right pause being made after "Father." In the Nicene Creed we have the words "by whom all things were made" very often read as though they had reference to the word "Father," which is properly separated from them by a semicolon; and again: "the Lord and giver of life," as the translation *Dominum et vivificantem*. In the Catechism, too, the very doctrine of the sacraments is imperilled by the introduction of an unauthorised pause after the word "grace" in the answer to the question, "What meanest thou by this word Sacrament?"

In connexion with these popular scriptural errors, mention may be made of the very irreverent use of the words of the Bible in speeches and newspapers and mere secular writings. Some well-known expression in Holy Scripture is dragged in, with as little taste as reverence, to point a jest or give a flourish to a paragraph. It was only the other day that a notorious orator began one of his speeches to a northern audience—"Men of Glasgow, citizens of no mean city;" and still more recently the eloquence of this same orator was described in his special paper as "A still, small voice," teaching and persuading the people.

Passing on now to the second division of this subject, let us consider a few of the popular errors with regard to Church History.

Now, the popular theory concerning our Church runs somewhat in this fashion : that, in the sixteenth century, a certain pious and generous prince, called Henry VIII., overthrew the *Catholic* religion in this country, and, of his own royal will and pleasure, established a new Protestant church instead, endowing it largely with the spoil of the monasteries : that his successors continued in his steps, till royalty was shorn of its prerogatives, and Parliament became the virtual king of England ; that since then the people of the country, by their representatives, have entirely supported this Protestant establishment, have hedged it about with many wise laws (which no one can enforce), and supplied it with nominal rulers (whom no one is bound to obey) ; and that now, in consideration of the rich revenues given to the clergy by the bounty of Parliament, they are bound to consider themselves servants of the State—to preach such pleasant things as may please the palate of the world ; to hate Romanism, but love Dissent ; and to bear for their motto "*Vox populi vox Dei* ;" that they are to spend a great deal of time and money in furthering the *instruction* of the poor, but are not to think of teaching them Church principles and dogmatic truth, or to dream of attempting "to banish and drive away the erroneous and strange doctrines" which they may *know* are held by the children entrusted to their care. It is true there was a time when each priest made something like a solemn promise that he *would* do this ; but it does not suit the views of his masters that he should carry it out, so, of course, he must sacrifice *his* conscience to the more tender consciences of the Dissenting children who may wish to favour his school with their attendance. And besides, says this modern theorist on our Church, all these promises at ordination are a farce ; no clergyman is *expected* to believe more of the Articles or of the Bible than he likes, or to teach any more than his congregation may desire.

Is this an unjust representation of the modern theory as to our Church ? and is not such a theory one mass of error ? Journalists and members of parliament seem entirely to forget that the Church of England has any deeper foundation than the will of the House of Commons. They seem oblivious of the intimate connection that had been maintained between Church and State for centuries before Parliament existed, and to ignore the relative ties by which they are bound together till now. What a common expression is this, "the three estates of the realm," but how few remember what is really meant by it ! King, lords, and commons is the popular idea. They should recollect that the sovereign is *not* an estate of the realm, but that the clergy, by their bishops, do form one *essential* part in the constitution of our land. The lords spiritual, the lords temporal, and the commons are still the three estates of the realm, in spite of all the invectives of revolutionary demagogues.

We are often invited to take a pattern in politics from our neighbours in America. Our own House of Commons, which is so often regarded by the popular mind as omnipotent, may find itself some early day, like Congress, in collision with the legal tribunals as to the constitutional government of the country, and laws and customs, which even the vote of Parliament cannot abrogate.

When the Acts of Uniformity are spoken of as fit subjects for ordinary parliamentary interference, it seems to be forgotten that they were declared *perpetual* by the act of Union with Scotland, and enacted to be "for ever observed as a fundamental and essential condition" of that union. The remarks of Blackstone on this point are well worthy of attention. He says, "Whatever else may be deemed 'fundamental and essential conditions,' the preservation of the two churches of England and Scotland in the same state that they were in at the time of the Union, and the maintenance of the Acts of Uniformity, which establish our Common Prayer, are expressly declared so to be. That, therefore, any alteration in the constitution of either of these two churches, or in



the Liturgy of the Church of England (unless with the consent of the respective churches collectively or representatively given), would be an infringement of these 'fundamental and essential conditions,' and greatly endanger the Union."

Certainly the tendency of popular error as regards the English Church is to make it a mere creature of Parliament, with less power of self-government than any sect of Dissenters, and no sure tribunal to give a sanction to its existing laws. And may not Churchmen themselves have helped on to this state of opinion, by abandoning their true title as a Catholic Church for the more modern and negative term of Protestant? A *mere* Protestant Church can but be the creation of a few hundred years; and, though we *believe* in one Catholic Church, and pray for its good estate, we have too often suffered Romanists to usurp the *name*, and so claim for *themselves alone* the antiquity and independence it denotes. We may gain, indeed, the fellowship of Dissenters, when it suits their purpose, by thus calling ourselves Protestants; but the fellowship is like that of the house-dog, and the wolf in the fable, and is only likely to encourage the too-prevalent error, that our ordination and priesthood is an empty form, unsanctioned by scriptural authority.

But another part of this subject still awaits our consideration, viz.: those popular errors that result from superstitious or ignorant fancies. The connexion between these and the condition of our Church may be thought rather forced and unnatural; but surely no errors that are capable of amendment are unworthy of notice, especially when they seriously affect the condition, both bodily and mentally, of so many thousands of the great masses of our countrymen. What is the natural tendency of all superstition, but to enervate the mind, and prepare an easy prey for the ignorant or designing? An unlearned person, ready in belief for charms, and spells, and spiritual manifestations, requires no *reason* to be given for the erroneous teaching that is presented to his mind. For this reason it is that the superstitious and ignorant fancies of the poor so greatly impair

the usefulness of the Church, and tend to swell the ranks of Anythingarianism and Dissent.

As for enumerating the various errors that prevail amongst the lower classes under this head, it would be an endless task. There may be less superstition now than in years gone by, but it is very far from being eradicated. What country district is there that does not boast of its "wise woman," whose fame for cures and charms is widely spread? And these poor creatures, who would once have been burnt for their practices, are not by any means always impostors. There are many who are themselves their greatest dupes, and who consider that they are specially gifted with powers of healing by charms and incantations, and who make their boast of doing all their good deeds without the slightest recompense. Many superstitions, too, are so innocent in their character, that we might hesitate to uproot them, were it not for their enervating influence on the mind, and their tendency to substitute superstition for faith. Of this kind are those numerous fancies with regard to days and seasons, lucky or unlucky times; the foolish customs observed with many animals (especially bees); the prognostications of almanac-makers and fortune-tellers ("Old Moore" and "Zadkiel" being looked upon as prophets), and that simple faith in folk-lore which is common in so many country places. The Irish peasantry, with their lively imaginations and their special love for fairy-lore, are readily attracted by the mysteries of the Roman Catholic religion; the English, more phlegmatic, but equally superstitious in a different way, "will not endure sound doctrine," but "turn away their ears from the truth," and are "turned unto fables," which seem to promise them a quick and easy way to the happiness they desire.

Having now thus briefly considered some of the various forms of popular error, it is time that we should see whether there are not some remedial measures by which they may, in part, perhaps, be corrected. In our consideration of the errors that bear on Holy Scripture, no notice has been taken of the most serious of all—those which relate to

points of doctrine; mistaken views as to the nature of our Lord; the atonement; original sin; sacramental grace; the conversion of sinners. Errors on these and kindred subjects will suggest themselves to every one according to their popularity in his own immediate circle. What has been attempted is the mere indication of a few of the *forms* in which popular errors as to Scriptural truth arise.

Now, such errors as spring from ignorance of the *words* of the Bible are least common amongst the lower orders. They know the *words* of the Bible pretty well; it is their one book; they are very fairly instructed in it at school; their teachers are carefully trained, and the clergy are most diligent, both in Sunday and day-schools, in imparting religious knowledge. It is true they are often misled by false teachers, but this is mostly from their inability to understand many of the "hard sentences" they find there, or to give a reason for the faith that is in them. What is wanted in their case is a more thorough knowledge of the *doctrines* of the Bible. Their religious instructions at school should not consist only in a dry chronicle of facts, and the learning by rote of a catechism, important as these are in themselves; such a minimum of scriptural knowledge just lays a foundation on which Dissenters can build as easily as Churchmen. They should have set before them the *full* teaching of the Gospel; and its entire agreement with the doctrines of our Church should be, not argumentatively but dogmatically, impressed upon them. It would be far better to fill their minds early with truth than to leave many an empty corner for error to creep in, which may never be driven out again. And their filial duty need not be weakened by the refutation of heresies which may be held by their friends at home; if the opposite truths are firmly implanted, these errors will not easily uproot them.

But if we can look with *some* satisfaction on the religious instruction given in our parochial schools, we cannot certainly do so on that which is provided for the children of parents willing and able to pay for a sound and "liberal" education.

The higher the class of school, the worse, as a rule, is its religious teaching. Middle-class and grammar-schools do, in many cases, give a moderate share of attention to this subject; but what can be said for the private establishments for the upper classes, for our great public *church* foundations, and the universities? What place does Bible knowledge take by the side of heathen mythology and philosophical abstractions? "Why should not a Latin student have some excerpts from Lactantius, Minucius Felix, or Jerome, all writers of goodstyle? or a Greek student from Chrysostom or Basil, who wrote as good Greek as Ælian, Longinus, or Plutarch? Why should he read Lucian, a profane scoffer and jester at things sacred, and not Justin Martyr?" We may call to mind a few noble exceptions, chiefly due to the piety and earnestness of some godly master; but, in general, the religious and church teaching in our best schools is grievously neglected. At school, perhaps some part of Sunday is devoted to a so-called study of the Greek Testament, and to a parrot-like repetition of a page or two of Pinnock's Catechisms; while at college the miserable cram that is often made sufficient for a pass in divinity is far worse than useless.

Can we wonder, then, at the ignorance of men high in station and in worldly or scientific knowledge, as to the doctrines and the words of Holy Scripture? If it be true that many of these men are sceptics, is it not because they are full of errors as to the *real* teaching of the Bible? They only gather their knowledge of it from the popular version in pictures, newspapers, or casual conversation; and, finding that the results of science often differ from the Bible, as they have just *mis-learned* it, they conclude at once that science is right, and Scripture wrong. Many of these men are, perhaps, hard to reach; but nearly all classes are at some time or other attendants at church; and the clergy, of whose congregation they form a part, might set before them there more clearly than is customary—the doctrines of our Church and Bible, declaring to them, not *part*, but *all* the counsel of God. Why



should we not oftener have short courses of sermons on the Prayer-Book or its separate services—the Litany—the offices of Baptism and Burial—the Catechism and the Creeds—showing how the Prayer-Book only reproduces the doctrines of the Bible in different forms, neither going *beyond* its plain teaching nor bearing harder upon those who differ from it—as, for instance, in the Athanasian Creed—than the very words of Scripture warrant.

But especially should all good Churchmen try to hinder that craving for mere secular education that is so prevalent in these days, and endeavour to influence both school teachers and parents never to separate instruction from religion. Instead of promoting Godless schools and colleges, we should try to increase the amount of care that is bestowed on that best knowledge of all, without which all learning is vain. Nor should the teaching in our schools, even of the lowest class, be confined to the *doctrines* of the Church. Its *history* may well find a place in any scheme of a religious education. It could hardly fail to do so in a mere secular school, where English history is taught, were it not for the general readiness to sacrifice the Church to the idol of liberalism. The Church of the middle ages is held up in our popular histories as the enemy of freedom, the willing tool of ambitious popes, little mention being made of the tyranny and extortion of our kings, which first drove the clergy to find a refuge in the arms of the Papacy, or of the liberty of the people, which was so often upheld by this much maligned, though erring, Church. Henry II. is portrayed as a wise, and virtuous, and gentle king, while Becket is the haughty, proud, and rebellious bishop: the good Anselm is a mere tool in Papal hands, scheming against the just and liberal church government of Rufus and the first Henry, although his words to the king would be as true and applicable now as when first they were used. “The Church,” he said, “is yours, to defend and guard it as a patron; it is *not* yours, to invade its rights and lay it waste.” And, turning to later times, the same illiberal liberalism pervades the story of our Church, in its con-

nexion with Nonconformists. A great deal is made of Charles’s exercise of his royal prerogative and Laud’s severity; but how little is said of the tyranny of the Parliament and its partisans of all sects and opinions except churchmanship! The ejection of the non-conforming ministers at the Restoration is dwelt on as a grievous hardship; but the case of the conscientious Churchmen, who were first thrust out to make room for them, is completely ignored. Surely, a history of England more just to our Mother Church, might be taught in all schools above those of the most elementary character. We have nothing to fear from the *truth* being told; but we should like the *whole* truth, and nothing *but* the truth.

In the usual course of lessons on history, many most important details that bear upon the Church are altogether omitted, or carelessly passed over, though they would be certainly more instructive than the favourite record of bloody battles and royal amours. The origin and independence of the early Church in this land; the mission of Augustine, and his failure to conciliate the British bishops; the gradual conversion of the Saxons (including the very interesting lives of such men as Wilfred, Winfrid, Earlulf, and Dunstan); the assignment of tithes, and the early grants of land for the benefit of the Church; the spread of monasticism, and the purpose it served; the contests between the temporal and spiritual powers; the resistance of the combined clergy and laity to Papal aggressions; the real origin of the Reformation, and the careful steps by which it was accomplished; the various efforts at toleration honestly engaged in since then by the Church,—all these are worthy of better treatment than they have hitherto received in those brief histories which are the chief source of information to adults, and the text books on this subject in schools. And may not Church history be made a suitable subject for lectures in church at special seasons, and of instruction to candidates for confirmation? It flows easily and naturally in continuation of the Acts of the Apostles, where we find developed the first forma-

tion of the Christian Church. An excellent model for such a course is to be found in "The Church, Past and Present, being a Course of Four Lectures on Church History," by the Rev. J. R. Woodford. Mention may be also made of a very valuable and entertaining set of tales that has been published on this subject, and fully bears out the promise of its title—"Historical Tales, illustrating the Chief Events in Ecclesiastical History, British and Foreign." A series of stories of a similar character, but simpler in construction, would be a most useful addition to many a parish lending library.

Turning now to those popular errors that arise from superstitious or ignorant fancies, we shall find them by far the most difficult of correction. It is very certain that they cannot be eradicated by the popular nostrum of the day—simple education (least of all by mere secular education), or we should not find such egregious follies as spirit-rapping and magic crystals believed in by well-informed, and even scientific men. Much more than this is necessary. It can only be a work of time and patience; for superstition is so ingrained in the people's minds, that it may be generations before it is entirely cleared away. There are, of course, many passages in Holy Scripture which speak of witches, and wizards, and familiar spirits, that can be explained, and brought to bear upon this point; but the chief means to be relied on

is the freer intercourse of the poor and ignorant with persons of superior minds—clergy, district visitors, and so on, who can comment on the foolish fancies they give way to, in pleasant and familiar language. Popular lectures and a judicious selection of books for lending libraries may also be made useful for the same purpose, and tend, in course of time, to free the minds of our peasantry from the trammels of idle superstition.

The subject of popular errors is one of considerable interest and of wide extent, reaching from the cottage to the palace—influencing the faith and life of thousands of our fellow-countrymen. And while the ministers of our Church are *specially* called on by their duty "to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines" from their flock, no true Churchman can look unconcerned on errors that may lead, however indirectly, to heresy or schism, hardness of heart, or contempt of God's Word. And in these days of trial, when our Church is so virulently assailed by Secularists and political Dissenters, it would be well if the popular mind could be disabused of the false impressions it receives from the leaders of opinion, as to its history and position; and could learn to look upon it, not as the mere modern creature of the State, but as the dearly-loved Mother Church of generations of saints and martyrs, long since passed away, as well as of us, their unworthy descendants.

## THE NEED OF SANITARY KNOWLEDGE TO WOMEN.

THE Sanitary movement, now gradually developing itself into a most important social science, is entirely of modern growth. It has arisen out of the investigations of thinking men into the causes of disease—especially of epidemic diseases—and death. Their investigations led to the conclusion that the greater part of these diseases, and of the mortality they occasion, are the result of preventable causes. The next step was to ascertain their causes. The

first and greatest cause was universally acknowledged to be a general ignorance of the laws of health pervading all classes, from the peer to the peasant. The progress of the cholera, in its march from east to west, awakened in intelligent minds a conviction that the scourge fell most heavily in ill-drained and unhealthy districts; and that its most numerous victims were among the debilitated, the intemperate, the dissolute, the dirty, and those who dwelt in



foul air. Hence men were led to endeavour to arrest the progress of the disease by removal of the causes, and, by depriving it of the foul food on which it gloated, literally to starve out the fiend.

These remarks are no less applicable to fever than to cholera. Chemical science has long been brought to bear on the miasmatic cause of disease; and it is now well known that in the putrifying matter of the streets, the air of fever-wards or of crowded lodging-houses, the miasma from marshy bogs, or from the decomposition of vegetable substances, there arises a noxious gas, called sulphuretted hydrogen, often in combination with ammonia. This combination is called hydrosulphuret of ammonia, and possesses most deleterious properties. "If," says Mr. Thompson, in an address to the Aberdeen Ladies' Sanitary Association, "a minute portion of this disgusting-looking vicious fluid be inserted in the veins of any animal, or if the vapour of it be inhaled by the nostrils, that animal soon dies, with all the symptoms of the worst fever." To this Dr. Southwood Smith adds, "by varying the intensity and dose of the poison thus obtained, it is possible to produce fever of any type, endowed with any degree of mortal power." Medical men have applied a new and expressive name to diseases of this type, namely, "Filth-fevers," and they tell us that these Filth-fevers occasion eighteen thousand preventable deaths in Great Britain every year. It should be mentioned, that although these fevers originate from the causes before enumerated, when once in a state of activity, they spread to surrounding districts, and endanger the lives of those who are living under more healthful conditions. Hence it will be seen how important it is that a knowledge of the laws of health should be disseminated among all classes, and that it is a duty incumbent upon every householder to become acquainted with these laws, and to see that they are observed in his own household.

And it is here there is work for women of all ranks—work to which every woman should lend her hand, and aid to the utmost of her power. Not only is it necessary that she

should be able to keep her house in a healthy condition, but that she should be able to bring up healthy children.

But is the English matron qualified to do this? Has she been fitted for it by previous education? Is her own health such as to give to others confidence in her knowledge of the laws of health? Alas, no. Her attention has never been directed to these important points, and too frequently the state of her own health gives sure indications of the neglect of sanitary measures. The ill-health of English women has become almost proverbial. Each succeeding generation is found to be less strong—to use a mild form of expression—than the preceding. Why should this be so? Why should it be a fact that, although the duration of life is now longer than it was, there should be more ill-health? The cause is probably to be looked for in the habits of the people; and it is not too much to suppose that the consequence of these habits may be traceable in their descendants.

Did space permit, it would be interesting to take a brief retrospective view of society in England, and endeavour to trace the influence of physical circumstances upon the health of successive generations.

It would, for instance, be easy to see the causes of the plagues which formerly, at uncertain intervals, devastated this country, in the close and undrained streets, in the low-pitched, unventilated rooms, the rush-strewn floors, and the want of personal cleanliness in the people. Even in the time of James I., it is related, that when the handsome George Villiers was sent up to London for the purpose of superseding the Earl of Somerset in the king's favour, the queen, who introduced him to the king, first prepared him for presentation by *perfuming* his person—a bath would no doubt have more effectually accomplished the object she had in view.

It would also be easy to trace the agues and low fevers, from which even royalty was not exempt, to the undrained marshes, and the low situations of dwelling-houses, especially those of the gentry, which, for greater security, were often surrounded by a moat filled with water.

Owing to the inability of procuring fresh provisions during many months of the year, and the consequent use of salted meats, the scurvy once prevailed in this country to a great extent. The improvements in agriculture have almost exterminated this dreadful disease, as the draining of the marshes and filling up of moats have greatly diminished agues.

The same remarks apply to a still more terrible disease, the leprosy of Scripture, which, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries devastated Europe, and is generally supposed to have been introduced from the East by the Crusaders. So general was this plague of leprosy, that almost every town of note at that period had its lazaret-house without the gates, where those afflicted with the disease were compelled to live and die.

All these causes no doubt affected, to a considerable degree, the health of the community; but in the middle of the seventeenth century, the dissolute morals and intemperance of the Royalists, and the habit of drunkenness which pervaded all classes—even as recently as the reign of George III., perhaps, it may be said, of the Regency—exercised a material influence upon the national health. This was a period when people delighted in hunting, racing, and all kinds of robust sports; and it has been remarked that the diseases then prevalent were brief and acute in their nature, and frequent blood-letting was considered necessary; indeed, during the early part of the present century, it was the common practice among country people to be bled every spring. "As late," says a medical friend, a strenuous advocate for sanitary reform, "as the year 1836, I remember myself bleeding several persons, both townspeople and country-people, at their own wishes, in the spring, for no disease."

Since the commencement of the present century, medical men have observed that the character of the prevalent diseases has altered; that the same treatment is no longer applicable, and that the symptoms accompanying them are those of debility. Can this occasion surprise when we reflect that the

drunkard and dissolute are known to have sickly offspring? Of a truth, the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, even to the third and fourth generation.

With regard to the female part of the community, fashion, so early as the reign of William II., had introduced the pernicious practice of using stiff, and frequently tight stays. Yet, in spite of the pressure they exercised on the internal organs, and the weakening of the muscles of the trunk, the women of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—not to go back to a more remote date—were much more robust than their descendants of the present day. The reason is to be found in their habits of daily life. During the period alluded to, ladies took an active part in household affairs. Not only was the kitchen, the brewhouse, and frequently the dairy, under their especial surveillance, but the thread for the family linen was spun in the house, stockings were knitted, and many other domestic operations were carried on in private houses, which the division of labour incident to the present day has transferred to towns. The life of a matron of those times was an active one. Besides the management of the house, she could dress wounds, prescribe after the fashion of the day for the common diseases of the country, and she could distil essences and strong waters. The means of locomotion then in use contributed to render the English woman robust. Carriages were rare, and where walking was out of the question, the common mode of travelling was on horseback, either on a side-saddle or on a pillion, behind a male member of the family or a groom. Even as recently as the year 1825, this mode of travelling was common in the country districts of Devonshire; the squire would ride to church with his little girl in front of him, and his wife on a pillion behind, holding fast to her husband by a leather belt. Formerly, also, the wives and daughters of farmers would rise with the lark, and carry on horseback the butter they had churned, or the poultry they had reared, to a distant market-town, whence they



would return in the evening with well-lined pockets, and panniers filled with shop goods.

Generally speaking, our female ancestors were not much given to book-learning. The Bible, the Family Receipt-book (in which specifics for prevalent diseases alternate with directions for the composition of dainty dishes fit to set before a king), the *Whole Duty of Man*, with perhaps a volume or two of Sermons, constituted their library. The recreation of dancing was common to all classes: music was limited to the wealthy.

Now all these things are changed, —the spinning-wheel has disappeared; the housewife purchases, not only the manufactured material for the family linen, but frequently also the different articles ready made. The higler calls at each farmhouse for poultry and butter, which he disposes of at market, and the farmer's daughter sits down and plays polkas on the piano. The domestic medicine-chest is mouldy for want of use; the still is cold; the country doctor rides his daily rounds, and the wine merchant and chemist supply strong waters and medicines; while railways supersede the rougher conveyances of saddle-horse and pillion.

With the increased facilities for education, and the attention paid to it, coupled also with the division of labour attendant on the extension of commerce, and the consequent diffusion of luxury among the upper classes, a great but gradual change has taken place in the habits of Englishwomen. The different style of building prevalent in towns, where houses make up in height what they want in breadth, no doubt contributed also in effecting change; for the kitchen is frequently separated by so many stairs from the parlour or drawing-room, that many matters which should be superintended by the mistress are now left to the servants. So far, indeed, is this often carried, that the mistress is frequently given to understand that her presence in the kitchen is an intrusion which will not be tolerated. The active habits of our ancestors have been laid aside, and more sedentary ones introduced.

During the first half of the present century little growing girls and young women might be seen seated on rigid forms, without backs, for many hours every day, in badly-ventilated schoolrooms; their supple frames were encased in tight, stiff stays, made with shoulder-straps; their dresses cut low in the neck; hence, when they tried to ease their tortured frame by slipping out one shoulder from its confinement of straps, or by standing on one foot, the muscles of the back, weakened by want of use, were insufficient to support the spine in its proper position, and lateral curvature took place, followed in many cases by ir retrievable bad health. While boys were allowed all kinds of physical exertion, girls were taught that active movements were unladylike; they were to be quiet and graceful, and not romplike boys. Sedentary pursuits were encouraged—they grew up delicate in health, and frequently deformed in person. Great stress was laid upon the attainment of accomplishments of little or no use in the active business of life, while no instruction was given as to the functions of life, or the means of preserving the body in health.

Such was, and is too frequently, the routine of school discipline. When the girl leaves school matters are not much mended. If she marry, she too often enters upon life with indolent and luxurious habits and an enfeebled constitution, and brings into the world children, whom, from physical causes, she is frequently incapable of nursing. The young wife is also generally quite ignorant of the proper management of infants. I have heard more than one young mother state that the first infant she ever saw undressed was her own.

I appeal to the reader to decide whether a woman so circumstanced is fit to be entrusted with the bringing up of an infant. But this is a subject of so deep importance, so wide in its comprehensive bearings, that I dare not attempt to deal with it in the space to which I am limited.

The more robust health of the working classes must be understood only as applying to those who lead

*active lives*—a very large proportion of them. At the same time it must be mentioned, that the long school hours and sedentary habits, now usual in parochial and village schools, are producing upon the children of the lower orders the same ill-effects as they have produced upon the females of the classes above them. Almost all these children, from seven years old and upward, wear ready-made stays, stiff with whalebone as a coat of mail. They grow up pale and delicate, with narrow chests, small waists, flaccid muscles, and a tendency to hysteria. Happily for them, they are often removed from school at the age of twelve or fourteen, and placed in domestic service. If they are fortunate enough to get good places, wholesome food and plenty of exercise frequently restore them to robust health; and so, in time, they marry and become healthy mothers of children. One shudders to think what sufferings may be the lot of delicate girls apprenticed to the sedentary employment of dress-making, or whose feeble powers are overtaxed by hard work, long hours, and, perhaps, insufficient food.

The above, then, I consider are *some* of the causes of the ill-health of Englishwomen. Let us now see how this ill-health, and the ignorance of sanitary laws by which it is always accompanied—for one cannot but think that if people knew what was right, they would act accordingly—operate upon the life and health of their offspring.

Fearful pictures does the Registrar-General give us of infant mortality. But there are frequent sacrifices of infant life which happen at so early a period that they do not fall within the ken of the Registrar-General; and I have often observed, with regret, that many of my young acquaintances have had to lament the death of the first child. As they have at a later period had living and healthy children, one cannot but attribute in a great measure the first loss to mismanagement, or ignorance. Between thirty and forty years ago it was stated that, in Britain, of all the children born in one year, nearly one-half died before they were two

years old. At the present time, out of every 100 children born in Britain, 30 die under five years of age; and, as the returns show, nearly all from preventable causes. The influence of external circumstances—such as drainage, ventilation, air, light, and food—is seen in the fact, that, among the wealthy classes, the mortality does not exceed 1 child in 30, during the first year; while among the working-classes and poor, it is 1 to 10. Recent statistical tables show a small improvement in some localities; but there is room for much more. A great majority of infantile deaths arise from preventable causes. Here, again, man may be compared with quadrupeds to his own disadvantage. Seldom do the latter lose their young, except from accidents over which they have no control. As regards man, the chief of created beings, who arrogates to himself alone the power of reasoning, what information the Registrar-General furnishes us on this subject! It would occupy too much space where I to enumerate the youthful victims of disease in England during the past year.

The numbers, it must be observed, represent the *deaths* only; we have no means of knowing the number who suffer from many of the assigned causes, and either eventually recover, or fall victims to diseases which find names in the Registrar-General's reports. It is fearful to observe that suffocation forms a regular item in the reports. The deaths are mostly occasioned by overlaying in bed; the anterior cause of the catastrophe being, it is feared, too frequently drunkenness.

As regards the preservation of infant life, the chances—setting apart those who perish from want of natural nutriment—are more in favour of the easy classes than of the poor. With the former there is more care, and comparatively less ignorance, and the children are not so liable to accident; neither are they likely to suffer from the privations to which the children of the poor are exposed. They have more of the great necessities of life—pure water, pure air, light, and food; in general, by far too little, in all cases, of the first three requisites;



often too much of the last. The want of all these necessities among the poor is so patent, that medical men have little difficulty in ascribing the origin of the diseases which carry off the children of the poor to their true sources—bad drainage, bad ventilation, bad water, insufficiency of light, and improper or insufficient food. Among the poor one frequent cause of infant mortality is inflammation of the lungs. When this disease sets in, under the circumstances above mentioned, death is almost certain; whereas, in the model lodging-houses, where more favourable conditions exist, the disease is found to go through its regular course, and the child recovers. I was informed by a Medical gentleman that in one street, inhabited chiefly by a population engaged in the fisheries, during twelve months he attended ten fatal cases of inflammation of the lungs among children.

I have thus endeavoured to show the necessity of sanitary knowledge, especially to women. I have also shown how circumstances and habits, apparently remote, may have an influence, for good or for evil, upon the health of successive generations, and have pointed out some of the causes which may have induced the ill-health so generally ascribed to Englishwomen. I would now earnestly impress upon the women of England the urgent necessity of themselves taking measures to restore their own health, and to bring up healthy children; bearing ever in mind the sage maxim that prevention is better than cure. Let them earnestly seek and obtain that knowledge of the laws of life and health which shall enable them to discharge conscientiously the sacred duty they owe to their families. I am aware that a prejudice existed formerly—I hope it exists no longer—against women

acquiring such knowledge. It was considered not only unnecessary but improper. It might have been added that there was a want of works calculated to convey to women the information they required, without being mixed up with the description and treatment of diseases and unnecessary technicalities. Now, however, this want has been fully supplied: many excellent and cheap works on physiology and the vital functions have been issued, and there is no longer any excuse for ignorance on these important subjects. The question of the impropriety of such studies by women has long been disposed of. Years ago Dr. Southwood Smith had said, "I look upon that notion of delicacy which would exclude women from knowledge calculated in an extraordinary degree to open, exalt, and purify their minds, and to fit them for the performance of their duties, as alike degrading to those to whom it affects to show respect, and debasing to the mind that entertains it."

The timid, and, perhaps, the indolent also, shrink from these studies, fearing to incur the charge of being "strong-minded women." Strange, if what ought to be a commendation, should be a term of reproach!

That is truly a weak, not a strong-minded woman, who, casting off the reserve of her sex, affects the dress and manners of men. The really strong-minded woman, knowing her own place in society, and conscious of her responsibilities, will never fall into such errors. Her strength consists in daring to do all that doth become a woman.

This is the woman whose own works shall praise her; whose children shall rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her!

## THE MONKS OF THE WEST.

FROM ST. BENEDICT TO ST. BERNARD.

M. DE MONTALEMBERT is the great modern champion of the cloister. Known himself in former years as an ardent, zealous, eloquent, impulsive leader of thought and action on the high arena of the world, he has throughout the literary activity of many years kept faithful to the project of producing an elaborate and voluminous work for the glory of monachism. The idea of it was conceived nearly thirty years ago; and its first volume was published six or seven years since, with a dedication to Pope Pius IX., whose Encyclical upon the Religious Orders it was that inspired the flagging or distracted energies of the author. The second and third volumes have since been published.

The third volume of the "Monks of the West" is of special interest to Englishmen; inasmuch as it is conversant with the careers severally of St. Columba of Iona, and St. Augustin of Canterbury. In a few very remarkable prefatory pages, devoted to an analysis of the character of the people of these islands, M. de Montalembert seeks to convict them of ingratitude to the agency by which was effected their incorporation into the Christian world. It is to the monks, he insists, that we owe all those privileges which we have abused with all the wantonness of heretics and schismatics. We endeavour to think the paragraphs which we have more immediately under our notice, are of manageable compass, and presents them in the author's own words. We do this the more readily, because the whole passage, from its great interest, its force of perception and of prejudice, and its startling and salient qualities generally, bids fair to become a *locus classicus*. It is thus that the Count de Montalembert introduces the first chapter of his introductory part, which is devoted to a consideration of the "Christian Origin of the British Isles:—"

"In modern Europe, at a distance of seven leagues from France, within sight of our northern shores, there exists a nation whose empire is more vast than that of Alexander or the Cæsars, and which is at once the freest and most powerful, the richest and most manful, the boldest and best regulated in the world. No other nation offers so instructive a study, so original an aspect, or contrasts so remarkable. At once liberal and intolerant, pious and inhuman, loving order and serenity as much as noise and commotion, it unites a superstitious respect for the letter of the law with the most unlimited practice of individual freedom. Busied more than any other in all the arts of peace, yet nevertheless invincible in war, and sometimes rushing into it with frantic passion—too often destitute of enthusiasm, but incapable of failure—it ignores the very idea of discouragement or effeminacy. Sometimes it measures its profits and caprices as by the yard, sometimes it takes fire for a disinterested idea of passion. More changeable than any in its affections and judgments, but almost always capable of restraining and stopping itself in time, it is endowed at once with an originating power which falters at nothing, and with a perseverance which nothing can overthrow. Greedy of conquests and discoveries, it rushes to the extremities of the earth, yet returns more enamoured than ever of the domestic hearth, more jealous of securing its dignity and everlasting duration. The implacable enemy of bondage, it is the voluntary slave of tradition, of discipline freely accepted, or of a prejudice transmitted from its fathers. No nation has been more frequently conquered; none has succeeded better in absorbing and transforming its conquerors. In no other country has Catholicism been persecuted with more sanguinary zeal; at the present



moment none seems more hostile to the Church, and at the same time none has greater need of her care ; no other influence has been so greatly wanting to its progress ; nothing has left within its breast a void so irreparable ; and nowhere has a more generous hospitality been lavished upon our bishops and priests and religious exiles. Inaccessible to modern storms, this island has been an inviolable asylum for our exiled fathers and princes, not less than for our most violent enemies.

"The sometimes savage egotism of these islanders, and their too often cynical indifference to the sufferings and bondage of others, ought not to make us forget that there, more than anywhere else, man belongs to himself and governs himself. It is there that the nobility of our nature has developed all its splendour and attained its highest level. It is there that the generous passion of independence, united to the genius of association and the constant practice of self-government, have produced those miracles of fierce energy, of dauntless vigour, and obstinate heroism, which have triumphed over seas and climates, time and distance, nature and tyranny, exciting the perpetual envy of all nations, and among the English themselves a proud enthusiasm.

"Loving freedom for itself, and loving nothing without freedom, this nation owes nothing to her kings, who have been of importance only by her and for her. Upon herself alone weighs the formidable responsibility of her history. After enduring, as much or more than any European nation, the horrors of political and religious despotism in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, she was the first and the only one among them to free herself from oppression for ever. Re-established in her ancient rights, her proud and steadfast nature has forbidden her since then to give up into any hands whatsoever, her rights and destinies, her interests and free will. She is able to decide and act for herself, governing, elevating, and inspiring her great men, instead of being seduced or led astray by them, or worked upon for their advantage. The

English race has inherited the pride as well as the grandeur of that Roman people of which it is the rival and the heir ; I mean the true Romans of the Republic, not the base Romans subjugated by Augustus. Like the Romans towards their tributaries, it has shown itself ferocious and rapacious to Ireland, inflicting upon its victim, even up to recent times, that bondage and degradation which it repudiates with horror for itself. Like ancient Rome, often hated, and too often worthy of hate, it inspires its most favourable judges rather with admiration than with love. But, happier than Rome, after a thousand years and more, it is still young and fruitful. A slow, obscure, but uninterrupted progress has created for English an inexhaustible reservoir of strength and life. In her veins the sap swells high to-day, and will swell to-morrow. Happier than Rome, in spite of a thousand false conclusions, a thousand excesses, a thousand stains, she is of all the modern races, and of all Christian nations, the one which has best preserved the three fundamental bases of every society which is worthy of man—the spirit of freedom, the domestic character, and the religious mind.

"How, then, has this nation, in which a perfectly Pagan pride survives and triumphs, and which has nevertheless remained, even in the bosom of error, the most religious of all European nations, become Christian ? How, and by what means, has Christianity struck root so indestructibly in her soil ? This is surely a question of radical interests among all the great questions of history, and one which takes new importance and interest when it is considered that upon the conversion of England there has depended, and still depends, the conversion of so many millions of souls. English Christianity has been the cradle of Christianity in Germany : from the depths of Germany, missionaries formed by the Anglo-Saxons have carried the faith into Scandinavia and among the Slaves ; and even at the present time, either by the fruitful expansion of Irish orthodoxy, or by the obstinate zeal of

the Protestant propaganda, Christian societies, which speak English and live like Englishmen, come into being every day throughout North America, in the two Indies, in immense Australia, and the Isles of the Pacific. The Christianity of nearly half of the world flows, or will flow, from the fountain which first burst upon British soil.

"It is possible to answer this fundamental question with the closest precision. No country in the world has received the Christian faith more directly from the Church of Rome, or more exclusively by the ministrations of monks.

"If France had been made by bishops, as has been said by a great enemy of Jesus Christ, it is still more true that Christian England has been made by monks. Of all the countries of Europe it is this that has been the most deeply furrowed by the monastic plough. The monks, and the monks alone, have introduced, sowed, and cultivated Christian civilisation in this famous island.

"From whence came these monks? From two very distinct sources—from Rome and Ireland. British Christianity was produced by the rivalry, and sometimes by the conflict, of the monastic missionaries of the Roman and of the Celtic Church."

There are two or three questions opened up in the foregoing, the settlement of which we must trust to the good instruction and judgement of the reader. This is not the time for us to embark upon the sea of speculation as to who were the emissaries of Christianity who first brought its good tidings to the Britons. But truth, not less than loyalty to our own Church, bids us insist upon the fact that, whether our first Christianity came from Rome or not, it was at least not from the *Papacy* that we received it. That the second evangelisation of England, then overrun for the most part by Saxon heathendom, was due to the zeal of a band of monks from the monastery of St. Andrew, on Mount Caelius, at Rome, is incontestable. But even this circumstance does not historically, and did not practically, establish the Romish supremacy over Ecclesiastical Britain. Celtic bishops and

priests were in sufficient numbers, in the western parts of the island, to resent the assumptions of St. Augustin, whose weakness it may be said charitably, lay too much on the side of personal aggrandisement. To establish the Roman supremacy in this country, was the work of centuries, the persistent, bold, or insidious labour of ages of encroachment; and Englishmen are by no means the ungrateful people that M. de Montalembert would have us believe, whose "perfectly Pagan pride," cast off at the Reformation a yoke which it was not in the nature of freeborn men to suffer.

It is, perhaps, of some importance to observe again that M. de Montalembert is the champion of a past monasticism, and, by inference, the advocate of a present one. Monasticism is a matter which recent experience has shown to be arguable in our own Church, by the fact that it has been argued. With all thankfulness to those holy and good men whom the corruptions, or the persecutions of former ages drove first into eremitic, and then into conventual seclusion—with all gratitude to these and their successors, the value and influence of whose life is still felt for good in a manner which is all but directly traceable, it may be permitted us to doubt very gravely whether the monastic life can in any wise be reckoned the ideal life of the nineteenth or any succeeding century. The whole question is, however, contained in the nutshell of a paragraph, which many of our readers have probably seen some time ago:—"A meeting of the bishops took place lately in Lambeth Palace to consider the petition signed by 209 clergymen, praying the archbishops and bishops to advise and frame some sort of religious life for men. His Grace remarked, it is said, on the curious fact that just as the monastic system was being cast off in Italy, an effort should be made to revive it in England. The Bishop of St. Asaph is said to have very quietly pointed out to their lordships the important fact that the Church of England has, since the Reformation, clearly laid down what this sort of religious life should



be, namely:—"That every man should (to the best of his ability) endeavour to do his duty in that state of life in which it has pleased God to call him."

With the earlier recluses of the Thebaid, one is bound to have much sympathy. Refugees from a corruption which was absolutely overwhelming, or from a persecution which allowed no respite, there seemed no chance of preserving the natural and the spiritual life except by retreat from the limits of the haunts of a debauched or a cruel society. The form which early monasticism took in the West was, however, of a nobler type still. There it was subservient to the conversion of the Pagan or village population. Christianity first settled in the towns, whence missionaries passed into the rural districts. No great impression was made, however, upon the servile population "until the villas of the Roman patricians were occupied by monks, who themselves became cultivators of the soil, and could address as brethren, and in the terms of equality and brotherly love, the slaves whom they set at liberty in order that they might be taught to serve Him whose service is perfect freedom—our Father which is in Heaven. The sagacity of Gregory the Great was not slow to perceive the advantages afforded by these institutions to a cause ever near to his heart; and by him monasteries were converted into missionary colleges in the town, as they had already become missionary stations in the country." Undoubtedly the noblest phase of the monastic life is the missionary one. Its greatest glory is when it appears as an ark tossed, yet secure, above the waters of a seething heathenism, as an oasis in the desert, a lamp in the night of ignorance and impiety. It is the monastic life of the missionary kind that we are invited, by M. de Montalembert, to contemplate in the two exemplars whose lives are given in his volume.

And first our noble author "speaks of the great Irish monk and missionary, St. Columba, the founder, the ornament, the pride of Hebridean Iona."

"Like twenty other saints of the Irish calendar, Columba bore a symbolical name borrowed from the Latin, a name which signified the dove of the Holy Ghost, and which was soon to be rendered illustrious by his countryman Columbanus, the celebrated founder of Luxeuil, with whom many modern historians have confounded him. To distinguish the one from the other, and indicate specially the greatest Celt missionary of the British Isles, we shall adopt, from the different versions of his name, that of Columba. His countrymen have almost always named him *Columb-Kill* or *Cille*, that is to say, the *dove of the cell*, thus adding to his primitive name a special designation, intended to recall either the essentially monastic character of the saint, or the great number of communities founded and governed by him. He was a scion of one of those great Irish races, of whom it is literally true to say that they lose themselves in the night of ages, but which have retained to our own day, thanks to the tenacious attachment of the Irish people to their national recollections, through all the vicissitudes of conquest, persecution, and exile, a rank more patriotic and popular than that of mere nobility or aristocratic lineage. This was the great race of the Nialls or O'Donnells (*clan Domhnaill*), which, native to and master of all the north-western part of the island (the modern counties of Tyrconnell, Tyrone, and Donegal), held sovereign sway in Hibernia and Caledonia, over the two shores of the Scottish sea, during the sixth century. Almost without interruption, up to 1168, kings, springing from its different branches, exercised in Ireland the supreme monarchy—that is to say, a sort of primacy over the provincial kings, which has been compared to that of metropolitan over bishops, but which rather recalls the feudal sovereignty of the Salic emperors, or of the kings of the family of Capet over the great vassals of Germany and France, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Nothing could be more unsettled or stormy than the exercise of this sovereignty. It was incessantly disputed by some vassal king, who generally succeeded

by force of arms in robbing the supreme monarch of his crown and his life, and replacing him upon the throne of Tara with a tolerable certainty of being himself similarly treated by the son of the dethroned prince. Besides, the right of succession in Ireland was not regulated by the law of primogeniture. According to the custom known under the name of *Tanistry*, the eldest blood-relation succeeded every deceased prince or chief, and the brother, in consequence, preceded the son in the order of succession."

From the house of the priest to whom the earliest stages of Columba's education were committed, the "predestined saint" passed into the great monastic schools:—"Which were not only a nursery for the clergy of the Irish Church, but where also young laymen of all conditions were educated. Columba, like many others, there learned to make his first steps in that monastic life to which he had been drawn by the call of God. He devoted himself not only to study and prayer, but also to the manual toil then inseparable, in Ireland and everywhere else, from a religious profession. Like all his young companions, he had to grind overnight the corn for the next day's food; but when his turn came, it was so well and quickly done that his companions suspected him of having been assisted by an angel. The royal birth of Columba procured him several distinctions in the schools, which were not always to the satisfaction of his comrades. One of the latter, named Kieran, who was also destined to fill a great place in Scotch legend, became indignant at the ascendancy of Columba; but while the two students disputed, a celestial messenger came to Kieran and placed before him an auger, a plane, and an axe, saying, 'Look at these tools, and recollect that these are all thou hast sacrificed for God, since thy father was only a carpenter; but Columba has sacrificed the sceptre of Ireland, which might have come to him by right of his birth and the grandeur of his race.'"

In common with many of the Irish Saints, who have collectively a reputation for vindictiveness, Columba was of a fiery and revengeful

disposition. For the sake of punishing an affront to which he had been exposed by Diarmid, or Dermott, the supreme King of Ireland, he incited the fiery Hi-Nialls of the North, his own more immediate clansmen and relations, against the offending monarch. Success attended the arms of Columba's friends, and the prayers of Columba himself. But victory weighed heavy upon the conscience of the conqueror. Columba felt the curse of blood hanging heavily upon him, and sought during a long time in vain for the means of delivery from his guilt. At length he was happy enough to experience a sense of pardon; and to have a miraculous revelation to the effect that the souls of those who had died in the war he had instigated were resting in Paradise.

In order to become fully reconciled to the Church, the Synod of of Trilte, A.D. 562, having excommunicated him, it was necessary that Columba should win as many souls to the faith as he had caused to die in the strife between his friends and King Diarmid. Exile was likewise to be a condition of his ecclesiastical forgiveness. Such a sentence to a man of Columba's love of country, was a temporary heartbreak. Nevertheless, in fulfilment of the terms of duty and expiation, Columba dedicated the rest of his life to the penance of a voluntary exile, and to preaching the faith to the heathen.

The whole training of St. Columba had been such as to determine him to the monastic life; whilst the prestige of his high birth clung to him, even in the cloister, and made supremacy, as it were, natural to him. The presumptive king—for the throne of all Ireland was a civil possibility with our saint—became the actual abbot. "Before he had reached the age of twenty-five he had presided over the creation of a crowd of monasteries. As many as thirty-seven in Ireland alone recognized him as their founder."

"A voluntary exile, at the age of forty-two, from his native island, Columba embarked with his twelve companions in one of those great barks of osier covered with hide which the Celtic nations employed



for their navigation. He landed upon a desert island situated on the north of the opening of that series of gulfs and lakes which, extending from the south-west to the north-east, cuts the Caledonian peninsula in two, and which at that period separated the still heathen Picts from the district occupied by the Ilish Scots, who were partially Christaianised. This isle, which he has made immortal, took from him the name of I-Colm-Kill (the island of Columb-kill), but is better known under that of Iona. A legend, suggested by one of our saint's most marked characteristics, asserts that he first landed upon another islet called Oronsay, but that, having climbed a hill near the shore immediately on landing, he found that he could still see Ireland, his beloved country. To see far off that dear soil which he had left for ever, was too hard a trial. He came down from the hill, and immediately took to his boat to seek, farther off, a shore from which he could not see his native land. When he had reached Iona he climbed the highest point in the island, and, gazing into the distance, found no longer any trace of Ireland upon the horizon. He decided, accordingly, to remain upon this unknown rock. One of those heaps of stones, which are called *cairns* in the Celtic dialect, still marks the spot where Columba made this desiredly unfruitful examination, and has long borne the name of the Cairn of Farewell.

"Nothing could be more sullen and sad than the aspect of this celebrated isle, where not a single tree has been able to resist either the blighting wind or the destroying hand of man. Only three miles in length by two in breadth, flat and low, bordered by grey rocks which scarcely rise above the level of the sea, and overshadowed by the high and sombre peaks of the great island of Mull, it has not even the wild beauty which is conferred upon the neighbouring isles and shores by their basalt cliffs, which are often of prodigious height—or which belongs to the hills, often green and rounded at the summit, whose particular sides are beaten incessantly by those Atlantic waves, which bury themselves in resounding caverns hollowed by the everlasting labours of that tu-

multuous sea. Upon the narrow surface of the island white stretches of sand, alternate with scanty pastures, a few poor crops, and the turf-moors where the inhabitants find their fuel. Poor as the culture is, it seems everywhere resisted and disputed by the gneiss rocks, which continually crop out, and in some places form an almost inextricable labyrinth. The only attraction possessed by this sombre dwelling-place is the view of the sea, and of the mountains of Mull and the other islands, to the number of twenty or thirty, which may be distinguished from the top of the northern hill of Iona. Among these is Staffa, celebrated for the grotto of Fingal, which has been known only for about a century, and which, in the time of Columba, moaned and murmured in its solitary and unknown majesty, in the midst of that Hebridean archipelago which is at present haunted by so many curious admirers of the Highland shores and ruined feudal castles, which the great bard of our century has enshrined in the glory of his verse.

"The bay where Columba landed is still called the *bay of the osier bark*, *Port' a Churraich*; and a long mound is pointed out to strangers as representing the exact size of his boat, which was sixty feet long. The emigrant did not remain in this bay, which is situated in the middle of the isle; he went higher up, and, to find a little shelter from the great sea winds, chose for his habitation the eastern shore, opposite the large island of Mull, which is separated from Iona only by a narrow channel of a mile in breadth, and whose highest mountains, situated more to the east, approach and almost identify themselves with the mountain-tops of Morven, which are continually veiled with clouds. It was there that the emigrants built their huts of branches, for the island was not then, as now, destitute of wood. When Columba had made up his mind to construct for himself and his people a settled establishment, the buildings of the new-born monastery were of the greatest simplicity. As in all Celtic constructions, walls of withes or branches, supported upon long wooden props, formed the principal element in their architecture.

Climbing plants, especially ivy, interlacing itself in the interstices of the branches, at once ornamented and consolidated the modest shelter of the missionaries. The Irish built scarcely any churches of stone, and retained up to the twelfth century, as St. Bernard testifies, the habit of building their churches of wood. But it was not for some years after their first establishment that the monks of Iona permitted themselves the luxury of a wooden church; and when they did so, great oaks, such as the sterile and wind-beaten soil of their islet could not produce, had to be brought for its construction from the neighbouring shore.

"Thus the monastic capital of Scotland, and the centre of Christian civilisation in the north of Great Britain, came into being thirteen centuries ago. Some ruins of a much later date than the days of Columba, though still very ancient, mingled among a few cottages scattered on the shore, still point out the site."

St. Columba never entirely overcame the longing after his native land.

"All his life he retained for Ireland the passionate tenderness of an exile, a love which displayed itself in the songs which have been preserved to us, and which date, perhaps, from the first moments of his exile. It is possible that their authenticity is not altogether beyond dispute; and that, like the poetic lamentations given forth by Fortunatus in the name of St. Radegund, they were composed by his disciples and contemporaries. But they have been too long repeated as his, and depict too well what must have

passed in his heart, to permit us to neglect them. 'Death in faultless Ireland is better than life without end in Albyn.' After this cry of despair follow strains more plaintive and submissive. In one of his elegies he laments that he can no longer sail on the lakes and bays of his native island, nor hear the song of the swans, with his friend Comgall. He laments above all to have been driven from Erin by his own fault, and because of the blood shed in his battles. He envies his friend Cormac, who can go back to his dear monastery at Durrow, and hear the wind sigh among the oaks, and the song of the blackbird and cuckoo. As for Columba, all is dear to him in Ireland *except the princes who reign there.*"

Yet time was kind to him. He developed resignation and cheerfulness with the other virtues of a gracious spiritual life. From being proud, he successfully cultivated humility; from being fierce and vindictive, he preached forbearance and meekness; and found a noble vent for all his disposition to enterprise and restlessness in the successful attempt after the conversion of the northern Picts.

Columba watched with a fatherly love and jealousy over the purity of his community; and was severe in his examination of the evidence upon which any new candidate rested his claims for admission. After an abbacy of thirty-four years spent in Iona, and a life of nearly four-score, Columba calmly fell asleep in the chapel which had been erected for the service of his society.

## EXCERPTS FROM A CLERGYMAN'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.<sup>1</sup>

MEMORANDUM. — I bought this goodly volume ten years ago at Macmillan's, when I left Cambridge, on my ordination for my first curacy. I hoped to fill it with extracts from the Fathers, the doctors of the Church, and from the

choicest theological writers, whether High Church or Puritan. The year of my diaconate was chiefly occupied in reading for priest's orders. I did not make any entries that year. Soon after I was ordained a priest, I left my pleasant village

<sup>1</sup> It must be understood that the Editor does not hold himself responsible for the marvellous facts stated in this article. It was sent to him some time back by a clergyman, now well known, and he prints it in good faith of its truth,



charge for the curacy of a large county town. I would now begin the common-place book in good earnest. Just as I was transcribing a passage from the "confessions of St. Augustine," I was summoned to "take a marriage" for my rector, who was that morning seized with a violent attack of the gout. A journeyman parson always is wanted somewhere when he is bent on study. I reflected, as I walked to the church, that I could not be more busy if I took upon me the care and charge of a wife in addition to my ministerial duties.

Accordingly I fell in love with one of the bridesmaids—a bright little thing. She is now Mrs. —. Well: I never regretted *that* step. But I never made any transcripts from the Fathers. Indeed, it was not in my power to do so, for I sold them all for a few pounds, and threw in the "Anglo-Catholic Library" as a make-weight. I never was much of a book-worm, so I did not feel their loss. Besides, books, specially divinity, are so heavy (in more senses than one), and therefore costly in transport; and "flitting" is the curate's normal state. I have now the *otium cum paupertate* of a small incumbency (income £150 per ann., population 300, with a snug parsonage), and so I can now really begin the common-place book. And as the *Times* is my only literature, I will fill it with extracts therefrom. Scissors and paste suit the cunning of my right hand much better than pen and ink. Here my wife, who has a woman's profound faith in her husband (no doubt that a man should have some one to believe in him is one of the secondary intentions in the institution of marriage), interposes that I had better use "the pen of a ready-writer," and cover the blank sheets with my original lucubrations, which would infallibly "bring grist to the mill." Truly the *res angusta domi* have ploughed the deep lines on both our foreheads. But for all that, I *cannot* write essays. I never read one in my life, though I suppose there are persons so constituted who can. Surely, my wife suggests, I can commit to writing the many curious and strange things that I have met with in my minis-

terial life. Assuredly I can. So I place a book on my little table by the fire, whilst my wife is "busy in making things for the poor." It will amuse me during the long winter evenings, and "perhaps," said a voice as sweet as it was a decade of years ago, "perhaps it may enable us to take poor Jamie to the sea-side for one little week." I think of a certain region where "there is no more sea," and hastily brush away a tear I do not wish *her* to see. I then in my own noble Roman hand write these words on the first page of my Common-place book:

#### "A TRUE GHOST STORY."

My theory about ghosts up to Christmas Eve, 18—, was simply this, that there was sufficient evidence to warrant a belief in their appearance, but that such manifestations were exceedingly infrequent. I was inclined to believe that the majority of apparitions could be resolved into optical delusions, resulting, probably, from some occult derangement of what is termed the nervous system.

In the course of my life I have met with half-a-dozen persons who have seen spectral appearances, and these have invariably been people amongst the well-educated classes, of a delicate and peculiar organisation. Amongst the rural population, ghost-seers would seem to have no special idiosyncrasy; for their mind, being braced by no intellectual tonics on the one hand, nor projected into a variety of channels on the other, strange as it may seem from their chronic stolidity, is of "imagination all compact." They are all, for the most part, good average mediums. Now had I been a dyspeptic patient, or a poet, or the author of the "Unseen World," to whom the spirits of the departed habitually appear, (it is said that ghosts occasionally drop into the library at Sackville College quite in a friendly way, and hold colloquies with the learned warden, just as the apparition of Sir Thomas More visited Montezinos; but then the one doctor, in the library at Keswick, saw his spectres only "in his mind's eye," whilst the other doctor, in the Scriptorium at East Grinstead, is privi-

leged to hold *bonâ fide* communications with the world of spirits), had I been Lord Bury, Mr. Dion Boucicault, or the great "communicated" of the *Times*, it would be only natural for me to be subject to spiritual phenomena; but that a country parson, with a good digestion, capital appetite, vigorous constitution, and with no more imagination than a Midsummer daw, should become a ghost-seer sorely against his will, and contrary alike to his habits and his convictions, is, in truth, an abnormal state of things. Yet that I did stand face to face with a disembodied spirit on the 24th day of December, in the year of grace 18—, I *know*. It was no delusion, no spectral illusion. I saw and talked with a veritable, actual ghost, which appeared to me for a remarkable and special purpose.

On Christmas-eve, in the year of grace 18—,

"The game of forfeits done; the girls all  
kissed  
Beneath the sacred bush, and past  
away"—

I heard not the usual "deep-mouthed bay" of my watch-dog, but a piteous and unearthly howl, unlike anything that ever I knew to come from canine jaws. I went out into the garden, and before the verandah, on the gravel-walk, I found my bloodhound "Bruce" cowering in a pitiful state of terror. He actually grovelled at my feet,\* and whined as if in pain. In front of me was a spacious semi-circle lawn, belted by a girdle of forest-trees, at the extremity of which, about a yard from the ground, a clear, bright, steady light, about the size of a dollar, caught my eye. It remained perfectly stationary. Struck with the unusual appearance, I proceeded to step from the gravel-path on to the grass, white and crisp with frost, but the dog seized the skirt of my coat, and held me back. The light, hitherto so steady and fixed, began to advance in a straight line towards me. I was convinced now it was the bull's-eye of the lantern of one of our rural police, and accordingly I challenged the watchful exponent of paternal legislation. No answer was returned, but the "bull's-eye" for a second seemed to have ac-

quired the power of the electric light, and lit up the whole lawn as by an artificial sun. I could now see that no human hand held that invisible lantern. All was again darkness, save the clear, steady, luminous appearance which seemed to be about the middle of the lawn. I am a natural philosopher in my humble way.

Here was a great meteoric problem for ventilation in these excellent publications. I disengaged my coat from Bruce, and stepped upon the lawn. The light steadily advanced to meet me. When I was about nine feet (so far as I can judge) from the object, I found myself surrounded by what I can only describe as a palpable atmosphere—a mist of golden haze—which entirely encircled the spot on which I stood, and over which the light burned. I stood rooted to the ground with an unutterable horror, my tongue clove to my mouth, and the very hair of my skin seemed to stand on end, whilst a strange, prickly sensation passed rapidly over me, from the scalp of my head to the tips of my fingers and the sole of my foot. The light, which now seemed to be the luminous nucleus of the golden haze, suddenly expanded into an oblong shape, like a huge roc's egg illuminated by art magic, the small end resting on the ground. I should guess its dimensions to be about eight feet in height, and about three feet in its greatest breadth. I suddenly became aware of a thin black line in its centre, which rapidly extended, widening as it ran, upwards and downwards, till it assumed the appearance of a black iron bar, invisibly suspended in the midst of the egg, apparently about two feet and three-quarters from its top, and about a foot from the point. The outline of this parallelogram suddenly presented a wavy appearance, and gradually assumed the shape of the human figure, the colour of the superficies gradually turning from black to a light shade of grey. I could see distinctly a woman's form, and recognised the well-known features of a parishioner who had deceased six months previously. The apparition looked perfectly life-like, save for the uniform grey tint of the face



and garments. My sensation at that particular moment was not of bodily fear, but was rather the physical horror of a man suddenly smitten with colour-blindness. I experienced a feeling of relief as I perceived the dull ashen-grey habiliments slowly become the colour of such imaginary fabrics as one may see at the drapers' and silkmercers'. I perfectly remembered seeing Mrs. D—— in the identical dressing-gown in which her spectre was now habited, when I visited her during her last illness. I mention this for a special reason. She seemed standing in the midst of a luminous aureola. The feeling of relief now gave way to that of my first sensation of horror. My human notions seemed to collapse before the presence of the disembodied spirit. By a violent effort I *unglued* my tongue, and in the name of the ever-blessed Trinity, commanded the spirit to say for what purpose it had appeared to me.

"To-morrow is Christmas Day," said the shade, in a voice I at once recognised. "My husband is going to spend the day at C——" (naming a village in the vicinity). "If he goes an accident will befall him, which will cause his death. You must go to him early to-morrow morning, and prevent him."

"You are aware that I have no influence with him, and it would be perfectly useless for me to have an interview."

"Tell him that I have appeared to you, and commanded you to give him this message."

"It will be futile; for Mr. D—— would simply disbelieve that you had appeared to me. But I will obey you, and deliver your warning to him."

"I will give you credentials that he will at once recognise; and whether he heed my message or no, *your* reputation will not suffer. Draw nearer to me."

I moved mechanically forwards, and stood about a foot from the phantom. *She* then stooped, as it were, from her aureola, and whispered in my ear. What she told me shall never be uttered or written by me. Let it suffice, *it referred to a circumstance the truth of which could only be known by her husband and herself.*

The apparition slowly faded into a colourless shape, which gradually assumed that of the dark parallelogram, then of the thin black line, growing faint and fainter till it disappeared, and the aureola was one mass of unbroken molten gold. Soon this began to fade in brilliancy, and to diminish in size. At the same time the luminous haze-atmosphere which had surrounded me, entirely cleared off, and I saw nothing but the original "bull's-eye" light, about the size of a five-shilling piece, which kept receding from me till it was lost among the pines and silver birch-trees.

I tottered home in a state of complete nervous exhaustion, and fell rather than seated myself into one of the hall-chairs. On reaching the drawing-room, my wife, observing my ghastly appearance, asked me, in great alarm, if I were ill. I replied I had been seized with a sudden faintness, a glass of brandy would revive me. It was brought to me, and I then felt sufficiently myself to speculate as to the length of time the "spiritual experience" had occupied. I saw by the time-piece I had only been absent from the room ten minutes; it seemed a period of some hours.

On the following morning, immediately after our eight o'clock Christmas communion, before returning home to breakfast, I repaired to the house of Mr. D——, whom I found at his hall door about to step into his dog-cart. Could I speak a few words to him in private; I would not detain him five minutes?

We entered the comfortable breakfast-room, seated ourselves by the comfortable fire of coals and wood, and I began *in medias res* :

"I have rather a singular communication to make to you, but however strange, it is perfectly true. The apparition of Mrs. D—— appeared to me last night, and desired me to command you not to go to C—— to-day. 'If he goes,' she said, 'an accident will befall him, which will cause his death. You must go to him early to-morrow morning and prevent him.' I am here accordingly, and have delivered to you your late wife's warning and request."

"You must have been dreaming, my good sir."

"I am as certain that I stood face to face and talked with the spirit of Mrs. D——, on my lawn last night, as I am that I am now under your roof-tree and in your presence."

I then related every circumstance in connection with the apparition, except the mysterious words which were to be my credentials if all else failed.

Mr. D—— was still, as I expected, incredulous. He suddenly said, "How was the ghost dressed?"

I told him in a dressing gown of a particular fabric and pattern.

"Very odd! It was lying on the bed when she died, poor thing; but as you often visited her during her illness, you might have ob-

served the pattern of the dressing gown."

True. Certainly I had done so.

"But, Mr. D——, your late wife requested me to mention to you a certain matter which occurred on ——" (I here stated the secret with which I had been entrusted.) "Now it is perfectly impossible for any human being except your wife and yourself to know whether this be so."

"Enough, sir. It is as she said. I am perfectly convinced that the spirit of my departed wife appeared to you, and commissioned you to deliver the message I have just heard. I will *not* go to C——."

---

## LOVE AND STRENGTH.

ONE day great Mars descended,  
And, shaped like a fair young knight,  
He rode through a stately forest,  
Y' clad in armour bright.

On high he held his long lance—  
One fit for a god to wield;  
But no plume adorned his helmet,  
No emblem graced his shield.

He came where a hermit hoary,  
Sat alone in a gloomy cell;  
Intent on his books, divining  
Secrets which they could tell;

And paused. With footsteps feeble,  
The sage advanced to his knee;  
"Bold stranger, now leave thy battles,  
And study this lore with me."

Great Mars restrained his laughter,  
And answered the hermit, "No!  
Old man, love thou thy learning,  
But I to the wars must go."

"Then bear this girdle with thee,"  
Implored the hoary sage,  
"And fight in the cause of Science,  
For Knowledge battle wage."

But onward the knight went riding,  
Unheeding his reverend word;  
"For Science," exclaimed the great god,  
"Cannot be taught by the sword."



He came to a lordly temple,  
And paused to admire its strength ;  
A priest stood by it, distant  
About three spears' length.

The knight made a reverence lowly,  
When he saw the holy man ;  
" I pray thee, now bless my journey,  
As only a good priest can."

The priest besought him to carry,  
Inscribed on his shield so bright,  
The sign of the cross, and for it  
To wield his sword in fight.

Great Mars replied full meekly,  
" Oh no ! most reverend sire !  
Religion must not be planted  
By the hands of War and Fire."

Again the knight went riding,  
Deep down the forest glade ;  
Till he came to a lowly cottage,  
Where dwelt a lovely maid.

The maid besought him gently,  
To alight from his weary steed,  
And rest for awhile in the shadow,  
While she a tale would read.

Then low on the grass and flowers,  
The knight reclined in his pride ;  
While she sat and read, did the maiden,  
On a fallen tree by his side.

She sat and read so sweetly  
Of gentleness, strength, and love,  
The knight had half-imagined  
Himself in the courts above.

And when at length she ended,  
And he rose to go his way,  
He begged her kerchief from her,  
As a souvenir of that day.

" Now, I'll ride to the tourney and battle,  
More gallantly brave," quoth he,  
" For I'll carry thine image within me,  
And fight for love and thee."

So away he rode and ever,  
In life, in peace, and in war,  
Love and strength are united—  
The bravest the gentlest are.

F. J. F.

# DUBLIN

## UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCLIV.

OCTOBER, 1870.

VOL. LXXVI.

### THE TWILIGHT OF DANISH HISTORY.

WHATEVER the shortcomings of the historians of early times, they were possessed by a love of their country, and a desire to establish a high antiquity for its annals. In the "Chronicles of the British Kings," of which the learned and credulous churchman, Geoffrey of Monmouth, gave a Latin version some time about 1140, these princes were deduced in a long line from Eneas, the "Wandering Chief of Troy," who lived, or might have lived, some two hundred and fifty years before Solomon commenced the building of the Temple. The Bardic Chroniclers of Ireland, not content with appointing Partholanus to come from *Megdonia* (Macedon) three hundred years after the flood, and people the island, brought hither *Fintan* and *Kesára* some days before the great inundation commenced its dread work. British and Irish men of letters were not the only narrators who, finding facts scarce, supplied their place with fictions.

Petreyus, Lyschander, and the learned Rudbeck, have exerted their powers for Scandinavia with as much zeal as their southern brothers for the British Isles and Armorica. Petreyus lived in the sixteenth century; Lyschander was historiographer to King Christian IV. of Denmark. His work was printed at Copenhagen (*Kiøbenhavn*, Market Harbour) in 1662, and bore for title, "An Abridgment of Danish Histories from the Commencement of the World to our Own Times." These writers, it must be acknowledged, did not give a colour or character purely Danish to the events of the

Antediluvian period, but from the very emptying of the Ark they began to attend to the fortunes of the ancestors of Danish kings and chiefs, and conducted them and their immediate descendants across wastes and seas till they arrived in Scandinavia, and founded the states which were still in active being in the era of the writers.

The authorities on which the patriotic men relied were in chief some inscriptions discovered in the Isle of Gothland; but these have been found to possess the same historic value as that tragedy of Shakespeare which the ingenious Mr. Ireland took it into his head to write for him about a century since.

Still, those critics of carping disposition who would not subscribe to the hypotheses of the learned Mr. Rudbeck, acknowledged the extent of his erudition, and the fertility of his imagination. He applied to his native country numberless passages in ancient authors, who probably had never heard of the Great Northern Peninsula. "Japhet with his people had undoubtedly come thither, and no other than a very ancient people could ever have sent forth such expeditions as Scandinavia had done." The first of these dates from the days of Saruch, who was contemporary with Abraham. The second took place in the days of Hercules, who might have been performing his labours when Samson was labouring in the mill.

Sweden, according to our author, was in Plato's mind when he was settling the morals and policy of the *Atlantis*. "It was not to the Getæ



or Goths, dwellers near the mouth of the Tanais (the Don) that ancient writers applied this name, but to the inhabitants of the north-west portion of the world known to them."

#### SOME RESPECTABLE AUTHORITIES.

The historian Saxo-Grammaticus, who enjoyed the patronage of the estimable and learned Absalon, Bishop of Lund, in the twelfth century, did not allow such liberty to his fancy, when composing his history of Denmark, but he committed the fault of attributing exact historical value to mere poetic legends and traditions. No doubt that the earliest history of every kingdom was first embodied in poetry, the earliest recited poem on any subject being the closest to the truth. The minstrels to whom these came at second-hand enhanced their value, in their own eyes, by embellishing them with romantic and supernatural adjuncts, and so on till the original dry facts were enveloped and nearly lost in a tissue of fanciful and romantic invention. These were a portion of Saxo-Grammaticus's materials. Others were obtained from inscriptions on rocks, &c., and the rest of his resources from Iceland MSS. and the collection of the erudite Bishop Absalon, his patron. All the facts he related had a foundation in truth, but the order of events and of the succession of kings cannot be depended on. This historian told his readers that Denmark took its name from a certain king named Dan, of whom nothing more could be gathered than the meagre facts of his father being called Humble, and his brother Angul, and that he began the line of Danish Kings in the year of the world 2910, say 100 years before the building of the Temple.

Bishop Absalon diligently collected materials for a history of the country, and employed Suenon, son of Aggon, as well as the historian above-named, in compiling a separate history.

The next historian worthy of note is the Iclander Thormodus Torfæus, who died in the beginning of the eighteenth century, a conscientious and diligent writer, and one well acquainted with the ancient literature of his country. Among his

native predecessors, from whom he obtained information, the turbulent man, but able writer, Snorro Sturleson (1178—1241) was chief. The trite proverb, "*Ingenuas didicisse*," &c., failed of its efficacy in respect to him. He was a man of blood and loose life, and in the latter respect was imitated by his daughters. His life appropriately came to its termination by a death of violence.

To Snorro we owe the very valuable work, the "*Prose Edda*," in which has been preserved the scheme of Scandinavian Mythology, and also the "*Chronicle of the Kings of Norway*," called the *Heimskringla* (World's Circle), from the word with which it begins. He was preceded by Islief, Bishop of Scalholt, whose death occurred in 1080, and of whose works we have only portions preserved by Aré the Learned, who, as well as Sæmund, were his contemporaries. From the last-named divine we have the "*Poetic Edda*."

As we have already said, Torfæus turned to profit the works of all these historians, as well as all Icelandic MSS. to which he could gain access. The only fault to be found with his history is that he arbitrarily settled dates, and the chronology of his kings, and the events of his history, in rather an arbitrary fashion. These Icelandic chroniclers were credulous, and liked to make their histories as interesting as those of Herodotus himself, and Torfæus trusted too much to the exact truth of their historic romances.

Torfæus, wisely renouncing all acquaintance with the father and son of Dan, and even Dan himself, who were allowed existence by Saxo-Grammaticus at the epoch when Saul was seeking his asses, commenced the line of Danish monarchs with Skiold, son of Odin, who began to reign a little before the Christian era.

To these writers mentioned, who lived during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, let us give ordinary credence for all the facts which took place not long before their time. But the History of Denmark, during the prevalence of Paganism, must be content with the more or less faith put in historic romance.

## THE COMING OF ODIN.

That there once reigned a chief in Scandinavia, named Odin, who managed to obtain credit for supernatural power and wisdom, as well as for indomitable bravery and martial skill, is all but certain. All recorded of him in song and legend, which came to the knowledge of the early Christian historians, is set forth in the *Heimskringla*, and given from that source in *Torfæus's* history, with additions and explanations. This is the substance of the narrative :—

Mithridates, King of Pontus, being obliged to flee from before the arms of Pompey, took refuge with the Scythian tribes which dwelt between the Don and the Wolga, and exhorted them to oppose the Roman power, as much to preserve their own liberty as to afford him their protection. They did all that undisciplined and badly-armed men could, but were obliged to give up the unequal contest. Their chief, Frigge, son of Fridulphe, priest of Odin, the Scythian deity in chief, withdrew at the head of a large body of his countrymen, and directed his steps westward, to seek some territory where he and his people would be out of the reach of molestation by the grasping masters of the world.

Agreeable to a custom of his day, he assumed the name of the God whose pontifex he was, and this was his first step on his ascent to deification. The city which they were obliged to abandon was called Asgard—God's Home, or the Home of the Gods—and this added to Frigge's future pretensions. In the mythology of the Scandinavians, the word came to denote the abode of the deities in upper air.

Passing through Russia, he reduced those who opposed his passage, and left his son, Suarlam, to govern them. He settled East Saxony under the rule of his son Segdeg, Franconia under Sigge, and West Saxony under another son, named Baldeg, thus affording to the future sovereigns of these states an opportunity of glorying in their descent from the mighty Odin. Even Hengist and Horsa (horse and mare) boasted of this distinction. Having traversed the Cymbric Chersonesus

(Jutland), he passed into Funen, spent some time in this pleasant island, left his name to the capital, Odensee, and appointed his next son, Skiold, to sway the entire peninsula and islands which compose what we call Denmark.

The warrior and priest, now probably finding his limbs somewhat stiff from his long exercise in battle and march, passed into Sweden, and there he set up his rest. The people, apprised of his valour and magic powers, did not for a moment entertain thoughts of resistance. Their king, Gylphe, resigned his throne to Yngue, the penultimate son of the dreaded visitor, who, taking twelve of his wisest and most trusted followers into counsel, made Sigtuna his capital, and there ruled in uncontested authority. Not thinking it expedient that the long strip of western coast, divided from his last-made acquisition, should remain under untried or unfriendly powers, he paid it a visit, and appointed his last son (at least the last of whom we hear) monarch of its fields and fiords. Having thus accomplished his earthly mission, he returned to Sigtuna, and there exercised his functions as sovereign lord, spiritual and temporal, of all he surveyed.

Feeling his end approaching, he summoned his tried companions in arms to his presence, explained that he was on the point of returning to the celestial Asgard, where he would receive their souls into the only bliss suitable for warriors to enjoy, *i.e.*, provided they died the death which befitted warriors—arms in their hands, and with wounds on front. He then rather deeply pricked his body in nine places, the bloody marks forming a circle; and when life was extinct, his admirers and worshippers burned his corpse in the most magnificent and honourable manner they could devise. In time his adherents invoked him as a propitious favourer of their cruel and remorseless exploits, the idea of his human nature being completely lost sight of, and absorbed in his presiding as a divinity over the fierce deities of Asgard.

Odin, while living, had promoted the belief in his supernatural gifts by every means. He carried about the embalmed head of Mimer, and



consulted it on every needful occasion. Let it be understood that he could convey himself incredible distances in a moment, raise tempests, bring fine weather, reanimate the dead, predict future events, and remove all power from the bodies and limbs of his enemies. The Icelandic legends attribute to him such musical powers as could open the hills, and bring round him the ghosts of dead men to enjoy the melody. His eloquence was such as no minds or wills could resist. But it was in the strife of heroes that he was super-eminent. He appeared to his foemen as a furious bear, a raging lion, a mighty ravenous wolf; and the dread of him removed all strength from their arms. His course through the battle-field was marked by a wide avenue of carnage.

Curious explorers into the causes of past historical events say that besides Odin's natural desire to settle his children in high positions, he endeavoured to bring about a darling object,—that of the destruction of the power which had dealt so harshly with himself and his people. For this purpose he laid it as an injunction on each of his sons, when investing him with his royalty, to do all he could to damage the influence of Rome, and to give his successor the same charge when transferring his authority. Hence the persevering and indefatigable efforts of the Gothic races for this common purpose, when the fitting times and opportunities presented themselves.

If Odin ever traversed Jutland and the pleasant isles in its neighbourhood, and ruled the Swedes, he was, in all probability, no more than an astute pagan priest, a fearless warrior, an able leader in council and campaign, and one who possessed the peculiar ability to move the minds and wills of men at his pleasure.

Any one not cognisant of the order in which events among the northern nations occurred, would naturally place the accession of Odin prior to the great irruption of the Cimbri and Teutones on the fertile plains of Gaul, and their conflicts with Marius's forces. Those fierce-looking warriors whose appearance was so terrible, and war-cries so

fearful, who came in such multitudes, and whose aspect and voice so unnerved the bravest Roman soldiers, should have been first formed by Odin's teaching to despise danger, and look on death by lance or sword as the chief thing to be desired by a brave man. But if such mighty hordes of fearless men had quitted the northern forests and wastes, and left their bones bleaching on the plains of Provence and Lombardy, some time before Odin entered on his western expedition, his success in reducing the thinned states is little to be wondered at.

#### THE NORTHERN OLYMPUS.

Few of our readers require information on the subject of the Northern Olympus, its Jupiter (Odin), its Mars (Thor), and its Juno and Venus in one (Frigga). So but few words will be used on the subject. Before every great battle the Amazonian Valkyriur, being sent to the scene of strife, selected those who were deemed worthy of a place at the table of the gods. These spent the day in Asgard, hacking and hewing each other; and when evening came, the horse Sleipnir or the Asgard boar furnished all with a savoury supper, washed down with mighty draughts of beer. Horse or boar was as lively next morning as if he had never felt the teeth of gods and heroes. The cutting and slashing went on again, and again the one useful animal supplied the evening meal for all the inmates of Asgard. Yet Worsae, the first archaeologist of Denmark, informed the inhabitants of these islands of ours, which he traversed some years since, that to the ruthless iron men of Scandinavia they were indebted for the first rudiments of civilisation.

No system of mythology is found ordinarily well planned and consistent with itself. It would be too much to expect that a corruption of the truth should be so. Scandinavian mythology is peculiarly extravagant, grotesque, and devoid of coherence, still not destitute of sublime traits, such as may be met in the description of the primal chaos in the Edda.

"In the dawn of ages there was neither sea, nor shore, nor refreshing

breezes. No earth was visible below, no sky above. All was a vast abyss, without herbage, without seed. The sun possessed no palace, the stars knew not their home, nor the moon her power. But there was a world in the south, shining, sparkling, burning, and it poured floods of flame into the great northern abyss which, losing their heat as they fell, became cinders and icicles. Thus was the immense void gradually filled, but over it floated an icy air without motion, which at last being pervaded by the warm current of the south, became living moisture, and the giant Ymer was formed."

But we set slight value on the construction of the world from the body of the giant slain by the sons of Bor, ancestor of Odin, and how his bones furnished substance to the rocks, his flesh to the arable land, and his blood to the sea. There is as much invention and more beauty in the story of Jack the Giant Killer. The circumstances of the Same Children of Bor walking on the seashore, picking up a couple of bits of stick, and forming from them Aske and Embla, the first man and woman, present nothing of the sublime or beautiful, or even of the interesting. Midgard, the habitation of man, with the mighty ash-tree Igdrassel, soaring up to Asgard through its centre, the circumambient sea, and this again girt by the Jotunheim rocks, the abode of the Giants,—have something pretty about them. We do not object to the eagle perched on a branch of the ash-tree, and keeping an eye on the proceedings of the turbulent rock dwellers; but there is something mean about the squirrel running ceaselessly up and down the tree-stem, and carrying messages from earth to heaven. Again, there was a great mistake about the bridge, which conducted from the lower to the upper world, though the rainbow, as the bridge of heaven, presents a sublime and poetic image. Still the giants in Jotunheim could make no use of it in their designs on Asgard, as both ends rested on the earth.

Odin is in some portions of the mythology looked on as the creator of the earth and men; but he, and Thor, and the rest, were to perish when the twilight of the gods overspread the world. Then a new and

happy universe would succeed, created by the ALFADER, who is not to be confounded with Odin.

The account of the destruction of the gods of Asgard and their implacable enemies, the monsters of Jotunheim, should be studied by the spasmodic writers of our day. Three years of intense cold and misery would precede the dire catastrophe, and then "the monsters shall break their chains and escape. The great serpent will turn himself in the sea, and all the land will be inundated. The earth will be shaken, the mighty trees uprooted, and the rocks be dashed against each other. The wolf Fenris will open his bloody jaws, which reach from earth to heaven, fire flashing from his eyes and his nostrils. He will swallow down the sun, and the great serpent following him will pour from his mouth torrents of venom on the air and the water. In this confusion the stars will disappear, the heavens be rent asunder, and the army of the evil spirits and the giants will enter therein to assail the gods. But Heimdall, the warder of Asgard, will arise and blow his resounding trumpet, the gods will awake, Igdrassil shake its boughs, and heaven and earth be full of terror.

"The gods arm themselves, the heroes place themselves in battle line. Odin appears, armed with his golden casque and his glittering cuirass. His mighty glaive is in his hand; he assails the wolf Fenris, and is devoured; but the savage monster falls dead at the moment. Thor slays the serpent, but is suffocated in the sea of venom which it has belched forth. Fire seizes on all, and the flames ascend to heaven."

There was in the northern mythology a place of stern punishment for the forsworn, for murderers, and the seducers of married women. It was far removed from the sun, and its doors faced the north. Poison fell on the inmates through a thousand apertures; the floor consisted of the bodies of serpents, and a black dragon was ever on the wing, catching and devouring the guilty wretches.

Those who died of old age or illness were not so very badly off as the perjured and the other offenders just spoken of; but still their lot



was severe enough. *Hela*, or death, ruled in their sojourn. Her palace was Anguish; her table, Famine; her attendants, Expectation and Delay; her threshold, the Precipice; her bed, Leanness. Her own tint was livid, and her look chilled with terror.

This mythic scheme was well adapted to the condition of men who could not, or at least considered they could not, sustain life except by rapine and the slaughter of those whom they despoiled. These crimes in the eyes of civilised people were virtues looked on from their point of view. Loyalty and sincerity towards their own people, hospitality, good faith in their engagements, conjugal fidelity, and contempt of pain and peril, were their characteristic virtues.

The mythology of these northern peoples was partly composed of opinions entertained by their forefathers before their immigration into the N.W. of Europe, and partly of notions adopted afterwards. The dwarfs who occupy a place in their myths probably represent the native Finns whom they dispossessed.

#### GODS AND WORSHIP WELL MATCHED.

The religious practices of such people as we are occupied with could not be marked by an ascetic or contemplative character. Indeed, they were mostly confined to sacrifices, which were concluded by riotous feasting. They did not offer human victims in the profusion which might be supposed from what has been already said; but if any special favours were to be obtained from the gods, they did not hesitate to immolate slaves, criminals, and prisoners on the sacrificial stone, before the images of Odin, Thor, and Frigga. There, life was literally crushed out of the poor victims, but occasionally an individual was precipitated into a pit filled with water. If he remained quiet underneath he received no worse treatment. If he endeavoured to keep himself on the surface, he was taken out and hanged. Occasionally a patriot would offer himself as a host to avert some national or local calamity, and if a priest made the suggestion, neither the king's son nor the king himself was

safe. Victims like these were not disgraced by such deaths as have been mentioned. The sacrificial knife of the relentless priest sped them to the banquet of Odin, and the manner of the gushing forth of their blood, and the disposition of their interiors after the operation, were as closely watched as if the thing happened in pagan Rome.

The Scandinavians were as observant of omens, dreams, and such blind indicia of the future, as any other heathen people; but many of their noted warriors looked on themselves as superior to everything corporeal or spiritual, the "Creator of the Sun," perhaps, excepted. They confided in their skill, their strong arms, and their destiny; and if one of this class was told of a sepulchral cavern, where a charmed sword was guarded by a terrible spirit, he felt not the slightest hesitation about forcing in his way, and trying the dreadful fight with this guardian fiend.

#### THE PRESERVATION OF THE MYTHS.

We would know little of the wild mythology of the Scandinavians, or the many curious legends mixed with it, but for the diligence of the Icelandic priest, Sæmund Sigfusson (1056—1133), who collected and copied the heroic lays extant in his day.

These old lays are supposed to have been composed between the sixth and eighth centuries. They were brought before the notice of European scholars by Brynjolf Svendsen, Bishop of Skalholt, in 1643, under the title of *EDDA* (Grandmother), and in a more complete form at Stockholm in 1818, and in Copenhagen 1787, 1848. Snorro Sturleson's prose "*Edda*," before mentioned, was arranged by Arngrim Johnson, an Icelandic Bishop, in 1628, and published in 1665. The best edition is that issued at Stockholm in 1818, under the superintendence of the great scholar, Rask. The preservation of these remarkable literary relics is due to the emigration of a body of Norwegians to Iceland in the ninth century. In that remote and secluded country the old Norse speech and the old Norse literature

have been carefully preserved even to our times, notwithstanding the subjection of the country to Denmark since 1380. The ancient Norse differed from the dialect spoken in Sweden and Denmark, which last becoming modified by the introduction of words from the Latin and from the languages spoken in the neighbouring countries, came still more to differ from the old Western tongue.

In the year above mentioned Norway came under the Danish Crown, and its native speech was obliged to give place to that of the new masters of the country. In varied forms it still survived among the remote dales, but was heard no more in the cities, the pulpits, nor the law courts, nor used in any literary productions. It continued, however, to be spoken and written in Iceland, and there it has still been preserved, and a living Icelandic scholar has no difficulty in reading a MS. of the age of Sæmund *Froda* (the Wise).

Thus do we know more about the myths and the early condition of the Scandinavians than of those of any other European people. Had Sæmund and Snorro not been possessed by such a conservative spirit in respect to the pagan literature of their country, we would probably be as much in the dark about Scandinavian mythology as we are about that which prevailed among the Celtæ of Gaul or the British Islands. We omit that of the Teutonic races of the middle of Europe east and west, as it was in all probability a variety of the Scandinavian belief. The introduction of Christianity into the north at a comparatively late period (in Iceland its legal establishment dates A.D. 1000) contributed to the preservation of the pagan lore. The early missionaries did all in their power to obliterate all heathen memorials for reasons suggested by Christian zeal; and after the lapse of a century or two, when their preservation could do no possible harm, the poetic legends had in a great measure vanished from the memories of the people, and the written matter, wherever such had been in existence, had perished, through neglect or wilful destruction.

#### THE EXPEDITION OF ROLLO.

The independent chiefs of Norway found themselves much aggrieved, when coming under the domination of Harald Fairhair, about A.D. 870. He positively forbade any of them to make a descent on the territory of another. Roll or Rolf, disregarding the order, ravaged the property of Viken, and drove off a large prey of cattle. Harald, being in the neighbourhood, was exasperated to the last degree, and pronounced a decree of perpetual banishment against Rollo. He was not to be moved by his descent from the ancient kings of the country, nor the prayers of his mother; and the banished noble took refuge in the Hebrides with other discontented nobles, who had betaken themselves thither in disgust at Harald's system of peace-making. Feeling themselves in condition to win some fertile possessions for themselves, they sailed under his command towards England; but Alfred had so well provided for the reception of such visitors, that they hesitated to make a landing. In this predicament Rollo was favoured with a golden dream, by which he was encouraged to enter the Seine. Having captured Rouen, he thought it advisable to move on to Paris, and get authorised possession of Neustria (afterwards called Normandy), from the king himself. Poor Charles the Simple was obliged to yield to the request, but insisted that his new vassal should kiss his foot-covering at his investiture. This Rollo would not do. He would put his joined hands between the king's palms, but not for Gaul entire would he salute any of the lower regions of royalty. A compromise was found. One of Rollo's men-at-arms offered to perform the ceremony, but whether he administered the caress too fervently, or lifted the royal limb too high, in consequence of a stiffness in his back, the head of the simple king came in disagreeable contact with the flag behind his throne.

Normandy being almost waste from late ravages, it needed care and time to bring it into a habitable condition for the northern men. But Rollo was a wise, generous, and able ruler, as well as a tried warrior. He allowed not the folk found in the



country to be disturbed, and being baptised at Rouen shortly after his accession, he became as remarkable by the exhibition of Christian virtues as he had erewhile been by the fierce ones of Paganism. The personal appearance of this great chief corresponded to the fine qualities of his head and heart. Among the good and eminent rulers of his time he ranks next to Alfred.

#### ICELAND COLONISED.

Another important result of Harald Fairhair's determination to make the "rush-bush sufficient to secure the cow" in Norway, was the before-mentioned emigration of some indignant chiefs and their people to Iceland under the conduct of Ingulphus. The isle had been already known to the Norwegians, but till the present pressure of affairs they had not dreamed of inhabiting it. When they approached the coast on the south side, Ingulphus got a wooden door flung into the sea, with the intention of settling his colony in the neighbourhood of the spot it would select for its landing. But they lost sight of it, and the earliest settlement was made on the edge of a bay which still bears the name of Ingulph. Wooden crosses and books, filled with Irish characters, were found near the shore, a proof that Irish missionaries or Irish people had made a temporary abode there. A thousand years ago, the date of the landing, Iceland was covered with birch-trees, and now all the trees in the island might be easily counted.

So well were both Celts and Teutons accustomed to the framework and spirit of their free governments, in which the king was a mere president, and so well did every class know its own place and its relation to the rest of the tribe, that when a body of pioneers entered into possession of a fresh territory, they improvised a government, and fell to labour, and plan, and enjoy life, as if their forefathers had cultivated the district for years, and dying had bequeathed it to them.

The noiseless and long-enduring government of Iceland exemplifies this characteristic of the Teutonic people. Mons. P. H. Mallett, once Royal Professor at Copenhagen, and member of the learned societies of Upsal, Lyons, Cassel, and Geneva,

who has written on the subject of Northern antiquities, has made a few mistakes, such as confounding the Celts with the Gothic races. From his "*Histoire de Dannemarc*" we select a few sentences to the credit of the quiet-lived and studious Icelanders. Their ancestors, as mentioned above, not willing to endure the tyranny of their king, set sail from Norway in the end of the ninth century, and took up their abode in the bleak island.

"They were not long in selecting magistrates, in making laws, in giving to their government a regular form, to assure at the same time their repose and their independence. The genius of the people, their natural good sense, and their love of liberty, were manifest in their scheme of political economy. Every arrangement seemed, as it were, to be made without effort. As bees from their cells, the Icelanders, guided by a happy instinct, found on landing on this desert isle, this fine constitution, wherein Liberty is seated on her proper foundation—a wise distribution of differing powers, worthy of deep political study, but here the result of the agreeing councils of ordinary men."

The island being naturally divided into four parts, over each was appointed a provincial judge. A province included three prefectures, each having its legal ruler, and every prefecture consisted of ten bailiwicks, or magistracies, the social and legal business of each being done by five functionaries. Every resolution passed at the meetings of these bailiwicks was subject to the approval or disapproval of the prefect, from whose decision an appeal might be made to the provincial chief and his council.

The prefect of the third of a province was a man of considerable influence. He had the care of the public worship on his hands, and received the taxes which defrayed the expenses incurred by the sacrifices and the keeping of the temples in good order. He held a general council once a year, in which the affairs of his district, including any disagreements between the bailiwicks, were regulated. The provincial chief called the whole province together when a matter of public moment was to be decided.

Offences against social or political order were punished by fines, which went to the common fund for executing public works, defraying the expenses of public worship, and supporting the poor.

All these magistrates, prefects, and provincial judges, were under the control of the supreme *LAW-MAN* of the island, who convoked the States-General to the *AL-THING* once a year. He presided over this general assembly, and if any judge was accused of having wrongly decided any matter, he was obliged to try the cause again before the assembly, and submit to have his decision annulled if he had made a wrong one. The supreme judge could propose changes in the laws, or the adoption of new ones, and it was his duty to see that they were properly administered by all the magistrates. When a law affecting the general welfare of the island was passed, and committed to writing, he retained the original document, to which all copies should be conformable.

The *LAG-MAN* held the office for life. It was conferred on him at an *Al-thing* (General Council), and of course he enjoyed the highest consideration, having been elected from his known superiority in legal science. We hear little of him except at the annual parliament, and probably he had little active duty at any other time.

Compared with other peoples, the Icelanders, ancient or modern, gave but little trouble to their magistrates or constables. A late visitor found the little prison at Reykjavik (the capital) with its doors wide open, and the woman who had charge, sitting outside in the sun, and knitting a stocking. If our memory is correct, the whole community was at the charge of supporting a solitary policeman.

The quiet-dispositioned inhabitants are not faultless, however. If a foreigner hires a guide, and is met on his journey by a stranger *unbeknown* to his man, they will salute, and begin a series of questions and answers concerning their respective genealogies, till by dint of earnestness they probably discover that the great-grandfather of one kept the school at which the

grandfather of the other learned the Icelandic A, B, C. Then congratulations and friendly protestations ensue, while the impatient tourist mentally "curses their family reminiscences by all his gods." When obliged to part by his oburgations, they turn about at intervals, and shout out their good wishes. The neighbourhood of two eminences on the way affords an opportunity, never neglected, of saying more last words.

But these traits of the now mild and social race who occupy Iceland have led us aside from our study of their ancestors, whose occupation and sole business at certain seasons consisted of mortal strife with their fellow-creatures, to get forcible possession of their goods and chattels.

#### GREENLAND DISCOVERED.

About a century after the discovery of Iceland, one of its sons, Eric the Red, being exiled on account of a duel in which he had been engaged, discovered Greenland. He made his residence on a little isle, to which he gave the name of Eric-sund. To us stay-at-home people, to whom the name conveys no idea but of frost and snow and wretched little folk dressed in skins, the name seems a misnomer. But they have four months of summer, during two of which the sun is never below the horizon; and Eric, when the fine weather arrived, was delighted with the abundant verdure, and called the country Grænlande, and such has since been its name. He sailed again to Iceland, and conducted a little colony to the new-found territory.

Leif, son of Eric, made a voyage to Norway, and abode a winter with King Olaf Tryggesson, a recent and zealous convert to Christianity, who exerted himself to such purpose that he turned his visitor from his pagan ways, and sent him back to his father, attended by a zealous priest, to convert the new colony. Eric was chagrined enough at the change made in the religious sentiments of his son, but in the end he and the whole colony were baptised.

Before the end of the tenth cen-



tury there were some churches in Greenland, and even the colony was placed under the charge of a bishop, who held his episcopal seat at Garde. Another town, called Albe, and a monastery, dedicated to St. Thomas, were also built. The bishopric belonged to the archdiocese of Drontheim, and the colonists acknowledged the King of Norway as their sovereign.

In 1348 the pestilence of the Black Death ravaged the northern countries, and the poor colonists of Greenland did not escape. No descendants of these early inhabitants have remained to modern times. The country is now subject to Denmark, and missionaries have discovered the remains of the ancient buildings. No remains have been discovered on the eastern coast, which presents high walls of ice and rock to the sea, and is entirely unsuited for a settlement.

#### ALLEGED DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

That America was discovered by men of the North has been affirmed by many early Icelandic chroniclers, and their statements are supported by the estimable writers Torfæus and Arngrim, already quoted. This is the substance of their narratives:—

There were in Iceland, in the year 1001, two traders, viz., Heriolf and his son Biarn, who were constantly sailing from place to place. They commonly passed the winter in Norway; and in the above-named year, having been separated by chance, Biarn proceeded thither in quest of his father. Hearing there that he had proceeded to Greenland, he set sail for that little-known country, with no guide but the stars. The winds carried him favourably westwards, but a fierce northern gale springing up, he was blown southwards entirely out of his course. The storm ceasing at the expiration of twenty-four hours, he found himself near a low wooded coast, and on his backward trip he came near an island abounding in herbage and shrubs.

Arriving at the Greenland colony he found his father, and there they both stopped for the winter. He sailed to Norway when the sea

opened, and related to a patron of his the discovery he had made. He was blamed for not having made further researches, and in consequence he induced, on his return to Greenland, Eric and Leif to join him in another attempt to explore the new territory. They got ready a barque, manned by thirty-five sailors, and set sail, all but Eric, who had been discouraged by the omen of a fall under his horse. His son Leif was only too eager to set out. His father had discovered Greenland; he would make his name famous by the discovery of some other land.

This new voyage was a most pleasant and prosperous one. The first discovery was indeed only an island covered with flags, but they soon reached one bearing shrubs and herbage, and having a fine shore of white sand; and in the next land on which they touched plants whose seeds were as sweet as honey. They were probably now in the bay of Ungava, adjoining Hudson's Straits; or if not, more southwardly, on the coast of Labrador. Approaching the west side of the bay, they were conveyed by the tide some distance up a river, and here they secured several large salmon. The season being advanced, they put up huts for themselves, and lived there through the winter.

Before the fine weather left them they were once employed searching for a strayed comrade, one Tyrker, a German. When they discovered him he was performing mad antics, and uttering exclamations of joy, for he had discovered some wild vines, and the grapes tolerably ripened. To the territory they consequently gave the name of Vin-land.

On the return of the party to Greenland a brother of Leif, named Thorwald, was so fired with their report of the agreeabilities of the newly-discovered land, that he sailed thither next season, and stopped there a couple of years, making use of the huts built by his brother's party. Landing from his boat one day on a pleasant coast, he found three skin-covered canoes drawn up, with three small people asleep in each. His party need-

lessly and cruelly killed these poor Esquimaux, but punishment soon fell on their leader. They were lying in all security on the shore, when they found themselves surrounded by a large number of natives, who, keeping at a safe distance, poured a shower of darts on them. They guarded themselves as well as they could with boards and other conveniences, but Thorwald was mortally wounded. They buried him at the foot of a pole which they had set up on a neighbouring promontory, and this spot was afterwards called Krossnæs (Cape of the Cross), as the sign of redemption had been set up at the head of the corpse.

The next voyage was made by Thorstein, the third son of Eric. His object was to bring the body of his brother to be interred at home. But the weather was against him. He and his wife Gudride, and twenty men, were tossed about, and towards the close of the fine weather were driven on a point of Greenland, at a great distance from the colony. A sickness visited the party during the winter, and Thorstein and several others died. The courageous woman was spared, and as soon as weather permitted she conveyed the corpse of her husband home to his relatives.

But the next expedition was most satisfactory in its results. A rich Icelfander named Thorfin, arriving in Greenland with a numerous suite, induced Leif, who had succeeded his father in the government of the colony, to give him the widow of Thorstein in marriage. Succeeding thus to her dead husband's rights, he prepared for a new expedition. He and Gudride his wife, and five other women, and twenty marines, sailed to Vin-land, bringing with them cattle, tools, and provisions, and found the pasture so rich and abundant that their bull came to be an object of terror. Fortunately they found a stranded whale on their arrival, and turned him to good use.

The new-comers were far from treating the Skrælingues (the natives) as Thorwald had done. They traded with them, the poor little people being delighted with the butter and milk, of which they

were spared some small rations. Thorfin would not, under any circumstances, exchange arms with them, though they coveted them beyond anything; so one of them stole an axe, and brought it to his company with much pride. Being as thoughtless and careless as a child, he continued to wield it with all his strength; and desirous to try its powers, he struck a comrade and killed him. The spectators looked on with amazement and horror, till the chief among them took the fatal weapon out of the hands of the terrified operator. He examined it, ran his fingers along the edge, and finally swinging it round his head, launched it into the sea.

The bellowing of the bull nearly frightened the lives out of a party of them at another time. They rushed into one of the strangers' houses, closed the door, and were with great difficulty persuaded to open it.

After a pleasant and profitable sojourn in Vin-land, and being presented with a son by his estimable wife, Thorfin returned to Iceland, and lived there in comfort and consideration till his death. His son, Snorro, succeeded him, and his widow, after performing a pilgrimage to Rome, spent the rest of her days in a convent, near a church which had been raised by her son.

This account is taken from a chronicle called the "Manuscript of Flatey," the author of which asserted that he had written it from the mouth of Thorfin himself. Another ancient MSS. gives the same circumstances, with some trifling differences.

The northern writers have taken some trouble to ascertain the locality of the famous Vin-land. Some give preference to Newfoundland, others to a portion of the Labrador coast, to neither of which are southerners inclined to attach ideas of fertile ground, fine pastures, or genial situation for vineyards. Travellers, however, have reported clusters of small-sized grapes south of Hudson's Bay, and there is nothing at all improbable in the fact of these energetic men from Greenland discovering the neighbouring coast of America in their varied and numerous courses. But if the Icelanders and Norwegians



made a settlement on this comparatively mild clime, why did they not keep it up? There are many reasons which might be alleged for the *pro* and *con* of this vexed question, but our space will not allow the discussion.

#### A GLANCE AT NORTHERN HOME LIFE.

There is a great similarity between many of the institutions and customs found among the Teutonic and Celtic tribes. At the death of a king he was succeeded, not necessarily by his eldest son, but by whatever near relative was judged fittest by counsel and valour to fill his place. The monarch was installed in his arduous office, and declared his obligations to his people on a stone chair, under the free heaven. The taking of life, unless under treacherous and detestable circumstances, was condoned by fines or erics proportioned to the dignity or worth of the slain man. Women were treated with tenderness and respect, and chastity and conjugal fidelity were held in deserved esteem. If the Celtæ of Gaul and the British Isles had had the good fortune to attract the notice of another Tacitus, we would now be in possession of many Celtic doubles of the customs, circumstances, and characteristics to be found in the *Germania*.

We have no such graphic and interesting accounts of the ancient housekeeping and hospitable habits of the Celtic chiefs as are extant concerning the household economy of the old Norse pirates when returned from their expeditions, and enjoying their evening's repast, with fires burning on the row of stone hearths down the middle of the great hall, the tables arranged on each side, the profuse hospitality, and the sleeping conveniences arranged in the aisle of the great nave. For details of this interesting subject, see the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, April 1869.

A landed proprietor in Norway or Sweden did not think it beneath him to superintend field-labourers, but in most other cases the northern man's whole time was occupied in battles, in piratical expeditions, in the chase, in eating, drinking, and sleeping. One of Cooper's Indian

Braves or chiefs observes the same division of time. There were no hours set apart for study, no resource in literature. Unlike the Laird, whom *Jock* described as sitting on the *louping-on stane*, and thinkin' o' nothin', Magnus or Sigurd, if left to entertain himself, with no prospect of fight, or feast, or drink-carouse at hand, would fall asleep. He had not learned to commune with his thoughts. The expectation of the daily fight, and the nightly carouse in the after life, made him indifferent to death. Out of the fighting field, the next desirable place was the long hall, the tables bending under the good things, and the guests eager to fall on.

"Among the Celts," said Pelloutier, who, as well as some other writers, confounded these people with the Teutons, "there is no assembly of a people, or of a canton, no civil or religious festival, no birthday, no marriage, no obsequies, no friendly alliance, without a feast." The Germans deliberated at table on important matters, such as the election of princes, the choice of making peace, or going to war, and the next day they came to a decision. They alleged that people should consult when disguise and pretence were laid aside, and form their resolution in cold blood."

#### A WARRIOR'S BOYHOOD, MANHOOD, AND OLD AGE.

One of the most disagreeable things which we read concerning Dane, Swede, or Norway-man, was the examination of a new-born babe by its father, and its occasional exposure if it did not give promise of bodily vigour. Why the women, who were treated as men's bosom companions, should be submitted to this domestic tyranny, we cannot explain. If they sympathised with the fierce spirit of their husbands, still they could not have been exempt from the blessed yearnings of mothers for their helpless offspring.

The childish amusements of the future ravagers were blended with pain and labour, and trained the boy to brave danger. He took hazardous leaps, climbed steep rocks, combatted his fellows with body and limbs naked, endured

cold and hunger, hunted, swam wide rivers; and if he reached fifteen years of age, was considered worthy of being presented in a public assembly with shield, sword, and lance.

The Russian peasant woman, going to her daily business, used to suspend the cradle in which her child was secured to a tree, and leave it there till her return. If the babe outlived the early discipline, it needed to fear no "future ills which flesh is heir to." If the young Scandinavian retained full use of his much-exercised members at the age above specified, he was ill-advised who causelessly met him in mortal strife. He was not allowed to marry at an early age, and if he had not distinguished himself in exercises and combats, he did not find it easy to persuade a desirable damsel to share his fortunes. In fact, proficiency in martial gymnastics was so necessary to a lover's successful suit, that in an ancient ballad a King of Norway bitterly complains of being rejected by a lady after proving his skill in the "eight exercises."

Against men of blood so trained, —men who considered a death in battle the only one desirable,—it could scarcely be expected that the more gently nurtured Celts of Ireland and Scotland, and the early English under Alfred, could make any effective resistance. Yet we of the British Isles boast of hard-contested victories wrung from the iron men of the North, men of whom a single individual dared not avoid a fight against two, nor retire beyond one step before three, nor seek safety by flight till assailed by four. To make the matter more honourable to our own ancestors, they were not so well armed for offence or defence as the "heathen Dane."

What a citadel is to a fortified town, such were the dwellers in the city of Jomsbourg, on the coast of Pomerania, to the Scandinavian warriors in general. The city was built, and the colony sent to inhabit it, by the King of Denmark, Harald Blue-Tooth, in the tenth century. The Lycurgus of this Northern Sparta was named Palnatoko. He rescinded the law which allowed a

warrior to retire before four opponents. One of his training should not retire before any number, and the word "fear" was never to be pronounced. Of course, death in battle was in every way preferable to life as prisoners. Still, a few were secured when marauding the lands of Hacon, a Norwegian chief, and these were brought out one by one to lose their heads by the glaive of a stern warrior, named Torquil, who held a philosophical discussion with his customers before sending them on their last journey. Thus passed the consultation:—

*Torquil*: What do you think of death?

*Victim* (No. 1): Why should not the same fate attend me as attended my father? He died—I must die.

*Torquil*: What do you think of death?

*Victim* (No. 2): I remember the laws of Jomsbourg too well to infringe them.

*Torquil*: What do you think of death?

*Victim* (No. 3): I prefer a death of glory to the infamous life of Torquil.

*Torquil*: What do you think of death?

*Victim* (No. 4): We have often argued in Jomsbourg whether will or power remains in the body after decapitation. I am about solving the problem. Cut off my head as quickly as possible; and, if in my power, I will, when falling, strike at you with this knife.

*Torquil*: What do you think of death?

*Victim* (No. 5): First strike at my face, and if I go back a hair's breadth, or wink my eye, then say a man of Jomsbourg is capable of fear.

*Torquil*: What do you think of death?

*Victim* (No. 6—a very young man): I voluntarily meet death. I have done my duty, and could not outlive my brothers in arms.

Here is a trait of heroic indifference worthy of any companion



of these sufferers. A warrior had in a deadly tussle flung his antagonist on the ground; but, though most ready to give him a hero's death, found himself without dagger or sword. "Crush not my life out as if I was a coward," said the prostrate man. "Go, and bring your sword. I will not change my posture till you return." His request was granted without the slightest hesitation.

Among a people so disposed, duels were frequent, and they nearly always ended with the death of one of the combatants. However, if the defeated man was not done to death, and had shown great skill and fearlessness, the conqueror would sometimes request him to be his brother in arms for the remainder of their career, and thus any impression of his defeat be forgotten. If the offer was accepted, they would prick their arms with their lance-points, stain their armour with the blood, or pour the fluid from both wounds into a cup, and drink it. They would then cover their heads with thin sods, and swear enduring brotherhood, and vengeance by the survivor on the slayer of his sworn brother. Frequently the captains of two independent pirate equipments would fight such a duel on the neighbouring shore, and the party of the defeated submit to the terms imposed by the other.

A people who knew no profession but that of war could not but take great interest in the temper and the appearance of their weapons. These deserve no particular description, the shield excepted, of which, among other varieties, some were so large that they defended the whole man from missiles. They must have been very cumbersome in a hand-to-hand fight, but were excellent in the composition of target fences, in screening the casters of missiles from walls, in guarding a crew, and occasionally in saving a warrior when flung into the sea. A well-tempered sword, especially if charmed, was invaluable. A warrior would brave all the terrors which could be thrown in his way, by man or demon, to get possession of one of these, though they frequently brought

evil fortune to their acquirer. Many of the old heroic lays are occupied with sword-quests.

It is not difficult to suppose what an old or infirm warrior's feelings must be at the slow approach of dissolution by old age or illness—a death which would be followed by a wretched existence in the famished and cold regions of Hela. To escape this undesirable consummation he would cause himself to be placed in the thick of a *melée*, or, for want of such an opportunity, wound himself to death, or get some friend to execute that kind office. A steep rock in Iceland afforded convenience for self-slaughter to the dwellers in its neighbourhood. So did another in Sweden, which bore the name of the "Hall of Odin," as it was considered the vestibule of his palace. This terrible superstition preserved some of its old power after the introduction of Christianity. Not being allowed to seek death of their own wills, the heroes would put on their armour at the approach of death, and order themselves to be thus interred.

Frotho, King of Denmark, furnished an example of the ordinary preference of death to a state of slavery or other subjection to an enemy. He was taken prisoner in battle, and his captor offered him his life, which he at once refused, with the observation: "Why should I reserve myself for such disgrace? What could the future bring me to counterbalance the memory of my misfortunes? Even if you give up my lands, bring me back my sister, make up for the loss of my treasure, will all this restore my glory? All these benefits would not render me what I was, and in the time to come they would still say, 'Frotho was taken captive by his enemy.'"

It was natural for folk, who supposed that the employments in the next life were to be merely the continuations of those of the present, to carry away with them things necessary for their future well-being. Modern burrowers consequently find bones of horses, remnants of arms, and ornaments, in the tombs where the corpses of the heroes, in their natural or burned

condition, were laid. Taking their belief into consideration, no fault can be found with this custom of theirs. The son of one of Cooper's Pawnee or Delaware chiefs, who is enduring existence in this nineteenth century, would wish for the same conveniences for his spirit, when going on its western journey. However mythologies may differ in some respects, the belief of an universal spirit pervading matter underlies all. Of course neither the ancient Dane nor the modern Indian supposes that the material axe or arrow will go with its master's soul on the final journey, but its spirit will.

The Chinaman now working like a slave in Oregon does not offer material food to the hungry soul of his deceased father: he makes a model of it in paper, and spiritualizes it by fire for the use of the famished spirit.

All these soul conveniences were put directly under the care of Odin, and consequently to rifle a sepulchral mound was considered a sacrilege of no common order.

The sacrificing of the wives and slaves of the departed chief did occasionally take place, but was not established as a strict custom. The early introducers into Europe brought that detestable usage with them from the East. It was not approved by Legride, wife of Eric, king of Sweden, who had vowed to Odin that he would voluntarily take the road to Asgard in ten years if not killed in the interim. She prudently effected a divorce when she was made aware of his vow.

#### THE NORTH-WOMAN'S PLACE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

The estimation in which woman, whether virgin or matron, was held by the Scandinavians, presents one of the brightest phases of their social condition.

To the women were entirely left all household concerns, which were generally weighty and troublesome. If the household was on a respectable footing, hospitality was an imperative duty. Visits of whole families were frequent, and these had to be welcomed, entertained, comfortably lodged, and conducted

for some distance on their way home after their three or four days' stay. If a wife forgot her duty, her husband might slay her with impunity. In the rare instances which occurred, he generally sent for her near relatives, made his complaint, cut off her hair, and turned her, nearly naked, from his door.

Among the customs of the chivalric era derived from the rugging and reiving times of Scandinavia was the preparation of simples by the women, and the dressing of the wounds of their lovers, and husbands, and brothers, by their soft and skilful fingers. Students of the history of the middle ages are aware of the spirit and outward form of chivalry, with all the good and evil circumstances attending on the institution, being found in their germ among the Teutons of middle and northern Europe.

To the amiable deference to the female sex the Northern men joined, as already remarked, the good qualities of fearlessness, fidelity to friends, hospitality, and a degree of continence unknown amongst other heathen peoples. In consequence of their belief that the Divine will was made known through natural phenomena, and the involuntary motions of animals, and that every object in nature was indued with a portion of the Godhead, they naturally concluded, that as women acted rather from impulse than from any process of reasoning, Divine will and wisdom was more manifest in them than in men. So they were considered exponents of the will of the gods, and even those not raised to the rank of priestess were consulted on important matters by their husbands, brothers, and sons.

Don Quixotte scarcely found it more difficult to win the regards of Dulcinea del Toboso than a Danish or Norwegian warrior the consent of his hardly-pleased fair. After doing the duties of a devoted slave and champion for years, she at last relented. He was sure of winning a true and chaste bride, and had little fears that she would ever become a faithless wife.

#### HOW REGNER LODBROG WON HIS WIVES.

Few that have heard of Regner Lodbrok and his death-song would



suspect him of having lost "much time in wooing," in the days of his youth, yet it so happened. A Swedish king had a daughter, named Thora, who was celebrated for her beauty through the North. Her father being obliged to go on an expedition, confided her to the care of a faithful officer, in a strong castle, lest some young warrior might take it into his head to carry her off by force. This most unfaithful friend found himself in a short time so deeply in love with his fair charge that he would not give her up even to her father. Circumstances putting it out of the king's power at the time to rescue his daughter, he offered her hand to any one who would free her from the false guardian. Among the many ardent youths who tried the adventure Regner was the successful one, and thus he won the peerless Thora.

Regner had the misfortune to lose his cherished wife some years after his marriage, and spent some time very dismally, except when he was on a plundering expedition. One day, as he was sailing by the coast of Norway, some of his people landed to obtain fresh water. It happened, either by chance or design, that the very beautiful shepherdess, Aslauga, had just combed her long golden hair, and was washing her hands and face at the well as the men approached. They were amazed and dazzled at her surpassing beauty, and reported it to the king, on their return to the ship. He sent a little embassy to the lady, requesting her to honour his barque with a flying visit. She was very sorry she could not comply till he engaged to treat her as a virtuous shepherdess should be treated by a Danish king, and not bear her away on his voyage. He gave the guaranty, and was so delighted with her appearance and manners, that he endeavoured to persuade her to accompany him in his voyage, and be the ornament of his court. She let him see that she understood the disguised meaning of his words, but that she would not give him her company unless as his wife, were he King of Sweden and Norway, as well as Denmark. Rather than lose her charming presence, he consented; but, even then, she insisted that he should proceed, and bring his

present expedition to a happy termination before the nuptials were celebrated. He obeyed, succeeded in his piratical design, returned to the same place, and claimed his bride. She complied, but insisted on the marriage being deferred till they would arrive at his court, where all his nobles might witness the ceremony. The unconquered warrior was weak before the discreet and chaste maiden, and so she became Queen of Denmark.

Thortæus accepts this portion of Regner's career from the ancient authorities in all good faith. There may, perhaps, be mingled a few romantic ingredients with it, and even if not thoroughly authentic, it gives testimony to the general respect paid to women during the Pagan and early Christian times in Scandinavia. It says much for the virtue of continence in the men and women of the North.

#### HARALD FAIRHAIR'S BRIDE.

Another creditable instance of the same kind is furnished by the courtship of Harald Fairhair. This prince signalled his youth by many famous exploits, and was remarkable for his manly beauty and his profusion of golden hair, and was of course looked on by sundry princesses as a very desirable husband. But he had heard of the excelling loveliness of Gida, the daughter of a powerful Norwegian chief, and he fixed his heart on having her for wife. He sent trusty friends to her father's castle, and they were not sparing of praise towards their golden-haired lord. She felt flattered and honoured by the offer, but took care to dissemble her feelings. "Tell the noble Harald," said she, "that I admire his past deeds and his noble character, and am not insensible to his personal qualities; but I am ambitious enough to be wife to one who has done still greater deeds. Our country is torn by the dissensions of the various chiefs. Let him bring them all in subjection to himself, and thus make one powerful government, and then I shall be his true and loving wife. If he perishes in the attempt, I will be the wife of no other."

Another handsome and valiant warrior would be disgusted with this

proud message. Not so Harald. He set to work, brought the various chieftancies under the crown, which he wore over his yellow hair, and won the proud and beautiful of Gida.

Generally the body of warriors were obliged to secure individual distinction before they could obtain desirable wives. So early marriages were rare. If a powerful chief was sometimes found to give room in his bosom to a second, or even to a third wife, it was to strengthen his position by family alliances. The first wife always maintained her superiority. Of course, Christianity put an end to that institution.

#### THE RUNES.

All who have been, as it were, imbued with an archæological spirit, feel, by a kind of instinct resulting from a long-continued and unconscious process of reasoning, that the pagan Celts and Teutons were acquainted with the use of letters. It is not at all likely that they put them to more profit than to perpetrate inscriptions on rocks, or on the standing stones set up where remarkable characters were interred. They were also available for imparting important scraps of information, when cut on the inside of bits of bark, or on smoothed slips of wood. In the *Tain Bo Cuailgne*, a copy of which we have in a MS. of the tenth century, a chief in Maeve's army is described as writing news on smoothed twigs, and leaving them behind, to be read by a friend in the pursuing body of Ulster men. In the Book of Leinster is contained the story of Bailé and Ailvé, the original of which is judged by good scholars to be as old as the third century, and Ogham writing is distinctly involved in the principal incident. Venantius Fortunatus, a Latin poet of the early part of the sixth century, has these significant lines in one of his epigrams, addressed to Flavius :—

"Barbara fraxineis pingatur RUNA tabellis;  
Quodque papyrus agit, Virgula plana valet."<sup>1</sup>

Bishop Ulphilas, whose lot was cast among the Mæsan Goths, in the fourth century, left to the world a copy of the Bible written in these Runic characters. If he had not found them to his hand, would he not have selected those found in the Latin compositions of the day, and used in Irish MSS. since the fifth century? The earliest literary remains of Welsh and early English scholars are preserved in the same characters. Some have fancied that the learned bishop invented these Runic letters. If so, he achieved what never would have entered the head of any churchman placed in any circumstances. He intended that the book should be read by the more intelligent of his people. If all were ignorant of letters, he would naturally select the form with which he himself was familiar. But he used the Gothic letters, as the more advanced of his people were familiar with them, and their labours in deciphering would be thereby much lightened. The pastor had no expectation that the great body of his flock would ever attain to the perusal of his Bible.

The Bards and Skalds, Celtic and Teuton, to whom chiefly the art of writing was known, did not make use of their skill in filling large copy-books or parchment skins. They were too much engrossed in committing to or preserving in their memory the historic, or mythic, or genealogical poems, on the repetition of which to kings and chiefs, and their families, their bread and their fame depended. These poetic narratives supplied the want which is now met by printed chronicles and poems. A remarkable event, a change in a dynasty, was cut on a rock near a highway. The name, and state, and parentage of a chief was incised on his monumental stone.

At last the mild and beneficent spirit of Christianity turned away the fierce and unfearing people of the north from the love and even worship of bloodshed and rapine. It abated not their courage and fearlessness, nor their fidelity and

<sup>1</sup> "The barbarous *rune* is painted (inscribed) on ashen tablets, And the smooth (wood) slip discharges the office of the *papyrus*."

attachment to their own families, friends, and dependents, but it infused into them a consideration for strangers and their rights, and induced them to look on them as fellow citizens of one great community. It taught them not to take life but in self-defence, and never to make an attempt against their own. It taught them not to expose the lives of their newly-born to death when it presented a weakly appearance, not to imperil the lives

of themselves or their friends in single combats, and many other glorious lessons, which they nor their descendants to the present time fully mastered. A Celtic and a Teutonic sovereign of our days will, for a punctilio of most slight moment, not hesitate to expose the lives of myriads of their subjects to certain destruction, and to cause trouble and dismay through the length and breadth of Europe.

## LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS OF IRELAND.

FROM A.D. 1189 TO 1870.

(84.) A.D. 1550.—**SIR THOMAS CUSACK.**—In the province of Guienne, in the south of France, at the close of the twelfth century, stood the Castle of Cusack, which, surrounded by vast domains, gave, after the custom of the times, its name to its proprietor. The first of this house, then ancient, who came to England, was Geoffrey. He accompanied King John in his expedition against the Welsh, and in return for the bravery he then displayed, received many castles and lordships. In Mayo, he was granted the lordship of Tyrawley; in Meath, the castles of Gerards-town, Clonardran, Ross, Brennans-town, Folystown, Nowil, and the lordship of Killeen, which afterwards, in the year 1403, on the marriage of Joan, sole heiress of Sir Lucas Cusack with Sir Christopher Plunket, passed into the hands of the latter, by whose descendants, the present Lords of Killeen and Earls of Fingal, it is still enjoyed.<sup>1</sup> Geoffrey left, on his death, two sons, the younger of whom was Andrew, father of John de Cusack, to whose military prowess may be attributed, in a great measure, the success of the English at the battle of Faughard, near Dundalk, in 1318, the particulars of which have, in our memoir of

Richard de Beresford, the 16th Lord Chancellor, already been set forth. Suffice it here to state, that on that blood-stained field, the high dignity of Knight Banneret was bestowed upon John de Cusack, as a reward for his heroic deeds of valour. He was married to a daughter of Fitz-Gerald, Lord of Offaly, and was ancestor fifth in the ascending line of Thomas Cusack, the subject of this memoir. Thomas Cusack entered early in life on a public career. On the 24th May, 1534, he was appointed second Justice of the Common Pleas, at an annual salary of £20, and the following year was nominated Chancellor of the Exchequer.<sup>2</sup> In 1542, he was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons, and spoke in favour of the Act which granted to the Kings of England the title of Kings of Ireland.<sup>3</sup> His next appointment was that of Master of the Rolls, which is thus noticed in Morrin's Patent Rolls, under date of 10th of June, 1543:—"Sir Thomas Cusack, of Cushington, knight, was appointed to the office of Clerk or Master of the Rolls and Records of Chancery, to hold for life, with a salary of fifty marks (£33) sterling, to be paid out of the customs, cocket, poundage, and subsidy of the city of Dublin, with power and

<sup>1</sup> Vid. Lodge's Peerage, by Archdall, vol. vi. p. 174. Sir Bernard Burke's Peerage, tit. Fingal.

<sup>2</sup> Morrin's Patent Rolls, pp. 12, 14, 16.

<sup>3</sup> State Papers, sup. 81st Chancellor.



authority to keep the rolls, records, and other muniments of the court."<sup>1</sup> Towards the close of the year 1546, he was associated with the Lord Deputy, Lord Chancellor (Sir Richard Read), and others, to receive the surrender of the ancient Cathedral of St. Patrick. On the 8th of January following the commissioners met in the chapter-room, when the vestments, chalices, and church ornaments were seized for the benefit of the Royal Reformer, Henry VIII.<sup>2</sup> The dean, too, in his own name, and in that of the chapter, surrendered the patrimony of that ancient body to the Crown. St. Patrick's, then closed, was degraded into a place for holding the King's courts. The vicar's house, however, was assigned, in the words of the patent, "for a grammar school, and for the lodgings of the pedagogue and hypodidasculum of the said school."<sup>3</sup> The commissioners for the suppression of the monasteries, amongst whom was Sir Thomas Cusack, had now, in 1549, nearly finished the destruction of the religious houses within the Pale. Their work was arduous, driving with their own horses, carriages, and servants<sup>4</sup> from chapter-room to chapter-room; they had closed, one after another, the abbeys, priories, commanderies, nunneries, and lesser houses—not even one escaped from the general ruin. We have already, in our memoir of the 81st Chancellor, seen how, according to Hallam, the Irish Monks "were the preservers of such learning as had survived the downfall of the Roman Empire. During the long and the dismal night between Attila and Charlemagne, and between Charlemagne and Henry VIII., the Irish monasteries were the beacons of civilisation in Europe. Their missionaries were zealous—schism was unknown, and if we except the contemptible question whether Easter day should be kept on a week day or on a Sunday, no other subject of dispute between the Irish monks and the Church has come down to

our times. While Columbanus and Fursæus laboured on the continent of Europe, there were others from those monasteries went forth to plant the Christian faith in the Faroe Isles,<sup>5</sup> and on the distant shores of Iceland. Nay, it is even said that St. Brendan preached in America many centuries before the time of Christopher Columbus. That this latter proposition is true has long been a subject of belief by some, and denial by others. It would be foreign to our purpose to advocate either the affirmative or the negative; we shall merely observe that whether America was first discovered by Columbus, or merely re-discovered by him, was a subject of lengthened legal investigation, which terminated in 1517.<sup>6</sup>

Humbolt, when speaking of the discovery of that continent before the year 1000, informs us that "in the oldest sagas and in the Icelandic Landnama-book the southern coasts (of America) lying between Virginia and Florida are designated under the name of the *land of the white men*," and that "they are expressly called Great Ireland (*Irland it mikla*), and it is maintained they were peopled by the Irish."<sup>7</sup> Passing on from the dismal subject of the suppression of the Irish monasteries, we shall merely observe that there is one work on geographical science, *De Mensura Orbis Terræ*, written by Dicuil, an Irish monk, so early as 825,<sup>8</sup> which, while reflecting imperishable fame on its author, bears out Hallam in the opinion he expresses on the civilising effect of the Irish monastic orders in Europe during those remote ages.

The surrender of the monasteries was immediately followed by the granting of those lands to lay proprietors. Many of the abbeys soon fell into shapeless ruins, which are, even in their decay, the glory of the country. The grey towers still are there, but the Angelus bells are silent. The columned aisles still remain, but the clouds of fragrance

<sup>1</sup> Morrin's Patent Rolls, p. 93.

<sup>2</sup> Morrin's Patent Rolls, 145.

<sup>3</sup> Morrin's Patent Rolls.

<sup>4</sup> State Papers.

<sup>5</sup> Humbolt's Cosmos, vol. ii. 608; vid also Letronne, *Recherches Geogr. et Crit. sur Livre "de Mensura Orbis Terræ," compose en Irlande par Dicuil*, pp. 129, 146.

<sup>6</sup> Humbolt's Cosmos, vol. ii., pp. 607, 608, 612.

no longer ascend to the vaulted roof. The anthem has ceased to shake the choir, but the broken-hearted, the wretched, and those whose hearts are shaken by sorrow to their inmost depths, may still find comfort in the lonely gloom of the long-deserted cloisters. In the division of the plunder of the religious houses Sir Thomas Cusack was not forgotten. Having been appointed Lord Chancellor on the 14th January, 1550, a grant was immediately made to him of the dissolved monastery of Cleonarde, in the County Meath, together with 255½ acres of land, at an annual rent of £8.<sup>1</sup> The Chancellor's first concern was to make an official tour through several parts of the country. To that of Clanrickarde, then lately surrendered to the Crown, he especially directed his course. His suggestions for its pacification were valuable, and are acknowledged by Richard II., Earl of Clanricarde, in a document of the most extraordinary nature, in which his lordship speaks with as much *sang froid* of having hanged, drawn, and quartered certain gentlemen, and of having merely hanged others, as if he were informing the Government of his having taken down so many head of game. The letter in question is addressed to the Lords of Council, and is as follows:—

“31st January, 1551.

“My humble duty unto your noble lordshippes—that it may please the same to understand that since the decease of my father hitherto I could not bear up my head in Connaught by reason of the resistance which mine own kinsmen and others of the Burkes made against me, whereby the whole country of Clanricarde was made waste to the gates of Galway, except certain castles which were defended. But now, thanks be to God, the Lord Chancellor (Sir Thomas Cusack), by his coming hither among us, wrought such conclusions whereby he hath not only quieted all our contentions, taking sufficient pledges for performance thereof, but also hath established me according to the effect of the King's letters

patent<sup>2</sup> granted unto me in that behalf: so all they, being now by his order reduced to such proper order as they ought of right to have; and also come under my leading as captain,—I shall henceforth be as well able to serve the King's Majestie with a band of men as any gentleman in Ireland, and to the intent that his lordship's [the Lord Chancellor's] conclusions might sink the surer into their hearts, I caused certain gentlemen to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, and others” only “to be hanged, which thing was by so much the greater terror to the rest that the like execution was never seen there—and I assure your honors that I was in dispayor ever to have attained to that end without putting the King's Majestie to great charge, which I would not have done. And yet now, thanks be unto the Lorde and to his Grace [the King], those results are brought to passe entirely by my said Lord Chancellor's prudent pollytyke means, without any ‘violence,’ force, or putting the King to any such charge, who for his truth and frank dealing hath acquired such trust with them. No man hitherto can give the King better advice than he [the Lord Chancellor can], and both for this quiet amonge us and for the notable things he hath achieved in other quarters when he came on his journey, meriteth to be much made of: which I am sure shall appear more at large by further declaration to your honours. And the moste humblye bydding your honour's most hartilie well to fare—From the King's Majestie's town of Galway, the last day of January, 1550.

“Your lordshippes frende

“to commande,

“RICHARD OF CLANRYCARDE.”

That Sir Thomas Cusack's conduct in reference to the government of the country met with the perfect approval of the English authorities is manifested from the following letter addressed to him by the Lords of the Council in England, of date the 23rd November, 1551:—

“After our hertie commendations

<sup>1</sup> Patent Rolls.

<sup>2</sup> For the Patent vid. Patent Rolls and Rymer's *Fœdera*.

to your goode lordshipe, although in our common letter to the Lord Deputie and the rest of the Council, we have written what we have thought meet beside the King's Majestie's letter touching the estate of that realm, yet doth your good service, your wisdom and success, so much commend you to us that we cannot but let you know, by this our special letter, not only that the King's Majestie [Edward VI.] hath a good and favourable opinion of you, but also that we ourselves think the same justly conceived and well deserved of you, for declaration whereof we have obtained of the King's Majestie an encrease of your fee to the sum by the year of £100, to begin at Christmas next.<sup>1</sup> And also in fee farme the site and the abbey of Clonarde, with the vicarage of Kyllrenie and the parsonage of Vyllegan and Tyghenam." Signed by his "loving frendes" the Lords of the Council.

In 1552 Cusack was appointed Deputy Viceroy, under the title of Lord Justice, an office which, in conjunction with the Chancellorship, he filled at the death of Edward VI., in both of which offices he was continued by Queen Mary.

His appointment as Lord Justice is thus noticed in the Annals of the Four Masters :—"The Lord Justice James Crofts went this year to England, and Thomas Cusacke, *id est* of Baile Cusen (Cushinstown), became Lord Justice in his stead." The Chancellor appears at this time (1551) to have been identified with the most embittered enemies of the Catholic faith, foremost amongst whom was Bale, first Protestant Bishop of Waterford, whose coarse and unmeasured ribaldry in reviling the doctrines, the devotions, and the believers of the ancient faith was unmeasured and unsurpassed. To give a specimen thereof, the following may not inaptly be told. Thomas Howthe, one of the Justices of the Superior Courts, attended at the cathedral of Ossory, and sought, as in the old times before that, to receive the Communion on the Feast of St. Anne. "Mark," says Bale, when ridiculing him for so doing,

"the blasphemous blindness and wilful obstinacy of this beastly Papist." Even Brown, Archbishop of Dublin, Bale held in contempt. He speaks of "the lewd example of the Archbishop, who was always slack in things pertaining to God's glory;" but when he comes to speak of Sir Thomas Cusack, he bestows upon him ample praises, especially for his conduct in approving of the second Prayer-book of Edward VI., the first book being but little removed from the Roman Missal. When describing his own consecration, Bale thus writes :—"Upon the Purification-day of our Lady, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Sir Thomas Cusack, our special good lord and earnest aider in all our proceedings, appointed us to be invested or consecrated (as they call it) by George, Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishops of Kildare and Down assisting him," a dispute arose as to whether the ceremony should be performed after the order of the first or second book; the Chancellor, however, ordered that they should proceed according to the new formulary, which had been just authorised by Parliament. On that evening he and the consecrating bishops were entertained at a sumptuous banquet by Bale, "which saved them from exceeding great charges."

The time had now arrived when the sincerity of those who had adopted the reformed faith must be tested. Edward VI. had died, and Queen Mary, a devout Catholic, ascended the throne of her ancestors. Immediately there was a return of Mary to the Catholic faith, Bale fled from his See, and lived during the remainder of his life in Switzerland. Whether Sir Thomas Cusack accommodated himself to the change or not it is difficult now to say; one thing, however, is certain, that he was continued by the Queen in the offices of Lord Justice and Lord Chancellor. In the year 1552 he addressed a letter to the Duke of Northumberland on the then state of Ireland. This work is one of great rarity and much curiosity. It tells us of the manners and customs of our ancestors, of the

<sup>1</sup> Morrin's Pat. Rot, 256, 258.



laws of the country, and of how those laws were carried out; and it also suggests many improvements. The very old English expressions, now unintelligible, being altered into modern English, it reads as follows:—

“**STATE OF IRELAND.**—The copy of this book sent from Sir Thomas Cusack, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, to the Duke of Northumberland’s grace, for the present state of Ireland:—<sup>1</sup>

“**MUNSTER.**—Under the rule of such lords and captains as are there, and of the Earl of Desmond, it is in good quiet, so that the justices of the peace ride their circuit, in their counties of Limerick, Cork, and Kerry, being the farthest shires west in Munster, and the sheriffs are obeyed. The lords and captains of those counties, as the Earl of Desmond, Viscount Barrie, Lord Roche, Lord Fitz-Morris, and divers others, who within a few years would not hear or obey the law, are now in the commission, with the justices of peace, to hear and determine causes. The Irish captains in those quarters do not stir, but live in such quiet that the English captains at Cork, with forty horsemen, cause the offenders to stand to right. M’Cartie More, who is the most powerful Irishman in Ireland, and who formerly was always at war with the countries under the Earl of Desmond’s rule, and did not much pass upon the same Earl nor his power, but well nigh by war on every light occasion, wasted the country, is now very conformable to good order, having of late, by persuasion of the said English captains, obeyed and performed certain orders taken betwixt him and others of the country. If a stout gentleman, skilful and of estimation among them, were president at Limerick, to see justice indifferently administered amongst them, and the captain appointed to attend upon him, to see the orders and decrees put in due execution, no doubt but the King should not only win many good subjects, but also, within a short time, have a large revenue, where now he has nothing

more than obedience in Munster. And so between the abbey lands, and other possessions which are now waste and worth nothing; and the same countries being charged to be contributory to subsidies, and other charges on the plough lands (like as other shires are) will be no small yearly profit to his Highness; and besides the charges of the president and council there, which in a short time will be borne upon the amercements and fines of the courts, without putting his Majesty to charge, so as without such device it would be hard to make the said countries so civil, obedient, and profitable to his Majesty as otherwise they would be.”

“**LEINSTER,**” the writer says, “is in good stay at this instant, for my Lord Deputy, of late repairing into those quarters, took order with Cayrey McArthe, and the rest of the Kavanaghes, and appointed every gentleman his territory, and placed certain English captains with their bands amongst them, some of said captains at Leighlin, some at Ferns and Enniscorthy, and some at Tymolunge, a place wherein the Cavanagh and other malefactors, formerly disturbed such as brought stuff by water from Rosse or Waterford to Leighlin or Carlow, and likewise placed certain of the King’s soldiers, so as between them and the county of Wexford the Kavanagh must be content with their portions, without disturbance, and besides must be at the said captain’s commandment, whereby the strength of the Irishmen shall decay, being restrained of the liberty to take of the freeholders and husbandmen in the countries such as will ask or exact upon them; and by such liberty they retain their men and increase their strength, and so restraint thereof decayeth the same, as now they be used, whereby they never were so weak, so as I trust that country within short time may be brought to obedience, to be at the King’s Majesty’s commandments with small charges.

“The Byrnes, and such other of Irish sorts dwelling in the rest of

<sup>1</sup> Carew MSS. 235—A.D. 1552.

Leinster, and next to the Kavanaghs are of honest conformity, and pay no rent to the King's Majesty, but support 120 light-armed foot soldiers, paying each of them fourpence sterling by the day, and are able to have 80 horsemen, with many footmen within their country being men always ready to stand to good order at the appointment of my Lord Deputy and Council."

"**THOMOND,**" a district comprising the whole of the county of Clare, and part of Tipperary, "is beside Limerick, wherein the Breanes (O'Briens) do inhabit, and since the time that O'Brian was created Earl," [supra 81st Chancellor]—"the same is in good order and quiet; but after the decease of the late Earl of Thomond, Sir Donough O'Brien, Baron of Ibrackan, being by the King's grant appointed to be the next Earl, for fear of his brother, Sir Donald, and the rest of the gentlemen of the country, did name his said brother to be Tanist, after the Irish custom, which being repugnant to the King's grant, the Lord Deputy, hearing thereof, sent for the same Baron, and laid that to his charge, and upon his own confession, and of his misbehaviour therein, sent also his letters to the said Sir Donald, and the rest of the gentlemen, to stand to the King's Majesty's orders, and to refuse their Irish custom of Tanistry; whereupon, without war or force, they all abjured the said Irish custom, and obeyed the Baron as Earl of Thomond, according to his Majesty's grant, and abjured the named of Tanist, and now there are few countries in Ireland in better quiet than Thomond.

Between Limerick and the county of Tipperary, are Irishmen of great power, the M'Williams [Burkes], M'Brenes, O'Gonnaght, McBrien Are, O'Mulryan, with divers others, who, a few years ago, were all wild, and not conformable to any good order, and yet they are now ordered by the sheriffs of the shires, so that men may quietly pass throughout their countries at pleasure, without danger of being robbed, or other annoyance, and every one dwells in their own country quietly, without an-

noyance or hindrance from any one.

"Other Irishmen's countries, betwixt that and Upper Ossory" (now county Kilkenny), "as O'Kennedy and O'Dwyre, and the Carrowilles, support light armed foot soldiers to his Majesty without contradiction, and those were formerly mortal enemies to the English Pale, so as in all the said circuit, containing half the realm, which, with small charges, will be brought to civil obedience; and if all the countries were made counties, that the law might have its course, when they would prosper, for the sheriff's would put down their Irish laws and elections of captains."

**CONNAUGHT.**—"Between Thomond and Galway lies Clanrickard, a plain open country, which was governed by M'William, who was created afterwards Earl of Clanricarde, and during whose time the country was in good stay and quiet. After his death, as his son Richard was but young, and the country doubted whether he was mulier born or a bastard, Sir Ulick Burke was appointed captain during his nonage. When he came to his full age he began to be at war with the said captain, and between them both the country was all wasted. Being sent with a small company to see them ordered, within one fortnight, having put certain gentlemen to execution for their offences by terror thereof, and by other means, I left the country, and I placed the Earl quietly, and made every one of the country willing to answer and obey him, and took orders betwixt them for their contentions to the parties' contentation, and left two ploughs manuring the land, where at my going thither there were not past 40 ploughs in all the country, but all waste through war, which ploughing increaseth daily, thanks be to God! whereby the country is universally inhabited, and so brought to quiet that now the people leave their ploughs, irons, and cattle in the fields without fear of stealing. Experience sheweth that there can be nothing so good to be used with such savage people as good order to be observed and kept amongst them, for execution of the law is more feared when

it is done in order than any other punishment.

“MacWilliam Bourke,” of Mayo, “second captain of most power in Connaught, is of honest conformity and doth hinder none of the King’s Majesty’s subjects, and is ready to join with the Earl of Clanricarde and every other captain to serve the King’s Majesty in every place in Connaught; and if a president, or yet a captain, with a competent number of men, continuing at Athenry or at Galway, will cause all that country to be true subjects; and those two, with a captain, will be able to rule all Connaught, which is the fifth part of Ireland.

“There is in Connaught, besides O’Connour Slyggaghe [Sligo], O’Connour Doyne [O’Connor Don], O’Connour Roo, and McDermott, men of no great power. The same Slyggaghe country belongs to the King, and it is the best haven town in all the country; and the same O’Connour and certain his predecessors keep the same by usurpation, and the one of themselves continually warreth against the other. O’Connour Doyne and O’Connour Roo did strive about Roscommon, a fair manor of the King’s Majesty,—yea, one of the fairest in all Ireland,—lying in the plains of Connaught; and in their contention this Earl of Clanricarde got the house off their hands, and kept ward in the same by a policy. And now of late upon my repair to Athlone for certain conclusions there, the same Earl resorted to me, and condescended to deliver the same castle to my Lord Deputy, to be kept to the King’s use, and he to be considered otherwise, so as between that house and Athlone being but 12 miles asunder, all their countries would be made obedient. O’Rourke’s country is but 14 miles from Roscommon. O’Donnell’s country is not passing nine miles from it, and Sliggaghe is but 14 miles from him; so as, thanks be to God, all those countries be now quiet. But when one of themselves make warre upon another, and so between Athlone, Roscommon, and the Earl of Clanricarde, all the rest of course might be obtained with small charges.

“Between Athlone and Clan-

ricarde is O’Keally’s country. O’Kelly is a captain of great power of horsemen, gallow glasse and kerne”—heavy-armed and light-armed foot-soldiers—“and no men in Ireland of wilder nature than they are, and many times in times of warre they have done much harm to the English Pale. And now lately my Lord Deputy, being at Athlone, I attended upon his lordship, at which time O’Kelly, by persuasion, was content to hear and yield to the house of Athlone, as other English in the Pale did. Nevertheless, soon after he refused to accomplish the same. And my Lord Deputy, upon his repair to Leinster, having left the oversight of those of Connaught and divers other Irishmen with me, in the last week of Lent I went to O’Kelly’s countries, and assembled all the gentlemen of the country before me; and then perceiving as well their untruth and slender keeping of promise, and also how gentleness could not prevail, I took his [O’Kelly’s] son, and put a handlock upon him, to have him brought with me to Dublin, and appointed a band of men to seize in his country such kyne and victuals as he promised to my Lord Deputy for the victualling of Athlone; and then he, perceiving the same, immediately sent his servants to the country to levy and take up a hundred beeves and other victuals for the furniture of Athlone. And after that he came into the house of Athlone, and made merry there during our abode, and desired the captain to use his country as he would the English shires; so that it is not unlikely that O’Kelly and his country will henceforth use honest obedience, assuring your Grace that he durst not come within the same castle since it was newly builded till he came to my Lord Deputy when his lordship was there last. The same O’Kelly condescended to find a 100 of the King’s Majesty’s galloglas for a quarter at my said Lord Deputy’s being there, and also at my being there he was contented that they should be cessed in his country accordingly, which is a great charge, paying to every gallowglass four pence sterling by the day.



“O’Connour Roo aforesaid, upon eight days before my arrival there, was plundered by McDermod of 4000 kyne and 500 stud mares; and perceiving the obedience of O’Kelly and the orders which was taken between him and others, he [O’Connor Roo] came to me to complain to Athlone; whereupon, to prove their obedience, I concluded with the Earl of Clanricarde and divers other captains and gentlemen who then were with me, that unless he would make restitution upon my letters, they should meet together the Sunday after May-day with 300 horsemen, 400 galloglas, and 800 kerne, with seven days’ victuals, to punish the same McDermod, and to see the poor men restored, whereupon all they condescended; and after the same conclusion I determined with them that they should in no wise get forward till they should hear from my Lord Deputy and have his consent; so as it is good obedience that gentlemen in such countries would be so willing to punish such offences upon a sudden, without putting his Majesty to charge, whereby it appeareth that if there be a president amongst them to see them kept in good order, their country would be brought to good quiet.

“Between Athlone and Offaly are the countries of O’Brynnne, McCoghlan, the Fox, O’Molmay, and O’Goghecan—very strong countries for woods, moors, and bogs, by means whereof much cattle are stolen out of the English Pale; all of them condescended to cut passes in their fastnesses. I sent for the same Irish captains to answer complaints, and for as many thereof as were duly proved, I caused the sheriff of Westmeath, with ten horsemen, to restrain the value of all the goods stolen. I caused them, within four days, to restore to the poor people £300, and besides to pay as much more to the King as a fine. Before this time, no Irishman was to pay more than to restore the goods stolen, and for that the countries be no shire lands, no thief can be punished by the law. The sheriff, with a few, will be so regarded as to put such order in execution, in those strong countries, which, with-

in seven years, 800 men, nor yet a 1000, were not able to bring to pass in any of these places.

“Between the Shannon and O’Raylie’s country” [now the eastern portion of the county Cavan], “is the Annale” [now the county Longford], “a strong country when the Farrell’s durll men, of good obedience, who pay yearly to the King, 100 marks rent, and find 240 gallow glass for a quarter of a year after the rate of 4 pence sterling, the spear by the day. Lately, in the absence of my Lord Deputy, I being there for the settlement of their contentions, they obeyed my letters.

“Next to the Analee is a large country, well inhabited, called the Breany” [Breany or Breffny, comprehended in what is now known as the whole of the county Leitrim and county Cavan], “wherein O’Raile is chief captain, who has seven sons. He and they make 400 horsemen, all of the same name, and 1000 kerne, and 200 galloglas. The country is divided between them, which joineth to the English Pale, upon a country called Plunkett’s country, betwixt which country there hath been divers murders, stealths and robberies, by night and day committed. On the complaint of the inhabitants of both parties, in the absence of my Lord Deputy, I repaired to the borders, O’Reily was accompanied by 400 horsemen and 300 footmen, whilst I had not more than 100 horsemen, and as many footmen. I required him to come to me with a few horsemen, and accordingly he did. I commanded him to deliver such pledge into my hand as I would name, and though he was loth so to do, yet at length he condescended. Upon receipt of his pledge, I made proclamation that every complainant, at a certain day, should meet to receive his due. On the next day of meeting, I caused him to restore as much goods as were stolen and taken from the English Pale in six years before, which came to £400. I also caused him to pay £200 as a fine to them for maintenance of such stealth. The like hath not been that a man of such power as he is of would redeliver without greater circumstances; whereby it appeareth that the poor simple people be as

soon brought to good as to evil, if they were taught; for hard it is for such men to know their duties to God and to the King, when they shall not hear preaching or teaching throughout all the year to instruct them in their duty." Many of the monasteries were suppressed in this part of the country at the time.

"If the countries of Leix" [afterwards constituted a county by Queen Mary, with the appellation of the Queen's County], "and Offally" [King's County], "were made shireland, that men might have estates of inheritance thereby copyhold or fee-farm, and both the forts were made market towns" [the fort of Daingean was afterwards called Philipstown, and that of Campa called Maryborough]; "and if other former devices were put in execution, the King's profit would much increase, the countries would be well inhabited and manured, and his grace's charges would be diminished. Such manurance will bring good cheap corn and cattle, and the English Pale will be thereby discharged of exceeding yearly charges, for now their lieth between the forts 600 or 700 soldiers, daily in effect, and can do service out of the same countries which standeth the King's Majesty [Edw. VI.] as though they were extraordinary, assuring your grace that the countries be now greatly charged with the finding of them; for the countries supply the soldiers with the peck of wheat for 5 shillings, which is sold in the market for 20 shillings; they also give them the beef for 12 shillings, which is sold in the market for £4, yet the country do not grudge or gainsay the same, but, like obedient subjects, pay the same without exclamation, which by alteration of the forts would be redressed, and a great yearly saving to his Majesty.

"Next to the Breany is McMahon's country, called Orryel" [now the counties of Louth, Monaghan, and Armagh], "wherein lieth three captains, the one in Dartarie," [near Clones], and other and McMahon in Loghtye, of which three countries McMahon is chieftain. These countries, both large, fast, and strong, among whom there were continuous intestine wars formerly,

whereby the most part of the country was made waste. Nevertheless they be tall men, to the number of 80 horsemen, 200 kerne, and 120 galloglas, and all them for the most part doth occupy husbandry, except the kerne, and yet some of them occupy likewise." [By the next following, it would appear that the Chancellor was pushing the authority of the King's courts into Ulster, as well as in the southern countries.] "Of late, before Easter, by appointment of my Lord Deputy, I resorted to them to see the countries' order. They all assembled before me, and I caused them to find, at their own charge, 120 galloglas yearly, to serve the King, and to attend upon an English captain of the English Pale, who has the order of the county committed to him for the keeping of the King's peace. I also caused them to put their pledges into my hands for the finding of the galloglas, and for the due performance of the orders, which I took between them. This was done without force or rigour. Besides this, they pay for all cesses to the soldiers of Monaghan, and in other places, beeves and carriages, like as others in the English Pale do.

"The next county between that" [Orryell] "and MacGynnose's county, called Iveaghe" [county Down], "is O'Hanlan's country, called Orrer. The same O'Hanlon is an honest man, and he and his country are ready to obey all commandments. The next to O'Hanlon is McGinnesses' country aforesaid, where, in the Nivorye, McMarshals' farm is situated. The same McGinness is a civil gentleman, and useth as good order and fashion in his house as any man in his vocation in Ireland, and doeth the same English like. His country is obedient to all cesses and orders. The same Iveaghe hath been parcel of the country of Downe, and he being made sheriff thereof, hath exercised his office there as well as any other sheriffs doth.

"The next to that country is MacCartan's country, a man of small power, wherein are no horsemen but kerne, which country is full of bogs, and beareth the captain of Lecail. The next to that country is the Doufrey, whereof one John White was landlord, who was



deceitfully murdered by McKanyl Boy's son, a Scot.

"The next country to the same is Lecail [country about Down-Patrick], where Mr. Brereton is farmer and captain, which is a handsome plain and champion country, ten miles long and five broad, without any good wood growing there. The sea doth ebb and flow round about that country, so as in full water no man may enter in upon dry land but in one way, which is less than two miles in length. The same country for English freeholders and good inheritance is as civil as few places in the English Pale.

"The next country to that and the water of Strangford is Arde Savage's country.

"The next country to Arde is Clanneboy [south portion of the County Antrim], wherein is one Moriarthagh Dulenaghe, one of the Neyles; but he is not able to maintain himself. He hath 8 tall gentlemen to his sons, and they cannot make past 24 horsemen. There is another sept in that country of Phelim Backagh's sons, tall men, who take part with Hugh McNeil Oge. The same Hugh McNeil was plundered by Mr. Marshal. McNeil sought to have the matter heard by my Lord Deputy and counsel, and a day named in May; and now lately I repaired to his country to talk further with him, to delay the time till the grain grow, for before then the country is barren of victuals."

The Chancellor next describes the country of Clanneboy. He speaks of the castles of Reough and Bealfarst, of the country of the Glynnnes, of O'Cahan's country on the Bann, of the country of Tyrone, "where the Earl of Tyrone hath rule," of Armagh, of "O'Donnell's country, named Tyrconnel." He then approves of the policy of the Government in sending to England the Earls of Desmond, Thomond, Clanricarde, Tyrone, and others, which sending, it is presumed, means the invitation issued to them by the King to confer upon them their titles of honour. He then

suggests the appointment of Presidents of the provinces of Ulster, Munster, and Connaught, and the division of the whole country into counties, which involved the appointment of sheriffs to execute the King's writs. He next informs the Duke of Northumberland that "many hold to the opinion that the realme of Ireland should remain under the Government of the lords of the same," as in times past, while others are of opinion "that it were good with the sword to destroy all the inhabitants of that country."

Having thus given at great length the Lord Chancellor's observations on Ireland in his time, let us return to the subject-matter of our narrative. We have already informed our readers that Cusack retained his offices on the restoration of the Catholic faith under Queen Mary, who immediately conferred upon him the dissolved abbey of Ferns, "which was situated amongst the Irishry."<sup>1</sup> He was also presented by the Lord Deputy St. Leger and the Lords of the Council with a sum of £1076, as a reward for his many services,<sup>2</sup> which grant appears to have been made for the purpose of carrying the following Queen's letter, of the 14th December, 1553, into effect :<sup>3</sup>

"From the Queen to Sir Thomas Cusack, Lord Chancellor.

"We have received advertisement and good report from our Deputy and Council of your good behaviour, industry, and diligent service exhibited unto us and our dear brother [Edward VI.], whose soul God pardon, as well in your own office, as supplying the room of our Deputy during his absence, for which we yield unto you our right hearty thanks; and as we have argument sufficient of your good perseverance and continuance, so shall you find us your good Lady, mindful and inclined to regard you and your services to your comfort, letting you know that at this present, by our letters addressed to our Deputy, we have given order that by his discretion you shall be reasonably considered for your en-

<sup>1</sup> Carew's Manuscripts, A.D. 1553, p. 246.

<sup>2</sup> Morrin's Patent Rolls, p. 319.

<sup>3</sup> Ib. 324.



tertainment, in respect of your travail and charges sustained in our service, not doubting but our Deputy shall ensure our pleasure as therein appertaineth."<sup>1</sup>

The Queen, bent on re-establishing the Catholic religion in Ireland, now resolved to restore St. Patrick's Cathedral. She accordingly, on the 23rd of February, 1553-54, wrote to the Lord Deputy, Lord Chancellor, and Council, on that subject. "We caused our council to peruse and examine the ancient foundation and pristine state of our metropolitan church of St. Patrick, in Ireland, and that it appeareth that its foundation and pristine state is godly and right honourable; our pleasure therefore is, for the glory of God and advancement of His service and holy worde, that the said church and chapter shall be revived and restored to its pristine state."<sup>2</sup> Accordingly the patent, restoring St. Patrick's, was made out on the 15th of June following, and sealed with the Great Seal by the very Sir Thomas Cusack who had, a few short years previously, been one of the commissioners for receiving the surrender of that ancient corporate body.<sup>3</sup>

In the same year George Browne, first Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, and intimate friend of the Chancellor, was expelled from his See, which was then declared vacant; whereupon Hugh Curwen was preferred thereto by the Pope, for the Queen, though styled by the Lords of the Council as "supreme head of the Churches of England and Ireland," entirely repudiated all claim to any such title, as appears by the 8th and 9th sections of the 3rd and 4th Philip and Mary (Irish), chapter viii. (printed). By the 8th it is said that the title of supreme head of the Church could never be justly attributed to any king or governor; and by the 9th it was recited that "whereas your Highness Sovereign Ladye, since your coming to the Crowne of these realmes of England and Ireland, of a good and

Christian conscience omitted to write the said style of supremacie." On the 13th September, 1554, their Majesties thus addressed the following letter to Sir Thomas Cusack:—

"The King and Queen to the Lord Chancellor:—Whereas we have received from our Holy Father the Pope a Bull, herein enclosed, by which you shall clearly understand that his Holiness, upon our recommendation, hath preferred unto the Archbishopric of Dublin our trusty and well-beloved chaplain, Hugh Curwen; whereupon he hath done unto us his homage and fealty, and hath expressly renounced all things contained in the said Bull, or any other which may be prejudicial to us or our crown. We therefore will and command you, that under our Great Seal you make out such, and as many writs as shall be requisite and necessary for the restitution of the temporalities of the Archbishopric to our said chaplain accordingly."<sup>4</sup>

This was the last communication with the Crown Sir Thomas had in his capacity of Chancellor. On the same day the new Archbishop of Dublin was appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland. In the succeeding reign Sir Thomas was continued in the rank of Privy Councillor, and afterwards, in 1563, was associated with Gerald, Earl of Kildare, on a Royal Commission to treat with O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone, and to frame articles of peace between that haughty chieftain and Queen Elizabeth. He was also commissioned to settle the disputes that had long existed between the Earl of Desmond and Earl of Ormond. But these are subjects of too great interest to compress within the space usually allowed for the history of the Irish Chancellors; it is therefore thought better to reserve their consideration until the November number, when the history of the life of Sir Thomas Cusack shall be resumed.

OLIVER J. BURKE.

<sup>1</sup> Morrin's Patent Rolls, p. 316.

<sup>2</sup> *Ib.* 307.

<sup>3</sup> Vid. Mason's History of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

<sup>4</sup> Morrin's Patent Rolls, p. 339.

## HOLIDAY NOTES.

WE live in a restless century. Time has a different relative value to what it had in the days of our forefathers, prior to railways, telegraphs, photographs, and gas. To-day many of us pass our time in a constant hurry. It is a fight with time. Competition and an over-crowded kingdom cause us to jostle one another in the conflict of life, and with many it needs no small energy to keep pace with the times. Our physicians assure us that brain and nervous diseases are more numerous now than in the times of our ancestors; caused mainly by the high-pressure speed at which we live. We are like express trains, and scarcely keep our time. So over crowded are most professions and trades in many of our towns, it demands no small stir in an individual to hold his own place, much more to *make* his place, among his fellows. Thus most of us are subject to great stress and tension of mind. Things go faster now than in days of yore, and we with them. Such speed makes one long occasionally for quiet life among the old tree shadows, round the country manse of days gone by: when the post came but twice a week, and railway-whistles were not heard among the copses, and life moved leisurely forward with its regular round of work and ease. The contrast makes that old time alluring: but all was not smooth sailing then, any more than it ever will be, and for that quiet time there were many drawbacks: no good roads lined the country; highway robbers were plentiful; towns were dark; things common now for daily use were then unknown. It were profitless to seek to measure the merits of those two conditions of life, but we very much question if the advantage was not on the side of the old condition. Human life and human sorrow and human error are ever the same essentially; but this age of haste tends to wear us out the faster, just as a rapidly moving engine wears its parts the more by its speed.

In some measure to compensate for this rapidity of life, there has sprung up a growing system of holidays,

taken at the autumn season, to bring back into its normal position the over-wrought mind, to relax the strain and let in the sunshine, to clear the brow and ease the back, to open the imagination and expand the heart. A century or so back, we venture to say that not one person in a hundred thought of running down to the sea-side or away to the mountains, as compared with those now yearly seen taking thus their annual holiday. True it is, travelling is now much cheaper, and distance practically lessened, to what they formerly were. But it is also true that trades are carried on now on a scale far beyond that of a century ago, vaster, more rapid, more full of risk, more laden with anxiety to those concerned. A week's or fortnight's holiday in autumn scarcely suffices to restore the balance; yet it must be admitted the effect is good, as a change to mind and body, when we move in another atmosphere mental and physical, with other scenes and other thoughts.

So let us hail with delight the times when Jones may again don his suit of grey, and be off to Wales, leaving as many of his cares as possible in his counting-house, locked up in his iron safe. Well for him if only a few cross his path in the fortnight that is before him. He will do well to order his letters to be left at home, lest the daily post should bring daily care and thought. The time is no less cheery when the hard-working town or rural clergyman can relinquish the severe black cloth deemed essential in his daily walks among his parishioners, and take the fast train for Scotland. Probably he has well earned a month's relief. The breath of moorland air borne across some wide Loch, will be refreshing after the study chair or heated atmosphere of a large town; and the eye can take in scenes of beauty duly appreciated by his scholarly discrimination. Even the statesman disclaims not the annual holiday and relief, but moves north of the Tweed on or about the 12th of August; and greatly must he need the change, though in trying times

of political energy, such as have lately swept over Europe, his holidays can be anything but a rest. How the over-taxed man, in whatever calling, will feel a quietude and rest stealing over heart and brain, as he gazes for long on some brown slope of moorland springing from a lake in some far corner of Wales or Scotland, and lets the placidity of the scene settle on him as he falls into a dreamy tranquillity, until his mind resembles the smooth surface of the lake, fitted to reflect some heavenly imagery ! Restoration in some sort will come to the jaded senses, and firmness replace a tremulous nerve, and a more hopeful view be taken of life, as such spots of beauty or sublimity pass as possessions into the recesses of memory.

It is wonderful, the power of beautiful scenery to cheer the heart. If no sense of wrong weighs upon us, but only a weight of care and a feeling of oppression, it is marvellous how some lovely view of wood, rock, and stream, or sight of a grand mountain, or the far expanse of sea, can lift us into light-heartedness, and tend to make us think lightly of that matter which worried us before. We become glad in spite of ourselves. *There* is the generosity set before us; why should we be sad? Are not these gifts of earth open to all who see them? let us embrace their loveliness and rejoice. The thing which troubled us has already grown less. Let's hie to the mountains.

There is a sort of mute companionship about the soaring hills; they ever wait to welcome our feet on the mossy herbage. No tell-tales they, but grave friends, into whose ear our choicest secrets and most daring aspirations may be told without fear of disclosure. Ever ready they, with solitary recesses for times of serious retirement; with open heights for soaring desires; with prattling streams and mass of heather for our sport in days of careless enjoyment; with easy slopes for quiet rambles; with stiff rocks for an adventurous climb; with glorious broad backs whereon to lie by the hour, gazing on the beauty of earth or heaven. How changeable the aspects of mountains! now gaiety, now gloom; now lit up with wondrous colouring of gold and purple, now cast into severe shades of

gray and brown; at one time all light and life, at another grim unto death; one hour shrouded with cloud, another glistening into bright relief against the sky. Between a flat landscape and a mountainous one there is all the difference between a plain window and one of stained glass. Hence the change is very great to the man of work, either drawn out of some dull brick city, or taken from a plain landscape. And the greater the contrast of scene, the greater the good likely to be gained. Masses of heather in bloom on a wide mountain side are refreshing to the eye after seeing too much dull brickwork; and the purple hue of distant rocks is a pleasant variety after months of red tape.

Many a sportsman feels his gun less necessary for killing the grouse, than for destroying the languor and weariness of town life, after three months of it in London. He becomes a new man as soon as he sets foot on heather, and stalks for miles over a rugged country; whereas five miles before were sadly too much for him. The very air gives strength to appetite, and a grand sense of freedom among the wilds. Care slips off him as he bags the birds. Long mornings on moor and mountain make him acquainted with many signs of sky and earth, many tokens of the weather, many habits of shy animals, many of the most fugitive aspects of lake and cloud, which otherwise he could know in no way whatever. Watchfulness and patience must be his, and these are the surest accompaniments of intimacy with the secrets of nature. Many a curious fact in national history has thus been observed, and occasionally recorded for the first time, when the primary pursuit has been something far different.

We do well to let the element of leisure enter as largely as possible into our holiday times, as the surest means of winning the first end of a holiday, namely, health of mind and body. This we may not always do to our own satisfaction, on a short holiday, which is all that many of us can get. Still even then, by watching our opportunities, we may secure each day some intervals of entire rest, if only a few moments by stream, or lake, before retiring for



the night. A little scheming can often do this. The moment you leaned over that bridge, gazing on the hills shadowed in the lake, or when you stood awhile in the light of a moon that touched that river with silver, will linger in your memory as long as any part of your holiday, and perhaps furnish memory with some of its happiest pictures.

To the overwrought man of business there is more strength gained by a lonely hour on moor or loch than by the same time spent amid the fashionable life at such a spot as Scarborough. The question is what sort of change do we need most when taking a holiday. We may possibly find the contrast we need on the promenade of a fashionable watering place. But if work has pressed heavily on us for many months, the probability is, that we shall soon grow wearied of the gaiety and life there abounding, and long for nothing so much as *rest* to mind and body. Consequently, some quiet spot by the sea, or a leisurely tour among the mountains, is what brings with it the greatest sense of relief, and lifts away most thoroughly the burden of the mind.

And how many are the spots calculated for this end in these islands of ours! We have our Wild Wales and beautiful land of English Lakes, besides rugged Scotland with her countless hills; not to mention Derbyshire, Yorkshire, Devonshire, and other counties renowned for picturesque scenery; or the green sister Isle. How charming to tread fresh paths on the banks of some sweet lake at early morning, while dew lies wet on leaf and spray, and mists yet wreath themselves round the summits of mountains around, as we take our stand on some eminence commanding the far landscape and watch the morning change, as clouds slowly lift themselves off one and another mountain, until at length the whole grand array of lake, wood, stream, and height stands forth in the sun! How we love to expatiate over the whole beauteous prospect, and bit by bit take to ourselves its several features of loveliness and grandeur, until we are fain to confess how

goodly is this earth of ours! At one time the peculiar form of a single hill may arrest our eye for long, as we follow its sharp outline cleaving the sky. And how nobly some mountains sustain themselves in air! for they verily seem aerial, visionary, when vested, as they so often are, with a faint veil of atmosphere, which imparts to their rugged surface a soft and delicate tinting. How delightful it is to sit on the silent shore of a loch, gazing by the hour at reflections of island or hill, wondering if any intelligences behold to admire such beauty, when man is far removed from such wild places, and naught but the lonely heron or gloomy raven scans the wildness of the spot!

It is a favourite fancy of ours that there are intelligences—spirits, if you like—who enjoy the beauty of earth where man is not, and admire the good works of God where man seldom or never comes, no less than in spots where he is frequently seen. Not for us men only was this earth clothed with beauty and grandeur.

Imagine a holiday taken among the secrets of nature, traversing her inner working, and following up her closest processes, without our being answerable to heat or cold, lightning or storm, rock or flood. This may be the case with spiritual beings now at hand beside us, though we know it not; and may be our happy lot, among other great gifts reserved for us in a future state of existence. How we should love to plant ourselves in the very heart of some wild storm, and watch the working of the elements, and follow up that strange essence known to us as lightning, electricity, and magnetism! How it would delight us to know exactly *how plants grow*, and enter into the secrets of the cedar and the minutest lichen! How we should be charmed with the treasures of the snow, and wing our way on the verge of some white towering cloud! There would be some work for us if we followed the changes of a single drop of water—now in the ocean, now in the air, now on the earth—again and again undergoing strange and rapid change. How

the mysterious depths of ocean would fill us with food for study ! how the strong mountains reveal marvellous formations in their inner recesses !

But this is dreaming : suggested by the notion of other intelligent beings, besides man, seeing and admiring the beauties of the earth. We may, however, be sure, it is so : and similar contemplation of the strange wonders of other worlds may be among the happy occupations reserved for us hereafter.

Holidays afford the occupied man more leisure for study of botany, geology, or any other branch of natural science. Away among the hills, or by the sounding sea, he may gather fresh facts in the history of the world. Fresh interests arouse themselves, and the man feels himself expanding in heart and intellect. The petty details of his common calling—if such they are, as they often must be—take less prominence in his thoughts, and a large field of sympathy opens out as he garners a few treasures into the storehouse of memory. He will probably do his own common work the better for an enlarged experience and deeper insight of things. More food for thought will be his, and the rising up of some pleasant memory may now and then lessen the weariness if his work grows heavy. Some bright bit of scenery, some sunny memory, will surely at times help to cheer him on, when days are gloomy and the sky overcast with clouds.

We look up during a pause in this writing, and our eyes rest satisfactorily on a clear photograph hanging on the wall opposite. It is a sun-picture of Thirlmere, with the light of evening flashing off its fair expanse of water, the near surface of which is broken by the translucent heads of several firs growing on the shore. Beyond rises a bank well-clothed with wood, varied by open fields ; and away above these soars the mighty Helvellyn, towering grandly in the distance. At the far end of the lake are seen other heights about Dunmail Raise and the Grasmere Hills, shewing faintly in the far distance. It is a lovely view, and well do we

remember traversing the road passing along the shores of the lake one evening in May, a few years ago, when our party was full of fun, making the quiet places echo with laughter, or else passing a few minutes in silent admiration of some bit prettier than usual. We kept our driver in a state of suppressed merriment, which at times his good behaviour could not restrain, and he was forced to a hearty laugh outright. This picture recalls the evening,—the flashing lake, the shadowy woods, the noble Helvellyn then touched with snow.

Many a man, engrossed in his profession or business, has little or no time for observing carefully the aspects of nature. During the leisure of his holiday, these assert their claim. He may then, undisturbed, gaze on the deepening colours of the sunset, or stay to admire some effective combination of cloud, or watch the shadows flying across the moors, or look at playing fish beneath some bridge, or admire the stately flight of a heron, without a sense of leaving anything neglected.

Proper enjoyment of a holiday presupposes work : consequently we speak of those who but rarely know what *entire leisure* means, and not of those whose time hangs heavily on their hands, having no work, or the need of it. Such can scarcely know what leisure is, from knowing nothing of hurry and fatigue among accumulating details of needful work. Such can never know what a holiday really is. A system of compensation is here kept up, as in most other human relations : we appreciate things most by antithesis. Contrast brings out things in their true colours. If Sir William Mac Donough lies back listlessly as his carriage rolls along some striking pass, or by the shore of some fine Scottish loch, and “sees nothing in it,” it is because he has contributed nothing to it : nothing in the way of hard work as a set-off against present ease. The dusty pedestrian, who steps aside as the wheels roll by, gathers more of the spirit of the wilds : takes a refreshment of heart from the pure air and elevating prospects, to which Sir William is quite a stranger.



This because previous hard work at study table, or office desk, or by sick-bed side, or behing a shop counter, has set the mind into an attitude of reception: the man is open to the influence of the place. So possibly, if you took the measure of the life-enjoyment of each, there would be a small margin on the side of the pedestrian.

Here we will take the opportunity to remark, that in respect of the thorough enjoyment of any holiday there must of necessity be a mind all but exempt from care: not *quite* so, necessarily, but free from any great weight of anxiety or any prevalent oppression from within or without. For rightly to enjoy and take to ourselves the beauties of nature presupposes a state of *rest* in the mind. An agitated or over-careladen mind cannot receive the placidities of natural things. Neither can a malicious spirit heartily enjoy the calm without. It needs an inner measure of repose to receive the outward rest. Hence we see how true it is that "the meek-spirited shall possess the earth." Possess it, not by purchase or nominal appropriation, but by an inner reception. Possess it, in its fulness of variety, in its beauty, in its teaching. When the heart is calmest, come the secret meanings and most delicate suggestions of any beauty soever. Now, although we may have been tossed to and fro among complicated transactions of business, or hurried day after day in our profession, still this needful condition of rest will return to the mind at the holiday season, be there no sense of great wrong weighing on the mind, no severe consciousness of some actual crime, as Alexander Smith remarks in his poetical work descriptive of his journeys in the Isle of Skye,—“Away in the north, amid its green or stony stillness, shall jaded hand and brain find repose—repose, the depth and intensity of which the idler can never know. In that blessed idleness you become in a strange way acquainted with yourself. Conscience tells her mind pretty freely about certain little shabby selfishnesses and unmanly violence of temper, which you had quietly consigned to forgetfulness. And this quiet, the silence, the rest, are not only good for the

soul they are good for the body also. And in going to the north, it is best to take everything quietly and in moderation.”

Few lands can equal Scotland for a month's glorious holiday in autumn. Let the suns of July scorch us, and the dust of Edinburgh or some great southern town settle unpleasantly in our throat, and its noisy streets grow wearisome, and the thick atmosphere muffle us round, still we can wait, impatiently though it be, for August 1st: wait day by day. At last it comes, and then like a bird from its cage, or an arrow from the string, we are off, all of us who can get away: and before the last scarlet colouring has left the upper clouds and died on the Northern Sea, we are among the silent hills, in the strange repose of huge moorland ranges, or beside the level loch, where slowly and slowly sink down the shadows of calm night. How great the change wrought for us in a few hours! Last evening, the harsh grating sounds of the common city; on this, the full repose of quiet nature, that bathes our spirits as the dew the leaves. Face to face with leisurely nature in her moods of beauty, it were lamentable if we caught not some of her spirit of rest. If that serenity of mind and heart be ours, we shall take deeper reflections and mirror back loftier truths; entertain wider sympathies, and a more comprehensive love; have keener perceptions and render worthier adoration. Into that calm of heart, what good influences may not come! The excellence of the time may extend along our whole future life. Certain it is, the noblest condition of the human mind is accompanied with profound repose. Hence we see how desirable it is to seek to secure into each day of life, and more particularly of our holiday seasons, some portion of quietude and reflective time. Yet how few of us ever think of seeking to secure this; many people seem rather to avoid seasons of still thought and memory. The holiday season affords many persons more chance of securing this repose, if they at all desire it. Thus a great good is gained by holiday times.

Scotland ranks among the first places of resort at holiday seasons, from the great extent of country



abounding in wildness and freedom, where several kinds of field sports can be carried on, and where the hardy pedestrian can find ample scope for his powers. Wide, various, charming, is the roomy province of Loch, and Moor, and Mountain, in that glorious land. If lonely converse with nature be desired, surely even yet, despite the prevalence of the modern tourist, those who *heartily* feel the charm of wild spots endowed with grandeur may find it.

"Yet I know there lie, all lonely,  
Still to feed thought's loftiest mood,  
Countless glens undesecrated,  
Many an awful solitude.

Many a scar, like bald sea-eagle,  
Hoary-scalped with boulder piles,  
Stands against the sunset, eyeing,  
Ocean and the outmost isles."

Again, who does not love the Lake District of England, that has ever whiled away a golden time among the diversified combinations of that charming land. Less extensive, and for the most part less severe, than Scottish scenery, it has enchanting beauties of hill, lake, stream, and fall; and is moreover found possessed of some wild localities that fairly rival the sternest spots of the far north. The main features of the scenery, also, are here more easily comprehended, more readily taken in by the eye, being less vast and grouped more collectedly together. In the lake district you are, as it were, *nearer* the scenery than in many parts of Scotland. Its beauties are easily grasped, lying clustered together like buds of some sweet rose.

For those persons of southern and middle England, who can less easily spare the time for journeys to the north, there is the wonder-land of Wales, fertile in rich scenery and severity of rock. There are here many centres of scenery where our head-quarters may be made for a week or more; and we shall find more to see than can properly be accomplished in the time. Why, the very strangeness of the Welsh tongue gives one the certain knowledge of being well *removed* from our daily walks of life. Many are the parts of southern and middle Wales but little known to Englishmen. Here we might make voyages of discovery and bring back spoils of beauty for memory's use by winter fireside.

Beneficial as the regular autumn holiday undoubtedly is, as giving the thorough change needed alike by mind and body, and as affording opportunities for long excursions, still to many persons, and especially of the poorer classes, such occasions can seldom or never come. We think sometimes with pity of those who *never* have a long holiday worthy the name. Sad is the protracted daily work of many men, who see no prospect before them of anything to break emphatically the long monotony of labour. We suppose most of our readers, when starting on some pleasant journey, have had a curious *pity* for those they are leaving behind at work; a sort of feeling accompanying it, as though it were somehow *culpable* for them to go away while others are left at work. That very continuance at work, however, produces in the end, with some old and tired workmen, a quiet disregard of all seasons of holiday or change; and we almost envy the steady uniformity they exhibit, unchequered by even a desire for holidays. Still in early and middle life all hard work is felt as a great tie; the harness galls us now and then. We have sometimes longed to give all those hard working men a right pleasant holiday by stream or sea, as we have passed through some extensive scene of labour; to pack them off for a day or two among the mountains; and to do so suddenly when unlooked for, and without any wages lost to them.

How pleasant it is on some autumn afternoon to stroll away with the little ones into the coppice, and gather sticks and fir-cones for making a fire in the open space at hand for boiling the tea which is coming after us! Merry voices echo among the stems, as the children try who shall find most fir-cones, while "papa" snoozes on his back, or dreamily takes in the spirit of the whole. The scent of burning weeds is possibly borne into the coppice from adjoining fields, bringing, when recognised, half memories of far autumn days long, long past. The plaintive autumn song of the robin adds a tinge of melancholy to the pictures of memory. But cheerfulness returns when the youngsters clap their hands over the crackling twigs, when a successful fire is in a fair way for boil-

ing the requisite water "Mary" has just brought. How the young Turks enjoy the eatables! what screams of delight if the white tail of a rabbit appears dropping down the wood! how Amy is charmed with the wreath "papa" strung round her hat! how pleased little Nelly is with a ride on the Newfoundland's back! But how fast the time goes! its progress a measure of the happiness of the time. As they ramble home through the fields at sunset, the elder ones admiring the tints of the west, there is a general sense of having enjoyed a holiday; a sort of ease of mind to the graver ones of the party, as though some weight had been lifted from the mind.

How pleasant the *unexpected* holiday! If some old friend drops in unawares, one whose kindly countenance we have not seen for long, and whose face doeth good like a medicine, how we strive to lay aside our work, be that what it may, and devote the rest of the day to cheery intercourse! The vague sense of care, so difficult wholly to keep aloof from us, retires for a while, as details of our lives are mutually made known. How pleasant it is to drive over to the old abbey a few miles away, placed in romantic scenery, and to pic-nic under the grey walls tenanted by chattering starlings! Possibly Agnes or Dora does a little sketching of some pretty bit of the ruin, with the kindly encouragement of our friend. Some interesting discussion arises among the elders, on the age of the abbey; capitals and arches are studied, with what tracery is left in the windows, and surmises are ventured as to the comparative periods of the several portions of the ruin. How enjoyable the stillness of the time and the repose of grey ivy-clad abbey! at one time all the party unite in friendly meeting; at another each member wanders off as he pleases. By and by we ramble here and there, as seems good to each, to discover the ins and outs of the place, and find effective spots of view. One likes to hunt out a bit of figure or leaf carving and display it to the rest, who meanwhile may have found some relic of the old religion still adorning the inside of the church. Then comes the agreeable drive home in the cooler evening:

and the day finishes well if by chance the last light kindles into unwonted beauty the western clouds, like a heavenly smile on the face of the dying.

Holidays at Scarborough! what a contrast to the above, with the brilliant shops, and gaily-dressed visitors, so numerous, the promenade to music of a capital band; where so much fashionable life is seen, so much dress is shewn, and so varied a collection of pleasure-seekers is drawn from all parts of the kingdom and a few places abroad! If you go to Scarborough, you must expect to find the West End of London by the Sea. The nature of the thing is totally distinct from holidays alluded to above. You see much "life" at Scarborough, and can study character as from a capital vantage-ground; so many aristocratic-looking men, some of the finest anywhere seen; so many professionals, in singular attire and with great growth of beard; so many dowager ladies ever found sitting and listening to the band at the stated times; so many jolly English girls, fresh-looking, healthy, blooming, with clear English complexions and quiet self-possession, and no few of them with features of beauty or strength of character, the like of which one could leisurely gaze upon with satisfaction. Such contrasts does the Scarborough promenade afford: here a grim, bearded officer, with that delicate girl on his arm in pretty white dress and with long blonde hair left to the caresses of the breeze; there stands a solemn German professor, with grave features and enormous black beard, who looks out solemnly across the North sea, as the band plays a dreamy and subtly beautiful piece by Offenbach; not far off sits a popular authoress, a little out of the crowd, who, as from a secret look-out, scans the crowd for studies of character, and who herself is unnoticed in her quiet dress; yonder leans a City stockbroker, against the sea parapet, surely studying the money article in the "Times," and taking his holiday as a necessary duty of the year; here is a group of fast young fellows, in gorgeous neck-ties and closely cut attire, elaborately got up, who stare hard at each pretty girl who passes among the throng



now we have a mass of children, mostly prettily dressed, who of all others *thoroughly* enjoy themselves, staying a moment to hear the music, then running off down to the sands for shell-seeking or a race on donkeys, or any fun which may turn up, probably to assist in building castles of sand, quite as durable as those aerial structures raised by their respected parents. Likely the children have the best of it; though for all present the air is fresh and the sea-waves gloriously free, and the music of the best, and society ever changing, and the company lively, and a general aspect of gaiety is everywhere.

For the man weary with hard work, who for months could scarcely meet each day's requirements, Scarborough is scarcely the place to soothe his excited nerves, or relieve his oppressed spirit. It is a rare place for "*life*" by the sea, but hardly calculated to impart the rest required. Life goes too fast, and the excitement is too great, and the contrast to London life not wide enough, thoroughly to discharge the prime object of a holiday. Besides we cannot sufficiently do as we like at Scarborough; society has its requirements of dress and so forth, which is antagonistic to the true holiday feeling. For those who merely want a change of life, and who have *not* passed many months of close application at work, and are above all things fond of society it is all very well, and we can all thoroughly enjoy a little of that kind of thing. But the weary brain and hand want rest; it is requisite upon weariness, and more readily found at some quiet spot on the shore, or in the recesses of calm silent mountains.

One hour on the shore of some sweet lake whose waters lave the pebbles at our feet, while we gaze on the line of circling hills or their shadows sharply seen below, is more likely to bring to the mind that dreamy quietude wherein it gradually settles down into a reflective calm as still as the glassy pool. In that attitude is the mind most fitted to receive some imagery of the everlasting hills. That position of rest and *waiting* opens the avenues for heavenly visitants. And

who shall say what divine communications may not come when the mind is supernaturally calm, and its chambers cleared for the reception of any high influences? Softly as a white feather, floating down on the bosom of the lake from a passing bird, may some message or insight come, and the hidden meaning of things be told, and ourselves directed a right step onward. Such moments are like a pause on a bridge of cloud, overspanning the necessarily stern ravine of life. We thence can survey our own tumultuous course, lifted for a while alike above its still pools and stoney shallows. In such a mood, we can nevertheless enjoy most thoroughly any beauty with which we are surrounded; yea, much more so than in our common moments, for such an attitude renders our perception clearer. Unseen, the vapour of the lake passes into the sky; we will do more than mention its counterpart in the aspirations of the soul.

Very delightful are fishing holidays in spring and early summer, when by river or lake we spend the hours apart and have opportunity for writing down in the note-books of memory many a curious fact in natural history. It is a kind of triumph, to land some trout or salmon, cunningly ensnared from the flood. Eye and hand must be alike watchful for every change of wind, light, temperature and so on, if we would become skilful fishermen. We are inclined to believe that this close companionship with nature is one of the best phases of a fishing holiday. We are brought face to face with her in many a shy mood; and long watching by the water-side, or from some trusty boat, enables us to observe the aspects of earth, and sky, and flood, and to record the habits of many man-shunning animals. The same may be said of Grouse-shooting in the autumn, though more movement is in it, and more change. It also takes cognisance of changes of weather, and many minor facts relating to life on the moors are recognised, where nature has it all her own way. The surroundings bring the true holiday feeling: the fresh air of the moors, the often striking scenery, the open sky, the wild animals around. Long



intercourse with nature follows as a necessary consequence upon a month's grouse-shooting, and to many a nobleman having his shooting-box in the Highlands, the killing of game is far from being his prime object or interest. Health comes with the pure atmosphere of the moorlands. There is also the jolly and free companionship with fellow sportsmen, the merry festive gathering at luncheon time, and the cheery intercourse of evening when the events of the day are discussed as part of the conversation. Thus Grouse-shooting in the Highlands becomes an admirable set-off against the constraint and close atmosphere, and possibly the hard work, of the London season. Many a man looks forward to it as a brightly green oasis on the horizon of a dusty plain.

We come to speak of what holidays are to children, even as the golden gate to a paradise of enjoyment. We know that in after-life scarcely anything can elate us as did a "half-holiday" in the early school-days. How we bounded for very glee, and felt as though a vast field were opened out between us and to-morrow's tasks! Marvellous elasticity of childhood! buoying up the youthful spirit above the really grave troubles then met with, able at a word to carry the heart gleefully past all touch of grief, and float it away as on the wings of a sea-gull across an ocean of rapturous gladness! Who has not known the unaccountable and sudden passages of happiness that will dash across the heart of childhood, like wind-ripples suddenly seen on a lake, and leave us wondering whence they came? Such strange flashes of causeless, or apparently causeless, gladness grow less and less frequent as we advance beyond the sunny fields of childhood. What measureless pleasure then we took in the simplest toys! what infinite amusement in a top, or kite, or sling! what resources in a fishing-line or bag of marbles! how useful that old knife with the broken blade! what interest taken in a bird-trap or night line set for eels! We can well remember how delighted we were at our old grammar school, if by writing a Latin letter to the doctor,

we could induce him, on any pretext soever, to grant us a holiday. Books were pitched aside, as though gone for ever, and away we sped, like arrows from the string. What delight we boarders took in making long marauding excursions into the country around, regardless sometimes, we fear, of the rights of property! Those walnut-trees so conveniently overhung the road by that old mile-post not far from the mill, and the enclosure of a certain ancient abbey charitably afforded some grand damsons, not to speak of the great chesnut-trees in such and such a park, near the broad meer! What a charm lingers even about the memory of those long free strolls far into the country, and the extravagant fun we had by the way, with a daring abandonment to rollicking humour not known, and perhaps not fitting, to our after-years.

Most of us remember what interest we took in a game of cricket during those school holidays; how we worked hard to conquer, with an energy scarcely less than that of Prussians and French in the present struggle; how we threw ourselves into the conflict, until evening forced us home. Many were the shades of character traced in the temperament and conduct of school-boys, prophetic of what they would be when men. What friendships we formed at school, strong, ardent, and intimate; such as after-life can scarcely equal, while we lament the loss of old comrades, so valued in that early time! During long rambles for birds' nests, and when nut-hunting in autumn, or on long winter evenings, by the glow of school fire, when only a few lads remained in the great dimly-lighted hall, what life-friendships we mutually declared! what intimacies exchanged! what tales related! all suddenly broken off when those comrades went forth to occupations and scenes widely separated. Sometimes a school friendship lasts a lifetime; but it is rarely so.

Speaking of holidays at school, we think good use of some few hours each week might be made by masters accompanying scholars out into the country, and explaining to them many facts in

natural history, while the lads were but little restrained, and were induced to collect *specimens*, which many lads would do with the like eagerness displayed in collecting birds' eggs, or in fishing, or what not. The struggle to excel in collecting specimens would be beneficial; and the good feeling between master and pupil would be cemented. At some of our great schools we are glad to see that natural science is beginning to take a place among the subjects taught: it is a step in the right direction, connecting abstract truths to close interests of our daily life. It is one of the strongest incentives to study, when you have interested the mind in the subject under consideration. Now the study of dead languages and mathematics only is particularly dry, until we advance far enough to see their bearing on subjects of common life, which lads seldom do at school. If to such studies we can add a little natural science, and show the bearing that other branches of knowledge have upon this, we have achieved a result well calculated to stimulate the interest, as well as to clear the mind of the student. Such a combination might readily be furthered by a special part of the week being set aside for the study of natural science *in the field*; and we imagine such occasions would rank as holidays with many a shrewd boy. And doubtless some would prefer joining the master on such occasions during the weekly holiday, if no other time could be found. We commend this to the consideration of schoolmasters, as an experiment at least worth trying.

What shall we say of holidays among the marvellous scenery of Switzerland, the rushing streams, the glaciers, the snow fields, and riven peaks of those sublime mountains? What a field for instructive observation and rapt contemplation among the soaring peaks that encompass those frozen solitudes! What grand loneliness and severe untrodden abodes of silence, broken but by the avalanche or strange sound of passing wind, or yelp of wheeling eagle! How charmingly nestle the chalets at the feet of deathly precipices; dwellings never so picturesque as in these grand

Swiss valleys! How a land like this binds to itself the affections of its inhabitants, the tendrils of whose regard have something very definite to climb! A brave little people, those of Switzerland and the Tyrol, strong in their love of home, and firmly attached to their beautiful land. No wonder: so gifted those countries in sublimity and loveliness; where the simplest folk have a wealth of grandeur in the scenery, as the richest people of many countries go thousands of miles to see, and cannot purchase, with all their wealth, but for a few brief weeks. If after our brief holiday we leave such scenes with regret, and cast many "a longing, lingering look behind," we may be sure the natives of those valleys would pine for the familiar contour of their homely mountains, and the evening splendours of the upper ranges, and the pure atmosphere, if removed from their charming land.

During dark days of winter, when thick sleet fills the air, and a nasty "slush" is on the pavement as we hurry along to enter the shelter of our homes, we shall probably be able, mind and body, to stand the heavy sky and rough weather all the better for these autumn holidays; to resist the raw cold the easier for having partaken of the bracing air of sea or mountains, and imbibed the healthy ozone which is so often lacking in a city atmosphere. The mind will most probably be all the clearer, and the brain freer from aching, to discuss any knotty points that arise in the course of duty during dark months of winter. Memory, too, will often revert with pleasure to that spot where we made a sketch of an old mill, or to sounding shore, or broad stretch of moorland, when the hand and eye are weary from their work, and we rest ourselves beside a cheery fire in the sanctuary of home. Many holiday seasons, and the lovely spots then visited, are

"Remembered half the year, and hoped the rest."

It is rather surprising, even to ourselves, to find how soon our feelings change, and how readily we take to fresh surroundings,

when some scores of leagues lie between us and the ordinary scenes of our labours. The human mind is eminently plastic, and fits itself readily to a thousand conditions of existence. It is curious to find how soon the past begins to appear vague and dreamlike, as we grow familiar with altered scenes and circumstances. As we don a soft hat, or a straw, and start off with some trusty friend for a long walk among the hills, or accompany the ladies on ponies, we are not the same staid creatures of study, senate, hall, office, or shop, who, very few days ago, were plodding steadily at our allotted work. Past months of work fade into pale colours,—are gone,—removed into the background of life. If a few weeks of holiday lie before us, we expatiate over the prospect; and our attention, so long directed mainly to the needful duties of our calling, passes with surprising ease to far different scenes and studies. Yes; marvelously do the scenes and life of the

past grow misty and unreal amid the changes attending our holiday time. If we were suddenly translated to some far bright planet, we should probably turn round amid the marvels of a strange creation, and forget in a day or two we ever lived on earth! or look upon our former existence as removed back a long, long way, and possibly look upon ourselves in such far times with a curious pity. This adaptation of mind will probably go with us when we pass out of this life into nobler offices, amid scenes more wondrous far than the brightest lines of earth can yield; when work shall know no toil, and rest no weariness or satiety, but work and rest be *one*, and our existence replete with delightful admiration of fresh wonders of creation. Then shall be to us the truest holiday feeling—then the most enraptured gaze. For that bright consummation we wait in those darker avenues of time.

H. P., F.G.S.

## DANAË.

FROM SIMONIDES.

[With her infant son Perseus, Danaë is committed in a small boat to the fury of the sea: in the midst of storm she apostrophises her sleeping child.]

So in the rushing of the mighty wind  
That round the boat with angry ocean strove,  
Pale Danaë felt its dread; what time her cheek  
Was dashed with spray, as, closer pressed, she wound  
Her loving arm round Perseus, while she said:  
Like trouble have I, little one, though you  
The flowers of sleep can gather; your young heart  
In this our home so joyless, brazen-bound,  
Sweet rest can find amid this nightly gloom.  
The wave you heed not, leaping on your hair  
Of plenteous curls, nor yet the sobbing wind  
Pressing your purple robe, my lovely babe!  
My words fall powerless on your little ear,  
This dire calamity to you unknown.  
Sleep on, my child: thou tossing ocean—sleep;  
And may this great unmeasured sorrow sleep!

H. P.



# "ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE."

"And I will cause posteritie shall know  
How faire thou wert above all woman-kinde;  
And after ages monuments shall find,  
Shewing thy beauties' title, not thy name,  
Rose of the world that sweetened so the same."

"ROSAMOND'S COMPLAINT."—*Daniel*, 1602.

BEYOND the popular tradition, the brief notices of local historians, and a few ballads of the poorest description, it is strange how little contemporaries have made of so fruitful a theme, as the beautiful and unfortunate Rosamond Clifford, whose strange hidden life, and mournful end, have furnished the material for many a modern poem and romance. Daughter of a noble, and mistress of a king, living and dying in the days of the Troubadours, and the "Sweet singers of Provence," in the very age of romance and song, her story, but for a few mere records, remains unwritten and unsung. Of that sad life-history, no relics are left but the ruins of the Labyrinth, and the "little nunnery" at Godstow, and a portion of her tomb.

Portraits, said to be of "Fair Rosamond," are extant, but none of them suggest much probable resemblance to her whom quaint old Daniel calls "Rose of the World."<sup>1</sup>

The poor soiled Rose had faded and died, nearly five hundred years before the poet wrote her "Complaint," in which he gives two curiously distinct and opposite versions of her conduct and character, together with a strong impression

that he counted her a much-wronged and scarcely guilty woman. And who shall say that the heiress of Fitz-Pontz de Clifford, reared in a convent and strictly guarded in her father's house, was not the lawful wife of Henry, rather than the lawless Frenchwoman, who broke her own marriage-vows to wed the English king? Who knows with what promises to the father, of future honours for himself and a throne for his child, were held out as ultimate reward for present silence, on a marriage, secret then, but to be acknowledged at a more convenient season, perhaps Guienne and Aquitaine weighed all too heavily against faith and honour, when policy and avarice pointed to Eleanor's wide inheritance, and were too much for Henry, "nought all wyse."<sup>2</sup>

How else account for the king's own words to William, Earl of Salisbury,<sup>3</sup> years after, on the battle-field? Was it a hidden impulse born of late remorseful memory? "Thou art my legitimate son" he said to the eldest born of the dead woman who had been true to him in life and death, whether—God and the king knew only—whether as mistress or as wife.

We rede that in Englonde was a kinge that had a leman whose name was Rose, and for her grate bewte he cleped her Rose-monde, y<sup>t</sup> is to say, Rose-of-the-world, for him thought she passed all wymen in bewte.—From "Dialogues of Dives and Pauper, structurally treatynge of the Ten Commandments."

By Richard Pynson, 1493.

<sup>2</sup> Then regynd Henry nought all wyse,  
The son of Mold the Emparyse.  
He held Rosamund the theen.  
Great sorwe hit was for y<sup>e</sup> Queene.  
At Woodstock for herre he made a towre,  
That is called Rosamund's bowre.

From a *Pedigree*, 1448.

<sup>3</sup> William Longue épée, Earl of Salisbury, died of poison 1226. His epitaph was not unlike his mother's.

"Flos conitum Wilielmus, cognomini Longus,  
En fis vaginum cœpit habire brevum."

Hearne's "*Curious Discourses*."

Rosamond had another son, Geoffry, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln.

"Rosamond hath little left her but her name,  
And that disgraced, for time hath  
wronged the same."<sup>1</sup>

In constant communication with the nuns at Godstow, which was to be her refuge in the years to come, the pious women questioned and reproved her. She answered always, "that it was well with her, and that she should of a certaintie be saved, and showed no shame, neither confusion." Was this the quiet sense of innocence, or the bravado of guilt? She told the good sisters, that when a tree in the grave-yard should grow into a stone, it should be a token that she was in heaven. In 1703, a walnut-tree was rooted up by a storm, that was, some way, embedded on part of an ancient tombstone, with the inscription, "Godestowe une chaunterie 7."

Another chronicle says, "she was to them as a saynte."

Frampton on Severn, the seat of one branch of the Cliffords, contends with Chirk-castle, Hay Castle, Hammarck-Clifford, and Clifford Castle, for the distinction of being Rosamond's birthplace. Some evidence points to the last, where she is said to have lived with her father, Fitz-Richard Fitz-Pontz, after leaving the convent, where she had been educated after her mother's death.<sup>2</sup>

Ireland, however, who, having access to the Shakespeare MSS., is a high authority, says Chirk was Rosamond's birthplace; but Urban, old Blome, Guillim, and all the heralds, say Frampton; and amongst them it is shown that the Cliffords of Frampton are a branch of the House of Cumberland, their ancestor being a certain Pontinus, of Normandy, who held Frampton

from William I., and was succeeded by his brother, Richard Fitz-Ponti, or Pontz, the father of Rosamond Clifford.<sup>3</sup> A portrait, said to be of Fair Rosamond, is at Frampton Court, similar to the one at Hampton Court; but neither the dress nor accessories prove their being of so early a date.

An engraving in a circle (by Geo. Noble), from an ancient picture called "Rosamond," was published by Evans, Lincoln's Inn Fields—the dress of the time of Henry VII., however—with the projecting veil supported by a whalebone.

A portrait answering to this engraving is said to be at Chirk Castle—a face of great beauty, the hair of a yellow colour.<sup>4</sup>

Tradition says that the King came to Clifford Castle during a hawking party, and first saw his host's daughter riding with her ladies to meet him, with her falcon on her wrist.

Neither history nor tradition fill up the interval between that day and Henry's marriage to the brilliant and reckless Eleanor of France. With all her talent, her accomplishments—which were great for the times she lived in—her bold beauty, and power of mind and will, her hold as acknowledged wife and Queen, Eleanor was powerless to supersede Rosamond in her husband's heart.

Seeking no further rule, no political influence, no public or private interest, the gentle mistress held her quiet sway, holding her little court within a court, her life within the troubled life around her, happy with her children, and secure in the King's affection.<sup>5</sup> How much or how little she knew or heard of

<sup>1</sup> "And that swete name which thou so much dost wrong  
In time shall be some famous poet's song."

Drayton's "*Heroical Epistles*."

King Henry II. to Rosamond.

<sup>2</sup> Her mother was only daughter and heiress of Ralph de Todemi, and brought Clifford Castle as her dower. Her husband then assumed the name of Clifford.

<sup>3</sup> In the "*Monasticon*," Walter de Clifford grants to the nuns certain property at Frampton on Severn.

<sup>4</sup> "*Gentleman's Magazine*."

<sup>5</sup> I wrought on no mean object  
A crown was at my feete. Sceptres obeyed me,  
Whom fortune made my King; love made my subject  
Who did command the land, most humbly pray'd me  
Henry the Second, that so highly weighed me.

the outer world, of court intrigues, of French and English jealousies, of the domestic broils in the palace, of Henry's troubles with his fierce and passionate wife and unruly sons,—if these ever reached her quiet retreat, is not known; but that the Queen knew, sooner or later, of Rosamond's existence is clear, and that she vowed vengeance in her heart for the King's infidelity.

One of Eleanor's French knights was in her confidence, and assisted her to further discoveries; to the knowledge that the King's mistress was living *perdu* within a mile of the Palace at Woodstock; to watching Henry's comings and goings, and at last tracking him to the low door in the park wall, and the underground passage which led to her rival's home.

Faithless herself, Eleanor was pitiless to the King's derelictions. "Quoyqu'il en soy," says Isaac de Larrey. "La Reine offensée des amours du Roy, ne songea qu'à s'en venger, sans se soucier à quel prix ne par quels moyens." And again: "Elle auroit fait perir ce rival si la mort ne l'en eut délivrée."

Speed says: "The Queene reached her by way of a ball of silke which fell from her lappe, and upon Rosamond so vented her spleen that she lived not long after." "Eleanore ye Queene so dealte with hir that she died," says an old chronicle; but that she actually lost her life by the Queen's hand is now allowed to be a fable. The story of the poison was strengthened by the fact that a cup was engraved upon Rosamond's tomb; but it was probably meant to represent a chalice, as a religious emblem. Still the legend obtained with the ballad-writers of old, and those of more modern date. A poet of our own day takes this view, and represents the meeting of the Queen and her rival, and Eleanor's talk with her French lover, Bouchard, who half-dissuades her at the last, from fear of violence; she answers him:

"I would fain see this Rose grow . . .

"I will not hurt her, Bouchard . . .

"Nay, if I meant to stab or poison her, you might so chide me."<sup>1</sup>

Eleanor may feel bitterest jealousy and hate against the King's mistress; the mistress shows none against the wife:

"She gets the harsh bran of my corn to eat,"

she says, with gentle satire, and lets the thought go by. But when the "wronged Queene" glides in upon her placid solitude, and stands with her dark face close to hers, and with that hard, vibrating voice of hers, with the foreign ring in it, says—

"Here, Golden Lady, look me in the face,"

"Give me both hands, that I may look you through,"

the softer nature gives way, and she accepts death, or a choice of deaths, at the hands of Henry's Queen. With a piteous deprecation of her hate and cruelty, the poor Rose turns from the poison to the sword with a shiver of pain and fear. Life is very sweet. She hears her children's voices ring across the garden, where they are playing in the sun. Their father's name is on her lips—almost a cry; but she dare not utter it, with his wife's fierce eyes so near.

"Is there not one will say a word for me?"

she says, with imploring lips and eyes—

"A little sad word . . . God be pitiful,"

Not one in this sharp world to speak for me.

QUEEN. . . . Yea, then your drink  
You will die simply then—you do the wiselier,

ROS.—I have no breath that makes a curse for you.

All goes to fashion prayer."

According to the poet, she drinks the poison, and the King comes in only in time to see her die.

But the fact remains that Rosamond died in 1177, when Eleanor was, and long had been, imprisoned. That the Queen did trace her home, and confront her, is not improbable; and that her threats drove Rosa-

<sup>1</sup> "Rosamond, a Poem." A. C. Swinburne.



mond to a living grave at Godstow is likely to be true. In one or two notices of the life and death of Rosamond, there is an allusion to her having died in her bower at Woodstock,<sup>1</sup> in the absence of the King,<sup>2</sup> who, departing for France, according to Drayton,<sup>3</sup> left her specially under the charge of one Vaughan, "a knight whom the King exceedingly loved, who kept the Palace at Woodstocke, and moche of the King's jewels and treasure; to whome, also, the King committed moche of his secrets, and in whom he put such trust, that he durst commit his love into his charge." The truest account, however, seems to be that of her retreat to Godstow, where she remained till her death.

Nothing now remains of the old Benedictine Convent but a few ruined arches and a broken wall,<sup>4</sup> Founded by Henry I., at the instigation of Editha de Lameline, who related a vision to the King, it was consecrated in 1138, and his benefactions were continued by his suc-

cessor, Henry II., who afterwards caused daily mass to be said there for the repose of Rosamond Clifford's soul.

Large sums were expended by Henry upon the place where his "Rose of the World" slept her long sleep before the altar, in the chapel of the convent, where the last years of that sorrowful life were spent, in repentance and prayer, in expiation for the sin which had been the glory of her life; or of his, who had let the world believe *his* sin was *hers*. Perhaps the loving heart thought it no loss if, by a few years anguish, she might, by God's pity, win the pardon of that other dearer soul.

So she died, true to the last—her secret with her. What matter her lost name, so "her King," in the eyes of men, "had done no wrong?" The world to her meant *Henry Plantagenet*; and she had foregone the world, lest through her should fall a shadow on the honour of *Henry the King*.

She died, "and her tombe stood before the altar,<sup>5</sup> covered with riche

<sup>1</sup> "But yet ye King left not ye company of ye sayde Rosamond, unto the whiche he had made a house of wonder-worke, so that no creature, man or woman, might wynn to hyr, bot if he were instruct by the Kynge, or such as were ryghte secret wyth him touching that matter. This house, after some writers, was named Labrinthus, or Dædalus-work or house, which is to meane (after most expositors) an house wroughte like unto a knotte in a garden called a maze; but ye common fame telleth that lastly ye Queene wan to hir by a clewe of silke, and delt with hir in such wise that she lived not long after. Of the manner of her death telleth not myn author: but when she was ded she was buried at the monastery of Godestowe, beside Oxford."—*Fabian's Chron.* 1559.

<sup>2</sup> "It befel that she died and was buryd whyl ye Kinge was awaye; and whame he cam agen, for ye grate love that he had to hyr, he would see ye bodeye in ye grave; and when ye grave was open, there sate an orible tode on her brest, and a foule adder begirte hyr bodie about ye myddle. Thanne ye Kynge did shette agen ye grave."—*From a Compendious Treatise, "Dialogues of Dives and Pauper," by Richard Pynson. London: 1493.*

<sup>3</sup> Notes to Annotations of the Chronicles of History, Drayton.

<sup>4</sup> Where Rosamond's dust benoath the humble cell  
Imparts vain glory to the wave-worn dell;  
Where mouldering piles are thinly scattered round,  
And one lone arch nods o'er the untrodden ground.  
The sacred dome once reared its awful head,  
And sombre groves their pious horror spread.  
Here, once preventing the proud bird of day,  
The deep bell woke the pensive nuns to pray.  
Here the pale taper through the livelong night  
From narrow window flung its glimmering light.  
Now o'er the plain the mossy fragments fall,  
And oxen feed beside the grass-grown wall."

*Translated from "Carmina Quadragesima," Oxon. 1748.*

<sup>5</sup> In the remains of the chapel is still shown a large stone coffin, supposed to be Rosamond's, divided down the centre.

"Inside the south wall was newly wrote the verses said to have been on her tomb—

"Hic jacet Rosa Mundi non Rosa Munda."

"Non redolet sed olet, quæ redolete solet."

silke, and candles burning arounde it," her memory honoured and beloved by the sisterhood, who would scarcely have accorded so much to one, who, if guilty, would be doubly so in the eyes of so severe and strict an order.

But even in death Rosamond was allowed no rest. According to Roger Hoveden, "Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln,<sup>1</sup> being at Godstow, some fifteen years after, inquired whose tomb was thus honoured, and hearing that it was Rosamond Clifford's, he ordered the coffin to be removed. "Take her hence," he said, "without the church, lest through her the Christian religion be scandalised." So her body was removed to the chapter-house. Only for a time, however. Again, after the Reformation, her grave was re-opened.

Leland writes,<sup>2</sup> "Rosamunde's tumba was taken up a-late; it is stone coffin, with this inscription, 'Tumba Rosa;' hyr bones were closed in lede, and within that hyr bones were closed in lethyr. When it was opened, a swete smell came out of it." Keutzner, a traveller in Elizabeth's reign, says of Rosamond's tomb that "all letters were wore away, excepting,—

" . . . Adorent

Utque tibi detur requies; Rosa precamur."<sup>3</sup>

Putting aside the old legend, proved to be untrue, the story of Rosamond Clifford closes at her convent gates. Of her after-life, of its duration, of her last hours, there is no mention made. Did she die alone at last, but for those shadowy nuns, and not less lonely, that perchance the tutored guarded thoughts and memories, crushed down so long, went back, in those dying hours, to Woodstock, to her children, and her King.

Did she die alone? Did the prioress, who knew her story best, relaxing all rule and defying all precedent, send one night in haste

to the palace a great square parchment letter, tied about with silk, "From our poor house at Godstowe to the King's Grace," craving that the King should ride thither with all speed, for the sake of a departing soul, with all the quaint formalities of greeting, that Henry read as one blind?

Did he order out horse and escort in hot haste, and ride through the short light summer night, across the quiet country and through silent, sleeping Oxford town, and miles beyond, in the strange dawn twilight, under waning stars, on to the convent gates, looking up with dry eyes and set lips to the blank grey walls where his Rose of the World lay dying? Would she be living yet, with that unforgotten face and tender eyes turned always to the door? Why would her beauty and sweetness haunt him so, and her little ways and looks? Had he not lived without her, somehow, all this weary time? Why think now of the waves of golden hair and the fair white throat he used to say he could "see the red wine through," and the little child-like hands—were they folded straight and still? Was her face—*hers*—laid looking up to heaven, with closed eyes and silent lips? Ah, merciful God! he could not picture *her* face so! And all the while a foolish song is running in his head, with "Roses—Roses," in the refrain. She sang it long ago. God help him! why did it come back now?

And so the great bell clangs out, and the gates swing backwards, and somehow the King stands in a little narrow room, with only a low bed and a rough table, and a crucifix on the stone wall. The primrose light of the early morning comes in at the high east window with the twittering of waking birds. And that face upon the pillow, with waiting eyes turned always to the

<sup>1</sup> Life of Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, by his own chaplain, in the "Bibliotheca Ascetica" of Bernard Perzzen.

<sup>2</sup> Leland's "Itinerary."

<sup>3</sup> Note to Annot. of Chron. of Hist., M. Drayton. Dugdale quotes the lines "concerning Rosamond's Tomb," beginning—

"Rose of the world, but not the cleane flower  
Is now here graven, to whom beauty was lent,  
In this grave full dark is now her bower,  
That by her life was sweet and redolent," &c.

door—the face of a dying nun; a dying saint; an angel nearing heaven, in whose sweet eyes light—that is, half of the shadow of death and half of the glory of resurrection—something is left of his “Rose of the World.”

The memory of a picture by a poet suggested the subject of this paper. I give it here, knowing that to those who recognise the rare beauty of the little the poet of Islay has cared to publish, it will be welcome. To those who read it for the first time it will be a revelation, if they be worthy :—

#### ROSAMOND.<sup>1</sup>

Bow down once more, and kiss me on the mouth;  
I must arise and go into the south.  
While yet the swallow lingers in the south,  
Bow down, O love, and kiss me on the mouth.  
Nor tears, nor prayers, nor love, nor lover's vow,  
Can stay the spirit on the portal now;  
A mightier monarch's hand is on my brow.  
Yet, ere I rise and go into the south,  
Bow down, my king, and kiss me on the mouth.  
Lo! they have spoken evil words, and said,  
“Go, let her hide her shameful, wanton head;  
Nor will they grieve for me when I am dead;

Yet, ere I rise and go into the south,  
Bow down, my love, and kiss me on the mouth;

Dear, let them speak;—it will not hurt me there,  
Nor will their sharp words make our love less fair—

Wonderful, excellent, beyond compare  
Of aught that lies between us and the south!

Bow down, my king, and kiss me on the mouth.

They have not loved! Surely their hearts are small.

This is not love which fears to stand or fall—

For love regardeth not herself at all.

So ere I rise and go into the south,  
Bow down thy head, and kiss me on the mouth.

Dear, I can die for thee! Exceeding well

To die for thee, O love! though cruel hell

Gape for my soul! Hist! that's the curfew bell,

And we must part before we meet i' the south,—

Yet kiss me, dear, once more, upon the mouth.

And hear me speak one word before I go:

Even if the cool and healing waters flow  
Far from the road that leads me to the south,

*I am not sorry that I loved you so.*

Then kiss me, dear, once more, upon the mouth.

## MRS. GREVILLE; OR, TWICE HER AGE.

### CHAPTER XXI.

“WHO is your quaint-looking friend, my dear?” It was Lady Sumner who spoke, casting sly, pretty little glances at Julian, while she affected to whisper in Renée's ear.

An artist! oh how charming?—he looks so clever! I love art, and all artists have a fancy for painting *me*—introduce me, dear.” And Lady Sumner whose empty little head had been slightly turned by all the attentions of the royal guest conferred a most patronising word on Julian.

“You must take me over your studio,” she lisped. “I am quite at home in studios. I know all about the *chiaroscuro*,—isn't that

what they call it?—And I think a painter's—I mean, an artist's—life must be *so* charming, all the pretty models coming to sit for you. Have you ever fallen in love with any of your models?” At this rather home question Julian looked so uncomfortably embarrassed, that Lady Sumner went on laughing quietly, so as to show her pretty white teeth—

“Oh, *I see*, Renée! we have come on the truth—now, which is your style? Mr. Le Noir, do you admire fair or dark women?” Then, without waiting for an answer, she went on. “Should you like me to give you a sitting? Buckwell and Grant and Groves have all done me. Bucknell took me in profile, although

<sup>1</sup> Spring Songs, by a West Highlander; Macmillan.



poor dear Eva wanted to persuade me that it was my weak point. Now, Mr. Le Noir, I ask you *quite dispassionately*—and I shall never forgive you, if you don't tell me truth—is my profile in drawing?" And turning round, she put herself into an artistic *pose*, looking, as she stood there, bewitchingly pretty. It would not have been in the nature of mortal man to resist paying her a compliment, and our grave Julian did his duty to the little lady's satisfaction.

"Well, then, that's settled!—you'll paint my picture. I mean to be done in character this time. I have got the most beautiful fancy dress. I wanted to wear it one time at Lady Forth's ball; but my lord got some ridiculous idea into his head, and wouldn't hear of it. He made such a fuss that I had to give it up. That was when I was first married—I wouldn't be so foolish now. It is the dress of a *bayadère*. I got it from Paris; it was worn at the *bal de l'Opera* by Pauline Deschapelles, the great *danseuse*—so Decous assured me; and now, Mr. Le Noir, what are you looking grave about?"

"I am afraid," said Julian, in his coldest tone, "that I could not undertake a picture of that kind—*peinture de genre* is not my line at all."

"Oh, very well," said Lady Sumner, with a pout. "I am sure I don't care—it was only because you were Renée's friend that I proposed it.—I say, Renée, what a regular Orson he is! I declare, I am quite afraid of him;" and with a shrug of her pretty shoulders, she tripped off to more congenial company.

"If *that* is a specimen of fashionable society," remarked Julian, "Heaven defend me from such fine ladies!" He spoke a little bitterly, for he was disappointed to see that Renée shewed no disapproval in her face. "I can fancy," he went on, "that Madame Mère and the good sisters would think of such a scene as this;" and he looked with the austerity of a puritan of old on the crowd of jostling dancers who flitted past him.

Just as he spoke, Chum Dering, who had been careering round with Lady Lou, missed his footing on the highly-polished floor, and measured his length on the boards, while his unfortunate partner fell at Julian's feet in a very ungraceful manner.

There was a scramble and a rush, and, amidst a good deal of chaffing, the pair were set on their legs again, and were soon spinning round as fast as before. Julian's horrified stare was a study in itself.

"Come out of this place," he said quickly to Renée, "the very air of it stifles me;" and as they came into the more deserted drawing-rooms, he went on: "How could any one bear, Mdlle. Renée, to live among such a set of people as these! I know you will not be offended at my saying this; for their ways are not your ways, thank God."

Renée was silent, and then she answered, timidly: "You must not judge them too harshly, Julian. I don't know, but don't you think that Madame Mère was just a little *too strict* after all? The world is a beautiful place; they did not tell us in the convent how beautiful it was, and there are very kind people in it, and very good people."

"I am glad they have been kind to you," said Julian, relaxing a little. "Who are they, that I may think of them gratefully?"

"My guardian is very good to me," Renée answered, hesitating, "and I like Lady Sumner, although I am sorry you don't think well of her; Oh and little Ada is a darling, and—"

"Well," said Julian, smiling into a rather relieved expression, "is your list exhausted?"

"Oh, and Colonel Windham," Renée went on hurriedly, while a quick flush came into her face. "He has been *so good* to Fred and me! Excepting yourself, dear Julian, there never was any one *so good*; and, then, you had known us all our lives. You are like a brother to us! you won't give up your little sister? and I hope for my sake you will try and like Colonel Windham?"

Julian started. Could it be that the curé's words were coming true?

"You are very much interested in this Colonel," he said. "I have heard a great deal about him since I came to Morehampton."

"And what did you hear?" Renée said, shyly, and with a pretty conscious look in the gazelle eyes that Julian did not like to see.

"Well, you know," he said, "men talk a great deal amongst themselves, and ladies names are often mentioned,

carelessly enough. That part of my story is not at all necessary for you to hear; but this much I will tell you, that if I had a sister, Colonel Windham is the last man into whose keeping I would trust her happiness. I am afraid he is neither honest nor true." Renée raised her drooping head, and looked him straight in the face.

"You have no right to say such things," she said hotly; "it is unjust and unworthy of you to revenge an unintentional slight of his in this manner."

It was Julian's turn to look angry now; but he controlled himself and answered quietly: "If you mean Colonel Windham's sneer at my profession," he said, "you know *that* was a perfectly harmless taunt. It did not hurt me that he should think me a drawing-master, seeing that I am not one, although, for the matter of that, better men than I am have been."

Renée looked up ashamed of herself. "Julian," she said, "it was unkind of me to say those words and you will forget that I did so; but you won't be cross, and you will not tell such dreadful things of my friends—isn't that it?—you only did it to vex me?" She slid her hand into his as she spoke, and looked up entreatingly. There was such an anxious look in the sweet face that Julian hesitated; with the quick eyes of love he saw how it was with her, but he loved her so tenderly and unselfishly that he could not bear to give her pain. "God knows," he thought, "I could give her up to anyone that was worthy of her; but my innocent Renée at the mercy of such a ——" He did not finish the sentence, but I am afraid it would not have been a charitable word that he applied to our friend Ralph. You see, this young man had been brought up strictly, and had not much toleration for fashionable weaknesses, and at Morehampton Colonel Windham and his Platonic friendships had been handled rather severely; but, Julian would have thought it a desecration to even breathe a word of such a story into Renée's innocent ears; aloud he only said:

"I don't like to annoy you by disparaging your friends, but I am afraid I stand committed to what I

said of Colonel Windham. I am only surprised your guardian allows him to be here; but I trust he is nothing to you, for indeed he is not worthy of you in any way. I cannot bear, Renée," he went on more passionately, "to see you amongst such people. Come back to us at St. Etienne, where you grew up amongst us all, and where every one in the town loves you, and would grieve that either pain or sorrow should come to you. Come back to my mother, and forget this wicked place, where there is nothing but falsehood and sin. Come back to us, before your heart is broken, and your best feelings wasted, and——"

"My goodness! if here is not Miss Cardillan having a private little rehearsal all to herself. No, not all to herself," and Lord Deermouth stuck his glass in his eye, and took a view of Julian.

"My dear sir," he said, "were you preaching, or was it a dramatic entertainment? I never heard anything like it, and you seemed to have it all to yourself; and I do believe Miss Renée has been crying. Oh, here comes Cleopatra in full sail. I think I will make myself scarce." And with his sickly laugh the amiable youth retreated, to repeat, as a good story, how he had surprised that little flirt, Miss Cardillan, getting a regular scolding from some foreign cad.

In the meantime Mrs. Greville joined Julian, and Renée took the opportunity to escape.

I have said before, that where she chose to exert the power of fascination, Eva was irresistible. She tried her arts now upon the artist; she wove her spells round him. Poor Julian was human, after all; and beginning as he did with an intense horror of this worldly woman, he found his dislike changing gradually to toleration. Her flattery was so delicate that he hardly noticed it, and her kindness seemed so perfectly genuine.

"You must come and stay with us, Mons. Le Noir," she said; "it is a pleasure to speak to a sensible man, and it will be a great happiness for our poor little Renée. I am afraid we do not succeed in making her forget her old home."



"On the contrary, Madame," answered Julian; "it is we, her old friends, who have every right to be jealous. She has quite forgotten us. Even now she was saying how kind her guardian was,—and others," he added, with a sudden recollection of truth.

"Oh, did she say *that*?" said Mrs. Greville, with rather a bitter smile. "I think he rather spoils her, and so does Colonel Windham, and I think she is a little vexed because I don't allow her quite so much liberty as she would like. You know, Monsieur, a young girl, so beautiful as she is, is a great charge. I often think that if she were safely settled in life—if a good young man were really to think of her—not a foolish flirtation, begun perhaps in pique, but a steady attachment;—some one of good principles and religion—" Julian's heart began to beat a little faster. What did she mean? "I sometimes think she is in a dangerous position here," Mrs. Greville went on; "so many young men flirt only to amuse themselves. By the way, I wanted to ask you, was there any one she knew in St. Etienne—any one who could have—in fact, you understand—that she might have fallen in love with?"

There was a pause, and Julian's voice sounded strange to himself when he spoke.

He did not think, he said, there was any one in the town who could aspire to Mdlle. Cardillan.

"Ah!" laughed Mrs. Greville; "*that* is such a mistake: *we* are only anxious for her happiness. I mean, of course, some one of good family. *Money* would be nothing, as Mr. Greville would see to that. But perhaps you are right; only I thought when she came here first she seemed preoccupied, and I found her one day crying over a letter from St. Etienne. It had a little locket in it. It is not fair to tell the child's secrets," she added, looking charitably away from the sudden flush that spread over Julian's face; "only remember one thing: *you* have a friend in me. I have taken a fancy to you, and you know 'faint heart never won fair lady.'"

And she left him to his thoughts.

In the meantime Col. Windham was nursing his grievance. To do him justice, he did not believe half Mrs. Greville's insinuations. He knew quite well what motive had prompted them; but in his present mood he was inclined to look leniently on this jealous love. "Poor thing!" he thought, "it would be positively brutal to tell her to-night." So he lounged in his hostess's neighbourhood, letting his dangerous eyes say a great many things to her, and drawing down many a bitter remark from the lips of the county magnates, until Robert himself came to his wife and broke up their *tête-à-tête*.

During these last few days a decided change had come over that bucolic soul. It would seem as if a sudden awakening had come to his dream of marital confidence. It would have touched any one who cared sufficiently to watch him to see how he hovered about his wife, the spectacles turning constantly in her direction, while an anxious, pained expression, quite altered the round jovial face.

Mrs. Greville's manner to her husband under these trying circumstances was perfect; there was a gentle deference in it, a graceful submission, which must have disarmed the most furiously jealous of conjugal bears; but which rather unusual fact might have been accounted for by the knowledge *she* had, that within the last forty-eight hours honest Robert had developed symptoms which the family physician had told her to look for, and which were as so many nails in his coffin. But for all that, she did not think herself called upon to interrupt the course of gaieties, for, after all, they were only "symptoms." So she contented herself with telegraphing for the doctor, and kept her natural anxiety under the most perfect command.

From a distance she saw that Colonel Windham rather avoided going near Renée, and that when he *did* speak to her his face wore a stern, severe look, very different from the one it usually had in addressing her, and which gave Eva such pain to see. Renée, too, seemed ill at ease, the fact being that the poor child was much



troubled by Julian's warning, and at the same time angry with herself for having even a passing doubt of the glorious being who had condescended to offer her his love.

Ralph saw her wistful little glances, her troubled face; he knew that she was hungering for a kind word from him; and although his heart smote him for his unkindness, he withheld it.

His mind was in that disturbed state when he was on the look out for causes of unhappiness, and he chose to feel aggrieved at her sorrowful look, and to ascribe it to Julian's sudden appearance. Perhaps it made him in reality love her more anxiously; but it gave a cynical coldness to his manner that showed Renée that something was wrong. If she had been more versed in the ways of the world, she would have tried to keep up his jealousy; but she was quite too guileless for any such tricks; and as he stood gloomily beside her, she tried many little ways to divert his growing abstraction.

"And so your interesting friend has left you," he said at last. "Now, don't *pretend* you didn't know who it is."

"You mean Julian, of course," she said, colouring a little at his rather rough address. "Why should I *pretend*?" she added, after a little pause.

"I don't know, I am sure," Ralph answered, coldly. "It was unnecessary to keep your appointment with him a secret from me."

She looked at him, wondering.

"I could not tell you," she said, "because you were acting."

"That's an equivocation," Ralph thought. Then he said aloud:

"I think that's a very ridiculous habit, calling Mons. Le Noir by his Christian name."

"But we have been brought up together," she said, rather anxiously; "he has been always like a brother to us."

"And, pray, might I ask," said Ralph, with his coldest sneer, "does a brotherly salutation pass between you when you meet?"

He was heartily ashamed of himself the minute he said it, and hastily taking her hand, he added:

"Forgive me, Renée; I am not myself to-night. But your love is so precious to me, darling, I fear to lose it, or that you might give it to some one more worthy."

"I have never loved any one but you," Renée answered; but she said it sadly, and the wounded look in her eyes pursued Ralph long after the gay party had dispersed; and when in the solitude of his own room his indignation had time to cool.

He believed still that he had been injured, but he thought he had punished her enough; and in his secret soul he was so convinced that her innocent love was all his own, that he took himself to task very severely for his behaviour.

"I am jealous fool," he thought, "and not worthy of such a darling. How inexpressibly sweet and lovely she looked to-night! and how I drove away her smiles by my gloomy looks! To-morrow I will make it up to her, and when I tell her what a brute I have been, how tenderly she will pity and forgive me!"

With this pleasant prospect of reconciliation before his eyes Ralph went to sleep, but

"Man proposes, God disposes."

In the early dawn of that summer's morning, Colonel Windham was speeding on his way to Florence. A telegram had come to him long before anyone in the house was stirring. His mother was dying, and there was not a moment to lose, if he wished to see her alive. She had not been much of a mother to him, and he had not seen her for years; but the near approach of death obliterates much, and it was with a feeling of keen remorse for past neglect that Ralph set out on his journey.

## CHAPTER XXII.

It was the morning after the play, and the sun shone in on the rooms at Fair Oaks—on the rooms where the revels had so lately been held; they presented now but a sorry sight—the garlands hung from the pillars and walls, upon which they had been festooned, limp and faded; the floor was strewn with pieces of tarlatane and ends of ribbon, showing how fierce had been the fray, while even the ends of candle in the sconces had a dissipated look, as if they were ashamed of the bright sun seeing the state of gutter to which they had been reduced by their hard night's work. It does not require our old friend Tommy Moore to tell us that the banquet hall, with the lights out and the garlands dead, is a melancholy spectacle, not alone in the stilly night, but more especially in the broad daylight. Hecatombs of broken victuals, and dozens of champagne bottles with their corks extracted, give to what once was the most elegant repast a disorderly and drunken appearance, and carries home to our minds, perhaps, more than many an elegant discourse, the truth of "*Sic transit gloria mundi*."

I can fancy a *chef de cuisine* wandering round the *débris* of his once well-organised supper-table with something of the feelings with which a general after a battle views the remnants of his army. Carcasses of unhappy chickens, mutilated and cut to pieces, are all that remain of what was once a gallant little band of white-coated warriors, for even the army of reserve has been sacrificed. Here lies in ruins the fortress! a glorious pie! A few hours ago it presented a firm front to the enemy, but its walls of paste could not protect it from its ruthless attackers; its ramparts of aspic jelly are broken down, its citadel of truffles is taken, and the bleached bones of its unfortunate inhabitants strew the victors' plates. Sad, indeed, is the fate of the light cavalry—the jelly and the cream contingent—their carnage is something frightful, and *they* are generally cut down to a man!

Dancing and playing about the house, the morning sun came streaming into the carefully-shaded bedrooms at Fair Oaks, waking up the tired inmates by its garish brightness. They raise their languid heads, and stretch their weary arms, and prepare to take up again the burden of society. Of late, Mrs. Greville had felt a great disinclination to open her eyes to the light of day. The battle that she was fighting was a hard one, and the victory so far was certainly *not* on her side. The eyes, too, of many enemies were upon her, rejoicing in her discomfiture.

"Thank goodness," she thought, "these tiresome people go away to-day! I will try and persuade the governor to send Renée to her aunt, and then things will be as they were; once I have Ralph to myself, I will regain my influence over him: his fancy for her is passing away already;" and then her thoughts rambled away to many things. She could not understand the change that had come to Mr. Greville, and his grave, anxious manner puzzled her not a little. She went over in her mind what could possibly have caused it, and decided that it must have been produced by his state of health. "Poor Robert!" she thought, "he is far from well, and I am afraid Danvers will think him worse."

I heard a story once of a woman, who, when her husband was in his last sickness, sent for a supply of widows' caps, and tried them on by his sick bed, wishing, no doubt, to have the benefit of his taste. I don't think Mrs. Greville's thoughts went so far as her future head-gear, but she certainly let them wander in a direction which could not be pleasing to her present lord and master; but, on the whole, Eva's meditations were pleasant enough. "That was a good stroke of mine about Le Noir!" she thought; "and if the girl gets a good husband, she will be far happier than with a man like Windham, who would never suit her." Altogether, the world

seemed to smile on our friend Eva. Ralph's going away, too, was most fortunate, and it was with a certain hilarity that she rang for her maid to get her ready for the fray.

It was an invariable rule at Fair-oaks that the letter-bag should go through a preliminary examination at Mrs. Greville's hands; it was a convenient arrangement, and gave her much amusement and food for speculation; whether it would have been quite so pleasing to the *recipients* of the letters to know that their correspondence had undergone a previous examination (on the outside, I mean, of course) by their hostess, is quite another affair. I don't think poor Robert would have objected much—indeed, his letters were generally thrown aside as too contemptible for even a glance.

On this particular morning of which I am writing, Louise presented herself with the multitudinal cup of tea. Mrs. Greville held out her hand for the bag.

"I don't think madame will find many letters of interest *in* the bag," was the girl's quiet remark. She was one of the worst class of French work-girls, taken by Eva long ago, when her fortunes were low, and when skill in adapting old materials to new fashions was a necessity to her. She was kept on now because so many of her mistress's secrets were in her keeping, and because Mrs. Greville knew well she would find it difficult to replace her; but mistress and maid fought often, and fiercely fought, to make it up again, for their mutual advantage was not to separate. There was a curious look now on the girl's face, that made Mrs. Greville question eagerly—

"Anything the matter, Louise?"

"Madame will be surprised, no doubt. M. le Colonel is gone."

"Gone!" said Mrs. Greville, dropping the letter-bag she was unloading hastily. "You are dreaming, Louise!"

"Ah! I don't dream," laughed the girl, with an insolent toss of her head; "I leave that to Madame and the Colonel; they dream of one another. But true; the Colonel was off at six o'clock this morning. A telegram came for him at five, from his mother, who is dying.

Ma foi! I remember the old lady well, when we were at Florence,—don't you, madame? You were mademoiselle then."

"Never mind that *now*, Louise!" was Mrs. Greville's rather short answer. She remembered it perfectly. Lady Mary Windham had declined to know Miss Kerr, and many had been the bitter slights inflicted through her means. Well, no matter now; there was an end to all that!

"Luigi is left behind," Louise went on, "to pack his master's clothes and bring him his letters. He expects answers to these," she added, taking two from the front of her dress, and holding them in her hand. "One is for Madame, and one is for Mademoiselle Renée."

She brought the last word out as if it gave her real pleasure to inflict pain upon her mistress. She had need to hold them tightly, for Mrs. Greville made a sudden movement to snatch them from her; but Louise knew her too well to be taken unawares; for, with an equally quick movement, she put them behind her back.

"Luigi is ever wanting me to marry him," she said, with a meaning look; "but I say madame cannot spare me *yet*; not till she can afford to set me up in business. I think of taking the 'Greville Arms' when Monsieur Dodd retire; but madame will arrange it all for me, and get monsieur's consent."

"I will do everything I can," said Mrs. Greville, feverishly. "You know, it is hard to persuade Mr. Greville to anything,—you know that, Louise; but I don't think *that* will so much matter. If you can wait two or three months, I think you may count on the 'Greville Arms.'" And another meaning look passed between them. "Now, Louise, give me my letters,—and—stay!—there's five guineas in my dressing-box; you can take that as a beginning. And now go, and come back in half-an-hour."

The girl understood her perfectly. Without any other remark but a quiet "Thank you, madame!" she laid the letters upon the bed, and left the room.

Mrs. Greville's first act was to jump up quickly and lock the door



of her room; then, with the aid of a little water, she deftly ungummed Renée's letter,—*hers* first. Her fingers trembled a little as she did so, but they did her work well,—Ralph's quaint device was as uninjured as if she were the most enthusiastic of monogram-collectors. One could almost pity the woman, her agitation is so genuine, as she reads poor Renée's first love-letter, were it not that pity, in her case, would be indeed mercy gone astray. She positively gasped in her utter horror and amazement as she read. Betrayed! deceived! and by such an inferior rival,—an untaught, uneducated convent-girl! Ah, there lay the sting! She dropped the letter as if it had power to burn her, and lay back in her chair stunned. Then, by-and-bye, comes to her the recollection of the other letter—the one to herself. No need to be cautious with this one. She tears it open, and a bitter smile comes to her lips as she reads, "Promise broken;" "Will explain all."

"Fool!" she says, half aloud; "does he think he will escape ME!"

With some people, when the realisation of what they have been long expecting does actually come, the mind, in the suddenness of the shock, refuses to act,—becomes, in fact, paralysed. Not so with Mrs. Greville. She rose at once to the situation; she collected her senses, and forced herself to think, forming in a few moments the desperate resolution of destroying her rival's happiness, at no matter what price. She laid her plan well, and ran over in her fertile brain a scheme, for the cunning of which the devil himself might have envied

her,—a scheme which would sacrifice an innocent girl, and the man she fancied she loved, to the shrine of her own vanity. It was singular that in this woman the law of wrong and right was so perverted that she really persuaded herself that she had been the injured party, and that therefore "revenge became her well."

As she sat in her tranquil room, amongst all the luxuries and pretty trifles that were around her, no idea crossed her mind that this was in some sort a punishment for the deception she had practised on her too confiding husband; but, according to *her* moral code, flirtation, when confined to flirtation *only*, was no sin against the matrimonial law; and so her conscience was clear of what might have given pain to a more sensitive one. She did not even pause to think. She saw, too, with perfect distinctness, the risk she ran if by any means it should transpire what she had it in her mind to do. "They are such a pair of fools!" she thought, while a bitter smile came to her lips; "they will never suspect me. Renée shall have her letter," and she gummed down the envelope carefully—no sign there of any confidence broken; it is pretty clear that it is *not* the Hon. Eva's first attempt at what in slang parlance is popularly called "gutting a letter."

This done, she unlocked her despatch-box, and in the secret drawer she carefully put Ralph's letter.

"Ah, Renée! you have but little chance against a woman 'twice your age!'" Then ringing for Louise—"Take Miss Cardillan her letter," she said, smiling, and went on dressing.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

RENÉE's dreams were disturbed ones; Julian's words kept ringing in her ear like the clanging of a church-bell. Of late she had been so happy that she had forgotten many things which she now took herself to task for neglecting. She had not written to Madame Mère or sister Ernestine; and then there was the Curé and Madame Le Noir.

She would put these ideas out of her head by writing; so she got up early and set herself to her task. But writing these letters was not such an easy matter: do what she would, Ralph's name would come in, and to her straightforward nature the secrecy he had enjoined seemed like a crime against her friendships; so she put her writing

materials away, thinking to herself, "I will ask him to-day, may I tell them?"

The rain was falling fast, so there was no use in going out; so she set herself to her lace-work, and back went her thoughts to the old groove.

Now that daylight had come she saw things clearer, and she scolded herself for having any doubts of her lover. She kept musing on his perfections, his goodness; she pictured to herself his home (her future home), and a vision rose before her of the little abbey chapel he had described to her, and she saw herself kneeling there with him.

"I dare say," she thought, "Julian was right, and that he has been a little negligent; but then one can't expect every man to be like Julian,—*he* is a perfect saint. I will get his name put on the *conférie* list, and the sisters will pray for him, as they did for old Lemoine when he was dying."

Poor little thing! her idea of sinning went no further than this; and, like all women, she had no objection to try her hand at converting the handsome reprobate. A knock at her door startled her from her meditations, and Louise made her appearance, much to Renée's surprise, for a housemaid was her usual attendant.

"I have brought you a cup of tea, *Mdlle. Renée*," she said; "Caroline was too busy to come to you this morning."

"Oh, thank you!" was Renée's grateful answer. Any little kindness was so new to her that it surprised her.

"And," continued Louise, standing before her, "there's a letter for you on the tray; Luigi, Colonel Windham's valet, gave it to me for you, *Mademoiselle*," she added, significantly, "and so I brought it to you myself."

"Thank you," said Renée, gently, but taking her letter up eagerly.

She didn't in the least understand that Louise expected a *douceur*; but an undefined feeling made her reluctant to open her letter while the girl stood looking at her.

Louise saw her hesitation, and withdrew to another part of the room, where she kept fidgeting

about, under pretence of settling, all the time watching Renée furtively. She saw the pretty pink flush of excitement fade away, and a puzzled, wondering look came over the childish face.

"Madame needn't try to deceive me," she thought. "She's been at some of her tricks. I am sorry I didn't get a look at the letter first. I wonder did Luigi?" Then, coming close to Renée, she said, with a meaning laugh:

"Colonel Windham's a nice gentleman, *Ma'mzelle*; he likes a young face better than an old one."

"I don't understand you," Renée said, coldly. She didn't like the girl, and this familiarity jarred upon her.

"Oh, *bien*!" Louise answered, sulkily; "*Mademoiselle* knows her own affairs best," and left the room quickly.

"Little goose!" she said; "she is like all these English stuck-ups. Well, it's no matter; I'll find it out. I'd bet my life Madame has done for her, she looks so smiling."

Renée, left to herself, took up Ralph's letter, and read it over again. She didn't in the least understand it.

"What can it mean?" she thought; "how can he be so cruel?" And hot tears rose to her eyes, and fell on the paper in her hands. It certainly was not a pretty letter from a man in Colonel Windham's position. It ran thus, beginning without any preface:

"I am called away suddenly by a telegram. My mother is dying, and I can only catch the Calais boat by starting immediately.

"I am therefore prevented *telling* you myself what I had meant to do to-day. I will say it in as few words as I can, for I know it will give you pain. Circumstances have changed my mind since our last conversation, and *my promise* to you is broken. You will guess the reason, without my mentioning names. I will write from Florence and explain all. I do not ask you to forgive me any share I may have had in causing you unhappiness. No one can regret it more fully than I do. Our friendship has been a pleasant one, and it is well

for both of us that we can look back upon it without a feeling of shame and remorse.

"Your faithful friend,

"RALPH WINDHAM."

Poor Renée! she read these words over and over again, trying to make them clear to herself. She put her hand to her head, and tried to remember something of last night; but everything seemed a blank, her mind and body seemed paralysed. Presently she heard the gong for breakfast resounding through the house. It seemed to her to come from a great distance, and had a dull, muffled sound. Mechanically she got up, but her limbs seemed heavy, and sinking down with her head on the chair, she burst out into comfortless sobbings.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the meantime Mrs. Greville had gone down to breakfast, dressed as carefully as usual, her chignon perfect, her curls faultless, her complexion the proper shade, a little paler than common, perhaps, but then that was accounted for by last night's dissipation. She was agreeable, attentive to her guests, smiling on every one, laughing gaily over the mistakes in the play, and answering all inquiries about Colonel Windham's sudden departure with just the proper inflexions in her voice. No one could have guessed how her heart was beating, how her ears were strained, fearing to catch the returning wheels of Ralph's trap. Until the day was over she could not be quite sure that he might not return, and then where would be her well-laid scheme? Renée would then be sheltered for ever from her malice, and she herself would be humiliated and despised, for she could hope for no mercy at their hands. This day once well over, she could count on two whole days clear before he could write, as she calculated he would, from Paris. If these tiresome visitors would only go away, and leave her to put the finishing touches to her plan! but they kept lingering about in that desultory way people have before starting, consulting their Brad-

shaws, and talking over the next places at which they were likely to meet.

Suddenly the breakfast-room door was flung open. Mrs. Greville started guiltily. She thought the moment she dreaded had come, and it was with intense relief that she saw the infuriated countenance of Lady Rosemary.

"Where is my daughter?" she said; "where is Lady Lou? Mrs. Greville, you can tell me—you have encouraged this scandalous business!"

Every one pricked up their ears: a little Billingsgate is a pleasant refreshment in fashionable society. Dyke raised his napkin slowly to his face, and when he removed it, it wore its usual imperturbable expression.

"Give me my daughter, I say!" Lady Rosemary went on, still addressing Mrs. Greville. "I insist on knowing where she is. Don't tell me you don't know! You asked that beggar, Chum Dering, here; you encouraged what was going on, and you helped her to *elope with him!*"

"Elope!" was echoed on all sides; while a little crowd gathered round the disconsolate mother. *This* really was *something*—news to make one welcome at the next halting-place.

"I might have known what would have happened when I came to such a house as this," her ladyship went on. "To think of my Lou, who might have married any one, being taken in such a way! The wretch hasn't a farthing to settle. If I had only the good luck to go to Drum Castle!"

"I am sure we must always regret that you did not," Mrs. Greville began, while a hot spot came to her cheek; but Robert Greville stopped her.

"Don't interfere in this business, my dear," he said. "Lady Rosemary is excited; she doesn't know what she is saying, or she would hardly accuse *my wife* of having anything to do with the young people's love affair. If you will come with me to my study, Lady Rosemary, we will talk the matter over quietly; and Eva, you will give directions for the carriage to take



Lady Rosemary to the station at one o'clock."

There was a quiet dignity about Mr. Greville that perfectly astonished his wife. She followed him to the study-door.

"Robert," she said, in an agitated manner, "you won't believe a word that woman says. She has always hated *me*. I had nothing to do with this business—I'll swear it, if you like."

She crossed both her hands on his arm, and looked up in his face entreatingly. Robert Greville disengaged himself gently.

"I quite believe you, Eva," he said; "and you may be certain I will never condemn you without proof."

Mrs. Greville stood looking after him, as he closed the study-door.

"What has come over him?" she thought. "He is quite changed. I wish Danvers would come!"

She lingered at the door, trying to catch something of what was going on, and then went to see how Renée had borne the first blow; under pretence of making inquiries for her non-appearance at breakfast, she knocked at her door.

When she saw the young girl's

complete state of desolation, and how utterly crushed she was, she knew that her artifices had succeeded, and triumph filled her heart. She affected to believe that Renée was suffering from headache and over-fatigue, and she made her lie down, and bent over her in sympathetic kindness.

The sight of her rival so utterly humiliated raised her spirits, and calmed her agitation, she returned to the drawing-room, to find the company in great excitement over the event of the day, which had quite absorbed the general interest.

Colonel Windham's departure had dwindled into nothing, and as to Renée's absence, it was not so much as thought of. The minutest scrap about the elopement was of interest. There was a general examination of the servants, and a good deal of intelligence was gathered from them. After every one had talked it over, and collected all the evidence they could, they were in a hurry to be off, to retail the information elsewhere; so carriages were ordered, and horses came round, and by dinner-time the house was clear of the late joyous party.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

IN the meantime the interview between Lady Rosemary and Robert Greville went on. Seated opposite to her host, the old lady poured out a torrent of vituperation against her daughter and Chum Dering, mingled with tears and groans very distressing to her kind-hearted listener, who kept putting in here and there a kindly word to stem the torrent of the good lady's ire.

"You know," he said, "Lou has always been a pet of mine, and I have her down in my will for a trifle—I'll send her a cheque this very day; and Chum, after all, is a fine young fellow. Young people will be young people, Lady Rosemary, and we must all learn to forget and to forgive."

The Dowager looked at him and to her furrowed old face, crossed

and recrossed with the lines of many a hard-fought fight, there came a look of spiteful malice terrible to see.

"That's a maxim *you* have practised once too often, Robert Greville," she said with a meaning laugh. "Look to your own house before you try to regulate mine."

The dull leaden clamp that had been pressing on honest Robert's head for many days seemed all at once to tighten like a band of iron round his temples, making a red streak across her forehead. Lady Rosemary saw the effects of her words, and rejoiced.

There was a pause while Mr. Greville tried to recall the thoughts that seemed slipping from his grasp. With a great effort he found voice to speak.

"You must tell me what you mean," he said very slowly and distinctly. "I must insist on your explaining what you insinuated against my wife."

"My dear Mr. Greville," Lady Rosemary answered, drawing her chair closer to her victim, and fixing her eyes upon him, "what I say to you is in the strictest confidence, and I trust to you that it never goes farther. I suppose, when you married Eva Kerr, you knew that she had the reputation of being a finished flirt—it is very hard to cure a woman of *that*. I don't mean to insinuate there is anything *positively wrong*, but everybody but yourself is aware that Colonel Windham is an admirer of Mrs. Greville's. Why, I happen to know that Lady Lowther would not bring her girls here, but went to Drum Castle instead, and I came. I supported your wife—I saw her through her difficulty—and what has been my reward? My daughter taken from me, married to a beggar—an infamous conspiracy the whole thing is, and I'll expose—I'll——"

"You may do what you like about that!" burst out Mr. Greville, "but you shall not *dare* to repeat one of your vile stories about my wife. I give them, one and all the lie! there is no better wife, no truer-hearted woman than my Eva! The sooner my house is clear of a set of vile slanderers the better; not one of them shall ever put a foot in it again, so you may tell them."

Lady Rosemary, frightened and abashed, crept away, and Robert Greville, the excitement dying away out of his face, sat on murmuring to himself: "Can it be true?—my God! can it be true?"

When the guests had all departed, Robert Greville called his wife into the study, where he had so lately held his interview with the infuriated dowager, and making her sit opposite to him, he began in his prosy way a lengthy exordium—he ended with, "I have ever been a kind husband to you, Eva," he said, "and I have taken care to show you, in my last will the respect and love that I did think you deserved."

"My dear Robert, why do you distress me, talking like this?" Eva said, putting her fine cambric pocket-handkerchief to her eyes, while in her mind she wondered at his saying "*did*."

"I don't say you have not been a good wife to me," honest Robert went on, while the band of iron pressed on his temples. "I suppose you would have cared more for a younger man; but I myself never did like a very sentimental woman. Moderation in all things is best, and we have got on very comfortable till lately"—he stopped, and putting his hand to his head—"I forget what I was going to say, Eva," he said, while a very dark flush reddened even his forehead.

"You were saying, dear, that we got on so well together," Mrs. Greville said, and she changed her place, and came and knelt beside him, laying her head affectionately on his shoulder, but he moved away from her uneasily.

"No, no!" he said; "*what* was it! She said you had always been a flirt; it's not true, Eva," and he looked so wistfully into her face for contradiction that it might have touched a heart with the most ossified tendencies.

"That old woman has been telling you stories," Eva said, moving her bracelets in restless agitation; "I told you she always hated me; and now, governor, what on earth does it matter what I did before I saw you? Haven't I been a good girl ever since?"

She bent towards him as she spoke, holding up her rosy lips to be kissed; but he took no notice of her caressing attitude.

"Evy," he said, while his face worked violently, "answer me truly: was there ever anything between you and Windham before you married me?"

"Not a thing," said Mrs. Greville, as carelessly as she could. Her heart beat as she thought, "How much does he know?" then aloud she said—"I tell you what, Robert, you will make yourself ill; I am uneasy about you, and I telegraphed to Danvers to come down and see you."

"Ah!" said Greville, bursting

out into sudden fury, "you think I am dying, that you will be able to marry your old lover, when your poor dupe is gone; but "I have not signed my will, and, by Heavens, I'll tear it in pieces; I'll leave every stick and stone of Fair-oaks to the Streatham Grevilles, if I could believe that you'd deceive me, Eva; that you'd make my love for you laughed at; that you'd disgrace my honourable name—I'd have no mercy on you; but I can't believe it—I can't!"

"I really do believe you are jealous," Mrs. Greville said, laughing, although her face had grown *very* pale. "Now, Robert, do be sensible, and tell me what put such a notion into your head?"

This tone did more good to her unhappy husband than if she had taken a more tragic one; and putting his hand in his pocket, he produced a lot of little crumpled pieces of paper.

"These have come regularly every day this week," he said; "they have been like slow poison to me, but I will be better now I have told you."

"Of course you will," Eva said, smiling at him, tenderly, and read the papers.

There was very little in any of them, but they all commenced with the words "Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion," and hinted in the style of such anonymous productions at a flirtation that was going on between Mrs. Greville and Windham. Some of them were enriched with little sketches of the pair, and all of them insisted on the diverting effect on the company at large of the blindness of the husband.

Eva laid them down with a heightened colour, "That is the work of an enemy of mine," she said; "some one who has been enjoying our hospitality. It is fortunate that I am in a position to prove that Colonel Windham is another person's admirer. Give me till to-morrow—you will trust me till to-morrow, Robert, won't you?"

There was no answer, and Mrs. Greville bent forward to look into her husband's face; it had a curious colour on it, and he was opening and shutting his mouth, making vain efforts to find a vent for the voice

that was silent. Mrs. Greville started to her feet.

"Don't frighten me, Robert," she said eagerly; "speak to me, can't you?"

Poor Robert made a great effort. "Water," he gasped, and in a moment Mrs. Greville had dashed open the door, and rushed down the gallery, calling wildly for help and the doctors. She wrung her hands, and made such a piteous moan that even Renée felt surprised at her tenderness for her husband, while all the time there ran in her mind, "And the will not signed—the will not signed!"

It was quite late in the evening of the next day; the hours had gone on somehow, and it had come round to night again. There were lights still burning in the house, and footstools went quietly, and on tip-toe into Mr. Greville's room, where Dr. Danvers and the village M.D. kept watch and ward over the spirit that was struggling to escape. Mrs. Greville had tucked up her long curls, and had a look of real anxiety upon her face, for it was a matter of life and death with the poor Master of Fair-oaks; and if he died now with the will unsigned, things would look awkwardly for the widow, and pleasantly enough for the Streatham Grevilles; but there's many a slip, etc., and so they were likely to find. Poor little Renée, in the general excitement she had put aside own grief, and had been such a gentle little nurse, so quiet, and so efficient, that the doctor had kept her pretty busy; until at last, pitying her pale worn-out face, he had sent her to lie down and rest, now that the great crisis had passed.

"He will certainly get over this attack, but he can't last long; any mental shock will be fatal." These were the doctor's words, and they came back upon Renée as Mrs. Greville stood beside her bed all tears and agitation. The poor child had fallen asleep from very exhaustion; she had gone over Ralph's letter until her head seemed on fire; in her gentle humility she had come to the conclusion that she would wait patiently. She must have offended him unwittingly, she thought; one so good as he was, and who so lately had pressed his love upon



her, could not give her up so suddenly and without some reason. She would wait for his explanation. In the worst of her pain, this idea had come through the darkness, and to it she clung with tenacity, as a falling man does to any stick or stone which breaks his fall. Poor friendless little thing, she fell asleep with the tears wet upon her long eyelashes—it was sad to see her lying there, with her pale tear-stained face, and her beauty dimmed by grief. She dreamt of Ralph; dreamt that he and she were standing in the conservatory plucking orange-blossoms, and that hers all faded, and turned black in her hands, and that suddenly there came a noise at the door, and Madame Mère, sad and angry, came towards her, holding a branch of immortelles, “Take these, *mon enfant*,” she said, “they never fade;” and Renée awaking, with a great start, found Mrs. Greville bending over her. She had a lamp in her hand, her face was pale, and her hair streamed over her shoulders. She was really excited and agitated, for the game she had to play was a deep one, and required great skill.

“Hush, Renée!” she said. “Don’t make a noise; I want to speak to you.”

“Is he worse?” said Renée, starting up.

“No,” said Eva, laying a heavy hand on the girl’s shoulder, “he is sleeping; don’t waste time, for he may wake any moment, and I have something of importance to say to you.”

She put the lamp down on the table as she spoke, and took a piece of paper, folded like a letter from her dress.

“I think you love your guardian, Renée, and you would do something for his sake. He has been a good friend to you.”

“What can I do?” said Renée, eagerly; “only tell me, and I will do it.”

“Ah! that’s the thing; but I am afraid, now that I have to tell you, that you will never consent to do this for me—I mean, for your guardian.”

“Oh, it’s for you,” Renée answered in a rather different tone.

“Oh, Renée,” said Mrs. Greville, hurriedly, “don’t be too hard on me; I know it was wrong, but then he has loved me so long; but will you do it? only think of your guardian; it’s for his sake I ask you to spare me; he has been kind to you and yours, and you owe him a debt of gratitude.”

“What is it you want me to do?” Renée said, faintly.

“It is only to take a letter,” Mrs. Greville answered, and to say it was written to you; there is no harm in it really, only it would ruin me with Robert for ever.”

“A letter?” said Renée quickly, “who wrote it?”

“Yes! a foolish letter from Ralph Windham. You will do it for me—won’t you, Renée?—and I will explain it all in the morning.”

“Stay!” said Renée, with feverish earnestness—“stay, Mrs. Greville; I must know it all to-night.”

“What a curious little thing you are!” said Eva. “Well, if you must!” and sitting down beside her, she proceeded to wrench the dagger round and round in her listener’s heart.

The story she told was a plausible one enough, and, strange to say, she believed it. She had a fixed idea in her mind, that, in preventing the marriage of Windham and Renée, she was only doing what was perfectly justifiable. Her own hard fate she pitied immensely; happiness such as long had been denied, by her husband’s death, to her, would soon be in her grasp, and this girl had stepped in and taken it from her; so she had no scruples in fighting this iniquitous battle for her rights. Truth and fiction were so artfully blended in the tale she told, that it would have required a well-experienced woman of the world not to be completely duped by it. Poor simple Renée, amazed and horror-struck as she was, could hardly refrain from pitying her. In a low voice, and with great emotion, she spoke of an old attachment between her and Windham, of having been forced into a marriage with Robert Greville. She represented herself as having repressed, in every way she could, Ralph’s love for her, and that in consequence they had quarrelled. “That was the time,” Eva

remarked parenthetically, "that he began flirting with you, Renée. The night of the play we made it up, and the result was that he wrote me this unfortunate letter;" and into Renée's hands she gave a tender, loving little note from Ralph, beginning "My own love." How different from the one he had written to her!

Renée, sitting up in bed, read it over twice, devouring with eager eyes every line of it, while every pulse in her body seemed to beat like the pendulum of a clock. Mrs. Greville's voice sounded a long way off as she went on.

"And now, Renée, I throw myself on your mercy; you can save me if you will only let Robert believe that this letter was written to you! People, enemies of mine, have filled his mind with stories against me; and this is the only thing that will clear *me*, for he already suspects me. I have calmed him by telling him that Windham admires you—and it can do you no harm.

You refuse to do this?" she said excitedly, as Renée turned away from her, shrinking in horror from her touch. "Then I am ruined: you do not know what Mr. Greville is when he is roused; he will drive me from the house in disgrace. Is this the religion you boast of, that you will sacrifice so many people to your own miserable vanity, and it costs you nothing—nothing? I have told Robert that Windham admires you—oh, Renée, I have been unkind to you, I know; but you would not take such a cruel revenge of me?"

She sank on her knees, clasping her hands in an agony of supplication, which was so far genuine, that she had not for one moment calculated on any refusal from Renée, and in an instant she saw how completely her plan would be defeated, and herself disgraced for ever, if she persisted in it. So she spared neither tears nor entreaties until she wrung from poor exhausted Renée a reluctant consent, and then she left her to the sad solitude of own thoughts. But there was a certain luxury in being alone; she could now bury her head in her clenched hands, and sob out piteously, "How could he do it? Oh, how could he do it? She was not a strong-minded girl, and the blow fell upon her, crushing her utterly;

she never doubted its truth—besides how could she? Had she not seen Ralph's handwriting, the very same as in the letter to herself. Now she understood why it was written; after his reconciliation with Mrs. Greville there was no need for any explanation, every thing was clear to her now,—Julian's warning, and the hints of Lady Sumner and Deermouth. She could read them by the light of Mrs. Greville's revelations, and she hid her head in very shame, as she thought that she had listened to words of love from a man whose name had been publicly coupled with that of a married woman. To her delicate conscience it seemed as if some portion of the guilt rested on her, for was she not entering into a conspiracy with these two against her guardian? In the stillness of the long hours she went over and over again all that had passed, backward and forward her mind vacillated, and its painful vacillation could not be settled—

"What am I going to do? to tell a terrible falsehood, to deceive my guardian; but if I do not, it may kill Mr. Greville, as the doctor said, and it will certainly ruin her—well, then she will be punished, and, after all, that is only right. Why is she to escape, and have his love and everything? If she is turned out and disgraced, it will only be what she deserves, a just punishment on her and on him. But, oh my God," thought poor Renée suddenly, "how wicked I am growing! what good will it do me to revenge myself on them? It will not bring me back his love; that is gone from me for ever. I should not even love him now, when he has been so wicked; and why should I wish to injure her, and embitter my kind guardian's best days of life? It is all selfishness, thinking of myself when a life is at stake—why should I hesitate if I could in any way give peace to a dying man?"

Quieted in some degree by this idea of self-sacrifice, which to the very young has always romantic attractions, and worn out with reasoning and sorrow, she at last, in spite of the morning sun dawning upon her, fell asleep.

But sleep did not come so easily to the eyes of Mrs. Greville—she had

something more to do before she slept. By the next day's post Julian Le Noir got a letter marked "private," and on reading this

letter he took a very sudden leave-taking of Morehampton, promising to come back and finish the picture later.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

WINDHAM's filial duties were over! Lady Mary Windham had died as became one of her aristocratic order: she had taken a very genteel farewell of her son, a very affectionate one of her little pug-dog (for whose future she had carefully provided), and had closed her worldly old eyes on this troublous scene for ever.

After this Ralph journeyed homewards to London in company with the aforesaid pug and his respected stepfather (for the deceased had contracted a second marriage with a rather seedy foreigner, who had lived latterly at a respectable distance from her), and then down to Windham Abbey; there the good lady was deposited in her last home, in company with a goodly array of Windhams.

All this having been got through pleasantly, and a proper account of it having appeared in the country papers and the London journals, the chief mourners, *i.e.*, the husband and son, separated, never to meet again in this life, and Ralph set his face in the direction of *his* magnet, *his* load-star, Renée. He had been inexpressible saddened by the spectacle he had so lately witnessed, a death-bed with only a rapacious husband and greedy hirelings around it, he himself the only one to care for the miserable old woman's soul or body—and, to do him justice, he did his best for both.

"Those whom the gods love die young," he thought, and prayed, in his own rather irreverent fashion, that he might never prolong a struggle for life, if it was to end in such an unbeautiful old age, loveless and unloving. The disgust of the fashionable world, in which he had lived and breathed since he was a child, deepened every day; and he turned to Renée and her simple, loving nature, as the one bright spot that stood out clear before him. His short separation from her had only had the effect of making her dearer. She had never written in

answer to his many letters, which did not surprise him; he put it down to some of the scruples with which her teachers had filled her mind, some little girlish folly, he thought, which she will explain in her pretty childish fashion, and so he was content.

Mrs. Greville had *also* kept up a dignified silence. He had written her a long letter from Florence, giving her his promised explanation, and begging her kind offices for his future wife, and to this no reply had come. It was drawing on to evening when he reached Fair Oaks, and as he drove through the gates it suddenly struck him that in all probability he would get but a cold reception from its mistress.

"By Jove! I never thought of that," was his rather uncomfortable reflection; "but, after all, if Eva does make a grand scene, I can but go to the 'Greville Arms;' but she is too cunning to show her hand like that. On the contrary, she will, I daresay overpower me with affection, of which I can believe as much as I choose, and it doesn't much matter—I shall see my own darling." It struck him, as he drove up to the house, that it had a chill, deserted look, the autumn wind was sighing through the trees in a manner which gave an unpleasant foretaste of approaching winter, and he noticed that some of the shutters in the upper part of the house were closed. "I think I will surprise them," he thought, and went round to the glass door opening into the boudoir; it was fast shut, and the bolt well secured. He looked in through the window, and the room struck him to have a singularly dismantled look. With a foreboding of misfortune, he hurried back to the house-door and rang violently. After a little pause it was answered by a woman whose face was familiar to him. She at all events knew him well, for she curtsied obsequiously, saying:



"Didn't they tell you at the lodge, sir?"

"Tell me what?" asked Ralph impatiently.

"Oh! that the family's gone away, up to London—they've gone this week past."

"My heavens!" said Colonel Windham, with an impatient stamp of his foot; "is Curtis here?"

(Curtis was Bob Greville's own man.)

"Oh, dear no, sir! the master couldn't move without *him*—he lifts him into his chair."

"Lifts him into his chair?" said Ralph, astonished. "I don't understand what you are saying."

"Oh!" said the woman, with a look of utter amazement; "don't you know about the master's seizure?" and inviting him into the drawing-room, she proceeded to give him an account of Robert Greville's illness, and the consequent removal of the entire establishment to town for better medical advice.

She told it so slowly, and after the manner of her class, with so many details, that Colonel Windham was driven nearly wild. He burst impetuously into—

"And Miss Cardillan?" he said, "did she go too?"

"Miss Cardillan?" the woman interrogated in her turn, with a stupid stare.

"Yes," Ralph said impatiently; "the young lady who was on a visit."

"Oh, you mean Miss Wren? Oh, to be sure! she went too, and precious sorry we are after her—a nice creature; my Johnny took to her wonderfully."

This little piece of unpremeditated flattery did her good service; and Ralph made up for his *brusque* manner in a way much to Mrs. Betty's satisfaction.

"A pleasant gentleman," she said, telling the history to a select circle, "but in a mortal quite military-like state about the mistress, more's the pity, and the master such a good man;" from which it may be gathered that a little soupçon of scandal flavours the humble cup of tea as much as it does in the upper circles. But Ralph, careless of Mrs. Betty's remarks upon him, was hurrying as fast as the mail train would take him

to town. All the way he kept fancying his meeting with Renée. The longer it was delayed the intenser grew his desire to see her, and the love he felt for her. "Dear artless little Renée!" he thought; "can there be anything better in life than to make you happy, to take you away from those that are unkind to you, and to shelter and protect you for ever." He pictured to himself the sudden blush with which she would meet him, the little ripple of glad laughter that would come from her lips; and in such lover-like dreams the time passed away and he was in town. It was too late that night to go to Grosvenor Street, where Robert Greville lived, so he had to content himself with his fancies until the next morning, when, at an early hour, he presented himself.

The house had that comfortless look that houses always have when suddenly invaded out of the proper season. It is as if they felt it an intrusion, and consequently they make you, the intruders, feel it also. The carpets were up, and all the glasses and girandoles were in their holland bags; the servants were trying to give a habitable appearance; but they too had an aggrieved look, as if they had been defrauded of country air, and should take it out of somebody. With great exertions one little spot had been induced to look something like itself; and there Colonel Windham found the invalid. Poor Robert! violent pain and violent remedies had so reduced him that Ralph positively started; the shadow of the great valley that he was entering was showing very plainly now, and it was with a glad feeling that Windham felt he could take his friend's hand in his without any remorse. Greville was alone, but Ralph thought he heard a faint rustle of female garments hurriedly retreating, just as he was announced, and he looked round the room anxiously.

"Eva was here just now," Robert said; "but she went away, as I have something to say to you."

There was a little touch of his old pomposity in his manner of saying this, and Ralph thinking he was going to hear one of his long-winded speeches struck in quickly:

"And I have something to say to

you; but first, where is Renée?—Miss Cardillan, I mean?"

Robert cleared his throat, and turned his spectacles on Windham.

"It is precisely about Renée that I wanted to speak to you," he said "nervously, and drew from his pocket-book a letter, which he opened with a tremulous motion of his now thin fingers. "You wrote this to my ward, Windham," he said, handing it to him; "there's nothing to be ashamed of," he went on, as Ralph began a hurried explanation, "if, as I suppose, you meant to marry the girl. I am a plain man, Windham, and I put the question plainly?"

"Marry her!" said Ralph, quickly, "can you doubt it? I would have asked your consent, and all that, before I left Fairoaks, only my going was so sudden."

"I knew it," said Mr. Greville, triumphantly. "I was sure you couldn't have been such a scoundrel as to want to back out after that letter. But he added, falling back in his chair, with a disappointed look, what's the good when the girl is so obstinate?"

"I don't understand you?" Poor Ralph was chafing with annoyance at not seeing Renée. "If you will allow me to ring the bell, and ask for Miss Cardillan, you will see that we understand one another."

Robert Greville replied, "Oh, you don't know?" he said. "To be sure, it happened after you left—she's gone."

"Gone?" said Ralph, horror struck, and his wild eyes searched Greville's face as if he could not take in what he was saying.

"My dear fellow," Robert went on, getting in turn feverishly agitated, "I am very sorry, really extremely distressed; I can't understand it, only she is young—that's the only excuse—and whimmy—Eva said that long ago—very whimmy."

"What do you mean?" questioned Ralph, in a hoarse voice. "Why do you torture me in this way? In God's name, can't you tell me the truth?"

"I think I had better send for Eva," poor Mr. Greville said. "You see, Windham, I am weak—I am not equal for much."

He looked so white and ill that Colonel Windham's heart smote him.

With a great effort he controlled the agony he was enduring. "Tell me yourself, like a good fellow," he said, "and I will bear it." He felt he could, better listen to Robert Greville's honest voice than to Eva's honied tones.

"Well, then, I must begin from the beginning. It is wonderful," Greville went on, "what wicked people there are in the world. I don't think my poor Eva ought to have any enemies now—do you?"

"No, indeed," was Ralph's impatient answer—"but about Renée."

"I am coming to her; but, you see, I must begin from where you went away. That my Eva has enemies, there is no doubt; and why they singled her out, as an object for their malice, I can't think; but they did. Just fancy their writing me all kind of horrid anonymous letters—I know I should not have minded them, but I did. I said nothing about it, but they preyed upon me; not that I believed them, Windham. Thank God, I knew Eva too well."

Ralph moved uneasily; he could imagine what the letters were about.

"Well, I made a horrid jealous fool of myself," poor Robert went on, "and Eva behaved like an angel; she told me what I had indeed long suspected (for, you know, Windham, I used to meet you in the mornings), that you were in love with little Wren, and she brought me this letter which the child had given her to read. It's a very pretty letter, Windham, and any girl might be proud of it; but—"

"But what?" said Ralph, fiercely. "I tell you, Greville, she is my promised wife. I'll not give her up, nobody shall go between us,—nothing shall part us!"

"Oh, as for that," Mr. Greville answered, "I'll not have the child's inclinations forced in any way. Perhaps I did a little too much of that already. Eva says I was severe; but I won't let her marry you against her will. It's no use, Windham; she told me that nothing would induce her to have you."

"You're raving," said Windham. "Why, she accepted me, as a girl does the man she loves."

"Well, then, all that can be said of her is, that she is a jilt, and worse," was Mr. Greville's excited

answer. "To tell you the truth, Windham, I thought that perhaps you had been playing fast-and-loose with her, after the manner of some of your cloth; and it is a rule of mine to see no girl trifled with, under my roof. I wouldn't stand by and see it done to a housemaid in my house. So, after I read your letter I swore that *you* should marry her, or I'd know the reason why; and I said, 'Tell me truth, Wren: did he ask you? I am old enough to be your father, and tell me, for, by —, if he hasn't he shall.' Well, sir, she looked up, her face all glowing, and her eyes twice their natural size. 'Guardian,' she said, "no earthly power will get me to marry Colonel Windham. I would rather beg my bread from door to door than be his wife." These are her very words, Windham."

"My God!" ejaculated Ralph.

"Well, I daresay I was wrong; but her reluctance was so extraordinary, her whole conduct so strange, that I lost my temper altogether—I insisted she should marry you or quit my house. 'Tell me, like a reasonable girl,' I said, 'why did you let him write you such a letter?' 'My own love,' and all that in it; he couldn't have done it unless something had gone before, and that's not what any nice girl would do.' Well, she would give me no answer, only cry—cry the whole day long—until at last I said, roughly enough, I daresay: 'Then, I can tell you that you shall not play such tricks in my house. I'll telegraph to Windham, this very day, and I'll pack you off to your aunt in Northumberland, till he comes home.' Upon my soul, I never meant it; and if she had told me the truth *then*, all would have been well; but she said nothing; and, by Jove, next morning she was gone."

"Gone!" said Ralph, in a suppressed voice. He felt as if he were in a hideous dream. To think of his love, his Renée, escaping from the house, in her eagerness to avoid him!

"Tell me," he said, laying hold of Mr. Greville's arm, and still speaking in the same low voice: "She didn't go alone; somebody joined her."

"Ah," said Mr. Greville, "you know something about it, then. It seems I was the only one kept in the dark. Evy had her suspicions, and

Louise, and even Curtis, knew he was hanging about the place."

"What was his name?" said Colonel Windham; "tell me the name of the villain."

"Oh, don't you know? Le Noir, of course, that French artist—she was brought up with him at St. Etienne. He met her at the Victoria Station, so it must have been a regular plan. It was some day's before we found it all out, although we sent a detective after them—then there came a letter from her to me, from her old home with his mother. There's one good thing, he is well born."

"Let me see her letter," said Ralph.

"My dear fellow," I am sorry, truly grieved, that any one in my house should have treated you so badly. It was a great pity you kept it so secret, for, as Evy was saying, if we had only known, things might have been different—I shall never trust to appearances again. I thought Renée was the most innocent creature living, and to think that she should have played us such a trick. What she could have seen in such a sallow-faced Frenchman, I can't think.

"The letter," said Ralph fiercely—the probing of his wound from Robert Greville's awkward fingers was more than he could endure. He took the letter to the window, under pretence of want of light, but in reality, to conceal his agitation. In truth, the sight of the school-girl handwriting, in the peaked French characters, carefully written and stopped, was to Ralph as if he had got a blow in the face. It was a simple little letter enough, but, strong man as he was, it was some time before he could gather the sense of it.

"I hope," it said, "my dear, kind guardian, that you are not angry with me, going away as I did; but, indeed, I could not stay, and do what you wished; *Colonel Windham can never be anything to me*, and you must not be vexed that I say so. I am with my kind friend, Madame Le Noir; she has loved me all my life, and I shall be happier with her than with my aunt, who never has taken any notice of Fred or me. I will remain with her (under your permission) until I take the final



step. Goodbye, my kind friend! circumstances have made me displease you, and I shall always grieve for the pain, I have given you. Believe me, notwithstanding the deception of which I confess I have been guilty, I am not ungrateful for all your kindness. I know I have acted VERY, VERY wrongly; but I should never have done it, only that the happiness of a dear friend was at stake. If you would only send me your forgiveness I should be content."

There was no mention of Mrs. Greville; but there was a postscript which Ralph read with a darkening eye:—

"Julian Le Noir met me at the Victoria Station, and brought me here quite safely. Will you tell Colonel Windham, if you should see him, that I will forget everything but his goodness to Fred and me when we first came to Fair Oaks. I will pray for him that he may be happy, but I trust that in this life we may never meet again."

There was silence in the room,—a silence that lasted until Robert Greville, moving restlessly in his chair, broke it.

"My dear friend," he said, speaking as he felt, with genuine emotion, "don't take this to heart. I think a girl who could have behaved in such a manner is not worth a man's consideration; the only excuse for her is her youth."

"I have never answered her letter, and I don't mean to; but I'll write to that scoundrel, and tell him that with my consent 'no final step,' as she calls it, will take place until she is of age,—that's four years off,—and anything done without my consent is illegal, so I have my young gentleman by the hip; and there's no knowing in that time—Well, you know, Windham, girls are very odd,—they change their minds; and if she were to find out the folly of her conduct. Eh, Windham?"

"Never!" said Windham, his pride all in arms—"never, Greville, so help me, God! Miss Cardillan has cast me off, and I am not the man to force myself on any woman. I accept her decision—her rejection, I should say—without a word. She shall have her wish, and in this life we certainly shall never meet again. You may tell her so from me,"

and with a hasty good-bye, he turned and left the house.

He was terribly cut up by it, Mr. Greville said, telling his wife of the interview (an unnecessary fatigue for him, poor man, as she had listened to every word of it). "I declare to you I would sooner have cut off my little finger than have been the one to tell him."

"Oh, I daresay he'll get over it," Mrs. Greville said, with one of her sweet smiles—she was very attentive to her husband in these days, and was tenderly bending over him as she spoke. "After all, Robert, wasn't I right about the little girl? now own it, sir."

"You are always right in everything," was poor Robert's answer, looking fondly into the false face near him.

"And you are properly ashamed of your foolish jealousy," she went on, bringing her face near to his, and stealing her soft hand round his neck.

"Ashamed!" said Mr. Greville, energetically; "I must have been mad indeed, ever to suspect you; but I think it must have been this illness coming on. Oh, Eva, you have no idea what I suffered; the thought that you were deceiving me—"

"Well, never mind that now," struck in Eva, hastily; "there's some odious man waiting in the hall to see you."

"That must be Knaggs's clerk about my will," said Mr. Greville; "thank God, he has spared me to make that *all right for you*."

"Oh, I don't want to hear anything about it," said Mrs. Greville, in a pout. "Now that you are getting so much better, there will be no fear of those horrid Streatham Greville's turning me out of my beautiful Fair Oaks, which I know they would do, for they hate me. Now, Robert, I am going; just shut *your* eyes, and see what the fairies have sent you, as the children say;" and as poor Robert did her bidding, she kissed him lightly with her rosy lips, and tripped off gaily, leaving her infatuated husband quite overcome by her condescension. "Not much fear of the Streatham Grevilles now!" she thought, pleasantly.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

NOBODY now-a-days dies of a broken heart—the disease is unknown in this our well-civilised nineteenth century. For all that, people cannot go through the “cleansing fire” without showing some signs of where they have been.

To all outward seeming, Ralph Windham, for the next few days, was much as he was before. There were not many people in town in this dreary month of September, and No. 14, Grosvenor-street had the white cross of the plague upon its door for him ; so he hung about his club, till some chance friend asked him to come down for the shooting to his moor in Scotland, and he went. He went simply because solitude was intolerable to him ; his own thoughts such unpleasant companions, that he dreaded to be alone with them. This same reason made him join in any mad scheme of excitement that was on foot.

Drinking with the hardest drinkers of the party, accepting the wildest bets, playing the most dashing game, and yet, after a hard night's carouse, the first out the next morning, and the last to give in in the gathering twilight.

The more experienced of the party shook their heads a little at this burning of the candle at both ends—shook their heads still more when, joining two or three of the wildest of the lot, Ralph started for Paris, where, after a week of the wildest rioting and dissipation, he all of a sudden broke down and fell ill—fell ill in the Grand Hotel—to be forgotten by his riotous companions, and but little minded by the frightened and over-worked attendants. Only for Luigi, he would have died ; but the Italian nursed him faithfully, and brought him back from the unknown shore, which he had nearly touched—a stroke of work for which his master at first gave him scant thanks. Poor fellow ! the mental fever of excitement that had been on him was expelled with the bodily fever, and he remained a shattered and weakened resemblance of his former self.

He rose up from his long illness an altered man, but I am afraid hardly a better one. A sterner morality took the place of his former lax ideas, but with it came a gloomy despondency—a sneering cynicism. The better feelings with which Renée had inspired him vanished. As he once had told her, if she deceived him, all his faith in woman—all his hopes in life—would leave him : and so it was.

One day he lay on his sofa, listless and exhausted. Papers and books were near him, but he never looked at them ; his letters were lying in a heap on the table, unopened. News from the world had no power to interest him, and he often thought to himself : “If I were of a religious mind, I would go into a monastery of La Trappe, and have done with the whole thing.” His doctor said to him, “Rouse yourself !” and to Luigi he said, privately, “Write to his friends.” But both prescriptions were useless, for the simple reason that Ralph was incapable, like Mrs. Chick, of making an effort, and Luigi knew of no friends whom he could summon to his master's assistance except the Grevilles, and they, for many reasons, were out of the question.

On this particular afternoon Ralph felt especially low and desponding. It is a dreary thing to be sick, away from home, and it is a lowering reflection to think there is no friend to come and sit beside your couch, no soft hand to put your pillow straight, and bathe your hot head with eau-de-Cologne. Poor Windham ! were it not that it would be a discredit to his manhood, I would say that tears came to his eyes, as his present solitary position forced itself upon him. As he lay back upon his pillows there came to his recollection a certain day at Fair Oaks, when he had complained of neuralgia, and Renée had soothed and pitied him so tenderly. How cruelly she had deceived him, and how exquisitely innocent she had seemed to be ! Was it any wonder that he had

been duped by one so apparently true? As the recollection of her fair young beauty came before him he buried his face in his hands. "My God!" he said, "how I loved her!" As he thought over the whole thing, and compared Renée with the mass of other women he had known, he no longer wondered at his own infatuation. It seemed to him as if some mocking spirit had shown him one true, real, divine thing—one sure resting-place of good—one influence to guide him right; and that just as he had put out his hand to grasp it and make it his own, the whole fabric had vanished, and left him with nothing to believe in—nothing to trust in more.

A whispering sound and a rustle of silken garments startled him, and Colonel Windham called out hurriedly, "Luigi, I am not at home for any one."

"Luigi is not so impolite as to keep a lady out," was the answer, in a gay voice; and the next minute Lady Lou Dering's smiling face was beside his sofa, followed immediately by that of Chum. After the first rather disagreeable surprise, Ralph felt rather glad of the sight of friendly faces. He mended from the time they came, and Lady Lou, in virtue of her cousinship, soon fell into the petting ways that most women adopted to Windham.

"Only that I am not inclined to the green-eyed monster, I think I would be jealous of that invalid Guardsman and my little woman," Chum said, when one evening they were walking home from the Grand Hotel—at the same time giving a tender squeeze to the little hand on his arm.

"I have a good mind to give you a severe punch," was his wife's rejoinder. "I hope, seriously, that you'll lock me up, Chum, if ever you see me taking to flirting. Eva Greville is an awful warning," added the young matron, who was very strict on all offenders against conjugal propriety.

"I don't exactly know what you mean by an awful warning, but I know that I think Bob Greville was an awful fool. Some fellows were telling me to-night, at the

'Albion,' that he has left her every shilling he had in the world, and Fair Oaks into the bargain."

"Well, as mamma would say, Eva was an old man's darling; and you know, Chum, dear, that's better than being a young man's slave. As if I was ever born to be such a thing!" added the young beauty with a pout. "Now, Chum, don't be a goose, the people are all looking at us; but seriously, I am sorry for poor old Bob. He was a kind-hearted old thing, and I wish he hadn't been so duped by Mrs. G."

"Don't wish any such thing, my love," Chum said, more earnestly than was his custom. "It is much better to be deceived by those we love than to find out that they have been deceiving us;—that is the bitter sting! And poor old Bob died all the happier for knowing nothing about his wife's pretty tricks."

"But, Chum, I hope Ralph won't marry her; wouldn't that be too dreadful? and, do you know, I think there is something on his mind. I do hope and trust he is not in love with her."

"Very likely he is, my dear, although, for my part, I should as soon think of being in love with 'the Queen of Sheba;' but Windham made her so conspicuous that I think he is bound in honour to marry her."

"Now, Chum, you are only saying that to worry me; I hope he never will, odious woman! and if either she or Ralph had a scrap of heart, they'd never see one another again, after killing that poor man between them."

"Mercy on us! what awful accusations! take care Eva doesn't hear you, as she'd bring an action of libel against you; but, seriously," he went on, "my little woman mustn't say such things. Mrs. Greville is, in my mind—well, I won't say what I think of her; but all the same, her worst enemy can accuse her of nothing worse than a partiality for Windham's society, which her husband seemed perfectly to approve of; as we said a minute ago, he died with full confidence in his wife, and I am quite sure wouldn't have the



slightest objection to Windham as his successor."

"Now, Chum, if you say such things I'll hate you. I should like to know, dear, how you would like my indulging in these little partialities?"

"Oh, that's a different pair of shoes, my love; and I think I should follow out your own proposal, and try the lock-up system."

Lady Lou's last thought, before she fell asleep that night, was, that she would sound Colonel Windham on the following day. Acting on this idea, she, after an immense amount of preparation, which made poor Ralph fancy something awful was coming, announced to him Mr. Greville's death.

"To her surprise, Colonel Windham expressed great sorrow for the departed, and not a shadow of any kind of remorse seemed to trouble his regret for his friend. Lady Lou, a little puzzled, next proceeded to touch upon the widow; but here, again, she was astonished to see that her name seemed to have for Ralph no possible kind of interest; in fact, her fine feminine instinct detected that he rather shrank in dislike from hearing her named, and that the subject was singularly distasteful to him.

"I don't think he will marry her," she said to her husband, triumphantly.

"Well, we will see," said that gentleman, who was smoking his cigar quietly. "It is my opinion, Lou, that if the widow chooses it, he'll have to do it. No man can make any fair resistance when once a woman takes it into her head to marry him. Now, you know very

well, Lou, you marked me long before I went down; indeed, I made a gallant resistance."

For this speech Chum received such severe punishment from the hands of his wife, in the way of pinches and kisses, that he was obliged to pray for pardon; and when peace was restored, he said, very tenderly and lovingly,—

"Well, my love, if it is any satisfaction for you to hear what you know so well already, this child has never known what it was not to love you. It's true, Lou, I have always been in love with you from the time I was ten years old. Through all my wanderings, I never wandered from my allegiance; indeed, I never saw a woman who could have seriously have won even a look from me."

"Now, don't say that, you incorrigible old flirt; why even this very day I saw you ogling a picture; don't deny it, sir."

"Ah," said Chum, a little confused, "that picture reminded me, somehow, of that nice little girl who used to hear me my part at Fairoaks. Now, if you want truth, Lou, I do think that was a dear little thing, but quite a child," he put in hastily, as he saw a cloud—just a tiny little cloud—cross Lou's face.

"Oh, that little foreign thing, Renée Cardogen, or—dillan, or something; well, she was pretty. By-the-bye, I wonder what has become of her; I must ask Ralph."

"I think you had better not," Chum said, gravely. "It's a fancy of mine, perhaps, that he was hit a little hard there, and that it's a sore subject, so let it be."

---

## ONEIROCRITICA ; OR THE ART OF DREAM-INTERPRETATION.

"WE are warranted by authentic history to believe that dreams have given information of future events. Hence weak people infer that they always were, or still may be, prophetic. But nothing is more absurd. Because in ancient times there were

prophets and holy men, shall I, therefore, conclude that I am a saint or a prophet? Because the Deity has been pleased to reveal himself in an extraordinary manner to some persons set apart by him for extraordinary purposes, shall I

therefore imagine that He will reveal to me the trifling occurrences of my life a few days before they happen? He has, in great mercy, concealed from us the knowledge of what is to come, except so far as was necessary to us, and could not be made out by human reason. For man acquainted with futurity would be both useless and miserable. For him all curiosity and enterprise would be at an end, and all hope extinguished; future evils would torment him before they came; and future good, by being anticipated, would lose every charm that surprise and novelty confer upon it. And he would sit down, motionless and stupid, in expectation of evil which he could not avoid, and of good which would give rise neither to activity nor desire. An oyster endowed with sight and hearing, consciousness and reason, would not be a more wretched creature. Even when God has foretold future events by his prophets, He has generally delivered the prophecy in terms that could not be fully understood till after it was accomplished, for otherwise it must have interfered with the principles of human action, and with the ordinary course of human affairs.

"Is it not strange, if dreams are prophetic, that, after the experience of so many ages, we should never have found out any rational way of expounding them? And, if some are prophetic, but not all, is it not strange that every species of dream should be equally familiar to good men and to bad? For of each character there are some superstitious people who believe in dreams, and some more rational who do not. To say that dreams are of divine origin implies (as Aristotle has well observed) many absurdities, and this among others, that it is not to the wisest and best men they are sent, but to all indiscriminately.<sup>1</sup>

"The rules by which the vulgar pretend to interpret dreams are too ridiculous to be mentioned. They are indeed such as may make almost any dream prophetic of any event. If a dream and a subsequent occurrence be the same, or similar, then

they believe that the dream foretold it.

"That there may occasionally be a coincidence of a dream with a future event, is nothing more than one has reason to expect from the revolution of chances. It would, indeed, be wonderful, considering the variety of our thoughts in sleep, and that they all bear some analogy to the affairs of life, if this did never happen. But there is nothing more extraordinary in it than that an idiot should sometimes speak to the purpose, or an irregular clock once or twice in the year point to the right time. The same coincidence of a reality with a previous imagination is observable when we are awake, as when a friend, whom we did not expect, happens to come in view the very moment we were thinking or speaking of him; a thing so common, that both in Latin and in English, it may be expressed by a proverb."

If the people of the ancient world had held the same cold-blooded sentiments as to the significance of dreams, which we have just quoted from Dr. Beattie's *Dissertations, Moral and Critical*, their posterity would have lost a golden opportunity for studying superstition in one of its most remarkable phases. But even whilst stating his objections to the prophetic character of dreams, Dr. Beattie has, at least incidentally, glanced at the foundation which oneirocriticism, or the art of dream-interpretation, seemed to have in reason and experience. If a single dream, or set of dreams, were known and recognised as having been dignified as the expression of the divine will and purpose, it is very natural that human nature, with its proneness to generalisation, would demand that every dream either had or might have its story to tell, and its influence to bring to bear on mortal affairs. The ancients, in their practice with respect to dreams, have, indeed, only afforded a particular exhibition of a spirit universally prevailing. Theocracy, a direct God-government in all things, was the theory of the youthful world, as it has ever been the theory of the youth of nations.

<sup>1</sup> Aristotle, "De Divinatione per Somnia."

The nearer men were to the first creation, in fact or in idea, the more ready were they to look upon each novel event or coincidence as miraculous. Miracle was their starting-point; and it required the observation and experiment of ages to calm them down into a tamer recognition of general laws and a general providence. Our tendency to extravagance is the exact reverse of theirs. We are so familiar with laws, that we are apt to repose in them to the prejudice of the Lawgiver. Law, to the ancient world, looked like interposition; now-a-days, interposition runs risk of having abdication forced upon it to make room for the installation of law; whilst moderation petitions for the setting-up of a double throne, on which each shall sit with equal dignity in the presence of the other.

Modern science, when indulging in speculations as to the basis on which the ancient—and even the modern popular—belief in the prophetic character of dreams was established, has found a very valuable approximate explanation in the general prevalence throughout the lower animal world of instinctive anticipation. It is seen and considered that the bee is an exact mathematician and engineer; that the bird is a born architect, requiring no rule or instruction but its own inherent aptitude, for the building of its home on the branches of the tree, on the bosom of the meadow, or in the cleft of the rock. Animals are ascertained, moreover, to be intuitive chemists, with a general power of eschewing, without trial, the food that would be noxious or fatal to them. If, then—is substantially the argument of a contributor to the *Journal of Psychological Medicine*, for October, 1851—if then, the anticipation of the future be of so frequent occurrence in the lowest types of the animal world, that we are warranted in inferring its universality, why should we, claiming inductive propriety, seek to exclude the organism of men from one of the great laws prevailing elsewhere in creation? And if man share with his inferior fellow-creature the faculty of instinctive anticipation, may we not prudently apply this test to the dream, when we are fain to

seek out every possible explanation of the reason of its having been so freely invested with a kind of divine or prophetic sanction?

We quote a paragraph or two from the article just alluded to:—"It is obvious that, in a prophetic dream, a person may have the conclusions of waking thoughts (he having deduced them unconsciously) re-excited and made manifest to his consciousness in a dream, under which circumstances they will appear new. Or the thoughts may actually occur during the dream, as if in the waking state, at the same time becoming objects of consciousness, yet instinctively and automatically, and therefore with the precision of instinctive reasoning.

"It is in this way, we suspect, that dreams have proved prophetic prescience,—one of the most striking and inscrutable of the *instinctive* faculties—as also that which is most commonly in operation in instinctive life. Hence it is not remarkable that that faculty which dominates among all the instincts of irrational creatures, should reappear in the human organism when it is thrown by suspension of the cerebral senses into the irrational condition. It seems strange that organised matter should have this innate prescience, but it is manifest throughout nature, from the evolution of the germ and the anticipatory formation of the organs necessary to successive phases of existence, to the prudent foresight of adult life. We may well ask, with Pope,

"Who taught the nations of the field and  
wood  
To shun their poison, and to choose their  
food?  
Prescient, the tides or tempests to with-  
stand,  
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the  
sand?  
Who made the spider parallels design  
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?  
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, ex-  
plore  
Heavens not his own, and worlds un-  
known before?  
Who calls the council, states the certain  
day?  
Who forms the phalanx, and who points  
the way?"

"If, then, this anticipation of the future be so universally manifest in organised matter, that there is no exception, can we, with any induc-



tive propriety, except the *organism of man* from the universal law? We apprehend not. The simple fact that all nature anticipates a real future, is, indeed, the strongest argument in natural theology for the reality of a future state; because, since that anticipation is innate in organisms, as a law of *their* being, so it must needs be innate in man, as a law of *his* being. And in what clime or region is man without the hope of a future life?

“Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind  
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind,  
His soul proud science never taught to stray  
Far as the solar track or milky way;  
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,  
Behind the cloud-topped hill a humbler heaven!”

Regarded from the point of view of logic and mental analysis, it has been otherwise, and, also, with verisimilitude, said that the whole superstructure of divination—whether by dreams or otherwise—as an art, is based upon that species of popular fallacy which, more than three centuries ago, made the sanding-up of Sandwich Haven confidently appear to local senility as the result of the erection of Tenterden steeple—that popular fallacy which, eternally confounding the *post hoc* with the *propter hoc*, doggedly refuses to separate or distinguish between sequences and consequences, causes and antecedents. The science was a violent codification, a forcible linking together of facts coincident but independent and irrelevant. The circumstance of its being an air-castle did not, however, hinder its halls and closets, galleries and passages, from being planned with precision; so that the principles of specific sciences of the *genus* divination were less or more minutely laid down and recognised. The method of artificial divination, indeed, as being inductive and experimental, had some pretensions to correctness; for its laws developed from the embryo of hypothesis and conjecture; and as they had been painfully elaborated by its founders, so they had to be patiently acquired by its students. It was rather the faculty of observation that was primarily vicious and de-

fective. The falsehood lurked in the postulates of the science. Its divarication from truth was at the outset, and no after decorum of pace could suffice to give propriety to the direction.

But whatever speculation, science, or conjecture may have to say in the way of throwing light upon the rise and progress of oneirocriticism, or the art of dream-interpretation, we are fully warranted in asserting from experience that it was the creature of the curiosity of mankind to ascertain the future with a greater degree of precision and minuteness than the observation of cause and effect in general action gave them the opportunity of knowing it. It came to pass, therefore, that oneirocriticism very early took rank as an art, and was studied and professed as a science. If we could fairly run this science to earth, it is extremely probable that it might be traced to the primitive and heretical philosophy of the giants of the time before the flood.

In the early days of oneirocriticism it is all but established that there was a general identity of method of dream-interpretation—that the inspired Hebrew and his contemporary *illuminati* of Chaldæa and Egypt were amenable to the same canons. The Biblical method, then, may be taken as the legitimate representative of the grand style of dream-interpretation. Any of our readers who will allow their memories to recur to the more salient and characteristic of the dreams of the Bible will easily recognise in their style of explanation a method very much akin to that which Homer makes Ulysses to adopt, in reference to Penelope's dream about her geese. We subjoin this dream from Cowper's translation of the *Odyssey*. We need scarcely remind the well-informed reader how faithfully Ulysses took care to verify the interpretation with which he sought to comfort the disquiet of his wife.

“But I have dreamed. Hear and expound my dream!  
My geese are twenty, which within my walls  
I feed with sodden wheat;—they serve to amuse

Sometimes my sorrow.—From the mountains came  
 An eagle, huge, hook-beaked,—brake all their necks  
 And slew them: scattered on the palace-floor  
 They lay, and he soared swift into the skies.  
 Dream only as it was, I wept aloud,  
 Till all my maidens, gathered by my voice,  
 Arriving, found me weeping still, and still  
 Complaining, that an eagle had at once  
 Slain all my geese. But to the palace-roof  
 Stooping again, he sat, and with a voice  
 Of human sound, my tears forbidding, said—  
 ‘Take courage, daughter of the glorious chief  
 Icarius; no vain dream hast thou beheld.  
 But, in thy sleep a truth. The slaughtered geese  
 Denote thy suitors; and myself, who seem  
 An eagle in thy sight, am yet indeed  
 Thy husband, who have now, at last, returned,  
 Death—horrid death—designing for them all.’  
 ‘He said: then, waking at the voice, I cast  
 An anxious look around, and saw my geese  
 Beside their tray, all feeding as before.’  
 Her then Ulysses answered, ever-wise—  
 ‘O Queen, interpretations cannot err  
 Unless perversely, since Ulysses’ self  
 So plainly spake the event, Since death impends  
 O’er every suitor; he shall slay them ail.”

Our suggestion of a few sentences ago, that the science of dream-interpretation might possibly be traced back to the times of the antediluvian patriarchs—if only we could light on the clue—derives much colour from the indefiniteness of the time at which oneirocriticism is said to have been cradled. Amphictyon, son of Deucalion and Pyrrha, who succeeded Cranaus on the throne of Athens, which city he called by that name and dedicated to Minerva, is said by Pliny to have been the first to practice the art of dream-interpretation. This is a tolerable degree of antiquity to invest the art with, and it tends to show that in the day of Pliny it was about as hopeless to assign a date to the origin of dream-interpretation as it is now. The inference, which can scarcely be called extravagant, is, that the art, it may be in a very rudimentary

state, was as universal and only a few days more modern than the act of dreaming. But Amphictyon does not wear his laurels without challenge. The honour of the introduction of oneirocriticism is given, by Tatian and Clement of Alexandria, to the people of Telmessus, in Caria; of whom Herodotus, who was a native of the neighbouring city of Halicarnassus, reports that they were consulted by Cræsus, when—Cyrus being already on his march against Sardis—that much demoralised monarch saw the whole suburbs of his capital “filled with serpents, and as soon as they appeared, the horses, forsaking their pastures, came and devoured them. When Cræsus beheld this, he considered it to be, as it really was, a prodigy, and sent immediately to consult the interpreters at Telmessus; but the messengers having arrived there, and heard from the Telmessians what the prodigy portended, were unable to repeat it to Cræsus, for before they sailed back to Sardis Cræsus had been taken prisoner. The Telmessians had pronounced as follows:—“That Cræsus must expect a foreign army to invade his country, which, on its arrival, would subdue the natives; because, they said, a serpent was a son of the earth, but the horse is an enemy and a stranger.” This answer the Telmessians gave to Cræsus when he had been already taken, yet without knowing what had happened with respect to Sardis or Cræsus himself.” “There is little doubt,” observes Mr. Seafield, in his *Literature and Curiosities of Dreams*, “that if this prodigy had occurred as a dream to Cræsus, instead of a portentous fact to Sardis, the explanation would have been just the same. *Nomine mutato*, therefore, it shows the style of work in vogue in the middle of the sixth century before Christ, amongst a people who, by some, were reputed to have been the first experts in dream-interpretation.”

“If we wished,” proceeds the same author, “to arrive at a knowledge of the rules according to which the significance of dreams was investigated, we should have to do it by a generalisation from a crowd of examples similar to the



preceding. Of principles laid down as such, of law as a code, we have little trace ; we must pick up what we want from a multiplicity of statutes and instances. Indeed, what rules still exist, exist in the form of facts or assumed facts, the results of a laborious and misdirected induction, and are not by any means unanimous as coming from the mouths of different authorities ; for both the Magi of Persia and the soothsayers of Greece were continually making blunders. And whether those of Rome were safer guides to the solution of a knotty point, we have only to call in Cicero's aid to discover."

"Do not the conjectures," asks Cicero, in his *De Divinatione*, "of the interpreters of dreams rather indicate the subtlety of their own talents than any natural sympathy and correspondence in the nature of things?"

"A runner, who intended to run in the Olympic games, dreamed during the night that he was being driven in a chariot drawn by four horses. In the morning he applied to an interpreter. He replied to him : 'You will win ; that is what is intimated by the strength and swiftness of your horses.' He then applied to Antiphon, who said to him : 'By your dream it appears you must lose the race, for do you not see that *four* reached the goal before you?'"

"There is another story respecting an athlete ; and the books of Chrysippus and Antipater are full of such stories. However, I will return to the runner. He then went to a soothsayer, and informed him that he had just dreamed that he was changed into an eagle. 'You have won your race,' said the seer, 'for the eagle is the swiftest of all birds.' He also went to Antiphon, who said to him : 'You will certainly be conquered, for the eagle chases and drives other birds which fly before it, and consequently is always behind the rest.'"

Cicero is pleased to expose the juggling, ambiguous method of the dream-interpreters. But what was in his estimation a scandal and a disgrace, was, in the eyes of Artemidorus, an honour and a glory. The duplicity of the dream, its fit-

ness to two or more opposite or analogous explanations, was with Artemidorus the crowning distinction of the art which he professed, and of which he became well-nigh the autocrat and sole legislator. He is the man who is fondly celebrated, in the vulgar and imperfect translation of his most famous treatise, as the rhetorician who made the attempt to call the attention of Cæsar to the plot against him, by presenting him with the particulars, as he proceeded on the fatal Ides of March to be sacrificed at the Senate-house. This statement, however, is an anachronism and an absurdity. Artemidorus—self-styled Daldianus, out of a filial respect for the country of his mother—was a native of Ephesus, and flourished in the second century, under the Emperor Antoninus Pius. His life was passed in the collection of reports of dreams, by travelling, correspondence, and the purchase of manuscripts ; and the result of his labours is a work in five books, under the title of *Oneirocritica*. He was the more assiduous in his study and search after the interpretation of dreams on account of the advice or commands which he fancied he had received from Apollo. His *Oneirocritica* was first printed in Greek at Venice, in the year 1518, and was in 1603 learnedly edited by Rigaltius, and published at Paris in Greek and Latin. Artemidorus is the great lawgiver, and his *Oneirocritica* is the statute-book of the dream-world. The science culminated with him, and has since undergone little more at the hands of his successors than a few additions and modifications of detail, to adjust it to contemporaneous social, political, and scientific development. But we have yet to learn that any legislation has taken place which settles the worth of the locomotive and the telegraph in the economy of dreams. A bid might be made in this direction for a departmental immortality by some Raphael or Orion of the day ; but we fear that the line of grand professors terminated last century with the late ingenious Mr. Duncan Campbell.

"A man," Artemidorus informs us, "may dream both good and bad



dreams in one and the same night. Nay, more, in the selfsame dream he may see both good and bad things, which the interpreter must separate in judgment. And it is no marvel, since the life and affairs of one particular man is such ; that is to say, mingled ordinarily with good and evil. Neither must we be always content with one only issue of our dream, because it hath not always the like effect ; wherein Antipater, an interpreter of dreams, often deceives himself. For when any one dreams that he embraceth iron, it signifieth that he should be imprisoned, and live among iron. The good Antipater, to another that hath the like dream, will interpret that at a particular combat, in a close field, he shall be condemned, or he shall keep a fencing-school, and live as it were among or by iron, to wit, by the exercise and the art of fencing, where one doth nothing but handle daggers and swords of iron, to whom notwithstanding this fell not out, but he had a limb cut off.

“Wherefore we must not always rest at one only point or effect that happened (for that were to deal with beasts, or with fiddlers that can play only one tune), but we must be ingenious to devise every day divers things ; and they must in all points be divers, but somewhat alike : for our spirits and nature are fertile, and recreate and sport themselves in variety.”

Astrampsychus is the name of a poetical dream-interpreter, of whom little is known, except that he wrote a work on the *Treatment of Asses*, and a Century of Greek Iambics, to which he gave the name of *Oneirocriticon*. It is probable that this author flourished about the fourth century. His is an individuality, however, which attenuates into a corporation of shadows ; we strive to clutch him, and he vanishes up a venerable cloud-brooded vista of divining ancestors and brethren, reaching to Zartusht or Zoroaster.

Each verse of the *Oneirocriticon* explains the signification of a hypothetical dream. As, before it was translated by Mr. Seafeld for his work on *Dreams*, we believe it was quite unapproachable by the

ordinary reader, we venture to think the *Oneirocriticon* of manageable compass, and offer it in its entirety. It is as follows :—

To talk in dreams is a sign of their truth.  
To move slowly denotes unfortunate journeys.

It is good to fly, for it is the sign of an honourable deed.

Laughter in sleep presages difficult circumstances.

To weep in sleep is a sign of the utmost joy.

To eat with enemies indicates a reconciliation.

To be dead in dreams announces freedom from anxiety.

An offensive odour signifies annoyance.

If anyone offer incense to you, it portends affliction.

If you seem to be an old man, you will attain to honour.

To run in dreams shows the stability of your circumstances.

To wash the hands denotes the release from anxieties.

To clean the feet denotes the release from anxieties.

To clean the body denotes the release from anxieties.

To cut the hair signifies losses in business.

To lose the hair heralds great danger.

To see white meats is exceedingly advantageous.

To see black meats forbodes evil to one's children.

To embrace your mother is to have a lucky dream.

To embrace one's best beloved is very fortunate.

All embraces bring about protracted labours.

To kiss or to love, excites the long-continued opposition of one's enemies.

To have broad feet is a sign of misfortune.

The amputation of the feet is a bar to a contemplated journey.

The burning of the body indicates a very evil reputation.

Gladness of mind shows that you will live abroad.

For a blind man to see is the best omen possible.

To wear a white robe is an excellent omen.

To wear a black one is a mournful spectacle.

To wear a purple robe threatens a long disease.

To wear a red one promises an honourable action.

To wear the pall of kings is the solution of our expectations.

The tearing of a garment is relief from the burden of anxieties.

A severed girdle speedily cuts short a journey.

To behold the stars forbodes much good to men.

Thunder-peals in dreams are the words of messengers.

To see lights indicates guidance in affairs.

- The sight of snow figures the hostilities of enemies.  
 The sight of the dead indicates the ruin of affairs.  
 The sight of withered trees declares the uselessness of labours.  
 Pearls denote a torrent of tears.  
 Milk confounds the politics of enemies.  
 Milk is the sign of peaceful circumstances.  
 Clay or mud symbolises the sordid avarice of the disposition.  
 A pellucid fountain dispels the distresses of the mind.  
 Wine poured from the vessels soothes the distresses of the mind.  
 Musty wine announces many difficulties.  
 To mix different wines is to invite serious quarrels.  
 Water gushing up from below is a sign of enemies.  
 To drain a cup of clear water is a lucky token.  
 The pouring out of rivers dissipates the joy of enemies.  
 To stand in the assemblies brings with it a crime.  
 Sitting naked signifies loss of property.  
 Sitting on a dunghill signifies disastrous circumstances.  
 Sitting upon a stone, you may conceive great expectations.  
 Sitting on a wall indicates coming prosperity.  
 To embark on a lake is a sign of evil.  
 To walk over live coals signifies loss from one's enemies.  
 To walk over potsherds signifies loss of one's enemies.  
 To creep up a mountain signifies the difficulty of business.  
 To tread upon serpents is to blunt the sharp attacks of foes.  
 If you sail over mud, look out for mental disquiet.  
 The falling from a precipice is an evil omen.  
 The eating of sweets portends disagreeable circumstances.  
 To swallow bunches of grapes indicates a deluge of rain.  
 To feed on lettuces is a sign of disease of the body.  
 To drink muddy water foretells disease of the body.  
 If you are governing children, expect a coming danger.  
 To hold a bull is to be disappointed of one's hopes.  
 If any one holds goods, let him fear the attacks of his enemies.  
 A broken staff portends an unhappy death.  
 To catch falcons indicates the fulfilment of your utmost desires.  
 To hold keys signifies the settlement of affairs.  
 To hold a twig foreshadows a prosecution.  
 To seize a sword is the sign of a contest.  
 To handle threads is a presage of troublesome circumstances.  
 To hold a sparrow, struggling to escape, forbodes mischief.  
 To grasp a pillar is to expect the Divine favour.  
 To shiver a sword signifies the crushing of one's foes.
- The escape of a hawk from the hand is disastrous to those in power.  
 To hold gold is a warning to leave one's projects undone.  
 To hold eggs, or to eat eggs, symbolises vexation.  
 To behold oxen in dreams is of evil tendency.  
 To see black mares is a thoroughly bad sign.  
 The sight of white horses is a vision of angels.  
 To see lions announces the contentions of one's enemies.  
 The sight of doves is the introduction of injury.  
 To see a colt running denotes something mysterious.  
 The barking of a dog portends the detriment of one's enemies.  
 A gaping wolf signifies nonsensical discourse.  
 The sight of a mouse bespeaks propitious circumstances.  
 Dead oxen signify times of famine.  
 The sight of wasps marks injuries to one's foes.  
 The sight of a hare portends an unlucky journey.  
 If you see oil, you will escape every misfortune.  
 To see the ocean calm is favourable.  
 The noise of the sea stands for the throng of business.  
 To swim in the sea forebodes bitter sorrows.  
 To dream in the daytime of swimming in the sea is good.  
 The eating of figs signifies nonsensical discourse."

The dream has had great attractions for the Oriental mind, wherever that mind has not been benumbed or crushed, by the fierce overpowering forces of a tropical nature, out of its very power of asserting its individuality. We do not ask the Buddhist for his system of dream-interpretation; for it would be profoundly illogical for him to have one. But among the Sons of the Sword and of Islam, oneirocritics have, with a religious sanction, taken a firm root, and have widely spread.

Gabdorrahchaman, the son of Nasser, supposed by Pierre Vattier, who in 1664 published a French translation of his work on dreams, under the title of *L'Onirocrite Mussulman*, to have flourished in the second century of the Hegira, is the great prophet of Arabic oneirocriticism. We cannot pretend, within the space at our command, to make his explanations dovetail into those of Artemidorus, and others of the western school; and the best plan, under the circumstances, will probably be to present a few of his most salient

features and principles, illustrated with one or two of his most-telling and piquant little narratives. *Inter alia*, he writes substantially as follows :—

To dream that we have our heads beneath our shoulders without their being severed at the neck, is a sign of dismissal by a superior, and of consequent poverty ; change of hair from black to white betokens approaching honours ; increase of the length of the beard denotes care, discontent, and misfortune, proportioned to the elongation. To be shaved is ill-omened ; to be anointed, provided the oil be fragrant, the contrary. The sprouting of whiskers to one who usually shaves them is a sign of debt. As we eat our own brains or another man's, we shall live respectively at his or our own cost. He who dreams that his tongue has grown to an immoderate length, will vanquish his opponent in argument if he be engaged in any controversy ; if otherwise, he will utter much folly and ribaldry ; but under all circumstances, and on every occasion, few dreams can be more fortunate than that in which a man sees the tongue of his wife amputated at the root.

Each tooth points to a different relation : the two in front denote children, brothers and sisters ; the next two, uncles, aunts, and cousins, and so on to the more remote. The reader of Herodotus (vi. 107), will remember the evil augury which Hippias drew from the loss of his last tooth on the sands of Marathon ; but the Khalif Almansor took a sure mode of obtaining a happy prognostic, when he dreamed that his complete set fell out from his jaws. The first interpreter whom he consulted informed him that all his relations would die. The Commander of the Faithful was angry, and dismissed the melancholy seer with abundance of hard words. "God has given you an evil mouth, and put into it evil words. Quit my presence, and take the curse of God for your company." The second oneirocritic who was summoned did not require further warning ; he was one, we are told, experienced in addressing the great ; and he modified the unpleasant answer, so as to assure the Khalif that he should out-

live all his connections. Almansor smiled graciously at the announcement, and ordered the agreeable prophet 10,000 drachmas of gold.

The son of Sirin was informed one morning by a man already affianced, that he had dreamed his betrothed was changed into a little Ethiopian dwarf. "Hasten to complete your nuptials," was the advice which he received ; "the blackness of the bride signifies great riches ; the smallness of her stature, brevity of days." The lover obeyed, and in a few days buried his newly-married wife and inherited her great wealth.

The colour of horses is important : black, white, and bay are fortunate ; chestnut is better than any other colour ; but the happiest of all is the steed with four white feet, and a star on his forehead. A black mare signifies a rich wife ; a dappled grey, one of extraordinary beauty ; a greenish-bay (?) a devotee ; a dark bay, a skilful musician ; a bright chestnut, one wealthy and pious. Asses are yet more lucky than horses, and the rules in regard to their colours are alike. The more signs of blows and bruises which an ass exhibits, the better it is for the dreamer. To buy an ass, and to pay for it in ready money, prognosticates success. To kill an ass in order to eat its flesh, foretells treasure-trove ; but to drink an ass's milk is a sign of heavy sickness.

Resurrection-men should be careful to whom they relate their dreams. "What answer," said a stranger to the son of Sirin, "shall I convey to a man who has dreamed that he broke some eggs, and took out the white, and left the yolk in the shells?" "Tell him to come and consult me in person," replied the oneirocritic. It was in vain that the same message was often repeated ; the son of Sirin refused all answer, till the messenger avowed that himself was the dreamer, and confirmed the statement by an oath. "Seize that man and bear him before the Cadi, for he disinters and robs the dead;" was the declaration which immediately overwhelmed him with terror and astonishment.

On awaking after a bad dream, it is prudent to spit on the left side, and to ask Divine protection from Satan. This precept is thought to



have been derived from the Prophet, (to whom God grant peace and mercy !) and it is a sufficient antidote against the most evil dreams. Another precept traced to the Prophet, with which we shall conclude our notice of Gabdorrhachaman, is that "a dream belongs to the first interpreter." Mohammed, it seems, on two separate occasions, explained a dream which a woman related to him in the absence of her husband—namely, that the main beam of the house was broken—as a sign that her husband would return in safety, and she would bear a son. On a third application, with a similar dream, the Prophet was not at home; and Gaira replied, in his stead, that the woman's husband would die, and that she would have a daughter. On Mohammed's return, the dreamer complained of the evil change in the interpretation, and was silenced by the above dictum. The event was according to the prediction; and Gabdorrhachaman easily discovers a reason for the anomaly. "There was some difference," he says, "either in time or else in the woman."

It might be interesting, if the mere bibliography of the science of dream-interpretation were of sufficient importance to justify anything like a detailed treatment, to halt for a little with such oneirocritics as Synesius, a Christian bishop and poet, and the author of a work entitled *De Insomniis*; as Achmet, a physician and probable Christian, and author of *Oneirocritica*; or as Jerome Cardan, an Italian physician, an inveterate-dreamer, and a mystic and enthusiast from his cradle, who put forth a treatise called *Somniorum Synesiorum omnis generis insomnia explicantes, Libri IV.* But we must skip lightly over the years and even over the centuries. We halt, for well-nigh the last time, before reaching our final resting-place, at the year 1830; when Raphael, not the archangel of that name, but the "astrologer of the nineteenth century," published the *Royal Book of Dreams*, "from an ancient and curious manuscript, which was buried in the earth for several centuries, containing one thousand and twenty-four oracles or answers to dreams; by a curious yet perfectly facile and

easy method, void of all abstruse or difficult calculations, whereby any person of ordinary capacity may discover these secrets of fate which the universal fiat of all nations, in every age and clime, has acknowledged to be portended by dreams and nocturnal visions." "When the dreamer," says the *Royal Book*, "would know the interpretation of his vision, which troubles his thoughts, or disquiets his soul, let him in the first place mark down, with any convenient instrument, as pen, pencil, or anything capable of making the marks distinct, *ten lines of ciphers*, without counting them, so that the number may be (as far as the diviner knows) left to chance, albeit chance herein has but little to do; but the number of his ciphers must not be arithmetically counted or known at the time the diviner is making them, but set down as it were at random, no matter how roughly they are made; for therein lies the little secret of this Book—that *the occult principle of the soul shall so guide or counsel the dreamer (or diviner) and control his hand, that he shall mark down those signs alone which will convey a true answer*, in the matter of his cogitations. All men have knowledge what wonderful power these ciphers have allotted them, in increasing and diminishing certain numbers in the art decimal and the art arithmetic; and be assured, they have equal power when used as vehicles of presaging in dreams and visions—from whence this art has been, by those of old, termed the art of Sphromancy. Pursue, therefore, in full faith and credence, these aforesaid rules, and the foreknowledge of the dream shall be made known to thee."

The principle of ascertaining the signification of a dream by ciphers, had been explained—although its application was not identical with that adopted in the *Royal Book of Dreams*—in a volume published at Troyes in 1654, and entitled "*Le Palais des Curieux, où l'algèbre et le sort donnent la décision des questions les plus douteuses, et où les songes et les visions nocturnes sont expliqués selon la doctrine des anciens.*"

Some of our readers devoted to archæology or to superstition, may

possibly be familiar with the following directions, offered in the interest respectively, first of the gentlemen, and then of the ladies. "Upon a St. Agnes' night," the 21st. of January, "take a row of pins and pull out every one, one after another, saying a Paternoster, or our Father, sticking a pin in your sleeve, and you will dream of her you shall marry." Ben Jonson, in one of his masques, makes an allusion to this practice.

"And on sweet St. Agnes' night  
Please you with the promised sight,  
Some of husbands, some of lovers,  
Which an empty dream discovers."

Again, and this time for the ladies:— you must lie in another county and knit the left garter about the right-legged stocking, (let the other garter and stocking alone), and as you rehearse these following verses. at every comma knit a knot:—

"This knot I knit  
To know the thing I know not yet,  
That I may see  
The man that shall my husband be—  
How he goes, and what he wears,  
And what he does all days and years."

Gossiping John Aubrey, F.R.S., says a gentlewoman that he knew "confessed, in his hearing, that she used this method, and dreamt of her husband, whom she had never seen. About two or three years after, as she was one Sunday at church, up pops a young Oxonian in the pulpit. She cries out presently to her sister, 'This is the very face of the man I saw in my dream.' Sir William Somers's lady did the like."

After citing such puerilities as those immediately preceding, we shall have little difficulty in concluding with Mr. Seafield, that "oneirocriticism is at present in the sere and yellow leaf of its fortunes. It sprang up to meet us like a god; it retires from us with the hang-dog expression of a rebuked costermonger. Once it was the revelation of the divine, taking its part with the revolutions of the planets in the government of sublunary affairs; it is now an instrument by which a chap-book pedlar may best ascertain what is the smallest number of lies which Cinderella will insist on in return for her penny, without considering herself cheated."

## INCIDENTS OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY IN IRELAND.

WHEN mankind, in the middle ages, deserted the simple, intelligible, and holy religion revealed in the inspired writings, and adopted a compound pagan and superstitious polytheism; when the merits of a redeeming Saviour were thought insufficient without the mediatorial aid of deified mortals to procure salvation, very little could be urged in extenuation of so ominous a dereliction of Christian principles. But that something must unavoidably be conceded to human infirmity and to converts, ignorant, barbarous, and emerging from idolatry, to long habits and strong prepossessions, is the voice of reason, sanctioned by sacred history. This is a very different case from the former: the one was a vicious pruriency, arising from a too prosperous state of Christianity; the other could not be remedied without the interposition of miraculous

powers. Our missionaries, therefore, did as little violence as possible to the prejudices of our heathen ancestors, in establishing the Gospel among them, and by judicious condescension gained their affections and attention. It must be confessed they too frequently yielded more than could be justified: perhaps the cloud that obscured Christianity in those ages prevented their seeing the criminality and danger of such a conduct; or they might imagine they were not injuring its essentials, when they admitted some pagan practices as temporary expedients. Let this matter be as it may, when the first preachers of the Gospel began their labours in this Isle, they found an heathen hierarchy everywhere exercising their offices in groves, caves, and stone circles; at single upright pillars, or amid the gloom of ponderous trili-



thons. Existing monuments authenticate this fact, and this fact and similar ones open new prospects of our antiquities, interesting, instructive, and curious. The following, connected with my subject, may serve as a specimen; for on this and every other subject much remains for the ingenuity and erudition of others.

The first Christian missionaries succeeding the Druids, consecrated the circuit of the grove anew to religion, and called it Doire, in Irish the Oak. This Columba founded, in the sixth century, two celebrated monasteries, one in the oaken grove in the town of Doire, after corrupted to Derry; the other at Doire-magh, or Durrow, the field of oaks, in the the King's County. The names of other Christian churches, as Doire-macaidcain, Doire-mella, Doire-more, Dar-inis, Dar-neagh, Dore-Arda, Dore-Bruchais, Dore-Chaochain, Dore-Chuisgrigh, Dore-dun-chon, have the same origin. Others were named Kil-doire, Kil-derry, &c., literally the oaken church. Kil at first was in Irish a grave; but when relics were introduced, then it expressed the tomb of the particular saint, and in this our missionaries adapted themselves to the Druidic practice, and this Kil or tomb succeeded the Secretum illud—that holy spot, the object of veneration. Hence, Kildare, Kilabban, Kilbrige, Kilcain; St. Alban's, St. Bridget's, and St. Catain's churches.

Though Scythism had polluted the Celtic ritual, and abolished most of its purer practices, it yet retained the greatest respect for trees; they identified them with their deities, and appropriated them to sacred and civil purposes. The act of cutting or injuring them, incurred a severe penalty. Some archers, who in the 12th century destroyed the sacred timber in the churchyard of Finglas near Dublin, were supposed to have died of an uncommon pestilence. Thus our first preachers endeavoured to supplant the Druids and their grove-worship by erecting Christian edifices in oaken groves,—a procedure more effectual than the decrees of councils.

The holiness of caves was as firmly believed as that of groves. In these the Druids performed divine offices and taught their disciples. Of these the Christian missionaries soon dispossessed them. At Roscarbury are some of these ancient caves, and there St. Fachnan very early founded a see and literary seminary. At Lismore is a Druidic cave, and there was also a celebrated school and cathedral; and near the latter was the residence of an anchorite from the remotest time. He was the genuine successor of the Druidic Semnothest. This name is given by Diogenes Laertius to our Druidic ascetics. Neither Casaubon or Menage satisfactorily explain this word, and others are as unsuccessful. Semnotheus seems to have been a solitary religionist, who in a secret and devious cell gave himself up to the contemplation of heavenly things. The Druids were indebted to their abstraction from the world (*clam* and *diu* are Mela's words) for the respect and reverence in which they were held, and so were the monks who succeeded them. The veneration for the one was easily transferred to the other. The Druids called their retreats, *Cluain*, which the monks expressed by an equivalent word, *Disert*, from the Latin *disertum*. We have between seventy and eighty Cluains, Clones and Cloynes in Colgan and Archdall, and a great number of Diserts, both prefixed to the names of churches; at once pointing out and preserving to this day their origin.

A remarkable instance occurs in France to corroborate what has been advanced. Felibien, speaking of the caves under the church of Chartres, says: "Les grottes qui sont sous cette église, et qu'on prétend avoir été commencées dans les temps que les Druydes y dedicèrent un autel à une vierge qui devoit ensanter, ont presque autant d'espace que l'église haute," &c. The grand assembly of the Gaulish and British Druids, according to Cæsar, was held "in finibus Carnutum," probably at this very place, and over these caves a Christian church was erected.

In the compound religion, (as heretofore explained) professed by



the Druids, stone pillars, circles, and trilithons were temples: no stronger instance can be given of the Christian coming directly into the place of the Pagan clergy than that of St. Illtud. In Brecknockshire is Ty Illtud, or St. Illtud's cell. This was composed of three upright stones and an impost, forming an oblong square of eight feet by four, and as many high. Here the saint led an eremitic life. In this cell are nine different sorts of crosses, and yet the editor of Camden very truly observes, that notwithstanding these the cell was made in the time of paganism, and originally stood in a stone circle. His other sacred structure, at Llan Illtud or Llantwit in Glamorganshire, as the word *Llan* imports, stood within a Druidic grove. The Scythic here added to the Celtic superstition stone pyramids, which are in the churchyard, and were after converted into crosses. Here also St. Illtud had a famed school in which the most eminent Welsh ecclesiastics received the rudiments of learning.

In Ireland things proceeded exactly as in Wales. Not far from the church of Templebrien is a stone circle with a central pyramidal pillar; near the churchyard is another pyramid, and not far distant a third. A few paces from the last there is an artificial cave, probably, says Smith, a sepulchre or the retreat of the priest or Druid who belonged to the pagan temple. Both might be true. The Highlanders say they are going to the Clachans, meaning the stone circle, when they are going to the kirk or church: an irrefragable living proof of the idea here pursued. Our Cloghar, which now signifies a congregation, originally imported a stone, about which people met for religious duties: nor can there be any doubt but the natives said they are were going to the Cloghars as the Scotch to the Clachans. Our antiquaries, for want of better information, make histories from etymologies. Thus of Clogher they have made Clochor, or the golden stone, with fictions too con-

temptible to be retailed. The church of Benachie in Scotland is built in a Druidic circle, not the effect of a chance as an ingenious antiquary remarks, but of choice, to allure the heathen inhabitants to Christianity. At Skirk, in the Queen's county, is a pagan fane, of a very early date. It is situated on a lofty hill, where the eye has an extensive range, as Ci Erk, contracted into Skirk, intimates. Its area is surrounded with a deep intrenchment, and within it is a pyramidal stone six feet high, with the stumps of others, which made the temple. Towards the East is a cromlech, and to the north a high keep or exploratory fort, and contiguous is the parochial church. The custom of erecting churches on the site of heathen temples continued in Scotland to the 10th century: for Patrick, Bishop of the Hebudes, desires Orlygus to found a church where he should find three upright stones. These pillars were preserved by the first builders of churches; they appear in England and Scotland. At the west end of the abbey of Downpatrick is a very high one, and another was in the abbey church of St. Thomas, Dublin.

A curious instance of the union of the Scythic and Druidic rituals occurs in Holstein, confirming and explaining what has been advanced. "At a place called the Bride's-field is a hill surrounded by a grove of oaks, and on it a cave or room made up of five uprights, and some smaller stones, and on them is laid an impost of great length and thickness, the lower part of which is smoother than the top, which in its middle has an excavation to serve as a channel. The length of the room is seven feet, and its height three and a half. This is evidently our cromlech. "It is plain," says the writer, "that this was formerly a place of worship and sacrifice, for Wormius teaches us, such were the altars of the Cimbra and northern people. How untruly, then, does Cæsar say,<sup>1</sup> that the Germans had

<sup>1</sup> Quam falso igitur de Germanis eorumque vicinis borealibus J. Cæsar dixerit, neque Druides habent, neque sacrificiis student. Nov. lit. sup. See also Nov. liter. Jul. 1700. p. 194. There was found in a barrow a knife, with a Runic inscription, shewing it was used in sacrificing to Thor. Other instances of Scythic monuments in Druidic groves are to be found.

neither Druids nor sacrifices, when great numbers of places, similar to this now mentioned, occur everywhere at this day! So that Glareanus, in his notes, had good reason to correct and charge him with negligence."

"But," continues our author, "you will inquire perhaps, what sort of gentile superstition was practised in this grove? If any inference can be drawn from the name, Bride's-field, it is not unlikely but that the newly-married resorted there with their offerings, vows, and supplications for future happiness: for as Servius on Virgil observes, no marriage, or ploughing of ground was undertaken until the sacrifices were first offered. So great was the veneration for these groves, that no one visited them without leaving a present." Thus far this author, and in other parts of the last-cited work, Leibnitz, Sperling, and other German antiquaries clearly perceive the difference between Celtic and Sythic practices, as well as the mixture of both in many existing monuments.

In the early ages of Christianity, churches were not common, the bishop and clergy resided together in cathedra, which was the episcopal see, and where afterwards a cathedral church was constructed. This was founded on the ruins of some celebrated pagan temple, as that of Kildare in a Druidic grove, that of Derry is the same, those of Roscarbury and Lismore near Druidic caves, and Cloghar in a Druidic stone circle. The case was the same with every ancient see in Ireland, but time has deprived us of all documents to authenticate it. The converts having no fixed chapels or pastors, the latter were sent to instruct them occasionally, and the place of meeting was always where such assemblies were usually held in times of paganism, at upright pyramidal stones or in stone circles. These upright stones were, by an easy operation of carving a cross on them, changed from an heathen to a Christian symbol; and they served for churches among the Saxons in 740, as a British missionary informs us, and among the Irish, as is evident from what has been related.

We have in this island an infinite

variety of crosses, one of great rudeness, and another elegantly designed and executed I shall now lay before the reader. The first here given is the shaft of a cross at old Kilcullen, in the county of Kildare. The style is grotesque and very uncommon in this kingdom, and in a great measure was confined to the Danish ages. The nine figures in three compartments, similarly dressed, are ecclesiastics. They have bonnets, tunics, and trousers, and the fashion of their beards is singular. In another compartment a clergyman holds the crosier and part of the episcopal garments of a prelate who lies dead. The figures in the other compartments are grotesque. On comparing them with those at Adderbury church, at Grymbald's crypt, and particularly with the carved stones in Rosshire, at Neig, and with others given by the ingenious Mr. Cordiner in his remarkable ruins in Scotland, all of them the work of the Danish ages, a perfect resemblance of style will be found between them. I therefore conjecture that they are coeval or nearly so with the round tower at Kilcullen, and that these figures were carved about the tenth century.

The other ornamental cross is at Clonmacnois. The stone is fifteen feet high, and stands near the western door of Teampull Mac Diarmuid. Over the northern door of this church are three figures: the middle St. Patrick in pontificalibus, the other two St. Francis and St. Dominic in the habits of their orders. Below these are portraits of the same three saints and Odo, and on the fillet is this inscription: "Dous Odo Decanus Cluanm. fierit fecit"—Master Odo, Dean of Clonmacnois, caused this to be made. This inscription refers to Dean Odo's re-edifying the church, and must have been about the year 1280, when the Dominicans and Franciscans were settled here and held in the highest esteem, as new orders of extraordinary holiness. The figures on this cross are commemorative of St. Kieran and this laudable act of the Dean. Its eastern side, like the others, is divided into compartments. Its centre, or head and arms, exhibit St. Kieran at full length, being the patron of Clonmacnois. In one



hand he holds a hammer, and in the other a mallet, expressing his descent, his father being a carpenter. Near him are three men and a dog dancing, and in the arms are eight men more, and above the saint is the portrait of Dean Odo. The men are the artificers employed by Odo, who show their joy for the honour done to their patron. On the shaft are two men, one stripping the other of his old garments, alluding to the new repairs. Under these are two soldiers, with their swords ready to defend the church and religion. Next are Adam and Eve and the tree of life, and beneath an imperfect Irish inscription. On the pedestal are equestrian and chariot sports. On the north side is a pauper carrying a child, indicating the Christian virtue, charity. Below these a shepherd plays on his pipe, and under him is an ecclesiastic sitting in a chair, holding a teacher's ferula, on the top of which is an owl, the symbol of wisdom, and its end rests on a beast, denoting ignorance. The other sides are finely adorned with lozenge net-work, nebule mouldings, roses and flowers.

But the accommodating spirit of our missionaries is nowhere more apparent than at Kildare, where they established a female monkish order in the place of the heathen Druidesses, who preserved from the remotest ages the inextinguishable fire. This element was adored by the Celtes and Scythians, and by the Irish, as is well known from their celebrated Festival of Bel-tein. All fires with us were to be extinguished until this was lighted. We are not told how this holy flame was excited in Ireland, but the manner differed in Scotland and Scandinavia. In the last, flints were used, and they are found about all the old altars there. In Scotland they rubbed planks together till they blazed. This fire was kept from scattering by iron curbs, and was perpetual. Altars, says the Edda, were made and covered with iron, in which was kept the inextinguishable fire.

Cæsar and Tacitus are full on the predictive and sacred qualities of the German women; Velleda, a Druidess, was long looked up to by them as a deity. The Northerners called them Alirunæ, and in Irish Alarunaighe

is the wise man acquainted with secrets. Keysler, in the work last cited, has collected some curious particulars respecting these women: they wore a particular dress and we may readily suppose were the predecessors of the nuns at Kildare. St. Bridget, we are told, planted the latter there, and entrusted to their care the holy fire. This, as the legend informs us, though constantly supplied with fuel, yet never increased in ashes. The fire was surrounded with a wattled orbicular fence, within which no male presumed to enter. To keep this fire free from human pollution, it was never to be blown with the mouth, but with vans or bellows. The parallel is too exact to leave any doubt of the origin of this holy fire. The ruins of a building are at present shown at Kildare, and called the Fire-House, where, it is said, the sacred flame was preserved; but in this instance I believe tradition erroneous, for from the foregoing account it would have been a profanation of the holy element to confine it within walls. It is now time to close these inquiries, how curious and amusing soever: this specimen is sufficient to prove, that there are views of our antiquities hitherto unnoticed, and which merit investigation.

When Prosper in his corrupt interpolated Chronicle tells us under the year 430, that Palladius was the first Bishop sent by Pope Celestine to the believing Scots, he evidently allows there were Christians in Ireland antecedent to that mission. If so, had they no bishops? They certainly had, for episcopacy is coeval with Christianity, but these bishops did not acknowledge the sovereignty of the Roman pontiff, as we shall soon see; the believing Irish were therefore those who were attached to the papal see, for the diffident Irish had abundance of bishops among them. What was the success of Palladius in Ireland? It is briefly this, as recorded by Usher. He arrives in Ireland with four associates, bringing with him the books of the Old and New Testament, the reliques of the apostles Peter and Paul and others: he erects three wooden churches; is unsuccessful, withdraws to Scotland, and there dies. Why were his labours



to so little effect and his stay so short? Nennius dryly observes, that no man can receive anything upon earth, unless it be given him from heaven. Probus remarks the Irish were wild and barbarous, and would not receive the doctrine of Palladius. Joceline says, because they would not believe his preaching but most obstinately opposed him, he departed their country. These are silly evasions of the truth: Palladius was an intruder into a church which was complete and independent; it would not listen to his foreign commission, or obey an extra-national jurisdiction, and therefore it rejected the Pope and his delegate, and this is the tenour of our ecclesiastical history of the twelfth century.

It has before been seen what little necessity there was for the Pope to send missionaries to Ireland, where a regular hierarchy had been long settled. The necessity was just the same for sending Austin to England, where was a numerous and learned clergy, and so respectable as to occupy seats in all the continental councils in the 5th century. This clergy would, after the first fury of conquest had subsided, have easily converted the Anglo-Saxons, but not subjected them to papal supremacy. Hence the uniform language of Romish writers in every age is, to call that people barbarous and that nation pagan which did not implicitly yield to their lust of wealth and power. Thus Bishop Laurence, in Bede tells us, Pope Gregory sent him and Austin to preach the gospel in Britain, as if it never before had there been heard, whereas the latter met seven British Bishops who nobly opposed him. In like manner Pope Adrian commissioned Henry II. to enlarge the bounds of the Church, and plant the faith in Ireland, when it had already been evangelised for eight hundred years. The faith to be planted was blind submission to Rome, and the annual payment of Peter's pence.

Until the emissaries of Rome began to tamper with our ecclesiastics, very little is recorded of our church-policy: the few hints scattered in authors of various ages, and here collected, evince a scheme very different from the Roman, and

nearly approaching that of the oriental. But no plan could be devised that would not in some measure be modified by the political constitution and municipal laws of each country, and this was particularly so in Ireland. This island, in the sixth century, was divided into four provinces, over each of which a bishop, as metropolitan, but without any such title, presided. Thus Adamnan, in his life of Columba, mentions Columbanus as Bishop of Leinster, and, in the year 1096, Ferdomnach was Bishop of the same. Not a word of Armagh, its bishop or primacy, appears in this large work of Adamnan, which is the more extraordinary, as he was a powerful instrument in perverting the Irish from their original faith to that of Rome. "He endeavoured," says Bede, "to bring his own people, who were in the Isle of Hy, or who were subject to that monastery, into the way of truth, which he had learned and embraced with all his heart, but could not prevail. Not succeeding with the Albanian clergy, he sailed over to Ireland, and there preaching, modestly declared the legal time of Easter, reduced many of them, and almost all who were exempt from the dominion of Hy, to the Catholic unity. Returning to Hy, after celebrating the Catholic Easter in Ireland, and most earnestly recommending it to his monks, yet without being able to prevail, he departed this life." Would a man, so much in earnest as Bede here represents Adamnan to have been, omit to urge the conduct of St. Patrick and his successors of Armagh, so opposite to that of the heretical Irish? Or would Bede himself have so slightly passed over this matter when reciting the merits of Adamnan, when both of them dwell on the obscure actions of obscure monks solely to the devotion of the Roman see? It is absolutely asserting meridional light to be nocturnal darkness to maintain the existence, mission, or primacy, of St. Patrick; nor is it less incredible and absurd to affirm Armagh was the head of the Irish Church. Where is the evidence? In monkish legends of late invention and fabrication, which no one believes. In the contest between Talbot and MacMahon

before referred to, the latter, in his very first page, tells us from these fabulous chronicles, that an angel ordered St. Patrick to betake himself to Armagh, and there build a cathedral church: that the same angelic monitor directed him to Rome, and there pointed out what reliques he should procure and carry back; that he selected a cloth stained with the blood of Christ, part of the Virgin's hair, the reliques of Peter, Paul, Stephen, Laurence and others. In virtue of these reliques, Armagh became the metropolitan church. "The prime see of Ireland is said to be at Armagh, in honour of the blessed Patrick and other national saints whose sacred relics rest there." Here an intelligent writer and good scholar knew nothing of Armagh but from report. The adoration of relics, gave rise to sacred structures for their reception, and in Ireland to our cryptical chapels: these were the works of the Ostmen in the ninth century, after their conversion to Christianity. At this very time the name of St. Patrick first appeared, and at this time the Ostmen were in possession of Ireland, and of Armagh in particular, and now his relics were placed there. These facts and dates most exactly agree, and therefore I conjecture, and I think on good grounds, that the Christian Ostmen who seized the old Culdean Abbey at Armagh, in imitation of others of that age, procured relics and fixed on St. Patrick as their owner, then had a flaming legend composed, setting forth the wonderful life, actions, and miracles of the new saint. To turn this tale to some profitable account, the law of St. Patrick was added and first promulgated in Munster in the same century; which law was the *Caane Phadrug*, or pension claimed by the prelates of Armagh by metropolitan right, as successors of St. Patrick. The religious tenets of the Ostmen were different from those of the Irish, so that we need not be surprised at the destruction of our churches and clergy by these semi-pagans. To confirm what is advanced, we have no authentic account of the primacy of Armagh before 1122, when the clergy and citizens of Dublin tell Ralph, Archbishop of Canterbury,

that the bishop, who resided at Armagh, harboured the greatest resentment and indignation against them for sending to Gregory to be consecrated. A new proof this of the attachment of the Irish Ostmen to the religion of their Norman brethren. As for Lanfranc's letter to Domnald, Bishop of Ireland, in the collection last cited, Usher confesses it is not in Lanfranc's genuine epistles, but in the spurious works of that infamous forger, Isadore Mercator, another broker of novelties in the ninth century.

By the canons of the Greek Church, in the third century, every province had a prime bishop invested with and exercising metropolitan power. With us they changed and multiplied bishops at pleasure, and not contented with placing a bishop over a see, almost every church had its bishop. Anselm complains, that our bishops were every where elected, and ordained without a title and by but one bishop instead of three. The number of bishops in the early Irish Church was prodigious, considering the extent of the Isle. I shall first establish the fact, and next endeavour to account for it. No objection can be made to what St. Bernard and Anselm deliver on this head, but the truth of it does not depend on their testimony alone. Virgil and seven Irish bishops emigrated to Germany together in the middle of the eighth century. In the seventh they swarmed in Britain, as may be seen in Bede: in that kingdom not three could be found to ordain Wilfred, a Romanist, all the rest being of Irish consecration, communion, and almost natives of our Isle. In 670, Theodore, archbishop of Canterbury, decreed that they who were consecrated by Irish or British bishops should be confirmed anew by a Catholic one. The fifth canon of the council of Cealc-hythe, in 816, requires "that none of Irish extraction be permitted to usurp to himself the sacred ministry in one's diocese, nor let it be allowed such an one to touch anything which belongs to those of the holy order, nor to receive anything from them in baptism, or in the celebration of the mass, or that they administer the eucharist to the people, because we are not certain how, or by whom they were



ordained. We know how it is enjoined in the canons, that no bishop or presbyter invade the parish of another without the bishop's consent, so much the rather we should refuse to receive the sacred ministrations from other nations where there is no such order as that of metropolitans, nor any regard paid to other orders." By metropolitans is here meant an hierarchy on the plan of the Roman, with its incident titles, which we had not. Can there be a more decisive argument against the existence, mission, and primacy of St. Patrick, or a stronger proof that his legend was not yet composed, than this canon? Would the Anglo-Saxon clergy, the devoted slaves of Rome, have thus abjured the spiritual children of that see, had our pretended Apostle been a Roman missionary? They never would. This canon shews they were acquainted with the constitution of our Church, the number and zeal of our bishops, and the danger that awaited them. The fears of the Saxons were communicated to the continental clergy. The 42nd canon of Chalons, in 813, forbids certain Irishmen who gave themselves out to be bishops to ordain priests or deacons without the consent of the ordinary. The same year the council of Aix la Chapelle observes, that in some places there were Irish who called themselves bishops, and ordained many improper persons without the consent of their lords or of the magistrates. These alarms could only be excited by the number of Irish bishops in every part of Europe in these ages. Though we have abundant proofs of this fact in foreign literary memorials, I know of but one domestic document which confirms it, and clearly explains to us the nature of our ancient episcopacy. This very curious and authentic record is preserved in Wilkins's Councils, and is thus: "A. D. 1216. Constitutions made in the cathedral church of St. Peter and St. Paul of Newtown, near Athunry, by Simon Rochfort, by the grace of God, Bishop of Meath. Cardinal Paparo, Legate of the sovereign Pontiff, Eugenius III., having directed in the third general council held at Kelis, in Meath, in the year 1152, among other salutary canons, that on the death of a Chorepiscopus or vil-

lage bishop, or of bishops who possessed small fees in Ireland, archipresbyters or rural deans should be appointed by the diocesans to succeed them, who should superintend the clergy and laity, in their respective districts, and that each of their sees should be erected into a rural deanery. We, in obedience to such regulation, do constitute and appoint, that in the churches of Athunry, Kells, Slane, Skrine, and Dunshaglin, being heretofore bishop's sees in Meath, shall hereafter be the heads of rural deaneries, with archipresbyters personally resident therein." Here we have a full and clear development of the state of our ancient hierarchy, and a confirmation of what has been delivered. Ireland was full of chorepiscopi, village or rural bishops. In Meath, where Clonard, Duleek, Kells, Trim, Ardbraccan, Dunshaglin, Slane, Foure, Skrine, Mullingar, Loughfeedy, Athunry, Ard-nurchor and Ballyloughort. In Dublin were Swords, Lusk, Finglas, Newcastle, Tawney, Salmon-leap, or Leixlip, Bray, Wicklow, Arklow, Ballymore, Clondalkin, Tallaght, and O'Murthy, which included the rural deaneries of Castledermot and Athy. These were all rural deaneries, and of course rural sees before the year 1152: however, the transmutation of one into the other proceeded slowly, for by Bishop Rochfort's constitutions before, we find it was far from being completed in the thirteenth century. If the number of rural deaneries at their first erection and afterwards, in consequence of Paparo's regulation, could be discovered from records in the Vatican or elsewhere, it would give us the number of our rural sees. The rural deaneries in the common diocesan registers are not correct, or I might easily have adduced them. Our bishops, I suppose, might have amounted to above three hundred. Our ignorant legendary writers to account for this number had recourse to the fable of St. Patrick's ordaining three hundred and fifty, or sixty-five.

There is not a circumstance in our ecclesiastical polity more strongly indicative of an Eastern origin than that now related. For Salmasius has evinced the apostolic practice to be, to place bishops in every rural church, and in cities more



than one. Hence the first obtained the name of Chorepiscopus. St. Basil, in the fourth century, had fifty of these rural bishops in his diocese, which was probably one for each church. By the ancient discipline the extension of Christianity depended on their multiplication, for to them alone the great offices of religion were confined; they alone could execute them, and they alone preached in the African Church to the fifth century. As the episcopal dignity was lessened in the public esteem by the number of village bishops, their ordination was restrained by the Antiochian, Ancyran, and other canons; in the Laodicean Council their name was changed from Chorepiscopus to Periodeutes, or visitor-itinerant; he was to be a priest, and to have the inspection of a certain number of churches and clergymen: thus giving him some distinction, to save appearances and prevent opposition. The archipresbyter in the Roman Church was nearly such an officer as the Periodeutes. About the time of the Norman Conquest the archipresbyter was called a rural dean. At this period, an old writer informs us, the see of Canterbury had a Chorepiscopus, who dwelt in the church of St. Martin without Canterbury. On the arrival of Lanfranc he was turned out, as we have heard the others were throughout England. As a municipal law, soon to be noticed, hindered the operation of the canons here, and as no foreign power had as yet interfered, like the Anglo-Saxons and Normans in England, either to compel us to submission or conformity to them, we continued to preserve that plan of episcopacy delivered to us and settled by our first preachers of the Gospel, and which at length was most reluctantly relinquished.

The Oriental practice of hereditary succession was firmly established in the Irish Church. St. Bernard, in his life of Malachy, thus complains of it:—"A most pernicious custom had gained strength by the diabolical ambition of some men in power, who possessed themselves of bishoprics by hereditary succession; nor did they suffer any to be put in election for them but

such as were of their own tribe or family. And this kind of execrable succession made no small progress, for fifteen generations had passed over in this mischievous custom; and so far had this wicked and adulterous generation confirmed itself in this untoward privilege, that although it sometimes happened that clergymen of their family failing, yet bishops of it never failed. In fine, eight married men, and not in orders, though men of learning, were predecessors of Celsus in Armagh." To which I add, that Columba, founder of the celebrated Culdean monastery of Hy, being of the Tyrconnallian blood, the abbots, his successors, were of the same race. The first twenty-seven bishops of Roscarbury were of the family of St. Fachnan, its first prelate. Hereditary succession became a fixed municipal law, and pervaded Church and State; and hence the struggle in the see of Armagh, to which Malachy O Morgair was appointed in 1129, to the exclusion of the old family; which was proving nearly fatal to Malachy, and called forth the warm resentment of St. Bernard, his friend. On the whole, it may safely be affirmed that every mother-church—and there were none others in early ages—had a bishop; that inferior toparchs and small towns, as Dublin, confined to a few acres within its walls, erected sees; add to these the number generated, if I may so say, by the exercise of metropolitical power, altogether made so many of the episcopal order as would be, if not so well authenticated, utterly incredible. When once a see was formed, vanity and ambition perpetuated it; nor was any power, not even the Papal, able to divest the Sept of the patronage of or to dissolve it. Thus, after the consolidation of Glendaloch with Dublin, in 1152 and 1179, the Tooles, the original proprietaries, still retained the title and presentation to 1497. Our chorepiscopi, or archipresbyters, were married, as the other clerical orders were, to the twelfth century. About that time the Romanists called them Corbes, an opprobrious name, as if they indulged in incest and lewdness; and to this St. Bernard refers, when he

says they were a wicked and adulterous generation.

Lanfranc, in 1100, remonstrated with our monarch Mortogh on some defects in our ecclesiastical discipline; one was, that bishops were not canonically elected by the Metropolitan and his bishops, but by the Sept, for that is his meaning, as it is explained by St. Bernard, who tells us, none were permitted to be put in election but one of the same family. This was a consequence of hereditary succession which admitted no foreign interference. Though I know of no documents to prove how far our provincial bishops carried their rights, I think it likely they were commensurate with those of our provincial monarchs, of whose family they always were. If the life of Kentigern deserves credit, we have in it the ancient manner of electing and ordaining a bishop among us. This saint lived in great abstinence, until the king, clergy, and people of Galloway in Scotland elected him for their bishop. Sending for a single bishop out of Ireland, they caused him to be consecrated after the custom then usual among the Britons and Irish, which was to pour the sacred chrism on his head, with invocation of the Holy Spirit, benediction and imposition of hands. These acts were primitive, except the chrismation, which an eminent Roman Catholic writer asserts to have been no part of the office in the first ages. So that we have the greatest reason to be on our guard when reading these lives of saints, they having been newly dressed up in the twelfth century, by men devoted to Rome. Consecration by but one bishop was common in the first ages of Christianity, but after forbidden by the fourth Nicene Canon. The many instances already, and hereafter to be produced, must establish the veracity of the opinion insisted on in these pages, of our reception of the Gospel from Eastern missionaries or their disciples.

From what source arose the revenues of our clergy is not easy to discover. St. Bernard and Giraldus Cambrensis declare the Irish did not pay tithes. If the fact was so, and there are grounds to believe it, then the clergy were supported by obla-

received in lieu of tithes: these were so large that Agobard observes: "The devotion of persons in the first ages was so great, that there was no need to make laws or canons for the supplies of churches, they being amply provided for by the liberality of the people." Included in oblations were first-fruits, which were paid in the early ages of Christianity: as to altarage, mortuary and obventions, they seem to have been at length introduced in the Irish as into other Churches. The whole ecclesiastical revenue to a late period was divided into four parts; one went to the bishop, another to the clergy, a third to the poor, and a fourth supported the fabric of the church and other uses. This four-fold partition prevailed generally in Ireland, and existed lately in the diocese of Clonfert. Most of our ancient sees were deambulatory, having neither cathedrals, deans, nor chapters: such is Meath at present, and such is Kilmore, except the addition of a dean in 1458. Our parishes had their beginning with the suppression of our chorepiscopal sees in 1152; as the annihilation of the latter was not effected in the thirteenth century, as appears by bishop Rochfort's constitutions before; the parochial division of dioceses was late before it was finally settled.

Whoever will take the trouble to examine the account of our ancient sees and bishops in Harris's edition of Ware's Bishops, will see abundant reason to be dissatisfied with it. These writers observe, in speaking of Meath, "that there are but slender memoirs remaining of the successors of St. Finian in the see of Clonard until the arrival of the English in Ireland." Now, Meath was always the most open, fertile, and best-inhabited part of Ireland, and of course the people most civilised; and Clonard was not only the oldest see, being founded in 520, but continued an episcopal Church to 1152. Under these circumstances we might expect accurate ecclesiastical records of the possessions and privileges of this church; the names and succession of its bishops, along with other interesting historical notices: but as nothing of this sort has survived the ruins of time, we may be certain a similar fate at-



tended our other sees. Here, then, is a darkness which no industry, ingenuity, or learning can ever enlighten. There was, indeed, the shadow, but not the reality, of a civil and ecclesiastical government in this isle, but no public record relative to the administration of either were kept, because no rude people ever had such. When men, in the progress of society, have written laws and submit to them, then, and not before, public documents became necessary and are preserved. Our brehons, our seanachies, and a few monkish annals, of little authority, were almost our only vouchers for the history and transactions of remote ages. Domestic dissensions and a petty warfare, not to mention foreign invasions, were perpetually extinguishing and creating our sees. As their revenues were mean, and their political consequence nothing, they shared the vicissitudes of civil affairs without particular observa-

tion. This, concisely and truly, was the exact situation of our ancient bishoprics; and the unavailing labours of Ware and Harris evince it to have been so. Neither of them seems to have entered into the spirit, or to have even a tolerable idea of our original episcopacy—nor had Primate Usher; for if they had, I can conceive no reason why they should have concealed it from public view. It reflected not the smallest disgrace on the first preachers of Christianity in Ireland to have promulgated such doctrines and established such discipline here as prevailed universally. To reduce the latter to its late standard was the work of many revolving centuries: I am neither ignorant of its defects, nor an apologist for its imperfections; but imperfect and erroneous as it was, it vastly surpassed that system which succeeded it, and these slaves of intolerance and superstition who directed it.

## THE GREAT SINGERS OF THE LAST CENTURY.

IN the beginning of the last century music had attained a high degree of perfection, being cultivated throughout Europe with considerable success. A great impulse to its prosperity was derived from the number of fine singers that then appeared. This stimulated the efforts of composers, who could always command a ready market for their wares where the managers of theatres had within reach such *artistes* as would “fill the house,” or, in other words, make it a paying concern. As far as talent was concerned, therefore, the lessees had no reason to complain. Singers appeared in rapid succession, and it was difficult, if not in some cases impossible, to determine which of them was the best. So many unrivalled vocalists were probably owing to the various schools of music that towards the close of the sixteenth century were established on the continent, more especially in the chief towns of Italy. In these academies the course of musical education was strict and complete. It was therefore to be expected that if fa-

voured by nature, as many of them were, the pupils would in after life attain eminence in their art. This really was the case, as the following account of some of the singers of that period will prove.

The first name on the list is Francesca Margherita de l'Epine. She came to England from Italy in 1692, and was accompanied by a German of the name of Greber. The wits of the day called her “Greber's Peg.” Margherita was in all likelihood the earliest importation of an Italian singer into our country. The *London Gazette* of that date speaks of her as “the Italian lady, that is lately come over, that is so famous for singing.” Her performances at concerts and operas fully justified this announcement. She was not only a good singer but a skilful player on what we call the piano; adding to both these accomplishments an excellent knowledge of music. With all this, she by no means elicited universal admiration. Swift—but he had no appreciation of music—in his “Journal to Stella,” speaks of



her slightly: "We have a music meeting in our town (Windsor) to-night. I went to the rehearsal of it, and there was Margherita, and her sister, and another drab, and a parcel of fiddlers." Perhaps one ground of Swift's dissatisfaction lay in this, that "Peg" was no beauty. Her want of personal charms, however, did not keep her from getting a husband. We find that after she had been about twenty years in London, and had out of her professional earnings saved some £10,000, she was induced to yield to the courtship of the famous Dr. Pepusch, arranger of the airs in the "Beggars' Opera." After matrimony she retired from the stage, and received, on account of her swarthy complexion, the nickname of "Hecate" from her husband. This rather uncomplimentary appellation she submitted to with good humour. She appeared to contemplate with thankfulness the release which her fortune had accomplished for poor Pepusch out of the care and poverty which so many of his profession are called on to endure. We are not, however, to suppose that Margherita or her sister had sole possession of the "boards," for a very formidable rival sprang up in the person of Mrs. Tofts. Margherita was the "star" of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and Mrs. Tofts made her *début* in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The conflicting claims of these songstresses were espoused by the public, and frequent disturbances in consequence took place. Margherita was often hissed and hooted, and once struck with an orange. This fruity missile, however—it is due to the male sex to say—was winged by a female arm. Time, that cures so many things, healed the breach between these two vocalists, and we had them singing in the same opera with Niccolini, who had recently arrived in England, and of whom we shall now say a few words.

Cavaliere Niccolini Grimaldi, a Neapolitan by birth, arrived in London about the year 1708. He was attracted by (as he was informed) the rage prevalent amongst us for foreign operas. The high reputation which he brought with him he sustained, according to the testimony of Sir Richard Steele, in the *Tatler*,

a critic not likely to have been, as the patentee of an English theatre, very lenient to the faults of a foreign *artiste*. Niccolino was not merely a superior vocalist, but a superb actor, and possessed of a fine person. He was a great addition to the London company, and the theatres became places of general resort. Play-goers were, however, at this time deprived of one of their stars. Mrs. Tofts was obliged to quit the stage in the meridian of fame and beauty, from symptoms of incipient insanity. The *Tatler* alludes to this in unfeeling terms. Mrs. Tofts afterwards married, and removed with her husband to Venice. Here her old disorder returned, and with intermitting violence afflicted her to the time of her demise, that is, for the long period of fifty years, as she died in 1760. Her place was supplied by some good English singers—Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Lindesay, and others. One termed "The Baroness," a foreigner, was likewise a favourite, as also Cassani and Isabella Girardeau. There seems, however, to have been, after Mrs. Tofts's retirement, a dearth of good singers for about ten years. The deficiency was supplied by making Niccolini the centre of attraction. How this was done is familiar to the readers of the *Spectator*. Those who are accustomed to peruse its pages will remember all that is said of Niccolini's combat with the lion, "which," says Addison, "has been very often exhibited to the general satisfaction of most of the nobility and gentry in the kingdom of Great Britain." The *Spectator* pays a high tribute to Niccolini's powers as an actor and a singer, lamenting that the great *artiste* was forced to comply with the tastes of the age. Nothing can be more amusing than the different representatives of the lion. "It was confidently affirmed," says the *Spectator*, "that there would be a tame lion sent from the tower every opera night . . . and that the lion was a cousin german of the tiger who made his appearance in King William's days. Many, likewise, were the conjectures of the treatment which this lion was to meet with from the hands of Niccolini. Some supposed that he was to subdue him in recitative, as Orpheus used to serve the wild beasts in his

time, and afterwards to knock him on the head . . . . The lion has been charged upon the audience three several times: the first lion was a candle-snuffer, who, being a fellow of a testy choleric temper, overdid his part, and would not suffer himself to be killed so early as he ought to have done. Besides, it was objected against him that he reared himself so high upon his hinder paws, and walked in so erect a posture, that he looked more like an old man than lion. The second lion was a tailor by trade. If the former was too furious, this was too sheepish for his part. It is said, indeed, that he once gave him a rip in his flesh-colour doublet, but this was only to make work for himself in his private character as a tailor. The acting lion at present is, as I am informed, a country gentleman, who does it for his diversion, but desires his name may be concealed."

This extract gives us some idea of prevalent theatrical tastes. Such were not indulged in for the first time, as they had already been displayed in the case of the opera of *Camilla*. This was composed by one of the *Buononcinis*, and here Mrs. Tofts was appointed to kill a pig! The personator of this member of the animal creation thus opens his grief to the *Spectator*:—"I think I was hardly used in not having the part of the lion in *Hydaspes* given to me: but that of a lion is too great a character for one that never trode the stage before but on two legs. As for the little resistance I made, I hope it may be excused, when it is considered that the dart was thrown at me by so fair a hand. I must confess I had just put on my brutality; and *Camilla's* charms were such, that beholding her erect mein, hearing her charming voice, and astonished with her graceful motion, I could not keep up to my assumed fierceness, but died like a man." These stage foibles were brought into requisition by even Handel, in *Rinaldo*, the first of the long series of operas produced in London. "As I was walking in the streets about a fortnight ago," writes Addison, "I saw an ordinary fellow carrying a cage full of little birds upon his shoulder; and as I was wondering with myself what

use he would put them to, he was met very luckily, by an acquaintance who had the same curiosity. Upon his asking him what he had upon his shoulder, he told him that he had been buying sparrows for the opera. 'Sparrows for the opera!' says his friend, licking his lips. 'What, are they to be roasted?' "No, no," says the other; 'they are to enter towards the end of the first act, and to fly about the stage.'"

Handel's arrival in London, and his being intrusted with the management of the Royal Academy, became instrumental in bringing under the notice of the public some of the greatest singers that the world probably has ever heard. He, however, was with us for several years before the Academy was formed. During this time a songstress made her appearance, Anastasia Robinson, who deserves notice less from her professional ability than the romance of her life. She was the daughter of a portrait-painter, who becoming afflicted with blindness, and a consequent inability to earn a livelihood by his art, was forced to bring up his child to the musical profession. For this she evinced peculiar aptitude. Her father took a house in Golden-square, where he gave weekly concerts or musical *conversazioni*. These were attended by some of the first people in the metropolis, and here she gave earnest of those abilities and accomplishments which she subsequently displayed. Her *début* was in 1714, in a *pasticcio*, called *Creso*, and she continued to enjoy popularity as a principal singer till 1724, when she left the state. Her retirement was supposed to have arisen from an insult offered by Senesino—a singer we shall speak of presently; but the real cause was her marriage—not made public till more than ten years afterwards—with Lord Peterborough. This nobleman had distinguished himself for bravery during the war of the Spanish succession. Whatever his physical bravery may have been, his moral courage does not appear to have been very striking. For a lengthened period he refused to recognise his wife as Lady Peterborough, till forced by circumstances to do so. It was a tardy piece of justice, since her posi-



tion had exposed her to the taunts of the aristocracy. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu thus writes of her to a friend:—"The fair lady rides through the town in the shining berlin of her hero, not to reckon the more solid advantage of £100 a month which, 'tis said, he allows her." The alliance, however, beyond all doubt, was from the beginning honourable. At first, on Lord Peterborough's part, it was intended to be otherwise; but the object of his attentions at once betrayed the utmost indignation at such a proposal. Lord Peterborough, too much smitten with her charms to abandon his suit, wooed and won her honourably. As a person of rare accomplishments and of almost amiable temper, she was worthy of a better partner. Her vocal powers was not considerable, and her execution was absolutely nothing as compared with Cuzzoni and others. Still, in her style there was something telling, arising from the utter absence of any effort at display. As an actress she was very efficient, and quickly gained the goodwill of the theatre by her modest deportment and her pleasing, expressive, though not by any means beautiful, countenance.

About the period of Anastasia Robinson's marriage, arrived in London one who is memorable as a singer of extraordinary power, Francesca Cuzzoni. She was born at Parma, and made her *débüt* at Venice in 1719. She came to England in 1723, and remained amongst us, in the enjoyment of unimpaired popularity, till 1729, when she returned to Italy. She visited England twice again, but on the last occasion she was old and songless. After this she went to Holland, where she became straitened in her purse, and was put into prison for debt. After delighting Europe with her voice, and receiving the homage of princes and nobles, Cuzzoni passed her closing years in great poverty, and was able to preserve herself from starvation by button-making

"Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.  
Oh! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,  
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw."

Cuzzoni's extravagance helped to ruin her, along with her violent, quarrelsome temper, which arrayed against her the whole musical world. Sometimes she would—as the saying is—meet with her match: as when on one occasion, refusing at a rehearsal to sing one of her songs in an opera of Handel's, the enraged composer threatened to throw her out of the window. No one, however, dared question Cuzzoni's wonderful excellence as a singer. Her voice, more especially the high notes, possessed three qualities seldom combined, namely, clearness, sweetness, and flexibility. She not merely evinced astonishing skill in the execution of hard passages, but did so in such a way as to veil from view the difficulties of the performance. Her interpretation of pathetic music would dissolve an audience in tears, while the refinement which she could bring to bear on notes, either as regards tone or duration, elicited the admiration of the learned. Her embellishments, apparently extemporaneous, often enriched a melody, and were always conceived in excellent taste. Her shake was perfection itself, and it seemed as if it would be impossible for her to sing out of tune.

At this period appeared an *artiste* of similar fame, Faustina Bordoni. She made her first appearance at Venice in 1716, and arrived in London in 1725. Cuzzoni was now in the zenith of her glory. Faustina, by no means her equal, was yet possessed of a very fine voice. Her range, however, was comparatively small, while her powers of expression were not striking. What voice she had she managed with unquestionable discretion, and her execution was distinct if not at times brilliant. Her throat seemed possessed of an immediate power of adaptation to any sort of measure, and transitions cost her no more trouble apparently than they would an instrument of music. The *tremolo*, which she could produce in unrivalled beauty, she is supposed to have been the first to employ. On the stage she was quite at home in all characters, and ever delighted the audience with her personal charms and most expressive countenance. To compare her with Cuzzoni would be out of the question. Faustina, however, possessed excellencies not



found in Cuzzoni's singing. In fact, they ought not to be contrasted, being of entirely different styles. But some of their hearers thought proper to institute comparisons between them. The consequence of this was the formation among the opera-goers of a Faustina and a Cuzzoni's party. Like as with Margherita de l'Epine and Mrs. Tofts, disturbances took place in the theatres; but the contending factions in the Cuzzoni and Faustina affair belonged rather to aristocratic circles. Cuzzoni was upheld by the Countess of Pembroke and Sir Robert Walpole, the latter a host in himself; while Faustina's leading supporters were the Countess of Burlington and Lady Delawarr. The presence of royalty could not prevent the often unseemly scenes which arose from the fury of partisanship. We are told in the 'London Journal' of that date the combatants "proceeded at length to the melodious use of catcalls and other accompaniments." A poet of the day avenged the insulted majesty of music in the following lines:—

"Old poets sing that beasts did dance  
Whenever Orpheus play'd;  
So, to Faustina's charming voice  
Wise Pembroke's asses bray'd."

This state of things being found to injure the interests of the opera, the managers resolved to get rid of one or other of the two ladies. In this way, these vocalists would for the future be prevented, at least in London, from coming, as they had once before at an evening party, to actual blows. Lady Pembroke made Cuzzoni swear she would never accept a smaller salary than Faustina. The directors of the opera persisted in offering Cuzzoni a guinea less than her rival, and the result was the departure of the former from our country. Faustina followed a few years subsequently, and met Cuzzoni abroad, where they became quite reconciled. Faustina's lot, after leaving London, was prosperous, and in this respect presents a forcible contrast to the melancholy career of Cuzzoni. Faustina married the celebrated Hasse, who derived important assistance from his wife in managing the Dresden opera. Faustina, after fifteen years of undisputed sovereignty, was at last laid on the shelf, in conse-

quence of the appearance of another charming songstress, Regina Valentini. She is more generally known as Mingotti, from having married an old man of that name, manager of the Dresden theatre. He placed his bride under the tuition of the well-known Porpora. This put the crowning stroke to the excellent musical education she had received when inmate of a convent of the Ursulines, at Gratz in Silesia. Mingotti rose rapidly into favour, and evoked genuine admiration, even that of the almost superannuated Faustina. Still there was a party raised against her, but she prevailed over all opposition. So complete was her triumph that the English Minister at the Court of Dresden, Sir Charles Williams, once publicly apologised to her for having ever expressed a doubt respecting her abilities. She left Dresden and visited Naples, Madrid, and London. In the last city she created quite a sensation, and excited, like Cuzzoni, feuds among the nobility.

Mingotti was induced, on the retirement, from bankruptcy, of Vaneschi, manager of the London opera, to embark along with Giardini, a great violin-player, in the undertaking. Like many others they were brought to ruin. Mingotti lost the fortune she had accumulated, and having left England in despair, settled finally at Munich. In her prime she was regarded as the first singer in Europe, and received offers of employment at all the chief continental theatres. With a superb voice was united a brilliant execution. Afraid of no passage, however intricate, she would come off splendidly victorious in the performance of the most difficult opera. Hasse, who was jealous of her on account of the waning powers of his wife, Faustina, used to compose songs which would expose the weak notes—as he was envious enough to consider them—of Mingotti's voice. But the malicious scheme of the old fox always proved abortive. Along with unequalled vocalisation in every different style, Mingotti combined a superior knowledge of music and language. She spoke German, French, and Italian with so much ease as to render it impossible to decide which was her mother tongue. She was likewise acquainted with Spanish and Eng-

lish, and even understood Latin. Had she possessed in a higher degree that great passport to histrionic success, namely, a beautiful and voluptuous form, as well as feminine softness, she would have been as great a celebrity as most of the other singers of the eighteenth century. However, as a vocalist, and especially a musician, she seems to have surpassed them all. Had she sung at the modern opera, she would have elicited, if not admiration, certainly unbounded applause.

The next singer we shall mention is one which most have heard of Caterina Gabrielli. Unlike Mignotti, Gabrielli was possessed of rare beauty, and were it not for a very capricious and uncertain temper, it was said by one, who was acquainted with her, that she would have dealt out a too widely diffused destruction amongst mankind. As it was, every man in Europe seemed smitten with her charms. She is described by a writer of a book of travels in Sicily and Malta as "the most dangerous Syren of modern times." Her singing was transcendent, so much so as totally to abash all who appeared with her on the stage. On one occasion she exerted herself—which, indeed, she would not always do, often merely humming her songs, *i.e.*, *sotto voce*, as the Italians say—and the result was, that the principal male singer abandoned all hope of future fame, and bursting into tears, ran off behind the scenes! Gabrielli's progress through Europe was one uninterrupted ovation. Her musical conquests were as immediate and decisive as the military exploits of the imperial general who wrote to the roman senate the despatch, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*. Gabrielli's success being in defiance of her impetuous, uncertain, and insolent disposition, her vocal powers must have been beyond all praise. Many expedients were adopted to neutralise her caprice. That which was found to answer the purpose best was to place some favoured suitor—and of suitors she had many—in a prominent position in front of her in the pit. This, at first a fortunate device, soon lost its efficacy. She had, however, many redeeming qualities; amongst others, that of

being charitable. She could gratify her benevolent impulses out of the high payments she demanded and received for her professional services. Catherine II., who had invited her to St. Petersburg, inquired of Gabrielli her terms. "Five thousand ducats," was the reply. "Five thousand ducats!" rejoined the Empress: "why, none of my field-m Marshals are in receipt of such a sum." "Her Majesty had better ask some of her field-m Marshals to sing," observed Gabrielli. The money was paid, and Gabrielli had the court and the whole city in ecstasy. This was something, because the opera at this time was well supplied through the discrimination and enterprise of the Queen, who employed such musical directors as Galuppi, Cimarosa, and Paisiello. In the midst of these triumphs, Gabrielli was solicited to visit London. She was not at first anxious to do so, alleging, as a reason, that with the English—they were a nation so ferocious—her inveterate habit of caprice would cost her her life. She felt that it was scarcely safe to venture among a people who, if enraged, would, as she said, murder her. There were times when, really sick and unable to sing, she was thought to be wayward. The English, no more than foreigners ascribing it to indisposition, would inflict summary vengeance for her caprice. Mingotti was accustomed to exclaim that the people in London could not understand any human being to be seized with a fever, a cold, or a toothache, except a singer. Gabrielli, however, overcame her apprehensions, and visited London. The great things that were expected of her, from the fame she had achieved on the Continent, created an exaggerated standard of perfection; and when she failed to reach this, people in their disappointment did not fully award her her due. Gabrielli, besides, was not actually young, though she looked so. Her voice—though exquisitely sweet—not being powerful, was not calculated to please those who hitherto had been astonished by the wonderful organs of Cuzzoni and Farinelli. Gabrielli, however, made a great



impression in society on account of the polish of her manners and the extent of her information. All this was the achievement of genius, for she was the daughter of a cardinal's cook, and derived from this circumstance the soubriquet of "*La Cuochetta*," which, as she ascended the ladder of fame, she contrived to expunge from her armorial bearings.

It is sufficient to mention, without dwelling upon them, the names of Durastanti, Senesino, and Benedetti (a mere *charlatan*). The first two were principal singers of the company formed by Handel for the Royal Academy. Senesino came after Niccolini, and was a good actor, with a sweet and powerful *contralto* voice. But a super-eminent singer, and perhaps the greatest performer of his own or any other age, remains yet to be noticed—the famous Farinelli. This title, said to have been received from the circumstance of his father having been a flour merchant, in point of fact arose from his becoming a *protégé* of the Farina family. Carlo Broschi, his proper name, was born at Andria, in the Neapolitan district, in 1705. He, like so many able singers of the time, was a pupil of Porpora's. This distinguished preceptor, observing Farinelli's extraordinary vocal powers, paid him unusual attention; nor did the disciple disappoint his careful training. So early as seventeen years of age he evinced those unrivalled qualities which afterwards raised him to the rank of the first singer in Europe. His success commenced at Rome, when he sung the celebrated song with an *obligato* accompaniment for the trumpet. In sustaining power of voice he far eclipsed the performer on the trumpet. After visiting different cities with undiminished popularity, more especially Vienna, he came to London about 1734, and was engaged by his old master, Porpora, to perform at Lincoln's Inn Fields, in opposition to the opera under Handel. It is a curious fact in relation to Handel, when he went abroad to embody a staff of singers, that he chose Senesino in preference to Forinelli. The folly of the selection was quickly apparent: Fari-

nelli was able to command an enormous salary, and became quite the rage of London. The fashionable world, in its efforts at homage, really seemed to have gone mad. It was regarded as an essential qualification in society to have heard Farinelli sing. Every one appeared to vie with his neighbour in heaping the most extravagant presents upon him. Those who are familiar with Hogarth's "*Rake's Progress*" may remember one engraving, which is intended to ridicule the Farinelli mania. The matchless painter of the foibles and profligacy of human nature holds up to reprobation the piece of blasphemy of which some lady had been guilty, when, in order to attest her enthusiasm after having heard Carlo Broschi, she cried out, "*One God and one Farinelli!*" The town, however, grew in a manner tired, not of Farinelli, but of the repetition of his performances. "*There is always,*" says Colley Cibber, in his well-known apology, "*such a rage for novelty at the Opera, that within these two years we have seen even Farinelli sing to an audience of five-and-thirty pounds.*" Having stayed in London about three years, he left England with the intention of returning the year following. His purpose was frustrated by an invitation from the Queen of Spain. He repaired to Madrid, and found that his presence was required to sing for the demented King. His Majesty had hitherto refused to take any part in public affairs, or even attend to his person. It was supposed that he might be roused from his lethargy by music, of which he was particularly fond. The remedy was very successful. Farinelli became a great favourite with the King, who conferred upon him the highest honours. Some say that he became Prime Minister at the Spanish Court, which is perhaps going too far; but at all events he possessed the King's full confidence, had access to the private apartments in the palace at all times, and enjoyed the magnificent allowance yearly of £3000. But though suddenly elevated over the heads of the proudest aristocracy in Europe, Farinelli contrived to



make few, if indeed any, enemies. His behaviour under prosperity must therefore have been judicious and temperate; yet some murmured. Once he was going into the king's room, and an old officer of the guard grumbled out, "Honours can be heaped on such scoundrels as this, while a poor soldier, thirty years in the army, remains neglected." Farinelli told the king that he had passed over a meritorious servant, and procured a regiment for the old officer. Others, again, were eager to express their admiration. Farinelli once ordered a splendid suit of clothes of very costly material. The tailor refused all payment, and asked, in return, what he said was fit only for monarchs, namely, a song from Farinelli. The great *artiste*, highly gratified, sang his best for the enraptured tradesman, and put double the amount of his bill into the tailor's hand. After the death of Philip V., Farinelli maintained his post at the Spanish Court under Ferdinand VI. This monarch was induced to establish an opera, which under the directorship of Farinelli soon attained a flourishing condition. Charles III., however, Ferdinand's successor, dispensed with Farinelli's services, and ordered him to quit Spain. This monarch had a regular dislike for music, and hushed its tones within the precincts of the palace. In consideration of Farinelli's lengthened engagement—twenty-four years—he was permitted to retain his pension. The King, however, was determined to make the singer always sensible of his dependence by forbidding him to reside in any country except Italy, or in any of its towns except Bologna.

The remainder of Farinelli's days were passed in retirement. He amused himself with the charms of song; and when he had ceased to toy with these, he gave himself up to performing on his pianofortes. Of such he had collected a good many, calling them after the leading painters of Italy, and making them occupy corresponding places in his favour. He also carried on a constant correspondence with the celebrated Metastasio, the Shakspeare of the Italian lyric stage, who from the very first was an enthusiastic admirer of Farinelli, and ar-

dicted his musical triumphs. Farinelli's closing years were tinged with the melancholy arising from what to any Italian was as severe and depressing as exile itself, namely, banishment from the scene of his best and happiest days. The tone of his letters to Metastasio, and the old poet's anodyne sympathy, show the depth in his heart to which this source of poignant sorrow had penetrated. It does not appear, however, that such hourly disquietude exercised any abridgment over his life, as his death did not take place until he was seventy-seven years of age. He was naturally of an iron constitution, the result, no doubt, of that firmly-compacted organisation evidenced in the performance of the astonishing feats in singing with which he inaugurated his professional career. But though these alone could not substantiate his claim to eminence, yet they at least prove his power of vocal sustentation. As regards the difficulties of execution involved in these *bravura* songs, they are such as are quite attainable by even the ordinary professionals of our day. Yet still the accounts which we have of Farinelli, and that, too, from the best judges at the time, justify the opinion that in richness of quality, truth of tone, power of exciting the feelings—that in volume and the perfect subjection of the organ to the will of the singer,—Farinelli's voice never has, possibly never will be, surpassed, if ever equalled. It was a curious turn, then, in his fortune—some would call it a misfortune—that for so long a time he should have been doomed to a comparative suspension of his great vocal powers. During his residence in Spain, he was, for ten years, allowed to do nothing else than sing daily the same four airs for the king. Farinelli, however, being a man of enlarged and cultivated understanding, found, no doubt, much to employ his leisure hours. His salary at the court was far superior to that which, taking into consideration all the uncertainties of even the most brilliant professional life, together with its reckless extravagance, he could earn by constant employment at the opera. He probably felt this; and being naturally of an easy temperament, remained satisfied. Besides

like most men possessed of genuine power, he did not evince that morbid desire after display and publicity which are too frequently the concomitants of mere pretence.

The foregoing are the principal singers of the last century. There can be no doubt, that in some respects, many of them have never been equalled. Their superiority may have been occasionally the result of physical conformation; thus Banti, of whom we shall say a word presently, bequeathed her larynx to the municipal authorities of Bologna. It was found to be of enormous size, and was placed in a glass phial to be preserved in the usual way. Two qualities in the voices of the eighteenth appear comparatively absent from those of the nineteenth century, flexibility and sustaining power. The decline of both of these may, perhaps, be traceable to some of the more recent composers; whose music, presenting none of the difficulties of execution inseparable from the classical style, affords singers the temptation of neglecting to cultivate agility in the vocal organ. In sustaining power we are deficient likewise, and the cause perhaps is this: the richness of modern instrumentation, consequent on the improvement and multiplication of musical instruments, and the imitation of such models as those of Beethoven and Mozart, have betrayed composers into the snare of exaggerating the proportion of the orchestral score. This produces that cataract of sound to be heard above which necessitates so constant a strain on the voice as must induce premature decay. But to follow up this subject would bring us into quite a different track of inquiry from that we have been pursuing.

We shall, therefore, conclude with a brief mention of the remaining celebrities. Lavinia Fenton, the famous Polly Peachum, was a charming singer in the ballad style. She was a still more charming girl, and made conquests to no end. At last she yielded to the amorous voice of the Duke of Bolton, who made her Duchess of Bolton; that is, married her after his wife's decease. In reference to this affair, which caused great scandal, Swift coarsely

writes, "The Duke of Bolton has run away with Polly Peachum, having settled four hundred a year during pleasure, and upon disagreement two hundred more." Mrs. Clive deserves notice rather for her acting than her singing. The latter, passable in ballads, was intolerable in anything beyond these. Superior both in voice and musical education was Miss Arne, afterwards the wife of Colley Cibber. She was sister to the famous Dr. Arne, who soon rose into eminence as a composer of operas. In these he displayed considerable artistic skill, as well as originality in melody. The piece that entitles him to his highest commendation is the music in Milton's "Comus." Arne married a young lady who had already shown herself an accomplished vocalist, Miss Cecilia Young. She was an excellent musician and had been a pupil of the famous Geminiani. She was a constant performer in Handel's oratorios along with John Beard. He had a splendid tenor voice, and succeeded not only in music, but in love, having won the hand of Lady Henrietta Herbert, widow of Lord Edward Herbert, and daughter of Lord Waldegrave. Surviving his wife, he married a daughter of Rich, and subsequently became one of the proprietors and managers of Covent Garden. On his retirement from the stage he spent his closing years in opulence. Beard had a rival, one Lowe. Had this man been a musician he would have far eclipsed Beard, and probably would have been one of the finest singers in Europe at the time. Giving the names merely of Storace, Crouch, Bannister, Guadagni, Mellico, Cecilia Davies (called in Italy *L'Inglesina*), Pacchierotti, Rubinelli, Marchesi, and Chantilly, better known as Madame Favart, we come to three female singers, who created a great sensation, Madame Mara, Banti, and Mrs. Billington.

Madame Mara was the daughter of Herr Schmaling. Her father, in endeavouring to bring her under the notice of Frederick at Berlin, was mortified to find that the court singer, Morelli, had reported unfavourably of her. "She sings like a German," said Morelli. "I'd as soon have the neighing of my horse," rejoined the



King. Morelli, however, was no musician; indeed, a man of no education whatever, having been originally an under servant in Lord Cowper's household. Schmaling's daughter soon triumphed over Morelli's malice, and became a distinguished *artiste*. She married Mara, a worthless and dissipated character, belonging to the Berlin orchestra, and eloped afterwards with a flute-player called Florio. Madame Mara was a good deal before the London public, and was well received. In Paris, she produced a ferment of enthusiasm, and the notorious rivalry between the Maratistes and Todistes. The former were her own patrons, and the latter those of Madame Todi, a Portuguese singer. A gentleman at the time being once asked which he preferred, replied, "Ah, monsieur, c'est bientôt dit." Mrs. Billington (formerly Miss Weichsell) had a brilliant career both in London and Naples. Her voice was deficient in volume, though she always made the best of it, and was a judicious actress. She had no great predilection for the stage, from which she retired at a very early period, though on her arrival at Naples and subsequently in London, she virtually rescinded this resolution. Mrs. Billington is so far memorable in the annals of our musical drama as having appeared in 'Clemenza di Tito,' the first of the works of the great Mozart brought out in London. At this period came into notice another *artiste* of much celebrity, Madame Banti. She was the daughter of Georgi, a Venetian gondolier, and rose to eminence from the lowly avocation of first a street and then a tavern singer. In Paris she enchanted everybody, and her singing produced in London a similar effect. With us £100 yearly was deducted from her salary to pay for musical instruction. She had three distinguished preceptors, Sacchini, Piozzi (well known as Mrs. Thrale's second husband), and Abel. None of these could overcome Banti's indisposition to submit to the drudgery of teaching. They were forced, therefore, to abandon her to her careless and indolent disposition. With all her want of musical knowledge, Banti, however, relied—and with astonishing success—on Nature.

Quite unable to read music, her genius bore her aloft over all difficulties. She put all that heard her into raptures. Her voice possessed a fine compass, and in the intermediate notes extraordinary power. Banti's superb qualities as a vocalist were the result of organisation, as her present to the Bolognese, already noticed, would seem to indicate. After her were Grassini, Catalani, and others; but though born in the eighteenth, they belong, as regards performance to the nineteenth century.

We close our catalogue with a name that may be written in letters of gold on the page of musical history—that of Caffarelli. His real name was Gaetano Majorano. He was born in 1703, and was the son of a Neapolitan peasant. Like all the distinguished singers of that time, he visited London, where, however, he did not make a very great impression, owing, as some have thought, to the fact that he came after Farinelli, who had recently left England for the Spanish Court. The true cause of his not singing to advantage in London was constant indisposition. As regards any comparison unfavourable to himself with Farinelli, it had been said by Porpora, who was the instructor of both, that Caffarelli was the superior vocalist. Caffarelli, endued with the shyness so often a concomitant of genius, was frequently pronounced a failure, or considered capricious, when the real influence at work was bashfulness. A royal personage once went behind the scenes, and told Caffarelli that his wife would allow no singer to be capable of pleasing her except Farinelli. "Now, Caffarelli," said the prince, clapping him on the shoulder, "do exert yourself and cure the princess of this prejudice." "Sir," replied the nettled Caffarelli, "her highness shall to-night hear two Farinelli's in one." Garrick said of Caffarelli, that "though old (over sixty) he has pleased me more than all the singers I ever heard." Caffarelli died at Naples in 1783, in his eightieth year. He lived there in great splendour, in the magnificent mansion which he had built for himself out of the fortune he had amassed. His large professional



gains are an earnest of his having realised the expectations of his discriminating preceptor. The fame thus predicted and won supplies a justification of the curious mode of instruction adopted by his instructor. Caffarelli, for five years, sang nothing but a set of scales written down on one sheet of paper. The

pupil finding in the sixth year his patience beginning to give way, inquired of his master as to when it was likely that he would get beyond the rudiments of his art. "Young man," said Porpora, "you may leave me, you have nothing more to learn : you are the greatest singer in the world."

## DIE WACHT AM RHEIN.

THERE bursts a shout like thunder peal,  
Like billows' roar, like clang of steel ;  
The Rhine, the Rhine of Germany—  
Oh, who will her defenders be ?  
    Dear Fatherland, in peace recline,  
    For steadfast stands our watch on Rhine.

From thousands ten times o'er it rings  
From every eye the lightning springs ;  
The Germans, calm, assured, and strong,  
Are ranged that sacred stream along.  
    Dear Fatherland, in peace recline,  
    For steadfast stands our watch on Rhine.

What though my heart shall beat no more,  
No foeman's foot shall cross thy shore ;  
But as in water is thy flood  
Are German veins with heroes' blood.  
    Dear Fatherland, in peace recline,  
    For steadfast stands our watch on Rhine

To Heaven their earnest eyes they raise,  
Whence hero-sires return their gaze,  
And swear, with all a warrior's glee,  
Their Germen as themselves shall be.  
    Dear Fatherland, in peace recline,  
    For steadfast stands our watch on Rhine.

Till the last pulse in life be stayed,  
While fist can grip a battle-blade,  
While gun on German arm can gleam,  
No hostile horde shall cross thy stream.  
    Dear Fatherland, in peace recline,  
    For steadfast stands our watch on Rhine.

The oak is riven, the waves arise,  
Our myriad banners flout the skies ;  
Then Rhine, fair Rhine of Germany,  
We one and all thy guards shall be.  
    Dear Fatherland, in peace recline,  
    For steadfast stands our watch on Rhine.

RICHARD CHANDLER.

## W A R.

ONE of Flaxman's greatest works was the shield of Achilles, modelled after the description given by Homer of the shield made by the god, Vulcan, for the hero whose name it bears. The most striking feature in the original design is the representation of two towns, one flourishing with law and order, the arts of life and domestic peace; the other undergoing the horrors of a siege. We might colour the picture still more highly, if we were to look into the histories of wars, and learn from Badajoz, and other tales of shame, how terrible it is for victors, as well as vanquished, when a city is captured. Well wrote an old chronicler—"I have compiled this volume that posterity may learn to fear always war in the midst of peace, and again to hope for peace after war;" and we may read the words of one who long ago was reckoned a brave man among brave men—"I dream that the most unfair peace is better than the most righteous war." Some of our readers may have seen Landseer's pair of pictures, "Peace" and "War;" the one represents a battle-field when the conflict has just ended; a dead horse lies in front, a dismounted cannon, foul birds of prey, and forms of death on all sides; the other seems to show us the same ground afterwards; a flock of sheep are grouped around the cannon, the red rain has made the harvests grow: and is this all that the world has gained? The story of a battle soon passes from tradition into history; ploughmen turn up broken arms, accoutrements, and bones of horses and of men, without caring how they came there; the modern Greek roams unconcerned over his country's battle-fields, and knows not that he treads upon the dust of heroes. So time reads to us its commentary upon the instability of blood-bought glory.

The history of the world is little else than a history of wars; we English people may truly say that by our sword we have lived; we can truly vaunt (as the Romans

vaunted in their ignorance) that our blood has reddened every sea, that our dead lie in every land. Yet to what purpose is the boast, while our histories hold the records of unprovoked wars and unrighteous conquests?

It is strange that the most noble protest against invasion and oppression which the Roman annals contain was delivered on British ground, by Galgacus, a Caledonian chieftain; well were it if our own nation, in this her day of power, were clear of all reproach at the hands of those whom she has subdued.

We have not yet found an answer to the question of the pirate captain to Alexander the Great—why he, because he had only one ship, and confined himself to one part of the sea, was called a robber, while Alexander was called conquerer because he traversed the whole world with an army, pillaging, and plundering, and destroying at his will?

It has been said that men hunt in packs, as dogs and wolves; yet the brutes do so to obtain their needful prey: men band themselves together for the most unholy and unnatural of purposes—to plunder and destroy one another.

There will be a time when such things will cease; but it will not be yet. As yet all things are restlessly fermenting with the leaven of malice and wickedness; some day sincerity and truth will hold the mass together by their own uniting power. Meanwhile, might will make right among the nations, arbitrations will be in vain, and even brother's blood will be crying forth from the ground. So it is now, and so it has been from the days of Cain. Yet, from the time of the first murderer—the first born of woman, who nevertheless rose up against his brother and slew him—there has ever been upon the earth a longing for peace; men have known that war was an unmixt, a terrible evil, and that peace was better. The ancients had their legends of the Golden Age, when quarrels were unknown; they tell us also of the blameless Ethio-

pians, the country where right was might—where the gods delighted to sojourn as visitors; there was a famous “Atlantis,” “the land in the western seas,” the ideal of a peaceful commonwealth; indeed, throughout the whole of ancient mythology, peace and the arts of peace are represented as the only work in which mankind could safely reckon upon favour and aid from on high.

The Greeks had a pretty fancy, that for a certain time in the year the waves were at rest, that the halcyon or king-fisher might float upon the waters and lay her eggs; in the middle ages when blood ran like water, the clergy at times succeeded in establishing from Fridays to Sundays inclusive, “the Truce of God,” as it was called, during which words and deeds of enmity should give place to the softer charities of life, and the worship of Almighty God. The Romans had their temple of Janus, the god of beginnings and ends, open in time of war and closed in time of peace. Their historians seem to record with joy and pride the times of its closing; there were only two in the records of their fierce struggling nation, till the blessed year when the Prince of Peace was born.

Many of us, like Pyrrhus of Epirus, study no science, save that of war in some one of its forms; we forget the sweet blessings which the angel’s song heralded to mankind, “Peace on earth, goodwill towards men;” in religion men rend the seamless coat; in politics they make war on earth; in business they seek to throw down their neighbour’s fortunes, that they may build up their own upon the ruins; in private life there is much bitter jealousy and suppressed hatred, but very little true good will.

The Apostle St. John, in his extreme old age, continually repeated the council “Little children, love one another.” One of his disciples asked him, “Master, why do you always say this?” He replied, “It is the Lord’s precept, and when this is fulfilled there needs no other.”

Blessed are the peacemakers; blessed was the work in which Archbishop Affie, of Paris, received his death wound, standing between

the combatants at the barricades in 1848, noble were the last words he spoke (though he spoke them in vain): “Oh, that this blood of mine may be the last blood shed!” Blessed, too, was the dream of good men which would reserve no place in the exhibition of 1851 for the implements of warfare; but many of the nations who thus gathered themselves together under the banner of peace soon began to turn their arms against one another; and we ourselves soon learnt that it was needful to be as the strong man armed if we would keep our house. So the fierce war spirit, like the Phoenix, consumes itself, yet starts to life again; we cannot perhaps, do much to alter the course of the world, but this we can do, each of us for ourselves and for our neighbours too,—if we would love life and hope to see good days, we can eschew evil and do good, we can seek peace and ensue it.

In this century our land had rest from war for thirty years, and when our times of trouble returned again, many of our trained soldiers had never seen bloodshed. (Thanks be to God!) Yet he had given us mighty power, and bold hearts to use it; we commended our cause unto the God of battles, and he defended the right—He who giveth victory unto kings, who teacheth hands to fight, who delivereth from the peril of the sword, who covereth the head in the day of battle.

We underwork a war, not for our own gain, but to defend the weak against the strong; we triumphed (glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all victories are!) and we rejoiced.

“Ring the joy bells, chime on chime;  
Let the deep-voiced cannon roar;  
Steadfast, dauntless, and sublime,  
England conquers, as of yore!  
And let the people’s voice,  
O’er all the land rejoice,  
That, in the great immortal fight,  
Her heroes have for justice bled,  
That, by the living and the dead,  
The victory came—the majesty of  
right!”

“By the living and the dead!”  
For anything that has its beginning and ending on earth, one human life is a dear price to pay; but the glories of our victory were over-



shadowed by the memory of many brave men, whose lives were freely given up for our sakes in the trenches, on the battle heights, or, during the dreadful winter, in comfortless huts, among the inhospitable snows. It might seem that, to those who died on their sick-beds, death would be the same that it is to many a sufferer who dies in a hospital at home; for English men were there to heal their wounds, if it should be God's will; and English women were there, with loving hearts and hands, to minister to all alike, without respect of persons. But the men who there lay dying had each of them some association of their own to bear their thoughts back to the dear country which they were no more to see; for they knew that were some who loved them, whose broken family circles would hardly share in the nation's joy. The laurel wreaths of war have at all times to be intertwined with the funereal cypress, in memory of those by whose blood the price of the victory has been paid. What marvel that sometimes the gloominess of the dark branches seems to give a sadness to the whole?

We triumphed after the Indian rebellion, and our Queen was proclaimed Empress of Hindostan,—a glory such as the world never saw before,—adding to her dominions one hundred and thirty millions of people, speaking, at the least, thirteen different languages. Yet it was an empty honour—one that would, doubtless, have been gladly given back—if, by so doing, every-

thing could have been as before the rebellion; if anything could bring back again the innocent victims which had been slaughtered, or gather up the life-blood shed in taking vengeance on the guilty. Truly we triumphed far more gloriously in the Indian famine, when we sent to these very people assistance in their time of need, teaching them that a Christian nation can forgive ingratitude, and do good to them that hate us.

So may England win her triumphs? So may she heap coals of fire on the heads of her enemies—so may she clothe them with shame, while upon herself her crown shall flourish? As the lion in her royal arms, ever generous, she will spare prostrate foes; and also, ever watchful, she will willingly suffer no one to disturb the peace of the world.

As Holger, the giant hero of her allied sister, Denmark, is resting, according to the legends, in his chamber under-ground, until his country shall need his aid, when he will arise, and shake the whole land, so the strength of England is waiting till it is needed,—but woe to those who shall stir it up! Unhappy France lies bleeding at the feet of conquerors, as a penalty for stirring up an unnecessary, and therefore unrighteous war. When our hour shall come, then will come the men; for duty, patriotism, and religion will summon them to go forth rejoicing to fight in the wars of the Lord,—to venture their lives unto the death in the high places of the field! but “confounded shall they be who *delight* in war.”

## A PARSON'S EXPERIENCE ABOUT SERMONS.

SOME time since I met a lawyer, who no sooner got into conversation than he began to indulge in the common and somewhat unmeaning abuse of sermons. After general remarks on their feebleness, and the drowsy effect of most of them, he appealed to the whole company whether any of us could remember more than two or three sermons that we had ever heard. And herewith he seemed to think

he had given a home-thrust that could not be parried. However, I drove him from this attack by saying that I could remember the general argument of a great many, and almost the exact words of several. I wondered to myself whether our questioner could remember accurately more addresses to the jury, or the M.P. at the other end of the table more speeches to honourable members. But as such

a comparison might have seemed rude, and certainly would not have carried the table with me, I remained silent.

Now, this contempt for sermons is an old sore: one that will make itself felt, and that should give parsons much to think about. Yet it must be allowed that we have many difficulties to contend with. Of these the most obvious is, that we have no sort of special training for this, the most difficult of our duties, but are left to native instinct in the one point where teaching and practice are most needed, and might be made most useful. Let me illustrate our difficulties by my own case. I had been led early in life to choose the profession of a clergyman; from that time the subject of sermons had a peculiar interest from a professional point of view. This interest was steadily increased by frequent allusions to the matter in the public press—allusions, I need scarcely add, for the most part very disparaging. The vicar of our town happened to be a remarkably good preacher. A few of his sermons have been published since then; and people who never heard him have been surprised at the admiration of his parishioners. In real fact, what he printed were mere skeletons of what we heard from the pulpit. He preached *extempore* from full notes, and one of his best characteristics was the homely force and quaintness of his expressions. These came on the spur of the moment, and could not be reproduced in cold blood in the study. But what we most valued in him, and that which kept us all awake, was his close logical manner of dealing with the subject in hand. Whatever his text might be, he dealt with it fairly and fully. He did not bring it forward as authority for fifty things not contained in it; but he treated it so carefully, he searched into all its meaning so deeply, that the most dull could not help being interested in the inquiry; and when he began at last to press home some practical lesson upon the hearts of his people, it came to them with double force, because their minds had been already won, and irresistibly led on to this conclusion. Our good pas-

tor had very little new to tell us; he did not trouble his congregation with difficulties about the Pentateuch, and perplex them with the latest interpretation of the Apocalypse. The church-goers in provincial towns are little likely to be interested or edified by such book-learning. But for all that, whatever he told us seemed new by his way of putting it. Like a good scribe, he gave us at once things new and old. The substance of his teaching was as old as Christianity itself; the style of it had the freshness and vigour of youth, and an interest of our own time, and of our own life.

From coming in contact with so excellent a teacher just when most interested in the subject, I got into the way of taking notes of sermons. This habit kept by me for some years, and I think it was a good training, though I have scarcely looked at any of the notes since they were written. In the first place, with pencil and pocket-book in hand, it was impossible to find any sermon quite uninteresting. If the preacher was rambling and illogical, one's attention was engrossed in trying to follow his train of thought through all its ramblings. If the sermon was clear and well-arranged, the outline was drawn on one's paper in a moment, and a lesson was learnt in method. But, if there was no pretence to reasoning, and the discourse was merely an appeal to the feelings, there was nothing to be done but listen for one's own edification. I carried on this plan at Oxford, and it is remarkable how few of even our best preachers could bear the test of a note-book. Several of those who had a fair claim to be called our pulpit orators were most wanting in plan. They said striking and beautiful things in abundance, but as for treating or exhausting their subject, that seemed to be something quite beside the mark. Except that custom imposed a limit, there was no reason, apparently, why they should not have gone on saying equally striking things without end. If one may so speak, these Oxford sermons were for the most part utterly deficient as works of art. They were fine

fragments, but they had no completeness, no unity. Though there are a few notable exceptions, yet this general want of arrangement will be allowed, I think, by any of my readers who will put a series of Oxford Lenten sermons on their trial, and attempt to analyse them. There seems to be a widely-spread notion abroad, that logic and rhetoric cannot be united; that beauty and order cannot be cultivated at once. That this is not the case with sermons is plentifully proved by the great French preachers. They satisfy the mind with the perfection of their workmanship, whilst they sway the heart with their fancy and eloquence. Mr. Liddon had scarcely gained his great reputation in my Oxford days; but his very excellence lies in this, that he follows French models, instead of keeping to the clumsy fashion of the English pulpit.

However, these impressions have only come to me since I left the university. As an undergraduate I was much perplexed about this matter of preaching. The goal before most of us was the Christian ministry. Many were not likely to have any more direct training than that which Oxford afforded. How, then, except by miracle, could we suddenly become effective preachers! Without years of practice, of which practice our first congregations would be the victims, how could any, not born orators, hope to interest, much less instruct, an educated people? It was impossible to forget our difficulties, though we got little help towards removing them. The vast difficulties between the capabilities of the function of the preacher and its general effect in modern times was pressed upon one by daily thought and Sunday experience; and the same comparison was continually brought before one in the periodicals of the day. It may be a good thing for the clergy that everybody else takes leave to advise them on their own concerns; but it is at least perplexing to find ourselves in the midst of so much good advice as is lavished upon us in the public press. Daily papers, weekly reviews, and monthly magazines, all consider themselves competent to instruct

the instructors of the people. *The Saturday*, some time ago, had a sensible article on the impertinence of giving counsel indiscriminately. We were cautioned especially not to offer advice unless we were better informed on the matter in hand than the person advised. But, like the rest of mankind, *Saturday Reviewers* find it more easy to lay down good rules than to follow them. So that, even from this considerate quarter, the poor parson has his prescription sent gratis, with an ironical expression of regard, and a hope that his case is not quite past recovery. Far be it from us to claim exclusive interest in any religious questions. Law and physic may be safely left to lawyers and doctors, but every Christian must be in some measure a student of divinity. Still it is but fair to presume that those who have had the subject before them for years as their especial duty and difficulty, are better acquainted with it than reviewers, who, to judge from their tone, know very little indeed of either the purpose or the effect of sermons. I suppose that medical men were neither pleased nor edified when, some time in 1865, the *Times* made an attack on the profession for its ignorance of the nature of the cattle plague; and however willing we may be to be taught, we can gather nothing but vexation from articles which only deal in general complaints, which make no available suggestions, and show a lamentable ignorance of natural facts. We would listen with all meekness to the comments of our supposed audience, but their murmurs are so discordant, and their advice so various, that it is difficult to find out what they want and what they expect. Fancy through what shallows and quicksands, what rocks and whirlpools, a man has to pick his way who turns to the periodical literature of the day, and asks for an opinion! Here he takes up a monthly magazine, and glances at a notice of the *Life of Irving*, and his soul is stirred with such words as these: "Until the servants of the living God do pass the limits of pulpit theologies and pulpit exhortations to take weapons in their



hand gathered out of every region in which the life of man or his faculties are interested, they shall never have religion triumph and domineer in a country as besemeth her high original, her native majesty, and her eternity of freely-bestowed well-being. To which the ministers of religion should bear their attention to be called, for until they thus acquire the pass-word which is to convey them into every man's encampment, they speak to that man from a distance and at a disadvantage. It is but a parley; it is no conference, or treaty, nor business-like communication. To this end they must discover new vehicles for conveying the truth as it is in Jesus into the minds of the people—poetical, historical, scientific, political, and sentimental vehicles. For in each of these regions some of the population dwell with all their affections who are as dear in God's sight as are others; and why they should not be come at—why means should not be taken to come at them, can any good reason be assigned? They prepare for teaching gipsies, for teaching bargemen, for teaching miners, by apprehending their ways of conceiving and estimating truth; why not prepare for teaching imaginative men, and political men, and legal men, and scientific men, who bear the world in hand? and having got the key to their several chambers of delusion and resistance, why not enter in and debate the matter with their souls, that they may be left without excuse? Meanwhile, I think we ministers are without excuse." He is no sooner filled with zeal and hope at such a picture, than in the table of contents of another magazine his restless eye catches "An Essay on Sermons." The argument of the essay is shrewd and temperate, but it soon brings him down from his soaring height. "The first preachers of Christianity were effective," it says, "because they brought men *good tidings*. They told them of glorious hopes, and of possibilities that were new, and strange, and fascinating. In such a case their subject dressed itself in eloquence, however plainly it might be proclaimed. But now, people know the message. Preachers have no news

to tell. They cannot interest the educated unless they are orators; and since orators are, and must be scarce, the hold of preachers over town congregations is likely to be weakened. Worse still, there is little prospect of improvement, because for the last fifty years men have been trained rather to despise eloquence; and quiet common sense has been preferred to unction as a sign of superior education." Such a conclusion about the use of his work might rather stagger a man were not relief close at hand. In a few days spirits are revived by an article in a weekly review. There he is assured he may be useful, though he cannot be eloquent. In fact, he and his brethren are kindly exhorted to lay aside their poor attempts at pulpit orations, and to become sober expounders of considerable portions of Scripture. "For people are still willing enough to learn, if only you have anything to teach them. All classes are more highly-educated than formerly. You must adapt your teaching to this change. You must interest and satisfy the mind, or in these days you will never reach the heart and guide the life." This seems good, sound advice, but it will not work. I know nothing of London churches, but certainly no man could keep a congregation together in the country, if he only regaled them on Sunday with expository addresses. Old-fashioned folks don't consider such things sermons at all. In time, exposition might be tolerated and valued, and at all events when a man preaches to the same people twice in one day, it would be well that one sermon should be, as a rule, expository. But meantime, whatever highly cultivated reviewers may feel about it, most church-goers do like appeals to the feelings.

Presently, in the midst of his perplexities, our inquirer hears a lecturer extolling the old English divines. He is kindled with the picture of their influence on the opinion of their time. He enters upon the study of them with enthusiasm. He is carried away with the fervour of Baxter and Howe, fascinated with the imagination of Taylor, and bewildered with the learning of Barrow. These were indeed glorious men! But do they help him out of

his difficulty? In spite of all their force and beauty, the sermons of these great preachers are too long and intricate to be listened to with patience. He may learn much from them for the training of his own spirit, but they will not give him the key with which to unlock the hearts of the people of his own day.

Leaving here our clerical student to steer his way as best he can amongst the many currents of popular opinion, we may dwell for a moment on the fact that no other man's productions can give a clergyman any real lasting hold upon his people. For the intellectual pleasure of our hearers, we might as well all be readers instead of preachers.

Sir Roger de Coverley provided wisely enough for his own comfort, when he supplied his chaplain with a good library of English divines. "At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which had been printed in England, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity." . . . "As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was on Saturday night), told us the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon."

As many readers will remember, Addison proceeds to recommend this plan to general use. Very likely such a course suited society in the days of Queen Anne. Even now, it might bring great satisfaction to the educated. But ordinary people expect their ministers to be one who has something to tell them, the result of individual study and of personal experience. Congregations in town or country would rather listen to the poorest attempts at preaching, which they know cost a man some labour, than to first-rate sermons of another "pronounced" to perfection. People ask, reasonably enough, "Why should I go out of my way to hear read what I can study myself in my own room?" In short, a reader is not a preacher; and if a

parson is once known as merely a retailer of other men's wares, his work in the pulpit will have no influence, though he may select wisely, and deliver forcibly. A consummate actor may, indeed, for a long time deceive his people, because the laity are not much given to the study of even the best sermons. But let it once creep out that their minister has been acting instead of speaking from his own heart, and his people will at once lose all respect and confidence. I cannot see that we have any better right to pass off another's sermon as his own, than to relate as original another man's story; or to claim the credit of a discovery made by others. It would surely be fairer, and wiser, to tell our people plainly, if we are compelled to borrow. This would maintain our own self-respect, and prevent our losing their esteem by the discovery of what many of them deem a petty fraud.

But, when thrown back on our own resources, what are we to do? Looking for advice, we are only distracted with its variety; and, meantime, where are we to get any sort of help or training? Some of us at college answered this question in our own way, and established a Sermon Society. Of course, as anyone might object, it was a wretched unreality to write and read sermons merely to be criticised. Who could compose tolerably without any congregation in view? Who could throw any feeling into discourses which must be subjected to the comments of undergraduates? We felt these objections forcibly enough; and, I suppose, none of us have ever made any further use of these efforts. Still, with all its drawbacks, this Society, for lack of something else, did us good service. We were bound by rule merely to read, and not to preach; and, besides, we were not to criticise each other's doctrine. So that, in fact, we were only practising ourselves in that kind of composition to which, in a few years, we should have to devote so much of our time. Those who know what difficulty some of our best scholars find in English composition, will understand the value of this practice. Men, who are ranked high for their classical or



mathematical knowledge, will often be staggered, and troubled out of measure, when they are called upon to write an essay on some simple subject. It is surely owing in great measure to this general neglect that many men, after they have been ordained, find it utterly impossible to put a sermon together. How many are there to whom, for the first year of their ministry, the weekly sermon is a continual torture! They have no tact for choosing a subject; no notion how to treat it when chosen, and so they are driven either against their will to preach the sermons of others, almost entire, or else they heap up text upon text, in wearisome, unmeaning confusion, just to fill out the required number of pages. From such complete inaptitude for our work the Sermon Society saved us, and for this alone we owe it a considerable debt of gratitude.

Still the question, "How to preach so as to touch the hearts of our people?" This was as far from being solved as ever. Naturally enough, it was continually before me, in the year between my degree and my ordination, and by study and observation I did my best to get to the bottom of it. No doubt, theological colleges are intended expressly to meet the needs of students during this interval. If time and money are at command, they are the fittest supplement to the university course. But as these requisites are often wanting in candidates for orders, as the resources of many families have been drained to the utmost by the expenses of Oxford, there is certainly a need of some more simple plan. Surely the most obvious method, where it is practicable, is, to spend this time of preparation in the quiet of home. There are very few advantages afforded by a training college which a man cannot find for himself in any neighbourhood. If he wishes to get some insight into parochial work, the parson of his own or the next parish will be only too thankful for his assistance. As to reading, most bishops recommend books enough to keep him busy for several years, and Oxford can have done him little good if it has not taught him how to read and master them.

Again, as to sermons, if he happen to be living in or near a town, he is in a remarkably good position for studying them. Does he want advice? There are plenty of clerical friends to volunteer it. Does he prefer looking into the question for himself? There must be a good variety of preachers within walking distance; let him hear, and compare their efforts: and if he cannot find any model amongst them, he may at least take warning from their deficiencies. It will be hard, indeed, if from a comparison of so many he cannot find some excellencies worthy to be copied.

Clearly, however, such a plan of observation and selection will leave the student for some time in great perplexity. He will be apt at first to be as much bewildered by the variety of practice, as by the contradictory advice of the newspapers. Sketching the character of no particular district, I may give a few examples of this variety. The first man to be observed is a venerable country vicar. He gained some reputation as a preacher in days gone by, now the natural dignity of a hoary head adds to his repute. His church is only a mile and a half across the fields—let us go and hear him, on a bright Sunday afternoon in June. However drearily the service may be performed, with pleasant country scenes set in the frames of the old windows, and sweet country scents and sounds coming to us through the open door, a village church in the summer is always delightful. We need such antidotes from outside to-day, or the clerk would disturb us with his nasal twang, and the choir with the scraping of their fiddles and the tuning of the trombones. But our venerable friend ascends the pulpit. The text is read naturally enough; with that, however, nature is banished, and elocution takes its place. The man belongs to the old school; he has taken lessons from some noted actor in his early days; he still excites the wonder of gaping rustics with the mannerisms of fifty years ago. The voice swells and thunders; it droops, whispers, and dies away. It rallies again from its depth; it slowly becomes audible, then it increases in force and power,



like the rising tide, till again it dashes against our ears like thunder. You may try hard to catch some sense under all this sound, but you will find it very difficult to make out anything coherent. If there were any argument, or even any sequence in such a discourse, which generally there is not, the speaker and his striking delivery so monopolise your attention that you cannot pass beyond them, and grasp the meaning of what he delivers. Surely we can get here nothing but a warning, and yet, strange to say, such a man is the pet of the uneducated. We may not be able to account for it, but the poor, as a rule, do care for noise more than for reason. I have called at a cottage a few days after its inmates have shared with me the pleasure of such a discourse. From all sides arose praises of the beauty and feeling of the sermon, and it required tact to speak the truth without getting the reputation of a heathen. This habit of mouthing has nearly died out with the greater formality of a past generation. It may be heard sometimes when elderly members of Parliament have to make speeches about nothing at political dinners. A certain number of barristers use it on circuit, knowing well its effect on the jury. According to our example, it still lingers in some of our pulpits; but it cannot survive much longer, for educated sense and taste are against it. Still the class that admire it so much must not be allowed to wander uncared for. What can we do to keep them? If we hold in contempt and cannot honestly assume the style they prefer, how can we retain our influence over them?

Another Sunday comes round: let us take a walk in an opposite direction. There, just three miles off, we shall find a church worth visiting. It is one of the most perfect specimens of Gilbert Scott's revivals of early English. We enter, and enjoy a musical service really well done. Moreover, the people are thoroughly interested, and heartily take their share in the worship. But the prayers and singing are over. Hard custom sends the unwilling priest into the pulpit. There follows a good, plain address,

but so utterly wanting in feeling, so entirely *read*, and not preached—and read, too, with so much of the monotone still clinging to the voice—that it simply has the effect of a strong opiate. By degrees, nodding and dozing prevail over the whole church, and only the shortness of this dreary “function” prevents our all being as fast asleep as the inmates of the Enchanted Castle. This is an extreme case, but is scarcely so rare as might be wished. A better appreciation of the real importance of preaching, a truer feeling of its influence, especially with the lower classes, is fast spreading, and no party in the Church is willing to throw aside such a powerful weapon. But for all that, there are too many churches where, in proportion as the service is improved, the sermon is neglected, as though there were some antagonism between the two.

Of course cases and illustrations might be brought forward without limit. Let people cast a glance on the parsons living within a circuit of six miles of them, and they will see amidst what differences of teaching and of style a student of sermons has to take his lessons. However, to bring a long string of perplexities to a close, I must tell my readers how my doubts and difficulties on this subject of preaching were at last overcome. As to style and delivery, a kind friend gave me a clue to the true settling of the question, by recommending me to read Whately's *Rhetoric*. His complaint against any existing method, in fact, against any method whatever, of teaching elocution, just fell in with my own experience, and seemed to explain the various mannerisms to which so many of my clerical friends were addicted, and which were so much more vexatious than the weakest natural delivery. Whately's book may be in every one's hands, and there is no need to say much about it; but the whole of his argument is a plea for nature against art. The only truly good style for any man is that which is *natural* to him. If a public speaker is free from vulgarisms and provincialisms, what he has to do is to forget himself and his mode

of speaking altogether, and to think only of the substance of his address, and of the people who are listening to him. Let his mind be dwelling on his manner of delivery, and he will be sure to be stilted and unnatural. Let his mind be wholly concentrated on his subject, and on the purpose of bringing it clearly before his audience, and if he be a man of education *nature* will be his true and best guide as to intonation and action. This plan may be so far improved by practice, that when a man has learnt to forget himself entirely, he will recite or speak in the most excellent way that he is capable of; though, of course, another man with higher powers would surpass him by the same method, because he also would be turning to the very best account superior *natural* abilities. If it is more desirable that each man should do his best in his own style, than that he should be the poor mimic of even the best orator, then by all means let us be thankful to Archbishop Whately for his suggestion, and cultivate diligently forgetfulness of self and the attainment of the "*natural manner*."

As to the far more important question, "How are we to carry weight and authority in our preaching?" I had my anxieties somewhat set at rest by one of the best and most simple-minded of men. He was a man of no especial power, but all his energies were quickened, and his hold on others increased a hundredfold by his deep spirituality and thorough self-renunciation. He had no claim to popularity for his cleverness or commanding talent, and yet by his goodness he had a more searching and abiding influence with all who knew him, than these alone ever confer on their possessor. My kind friend would not disparage what he did not possess; on the contrary, he was most emphatic in enforcing the necessity of using diligently all the more ob-

vious means of training for the pulpit: continual study of men and books, and diligent exercise in composition. But he wished to supplement these means with something of still greater importance. His advice was to this effect, and with it, since I can find no better ending, I shall bid adieu, to my readers. "Endeavour," he said, "to make your sermons engaging by cultivating in every way a good style, and by adding always to your stores of general and theological knowledge. Seek further to influence your people by going much amongst them, so that before you pretend to teach them you may know them; that before you assume to be their guide you may be acquainted with the many interests and the various troubles that beset them. And yet, even beyond your progress in knowledge and style, even beyond your acquaintance with your people, make it your first care above all things to look well after your own life. See to it, that in private you spend much time with your Saviour, and in close communion with the Holy Spirit. Take care that publicly and ministerially you follow closely Christ's example of meekness and devotion. Then your heart being filled with love, it will be impossible for you not to speak warmly and effectively of those things which are becoming to you daily more real and more delightful. Besides, you will be drawing your people towards heaven with a double cord; for a holy life will not only make you powerful in the pulpit, it will also be itself the most persuasive of sermons 'known and read of all men.' Therefore by all means be diligent and active; if you possess the gift, be eloquent; but before all things be holy and spiritual, and then your example will soon procure for you a continually increasing influence over the hearts and lives of your fellow-men."

## DINING IN ROME.

THAT I may disappoint no expectations, I will frankly state at once, that notwithstanding the title at the head of this page, we shall, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, very often not dine at all—never, certainly, at the customary places of Anglo-Saxon resort. The “Hotel Angleterre” is an excellent establishment, with an exceptionable *table d’hôte*; so likewise are the “Isles Britannique,” “The Minerva,” and one or two others. Their society, too, may, like Cæsar’s wife, be above suspicion; still I seldom dine at these places, notwithstanding that one of them (that near the Piazza del Popolo) is distinguished as being the especial resort of the English nobility, who (I should inform those who may on this account intend going there) never appear at the *table d’hôte*, but take their meals in their own private apartments. Perhaps it is this that induces many to prefer the rival establishment near the Piazza di Spagna, where a titled member of our aristocracy might be daily seen sitting and dining with the guests. It is currently reported in Rome that he was under an engagement to the master of the hotel to attend daily to give a tone to the society, and in consideration of his so doing, he is allowed free rations; but Rome is such a slanderous place that I had rather not vouch for the truth of the statement. Notwithstanding the advantages offered by these establishments, I would again state that I do not purpose often dining at them. I see little advantage in going a thousand miles to make the acquaintance of my own country-people. In preference, I shall get my dinners in all the odd and out-of-the-way places—where my avocations as a painter may chance for the moment to lead me—sometimes in the prisons, sometimes in the streets, occasionally in the far-off Campagna, and in pestilential swamps of the Maremma, where it is necessary to eat frequently, as the danger from the miasma is much greater while fasting than at other times; there-

fore what I have, with perhaps some exuberance of phrase, termed “dinners,” will often prove nothing more than an occasional reference to the contents of my canteen, made under very inconvenient circumstances, and in not the most select or reputable companionship. Sometimes, though but seldom, I am fortunate enough to get an invitation to a Palazzo, or even to the Vatican, but not to the gorgeous apartments of the principal floor, where the noble guard may be seen assembled in the ante-room—not to eat of the meal of that uneasy, troubled old man, who looks hesitatingly at every dish, and often will not partake of the simplest food till he has seen half of it eaten before him. He may lift his three fingers to a kneeling city, with the ever-repeated “*Urbi et orbi*” (to the city, to the world): is there no benediction that will exorcise that phantom, causeless fear? is there no blessing that will extend to his own meal? He is struck senseless in the basilica, and carried by lackeys to his apartments; the oft-repeated rote has so impressed itself on his brain, that, in his fatuity, thinking he is addressing the populace, he lifts the three fingers, and drones forth “*Urbi et orbi*.” Cannot he participate in his own benediction? Cannot he partake of the gifts of that beneficent Providence he assumes to represent, without peeping to see if Death is in that pottage? No, I will not dine with him, though the three fingers and the droning voice be raised for my especial behoof.

“*Urbi et orbi*.” Is there no spot between the city and the wide world beyond on which that benediction may alight? Cannot it rest on that pestilential marsh in the angle between the Tiber and the sea, where the atmosphere is so deadly that delinquent priests and others, whom it may be convenient to remove without the scandal of a public execution, are sent to the death that a few months will certainly bring? Not that angle on the southern side of the river, where lies Ostia—that is



bad enough, in all conscience ! still life may, under some favourable conditions, be sustained there ; but that empty angle on the northern bank, lying to the left of the road to Civita Vecchia, and where you may see the chained and dying convicts crawling to their daily work—one or two of them, perhaps, to drop on the road, and never to return—and the pale spectre of a man in the priestly garb, ostensibly there in discharge of spiritual functions to the chained convicts, but in fact their companion and fellow-prisoner. He, poor wretch, had no vocation for his office ; he took upon himself vows that he was unable to fulfil, and circumstances being against him—probably, also, an influential family—he has been thus doomed. Cannot the benediction rest on this deadly marsh ? Yes. The strange, earthly visage—the trembling limb, the shrunken form—mark its presence for the first six months ; then the burning fever—the swollen, protruding tongue—the joints racked by neuralgia, and afterwards the paralysed limb, the seared brain, and “*Urbi et orbi*,” not from those three fingers, but that thrice-blessed benediction that Heaven sends on all alike.

This part of the Maremma is marked by characteristics peculiar to itself. On the eastern side rises a long range of upland country, the sides of which are covered with verdure of a luxuriance amounting to wildness. On the other side, to an extent almost as far as the eye can reach, stretch out long flats of land as level as the surface of a lake, with scarcely a sign of human habitation or a tree to break the sullen uniformity of the landscape. In the extreme distance, the intensely blue sea, studded with glittering, fairy-like islands, seems to sleep as still and quiet as the blue sky above. Perhaps the most striking characteristic of the place, especially to a pedestrian traveller, is its silent, death-like stillness. You may pass for days through the country, and hear not a sound or see a human being, unless you chance to light upon a gang of chained convicts, employed in mending the single road that traverses the district. The effect of this strange stillness is yet

further enhanced by the almost utter absence of towns, villages, or human habitations ; sometimes you seem to be approaching a hamlet or a collection of huts, but on coming nearer it proves to be the crumbling ruins of an ancient city, the very name of which has passed away, or perhaps a cluster of Etruscan sepulchres. This absence of all signs of living beings, added to a consciousness of the pestilential nature of the atmosphere, exerts a peculiar influence on the imagination—one seems to be treading some region of romance or ideal land of the poets, rather than the surface of the living, moving, working-day world. Yet this place, so pestilential, so deserted, is still the most fertile, and at one time must have been the most populous in Italy. Continually do you come upon ruins that mark the sites of what were once the chief cities of their respective kingdoms—the ancient Etruscan capitals of Canose, Cornuto, and Cære, may all be passed in the compass of a moderate day's walk.

Many years since, when, in fact, quite a boy, I wandered alone over this district (I was on an expedition to Italy, and on leaving Viterbo, a distance of some sixty miles from the Eternal City, I took the wrong road, and continued in it till I found myself in the desert—through which I found my way, sleeping on the ground at night, and subsisting on what provisions I had with me) in four days to Rome. I was led to revisit the place, partly to revive the reminiscences of my boyhood, and partly in search of an unopened *tumuli* belonging to the ancient Etruscans and the races that preceded them. Being aware that the convict establishment was to be found in some secluded corner of the country, I determined to explore it as far as might be practicable. I had heard that the place was rigidly guarded, to prevent all access or escape ; and so indeed it proved to be, for after skirting the marshy district (that I rightly concluded must be the place I was in search of) for some miles, I found every pathway leading into it effectually stopped, either by masonry or impenetrable fencing, and all attempts to get across the country in other places

rendered abortive by deep cuttings filled with marsh water. The country was flat, dreary, and uninviting in the extreme, its chief feature being the extensive pools of black stagnant water that give to the place the name of the Stagno de Maccarese. Above, the sky was without a cloud, and the heat of the blazing midsummer sun was almost tropical in its intensity. After skirting the enclosed land for two or three miles, I could see, at the distance of about half a mile, a range of low huts, and occasionally, when the hedges permitted it, several moving figures, engaged apparently in some occupation in the ditches, and one of them appeared to be keeping abreast of me, and observing my movements, at a point somewhat nearer. I continued to walk in the same direction till I came upon a path leading directly into the marsh, and toward the low line of cottages mentioned above. It was what I had long been in search of; but on my essaying to enter, I was stopped by a man armed with a carbine, demanding my business. Not being able to give a very explicit answer to his imperative "*Così volete*," and being told by him that I was trespassing in being even where I was, I had no option but to change my course. Not feeling inclined to return by the path I had already traversed, I took a direction that would, after a couple of hours' walking, bring me on the road to Palo, at which place I should find a conveyance to Civita Vecchia. After proceeding about a quarter of a mile, I came to a rough shed, or rather, a wall of upright planks, with a sloping roof, and a bench beneath, something like what may be seen in the smaller railway stations. The place offering a shelter from the burning mid-day sun, I gladly availed myself of the advantage it afforded for a rest, and for discussing the contents of my canteen. After being seated for about five minutes, I was interrupted by the entrance of a man carrying a small sack. After putting it down, and wishing me the usual "good-day," he proceeded to inspect me with that inquiring look which seems to say, "How did you get here, and what on earth do you want?" In dealing with the lower order of Italians, no manner will do unless it

is perfectly unheedful and self-possessed; so, beyond returning the salutation, I took no notice of the man's presence. In a few minutes a peculiar clanking sound made me aware of the approach of a gang of chained convicts, who, in another moment, came into the shed, and, ranging themselves along the bench, obliged me to vacate my place. While this was going on the man opened the sack, and with a wooden ladle proceeded to portion off to each his share of the raw beans that formed its contents—the poor starved wretches holding in turn their hollowed joined hands for their respective portions. After the beans had been allotted, about a ladleful remained at the bottom, which the overseer was apparently desirous of taking away unobserved. In this, however, he was not successful, as, the moment he twisted up the sack, the whole gang set up such an unanimous yelping in token of disapproval, that he was fain to untwist it again, and to distribute the remainder. These convicts, who, by the implements they brought with them, were evidently employed in mending the roads, were either undergoing the first period of their sentence, or were selected from the few whose constitutions do not so readily succumb to the endemic of the place, as, with the exception of one of them, who seemed to loathe his food, though there were unmistakable signs of the marsh fever visible in their countenances, they were still able to work, and, as it appeared, to eat. The scene I have just described made me leave off my own meal, as I could not bring myself to eat my sandwiches in the midst of the hungry, hankering glances of the lookers-on; so, after a few minutes, I recommenced my walk. I had not proceeded above two hundred paces, when I perceived approaching me, at some distance, a person who appeared from his garb to belong to the priesthood, and who, as far as I could discern, was engaged in eating something as he walked, which he put away on my approach. His worn and faded garments and feeble gait made the poor man's appearance miserable in the extreme; and on coming nearer, it was plainly discernible, from the attenuated form,



the sunken yellow cheek, and the staring eyes, that the fever had proceeded far on its deadly mission. The general solitude of the country rendering a salutation of some sort almost a matter of common politeness, I accosted him, and endeavoured to open a conversation. He was not, however, disposed to be communicative, apparently rather from a kind of drowsy listlessness that seemed to pervade his faculties than from positive disinclination.

The next morning I breakfasted in Civita Vecchia. From what cause it proceeds I know not, but this town, though situated in close contiguity to the worst parts of the Maremma, enjoys a comparative immunity from the fever.

I had long entertained a wish to visit the Roman prisons, those more especially set apart for political offenders. The request had, however, always been refused, with the assurance that there existed within the entire Roman territory no such places. This being the usual reply from Roman officials to inconvenient applications, I paid but little attention to it, as I had it on what I considered unexceptionable authority that political prisoners were known to be confined somewhere—it was believed either at Citta Castellana, or at Palo; but all access to them was denied, more especially so since the publication of Mr. Gladstone's work on the prisons of Naples.

I have now reason to believe that the locality I visited in the marshes was none other than the place of detention for political offenders; if so, the fact would reconcile the apparently conflicting statements, that, on the one hand, there were no political prisons; and, on the other, that places of the kind, to which access was forbidden, were known to exist.

The "Carcere" at Civita Vecchia being set apart for criminal felons and arsenal convicts only, my application to inspect the interior was readily granted. Shortly before mid-day, the keeper took me into the ward appropriated to the worst criminals. This apartment consisted of one long corridor, which, in respect of light, cleanliness, and ventilation, certainly left little to be desired—a state of things that, in a

temperature like that of an Italian midsummer, is not to be lightly appreciated. Ranged along the entire length of the wall, at distances about four feet apart, were a series of sloping planks, intended for sleeping on; and chained to them by the ankle and wrist, but in such a manner as to allow of an erect posture, were one hundred and eighty prisoners. I well remember, some years ago, having occasion to sketch the figure of a tiger, and going for that purpose to a showman's menagerie, at the time situated where Albert Gate now stands, at Knightsbridge. On the woman in charge taking me into the room or den, in which the beasts were kept, they instantly darted up from the keen expectant posture which they had previously assumed, and greeted me with a piercing chorus of yells and shrieks, that was only put a stop to by the proprietress twice striking the door sharply with a thick cane. Singularly similar was the scene I witnessed on entering this prison ward. The first glimpse of a stranger produced a chorus of piercing, almost shrieking noises, precisely similar to that from the beasts in the menagerie. In the case of the animals, I presume the outcry was intended as a defiance—with the prisoners it was merely the act of begging, each one endeavouring to drown his neighbour's voice by the vehemence of his "datemi, Signore," "Sono fame," "datemi, Signore." The resemblance to the scene in the menagerie was carried still further by the keeper striking his cane loudly on the wall to enforce silence, when the vociferations at once ceased—each hand, however, being still kept held out rigidly and mechanically, though I was at a distance of perhaps fifty yards; and on passing, each face assumed that half smiling, half plaintive look, which I have only observed in perfection in Italian beggars. It is a matter of no small difficulty to pass a number of men, unquestionably undergoing great privations, without making an effort to relieve them; but to give to so many was out of the question, while to give to a few would have been cruelty to the rest. So we passed on to the next ward. Here the prisoners, either in consequence of their offences having been less



grave, or that they had completed a larger portion of their sentences, were chained by the leg only, and having the free use of their hands, were allowed to earn what trifling sums they were able by knitting stockings. These also begged, but not so vociferously as the others.

The third ward being used as the infirmary, contained something nearer approaching to bedding than the first two, and each of its occupants might be seen coiled up on his pallet, covered with a rug. The general ailment seemed to be the malaria of the marshes—sometimes taking the form of ague, and at others, that of gaol or typhus fever. The begging, though much much less loud, was almost as general as in the first ward—less loud, certainly, for many there were that were already past speech, and some that were delirious. One poor, stricken wretch, held out his hand as I passed, though quite speechless, and unable to raise his head, or to turn his glazed eye upon me.

It was difficult to ascertain the exact degree of crime for which these men were incarcerated. If you question them, they will all boast of themselves as murderers of the blackest dye, exaggerating the number and the heinousness of their offences to almost impossible proportions. Something of the depravation of the instinct to excel may be observed amongst all criminals, especially when they are kept herded together. Some countenance, however, was given to the truth of their boastings by one man (who was allowed a certain degree of liberty, and who was engaged in washing clothes in the yard) informing me, on my asking the occasion of his punishment, that it was for—and instead of finishing his sentence, giving an expressive slash across his throat with what was intended to represent a knife. He had murdered his wife, and had been sentenced for eight years, seven of which had expired, and in one more he would be a free man. The keeper, who had left me while I was speaking, returned in a few minutes, accompanied by two others, one bearing a bag of beans, and another a basket filled with portions of the coarsest bread, intended for the

mid-day meal of the prisoners of the two first wards—the sick being allowed a special dietary. The coarse bread I have mentioned was given only to such as had earned it by their knitting; to the others were allotted the beans only. On returning to the ward in which the worst criminals were confined, the first thing that presented itself was two of the chained wretches struggling on the ground—rolling over, biting, and tearing each other's hair in mortal fury—the others looking on as unconcernedly as if it were a circumstance of daily occurrence. The keeper, too, regarded it apparently in the same light, and beyond a growling imprecation, took no further notice. Afterwards, he told me that in the moments immediately preceding feeding-time, such contests are of frequent occurrence, but that directly after they have eaten their beans and drunk their water, the men coil themselves quietly on their pallets, and sleep away the remainder of the day. One thing that contrasted singularly with the other adjuncts of the rooms was the decorated altar at the end of each (thus, in fact, converting the ward into a church), and at which I was told a priest officiated once a fortnight, and dispensed therefrom the sacraments to his manacled congregation.

Being informed that a bag of the dried black figs of the country would be the thing most appreciated by the prisoners, and the easiest of distribution, I sent for one, and amidst a most fearful clamour of gratitude, took my departure for Rome.

My two last dinners were rather meagre ones; but this evening I dine with the *Maggior Domo* at the Vatican. The *Maggior Domo* has been a fortunate man. The son of a small farmer (Roman slander says a bandit) of Terracina, he has risen in the world; and, instead of the goat-skin leggings and the sheepskin coat, is to be seen now in scarlet, purple, and point-lace. He has amassed, it is said, above a million of money. He is supreme in Rome. Princes and dukes bearing names great in history will watch his expression as he passes—whether he smiles graciously, or whether he utterly ignores their existence. The poor old man who lifts the three fingers and drones

forth "*Urbi et orbi*," is a mere infant in his hands; he is one of the most subtle and accomplished politicians in Europe. Like all who rise in the world, the Maggior Domo is a much-vituperated man. He is accounted the most cruel and implacable of tyrants. Scarcely a man or woman in that city but looks for the time when their, or some other assassin's, knife will be at his throat. The Maggior Domo is an unfortunate man. Persistent and immovable in a long course of disastrous policy, he changes not, not even a tittle; but is still persistent and immovable, though every one of his schemes have come to nought, all his efforts have proved abortive, and he himself be now vainly buffeting the stream that must shortly carry him to that crashing destruction the sound of which is already in his ears. So it seems to vulgar eyes at least; but what if the vulgar eyes are wrong? What if the penetration and address that have raised that man from the grade of a tiller of the ground to the most influential position in the Catholic world, should also have imparted to his mental vision a superhuman keenness, enabling him to discern that the end is not yet; and that his part in the complicated game now being played is to hold on, unswerving and unflinching, himself the only seeing-one amidst a world of blind? And, after all, it can but be said of him, that he has continued things as he found them, in opposition to all change. The Maggior Domo is a master of self-possession. But one hour after the news had reached him of Garibaldi's success in Sicily, he passed half-an-hour in conversing with me on indifferent topics; and in the quiet of that grey eye, and the calm of that placid mouth, no one would have divined that he—and almost he only—was in possession of intelligence fraught with fatal consequences to his life-long policy, and, with it, the Papacy.

The Maggior Domo is a comely man, and evidently is not unconscious of it. He has an *ensemble* that strikes at a glance—one of those faces that instantaneously attracts and fixes every eye of the beholder—so much so that you may be in his presence, again and again, without marking that his tailor is

the best in Rome, or noticing the elegant figure, the choice texture of his silken raiment, or the fine delicate but somewhat claw-like hand. Yet, analyse that face, examine it feature by feature, and excepting in its clear pale complexion, it differs but little from half the faces you will meet in the next street of the Trastevere. The forehead is developed enough, but not remarkably so; the nose is gently aquiline; the lips firmly pressed together, but mobile and expressive; the eye generally supposed to be black, is a deep iron grey, almost blue; the hair, black, glossy, and gently waved—perhaps the most noticeable part of the physiognomy is the sensitiveness and expression contained in the sharply-cut orbit of the eye, exceeding in this respect what may be seen in the portrait of Gevartius in our National Gallery. It is a kaleidoscopic countenance—beautiful in the whole, but almost meaningless in the parts—changeable too. At business, in the morning, that face is quiet, polite, and attentive to all you say; in general conversation it is animated and earnest. In listening, it changes its expression, and harmonises with every word you utter; and those who ought to know say that that mobile pleasing countenance flashes terribly on occasions, and on certain elevated dignitaries too, who wear similar vestments to himself, and who have not seldom been scared bodily out of the council chamber of the sacred conclave when they have opposed his will.

The Maggior Domo would appear to be a kindly man. In his ante-room may be seen persons of every station, but mostly of the lowest, waiting for a conference; and the poorest sheepskin-clad shepherd may be seen seated in the gold and crimson chair at the small table with the most kindly-mannered and attentive of listeners. The Maggior Domo is a man of taste. He has a choice collection of works of art and antiquities; his diamonds would fill queens with envy. It is said that he invests all his money in diamonds, that his property may be portable when occasion comes for flight; but, to judge from that composed visage, he contemplates any-



thing rather than flight. He is a polite man. If I am taken to visit an English country gentleman, who has in his dining-room a few impudent imitations of old masters' pictures, though I am a painter, he never asks my opinion, but authoritatively informs me that "this is a Titian, those three are Raphaels, and the one at the top of the room is a Michael Angelo." The Maggior Domo always asks my opinion, and is "so glad" when it coincides with his own. An agreeable, he is yet a wary man; he lets you choose your own conversation—he never leads it; he exhibits the most special interest in all your affairs; and if you are of a sanguine temperament and easily impressed, you flatter yourself that he has occasionally taken you into his inmost confidence, and you leave his presence thinking what an agreeable man the Maggior Domo is, and surely how much maligned. But notwithstanding the well-sustained composure of that countenance, the sweet, silvery voice, the ready confidence, and the abounding politeness of his demeanour, something tells me that I had better have any one for my enemy than he, and that, reversing Lord Palmerston's famous apothegm, it is fortunate for me I do not say "*Civis Romanum sum*."

This evening I dine with the Maggior Domo. I am received, at the bottom of the grand staircase, by an officer of gendarmes, who says something to the Swiss guard, and I am invited to ascend. On each landing are what look like two gigantic headsmen, in flaming scarlet and yellow uniforms, and carrying huge choppers, or more properly, battle-axes. A solitary ascent on a wide staircase, with such surroundings, is rather stimulative to the imagination. In companionship it would be nothing more than ascending the steps to a Museum; but the width and height of flight, the guards, the architecture, and other accompaniments, make me feel something of a Strafford or a Charles the First sort of sensation. The headsmen on the landing keep their eyes fixed right upon you, and seem to mark you for their own. They let you pass, certainly, but only to hand you over to those on the next

landing. You pass the superb entrance to the papal apartments, when the line of headsmen culminates in a knot of about half-a-dozen of them, and then ceases. Another flight, and you are at the top. Here some lacqueys come from the ante-room to receive and pass you on to the next apartment, where are two functionaries in plain black, who look so grave and impressive that I don't know whether I am expected to bow to them or not. I am conducted by these into another apartment, where are two ecclesiastics—bishops—not attired like our Right Reverends, in sombre raiment, but in radiant silk of brightest mauve. I did not catch the exact titles of these two dignitaries, but they sounded something like Violetta and Mauvaise, in *partibus infidelium*. In a moment or two entered the Maggior Domo himself, attired partly in black and partly in scarlet. The preliminary ten minutes before dinner are occupied in showing me, and asking my opinion on, the contents of the cabinets—rare antiquities—Greek cameos, neillo work, and exquisite carvings by Cellini. I say, asking "my opinion," but the fact was, I went into the room a novice, and left it (in my own opinion at least) a connoisseur. Dinner is announced, and we pass into the dining apartment. Beyond the contents of the cabinets the suite of apartments offered little for notice. Like Italian rooms generally, they were scantily furnished, and being at the top of the building, they were not so lofty as might be desirable—indeed, it is understood that they were selected by the Maggior Domo solely on account of the facilities they afford for constant access to the Papal apartments, situated immediately beneath. Roman slander says, they are conveniently placed for that day when he shall "fly into the inner chambers to hide himself." Be that as it may, they more than compensate for any internal drawback by the magnificent view they afford of the surrounding country. I had expected but a dull look-out into the Vatican quadrangle, instead of which was an uninterrupted panorama of the magnificent chain



of Apennines from Albano to Soracte, that, stretching half across the horizon, seemed to fill the whole length of the window from top to bottom with a mass of blue mountains, villages, and vineyards, all glowing in the tints of an Italian sunset. The dinner was strictly after the French fashion—the usual soup, *entrées*, &c. I am not “well-up” in the names of French dishes, but I remember there was an excellent light herb soup, with a pyramid of grated Parmesan cheese in the centre—I think they call it *ministra*. Then the usual *entrées*, and a haunch of the delicious venison of the chevreuil, a small deer of the Campagna; birds also; and especially worthy of notice, a dish of very minute ones, *Beccaficos* (or fig-peckers), a bird about the size of a sparrow, but so esteemed in Italy that it is eaten with no small amount of reverence and ceremony. Of that exact ceremony, perhaps, my limited observation does not allow of my speaking authoritatively; but it seemed to be the correct mode of procedure first to look at the bird, as it lies on your plate, for a second or two, with an expression of calm anticipation—then wipe your finger and thumb with the napkin—with that finger and thumb take the bird by the beak as you would an olive, only with more gravity—and put it wholly and bodily into your mouth. I believe that the orthodox mode is to swallow it entire, as some do oysters, or in any case, to bite it but once; but I have some doubts about the capacity of the oesophagus for this feat. I did not conform in this latter point; but it certainly was excellent—another would have been acceptable, but it would not have been *en règle*. Italian wines are not generally good, nor indeed potable, less from any inherent defect in the place of their growth than from want of proper culture. While in France and Germany the vineyards are as well kept as gardens, in Italy they are a mass of tangled weed and undergrowth. Nevertheless, there are some tolerable vintages there: Velletri, when good, is equal to Rousillon; Capri is not bad; and Falernian—old Falernian—is still worthy of all

that has been said and sung of it from the time of Horatio Flaccus downwards; and sea-water is still drunk with it, as it was in the days of that accomplished taster. The *Maggior Domo* is a small eater—perhaps he is reserving himself for answering despatches, and general business, in the evening, so, after the last course, he excuses himself and rises, leaving us to discuss the dessert and the Falernian—there was claret as well, but I kept to the *vin de pays*. It would appear that one of the ecclesiastics, the Bishop of Mauvaise, is retained specially to superintend the drinking department, as that ecclesiastic was most particular to see that I did justice to it; while the younger of the two, taking on himself the smoking business, after the other was concluded, changed his purple for the flannel dress of the Dominican Order, and invited me to follow him into what has been termed the Vatican kitchen. Kitchen, however, it was not, but a cool, agreeable apartment, in which smoking might be indulged in without any apprehension of the tobacco fumes reaching the Papal residence. The wine which I had been partaking of was brought for my especial benefit—the bishop taking Velletri, as more wholesome. The Right Rev. Father was a first-rate companion, after his fashion—the very fellow to smoke and drink iced Falernian with. It was evident that they knew how to do this sort of thing in the Vatican, from the way in which the servants anticipated every requirement. The bishop was, moreover, evidently a good judge of tobacco, as might be seen by the careful handling and pinching with which he examined the half-dozen cigars that he selected out of the bundle for my use, sending away the others as worthless. Agreeable companionship, iced Falernian, and excellent Papal tobacco, are things not lightly to be estimated; but, like all excellent things, it is best to resign them before satiety; so, after coffee is brought, we proceed to the other apartments, as I have again to see the *Maggior Domo*, in order to take a letter of introduction he had written for me to an ecclesiastic in

another part of Italy. The letter is ready written, and put up for me; it seems very thick, and in other dimensions larger and more like a parcel than a letter; but I have no curiosity as to its contents, so I thank my hospitable host and take my leave.

During the whole of our conversation, frank and unreserved as it apparently was, a keen observer might have seen there was a rock ahead of each of us that we were aware of, and that we all carefully avoided. We examine and admire an object of antiquity, a *patena* with a Christian symbol on it—it is discussed and explained. The rock is right in front—nearly touched, in fact; but it is skilfully avoided, and not even grazed. There is not the least constraint, but still the *Maggior Domo* and I have come to a tacit mutual understanding that that rock shall be steered clear of. He entered into the compact when, on my first interview, I shook the proffered hand, instead of kissing it, as a good Catholic would have done, and in all our conversations he adhered to the compact most religiously. In the smoking-room, too, the Bishop adroitly avoids this dangerous rock, as well as all currents of conversation that might set upon it. I, too, look carefully a-head, and for some time get on pretty well, till, in an unfortunate moment, I bump right upon it, when, in descending on our northern drinks, I promise on my return from England to bring the Right Reverend Father a case of genuine Ultra-Protestant Glenlivet whisky. The prelate, however, helped me off very dexterously, and I got away without danger.

Perhaps the finest gateway in Europe is that through the Portico of Octavia, leading to the Jews' quarter, or the Ghetto at Rome. The streets are mean and squalid past description, but their state only the more sets off the rich entablatures and superb friezes that rise up amidst the hovels, and that are built into the walls in all directions. I had set apart the day after I dined at the Vatican for sketching the place; so, rising early, and taking my breakfast at the *Café Greco*, by six o'clock, I had got my materials

into order, and commenced work before seven. The portico of Octavia is the fish-market of Rome, and at this hour is crowded; being midsummer, the heat by eight o'clock is intense, but I have managed to get into a shady corner for shelter. The street urchins annoy me, perhaps, more than the heat, as they take a special delight in throwing things at me, and otherwise hindering my work; but a small coin or two, and a word of flattery judiciously bestowed on certain dirty mahogany-coloured babies, set three or four mothers darting like furies, some with knives in their hands, after my tormentors. The work is intricate, and not to be got through in an hour or two; so mid-day comes, and finds my sketch not half completed, and myself most decidedly hungry. In the hot season, when one is hungry, in these places it is necessary to eat, or there is a probability of your doing much worse; but the difficulty is, how and what to eat. A biscuit is of but little use—nothing less than a regular meal will do if you wish to avoid the fever; but then, to buy anything at one of these miserable dirty shops is out of the question, and a walk of a mile or two to a restaurant equally so—besides, I have a particular dislike to a Roman restaurant. The food and the cooking may be good enough, but whole troops of beggars are allowed free access to the dining-rooms and to take their places around you, watching every morsel you eat. They will entreat you to leave them a drop of your soup. They will fight for the reversion of the bones; and while you are speaking to the waiter they will perhaps whisk away your bread, to the infinite amusement of the lookers on. The gift of a piece of coin, or indeed anything less than the cost of the entire dinner, is of little use;—equally useless is it to appeal to the waiter, he will stare at you with much surprise, and perhaps say, "How could you be so heartless as to wish to send away one of these poor 'Povere!'" I admit the cogency of his argument; I stand rebuked, and take my leave, never to re-enter. A trattoria being out of the question, I look for a substi-



tude, and luckily come upon one close round the corner. In the Piazza Tartarughi (or Tortoise-place—so called from the superb fountain with the four youths holding tortoises) has been erected, during the morning, a tent or booth, one mass of floral decoration—flowers in festoons, and huge baskets, full within and without; in front is a small table or counter, covered with an immaculately-clean damask cloth; placed in the middle are two bowls, one of flour and the other of batter; just outside the booth is a gigantic cauldron of boiling oil. So far the cooking materials are well enough. Then as for the cook—a damsel rather brown, perhaps, but with such eyes—and, dear me, how she can use them, too! Rather fierce is the expression of her mouth and chin, perhaps—so you had better take care not to offend her. She is a native of the Trastevere, and, being descended from the old Roman stock, without any taint of Gothic blood in her veins, is to be treated in every respect with the attention due to her origin. Her head is costumed in a long white, falling drapery, edged with point-lace that a countess might envy; her large sleeves are also of point-lace, but they are now tucked up, displaying arms that, for form and whiteness, put the painters and sculptors in desperation. The hands and arms of Italian women excel all others, while their feet and ankles are singularly ill-formed and clumsy. Inserted in the front of her velvet bodice—in the place of what, I believe, English milliners call a busk—is a sharp curved knife, with the end of the handle just peeping out at her waist in the form of a silver brooch. This knife can be, and is used occasionally; so we had best be careful. At one end of the booth are baskets, in which are various kinds of fish just fresh from the market. The fish are exceedingly small, averaging in size between whitebait and sardines, and of strange kinds, the only one known in this country being the red mullet. The lady's occupation consists in taking the fish that the visitor has selected, wiping it, dipping it into the dish of batter, then into the dry flour, and finally into the cauldron of boiling oil. At its first

entrance into the oil, the fish sinks to the bottom; but, in a few moments, its reappearance at the surface announces that the cooking process is completed. The lady from the Trastevere then takes it out with pincers, deposits it in the midst of a plate of lemon, which she has previously chopped into pieces the size and shape of dice, and presents it for your refectio with the air and bearing of a Juno. Whilst the above was proceeding, I had pulled out my sketch-book for the purpose of making a slight reminiscence of the imperious beauty—a proceeding that was met at once by a firm and decided protest, and the information that ladies of the Trastevere never, for any consideration, *pose* to the artists. I have, however, been able to make one or two studies from her that have escaped her notice. On a fine day in an Italian midsummer, something potable is a desirable adjunct to dinner. In the interior of the booth, behind the lady, may be seen a long, movable tube, communicating directly with the cool, plashing water of the fountain outside; on some shelves are piles of lemons and some heaps of white sugar. Lemonade is infinitely to be preferred to such Italian wines as you can buy in the streets, so you invest in it pretty deeply. Proud as the lady is, she does not disdain a settlement; if you wish to stand well with her, and to get a gracious bow from her another time, you will not ask her how much you shall pay her. If you do you are likely to get a cross, disdainful answer. You had best put a silver coin of some size into her hand, and let her give you the change; she considers it due to her position to be allowed to take what she pleases, and it will not be much; something like—four glasses of lemonade, twopence; six mullets, confectioned in oil, threepence; total, fivepence,—but take care how you offer the lady the odd penny. You may easily arouse her wrath, while, on the contrary, you may be fortunate enough to contract with her an everlasting friendship. It is sometimes an even chance which it will be. After settling for the dinner, I showed her one of the



portraits in my sketch-book. She looked at it for a moment, then tore it out and put it in her bosom, close under the knife, looking at me as if she suspected I meant to rescue it. I told her, however, that she was quite welcome to keep it; but this did not comport with her ideas—she must pay for it. I might have the pain I had paid for the dinner back again. That, however, would not do. She was quite welcome to it as a reminiscence of the “*pittore Inglese*,” and I should keep the other for myself, as a remembrance of the “*Donna of the Trastevere*.” She considered a moment, and then informed me that the Trasteverians were not beggars; and taking a small bottle of Rosoglio from a private recess, she proceeded to mix it with lemon and syrup, and make a glass of Roman punch, apply it to her lips, drinking about a quarter, and with no small grandeur, hand the glass to me. I must

drink the rest, or I am her mortal foe. I drink, and we are friends for ever—that is, a lady’s “for ever;” we have, by so doing, entered into a compact—a bond of mutual protection. I do not say that I have acquired any right to aspire to the honour of the lady’s hand—that would be going too far for a Trastevere damsel; but, at all events, come what may that knife will never be raised against me; and should I be in a difficulty with any of her neighbours or relatives, I may count on her protection, and, if necessary, that knife will be wielded, and effectually too, in my defence. She keeps her portrait, and considers she has overpaid me a thousand per cent. by this act. I duly appreciate the honour, and after writing her name—*Giacinte Solari*—beneath the other sketch in my note-book, I respectfully lift my hat, and take my leave.

## THE ILLUSIONS OF YOUTH.

“Or two evils choose the least,” is an axiom generally accepted in this trouble-saving world; but it is not always easy to weigh the relative greatness of the common ills of life, and to define which deserves to be looked upon as the lesser, and which the greater.

In the matter of illusions, however, few will doubt that it is better to believe everything than to believe nothing; the most wild and fantastic *gullability* is easier to deal with than a hardened scepticism. Happy are the days of youthful illusions! Extravagant, wild, and unnatural they may be, but what would youth be without them? There are some illusions so beautiful and so pleasant, that we would that no harshness of the world’s ways could awaken us from them.

Faith in our neighbours is a very comfortable creed, but there are not many people who have outlived youth who retain it. The veil in many cases has been torn from trust-

ing, loving eyes, revealing deformity where they had believed in beauty. There are some people, cynical by nature, who, at the first disappointment, immediately retire, like Diogenes, growling, to their tubs, and hug themselves with the belief that there is not an honest man to be found, even with the help of a lantern. Others there are—and these are to be envied—who reject these warnings, and still preserve a faith in human nature, even after disappointments. To them the earth is green and fresh, and the world happy and smiling. Their neighbours think them simpletons; but what of that? They are wiser than their neighbours. Youth is the golden time in which all should be pure and noble in the ideal world in which we live. Shame to those who light a candle to show the spots and blemishes that lurk under the brightness! “*There was never a marvel done in the world, but it had sprung of faith; nothing noble, generous, or*

good, but faith was the root of the achievement." Yet there are some who call faith an *illusion*, and simplicity of belief, *credulity*!

Let us keep our youthful illusions while we may. It is a melancholy sight to see a man exchanging purity of faith for fanatical excitement; and whenever it is so, we may be sure that his childlike belief has been tampered with. "*Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all*," and when his faith is once shaken, he either rejects it altogether, or feeds his imagination with feverish fancies, in which he vainly tries to believe, falsely imagining that they will make up to him for the pure dreams of his youth.

Deep and dreadful is the fall from faith to unfaith. When once it has begun it is nearly impossible to stop it. Downward the mind is dashed until it comes in contact with the rocks of hardened unbelief. *Trust* is a great thing to retain in one's nature if one wishes to lead a happy life. A great mind is always ready to believe, while a little one is incredulous. I cannot help feeling very doubtful as to the fact that youthful illusions belong exclusively to youthful years. Many young people we meet in society have never been young at heart. They are little men and women before they leave the nursery; they are *blasés* before they have seen the world, and *désillusionnés* before they have even thought of an ideal. Sad, indeed, would be the state of affairs if it were not quite possible that young heads may be found on old shoulders, and young hearts in old, worn-out bodies, to compensate for this want of feeling in so many young people of the present day.

It must not be supposed that the advocates of youth's illusions mean that we are to dream away life, and turn the world in which we live into an unreal Utopia. Such an existence would be both wrong and unhealthy. It is foolish and romantic to ignore real life, and to conjure up phantoms at every step. We are each of us a part of the world in which we live, and have a work to do therein; but we hold that imagination, hope, and fancy are great helps to us on our onward way, if properly used, and not abused.

The highest part of our nature is prone to fancies. They may not be always real, or ever likely to be realised, but they do us none the more harm for that. They give a kind of "Excelsior" feeling to our secret thoughts. We long for what is better than what we have—something higher and nobler; and this feeling saves us from becoming lowered by contact with the world. What instinct is to animals, imagination is to man. In early youth our imaginations are often wild and confused; but as we grow older, we may use our reason to guide our fancy, and so bring order and harmony out of chaos. We may, perhaps, be somewhat rudely awakened from our youthful illusions, but it is better to have had them than to have gone on, like Troglodytes, neither wishing nor caring for anything beyond the daily bread and butter.

"'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all;"

and it is better to have had too poetical fancies than never to have risen beyond prosaic indifference. We must be content with something short of our ideal, but let us have an ideal. We must wait with patience for the full development of our higher nature, but we need not, therefore, postpone all hopeful fancies and noble aspirations till our lower nature has had its day. We lose a great deal if we shut our ears to the whispered suggestions of nature. From time to time, little streams of melody will float round us from the natural world, as musical sounds break out from the strings of an Æolian harp, when the wind touches it. If we listen, we shall hear the hidden meanings. When the breeze of memory passes over our hearts when we grow old, if we listen to it, we shall hear the sweet murmur of our youthful fancies, and days long forgotten will be brought before us, by the light of those illusions which the matter-of-fact world calls "childish nonsense."

We hold in our bosoms, from earliest childhood, a precious gem called hope; it works with us unseen, and, by degrees, gleams of life and fancy spring from it, light-

ing up the world to our eyes, and waking our ears to hear songs of thanksgiving and joy in all around. Welcome is this gift of fancy, but thrice welcome as the germ and type of that eternal hope which is given to us to light us through this world to the threshold of the next. When we pass the threshold, illusions will become realities, and faith will be lost in sight. There is something very great and ennobling in the idea of perfecting our imaginations in this world till they are sufficiently purified and refined to become fit to be realities in heaven. Like Lord Bacon's "New Atlantis," and Sir Thomas Moore's "Utopia," our ideal world is, and ought to be, free from crime and sorrow. But these great men grew wiser and less romantic as they grew older. They found out that the gardens of Hesperides did not bring forth such golden fruit as they thought; but to pluck the apples of true happiness they must wait till the soul entered paradise.

One of the illusions of youth is too often to confound pleasure and happiness, forgetting that one is fleeting and soon forgotten, while the other leaves a lasting effect. It is only when youth is passed and gone that the difference is felt; then it is that the true secret and source of happiness is really understood. Happiness must be from within, radiating outwardly; while pleasure shines from without, and sends bright but merely momentary gleams into the heart. There are

few among us who have not at one time or another made castles in the air, like the maiden with the milking-pail in the old story, forgetting that it is quite possible for the pail to upset.

"Thus fancy ever loves to roam,  
To bring the gay materials home;  
Imagination forms the dream,  
And accident destroys the scheme."

It is difficult to decide on the exact place where the line is to be drawn between pure and justifiable imagination and romantic fancy. The nature and disposition should be considered before we set ourselves to condemn and judge others. In some natures imagination holds a more powerful sway than in others, and these natures, we cannot help feeling, are gifted in a higher degree than their more prosaic neighbours. Let us not build too much, however, on our fancied happiness, but strive rather to cultivate our imagination, believing and knowing, that as we are born with many faculties and gifts, we ought to improve them, and, by enlarging our minds, enlarge at the same time our sphere of usefulness. The more we exercise our imagination (duly kept in balance by common sense), the more we shall be kept away from the dangerous shores of selfishness and narrow-mindedness. The man who expands his sympathies and cherishes his youthful illusions, is possessed of a rich fund, which increases as he grows older, and keeps a warm and soft place ever next his heart.

M. C. P.



# DUBLIN

## UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCLV.

NOVEMBER, 1870.

VOL. LXXVI.

### CLIONA OF MUNSTER:

AN ANCIENT FAIRY LEGEND.

ONE popular notion concerning the fairies is, that they are a portion of the angels who did not openly take part in the rebellion of Lucifer, but in their hearts sympathised with him. When the great body of the proud spirits were cast into hell, these undecided beings fell no farther than the surface of our earth, on which they are allowed to remain till the day of judgment. They know not whether they are then to be pardoned or condemned. A theory more decidedly Gaelic imports that the existing fairies—their chiefs, at least—are the spirits of the ancient Danaans, who preceeded the Milesians in Ireland. That race was distinguished by intelligence and power of a magic character, and as individuals died out, at and after their conquest by the Spanish warriors, their ghosts passed into the *sighe* state, and retired to the caverns where the spirits of their dead chiefs were ready to welcome them. Belated travellers, especially if bemused in beer or whiskey, have occasionally found the entrance to these hill caverns open, and seen the inmates dancing wildly to fairy music in a blaze of light. Some have even entered, and joined in the revels; but the results were seldom of a satisfactory character to the intruders.

The most powerful of the Danaan magicians of Munster was that Mocha Ruith, whose great skill over-ruled the might of King Cormac's Druids and warriors, when he causelessly invaded that province.

To this great Druid and his wife were born two daughters,—Cliona, who, as she grew up, possessed herself of all the occult knowledge of her father, and Aivil, who was more beautiful than Aoine herself.

When it was time to think of a husband for the elder lady, who was no way distinguished by beauty, the parents turned their attention to a neighbouring young chief, the brave and princely looking Caomh. They invited him to pass some days at their *lios*, and in order that no obstacle should be in the way of the desired union, Aivil was sent away on a visit to the fort of a relative in Thomond.

The most cordial reception was given to the young chief, who became at once a favourite of the Druid, and his lady, and their daughter, and every one of the family or following, by his unassuming manner, and his strength, and skill, and speed in the chase, and in the war-like exercises which occupied the *duine uasals* in their hours of leisure. Cliona loved him from the first hour in which she enjoyed his company; but great as were her mental endowments, she saw clearly enough that, however well disposed were his feelings, they did not correspond to the fervour of hers towards him. She knew the power of philtres, but she also knew their evil, and the hatred which frequently follows the insane affection which they excite; so she forbore their use. The only sorcery she resorted to was that of intelligence,

tender attention to the tastes and wishes of the guest, and that natural charm resulting from beauty of shape, grace of movement, and the pleasure which her eyes and lips ever expressed in their conversations. Caomh being up to that time heart-whole, would have soon returned the deep-seated love of Cliona, but it was otherwise decreed.

Having left the enclosed dun one evening to enjoy the green expanse of the neighbouring clearings, the sunshine, and the shade of the old forest-trees, the conversation became at every step more and more interesting, so interesting, indeed, that at last, as they sat on the trunk of a fallen tree, Cliona was expecting that the next words spoken by her companion would be a declaration of love. And so they would have been, but for the noise made by a party passing to the lios along the forest road. A sickness came over her at the sight of her beautiful sister approaching, seated in a chariot such as was in use sixteen hundred years since, and accompanied by many of gentle and simple rank on foot. A different effect was produced on Caomh, who from the moment he could get a clear view of her lovely features and exquisite form, felt as if his heart had left his breast and flown to her. No less strong were the sensations of Aivil as her eyes took in the noble figure and manly beauty of Caomh.

Cliona, putting all the restraint in her power on her painful emotions, kindly received her sister, who had now descended from her litter; and after a few words of ordinary greeting, asked her the cause of her so speedy return. "Have our friends," said she, "lost their character for hospitality, and allowed you to quit them so soon?" "No, no," said she; "I left them in the utmost sorrow and mortification. But from the first night I spent in their lios, I have been tormented with the most frightful dreams. Horrible creatures, of whose appearance I could give no account on waking, seemed as if they were seizing on different parts of soul and body, heart, brain, love of you and our parents, such beauty as I have, every thing most dear to me, even some most dear treasure which I seemed to understand and value beyond all things while subject

to these horrible night trances, and of which I could form no distinct notion in my waking hours, but whose want was not the less painful. After three nights' sufferings I could endure it no more; and if our friends had not sent their sons and these stout youths to accompany me, I should have dared the perils of the journey alone."

In the lios there was great joy for the return of the amiable Aivil; but the pleasure it gave her parents was small compared with the mortification they felt on Cliona's account. They did not require more than a few hours' observation to be convinced that a strong mutual affection reigned in the hearts of the chief and their younger daughter. But powerless as the young creature felt herself to show indifference, or give a refusal, when Caomh revealed his love, and besought hers in return, she thus spoke: "Before I yield to this appeal, you must declare to me, on the word of a truthful *Curadh*, that you have not said similar things to my sister, and asked for a return." Though Caomh was not thoroughly blameless, in intention at least, his answer satisfied her, and she found it beyond her power to conceal her love. Few moments went by till the parents' consent was asked; and however unwelcome was the turn things had taken, refusal could not be given.

The betrothed were too much engrossed with their abounding happiness to reflect that perhaps this happiness could be only matched in intensity by the anguish endured by Cliona. No one witnessed it but her nurse, whose love for her was that of a mother.

This nurse could scarcely have lived from her youth in the Druid's family without having acquired some of his evil science. Seeing her beloved favourite in such a distracted state, she proposed a plan, which without inflicting any eventual evil on her sister, would remove all hindrances to her (Cliona's) marriage with the young chief, and thus they proceeded.

The nurse collected many herbs by moonlight, muttering appropriate charms the while. She boiled them in a brazen vessel, burning a lock of Aivil's hair over it, and letting the ashes fall into the mix-

ture. The first opportunity which presented itself, a small portion of the beverage was given in some liquid to Aivil, and from the moment an illness, increasing from hour to hour, seized on her. Her surpassing loveliness faded, the outline of her beautiful form became rigid and angular, her strength departed, and despite Caomh's mighty sorrow, the sorrow of her parents, and that of all her people, and even the efforts of her father, aided by his occult skill the earthly life of the sufferer came to a close. Her remains were laid in a stone chamber, a mound piled above, and a dallau inscribed with her name and descent in the Ogham character set up.

In the very night that succeeded her apparent death, the magic power of Cliona and her nurse was put in employment; the insensible body of the unfortunate lady was removed to the subterraneous palace of Castlecor; a draught of power was given, at first drop by drop, but gradually increased till the blood began to flow, the lungs to breathe, and the limbs to move; and long before the dawn of day Aivil was as fair to look upon as when she first met the eyes of Caomh.

At first she was in great disquiet, arising from the change which she felt was taking place in herself, the strangeness of the place, and the anxious looks of her sister and the nurse. When Cliona felt that the proper moment was come, she related what had occurred, and by whose agency, and thus continued, "I blame you not for anything past, but I must consult my own happiness. I love Caomh as intensely as you, and cannot endure life without his love and his society. You shall enjoy land and castles, nothing of earthly good shall you want; but you must swear by an oath, which I shall tender to you, the least infraction of which will be followed by your destruction, that you will never give information of your existence to Caomh, nor take any step to weaken his love for me."

"The condition you propose," said Aivil, "I could not observe. Caomh's love and society are as needful to me as the air I breathe. Without them life on the earth would be torture."

Cliona endeavoured to win her to consent, but in vain. At last she announced her resolution. "I love you as I ever did, but my own happiness is still dearer: if I leave you here in the possession of your human shape and faculties, some unexpected chance may disappoint my plans. With this wand, the most powerful of all Mogha Ruith's instruments, I will change your appearance to that of the fairest to look on of animals. Nothing but a touch of the same wand may ever again restore you to the shape you now enjoy. Here all your wants shall be looked to, and suitable attendance you shall never need. Whenever you feel inclined to comply with my desire, you have only to form the resolve in your mind; I shall be presently with you, and the lovely shape, and the enjoyment of the upper world, shall be yours again. She touched her with the wand and a white cat, the most beautiful that ever appeared to the human eyes, stood in her place.

Tears fell from her eyes like rain as she caressed the beautiful animal, nor were her endearments repelled.

Cliona's first cares on her return were now directed to console the bereaved Caomh. Next day there was no appearance of Mogha nor the lady of the dun at the plentiful table where their household took their food. They found that a disease of weakness had seized on them, and that the sharp and heavy sorrow for their daughter's loss was beyond their force to overcome. From their beds they never rose again, and no sleep came on Cliona's eyes while their illness endured. Caomh did not quit the dun while life held, and his sympathy with the suffering daughter consoled and strengthened her in her watches. She might perhaps have still preserved their lives for years of happiness by releasing her sister, but Cliona was a pagan and a sorceress, and she would give up her own life rather than the hope of one day securing the love of Caomh.

So death again visited the household, and the solemn ceremonies of the interment were performed, the lamentations sung, and the mound raised over the mighty Druid and his wife, and Cliona, left alone



in her *grianan* to bewail her losses, but not all alone. When Caomh hinted at his departure he beheld such woe in her face and attitude, that he stayed on; and notwithstanding his own desolation, he comforted her as he could. In her features, though much less beautiful than those of his lost treasure, in her accents and in her movements there was much that recalled the presence of the all-lovely Aivil, and an ill-understood influence kept him still by the side of Cliona. However, months and months went by before his feelings towards her became undivided love. The change at last arrived, and Cliona was as happy as a woman could be.

On the eve of her marriage-day, she determined that she would, if it were consistent with her own well-being, impart what happiness she could to her ill-fated sister. She restored her for the moment to her human form, tenderly embraced her, and proposed liberty and the light and joy of upper air on the former terms; but neither her beauty, nor her health, nor her all-engrossing love had suffered any change during her enchantment; and she would not make promise nor take oath, and they parted again in sadness.

So Cliona's happiness was at last secured, and never was man blessed with a more judicious, loving, and devoted wife. Once every year she visited the *sighe* palace of Castlecor, and earnestly endeavoured to change her sister's resolve, but it remained as it had been from the beginning.

Three daughters were sent to gladden the home of the happy pair, and the features of all, some more strongly than the rest, recalled to their fond father the sweet countenance of the lost Aivil.

For more causes than we have room to explain, the demeanour of the happy wife and mother gradually changed to her nurse, her former evil agent. She was not, indeed, unkind nor harsh; but all tenderness and attachment ceased, and the wicked hag was now afflicted with an illness which was to death. She seized a chance opportunity of securing the rod of power, and having kindled a fire the flames of which were fed with magic ingredients, she consumed it, till its ashes

could not be distinguished from those of the materials used in its destruction.

As Caomh and Cliona were one day agreeably conversing on the sunny slope of the mound which guarded their dun, and their children were chasing each other in frolicsome glee, a message came from the nurse, praying her master to visit her in her last hour, as she had information to give intended for his ears alone. He asked, might not his wife accompany him, but a denial was given. He proceeded to the room of the old woman, and the moment of his entrance into the building, Cliona sought her secret apartment, and found the rod of power gone. Swiftly she had her chariot harnessed, and taking her daughters with her, she bade the attendants who were present to acquaint her lord, when he came out, that she and the children had driven to Carrig Cliona.

He soon came forth, but it would seem as if a score of years had passed over his head since he had entered the house. On receiving the information, he proceeded to the dun named by his wife. If she had entertained any design to screen herself from his resentment, the air of deeply-seated wretchedness which hung about him soon changed her purpose. She made no defence, but threw herself at his feet in agony. "Words are useless," said he. "First of all, free your innocent and hapless sister from the spell under which she lies. Place her where she wills. I shall never lay eyes on her while you live. All the love of which my heart is capable has been yours for years and years." "Alas, my dear lord!" said she, "it is beyond my skill to do so. The unhappy wretch who so well worked out my wishes, destroyed the fatal wand in which lay the power of disenchantment. In revealing the wickedness of me and of herself, she took care to leave that evil deed unmentioned." "The same roof," said he, "shall never again shelter our heads. Restore my children, and never again come where I am. My affection for you shall end only with my life; but she who has lost my esteem shall never more share my bed."

She brought forth the children, and suffered more than the pangs of death in parting from them, and from him whom she could never cease to love and obey.

The poor children did not see many melancholy days pass over their heads before their father was released from earthly sufferings. They were then removed to the dun of their grandfather at Cullin, and never after allowed to look on the face of their wicked and unhappy mother. Till her mortal course ended, and till she passed into the *Sighe* state, she dwelt with her sister in the subterranean palace at Castlecor, and bestowed all the loving cares in her power on her. When freed from her mortal condition her nature suffered a malevolent change, and never at the hearth of peasant or farmer has there been related a kind deed done to mortal by the the queen of Munster fairies, Cliona, daughter of Mogha Ruith.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few miles south of Mallow, stands an upland circular platform of smooth turf, two acres in extent, in the centre a tolerably large isolated rock, and some smaller ones placed at points in the circumference. This is Cliona's domain, the central rock is her castle, and he is a strong-minded peasant who dares to cross the enchanted enclosure during the hours of night.

The entrance to the cavern at Castlecor has been closed. This cavern lies within a hillock crowned with trees, and till the entrance was stopped, many tales were current of adventurers, who after clearing a chasm twenty-five feet wide, were admitted into the richly-furnished interior, and had interviews with

the resident white cat. Such as comported themselves with modesty and moderation in their desire of treasures, were sent away well furnished with gold and jewels. One room filled with precious things was in open view, but the entrance was forbidden by the fair guardian. If her desire was not attended to, a *Sighe gaoithe* swept the covetous wretch out, the breadth of whole fields, from the palace, and when he woke to consciousness he found hands and pockets empty. Some tellers of the legend, ignoring the pagan practices of the characters of the legend, and the many centuries since they were creatures of flesh and blood, would tell that if any eligible suitor could find his way to Aivil's chamber, and love her for her own sake, and without reference to her riches, she might once more enjoy human happiness in air and sunlight; but we look on this circumstance as an exorcism on the early form of the legend.

Explanations of the few Gaelic words occurring in the tale are added for the sake of the mere English reader. *Duine Uasal*, gentleman; *Curadh*, companion, an individual of a military order; *Lios* (pronounced *Lis*), a fort defended by earthen mounds; *Caisiol*, a stone fortification; *Dun* a fort in general; *Cliona*, lovely; Aivil (correctly *Aoibhil*), all beautiful; *Caomh* (now *Keeffe*), agreeable; *Carraig*, a rock; *Sighe* or *Sidhe*, properly the fairy cavern in the hill, but, from association, meaning also fairy; *Gaoithe*, a violent blast of wind; *Aoine*, Venus; *Dallan*, a tall standing stone; *Grianan*, sunny (Southern) chamber, the boudoir of the Gaelic lady.

## OBSERVATIONS OF JUPITER.

SINCE first the Galilean lens revealed the moony face of Jupiter, the great planet has ever been a favourite object of scrutiny through the telescope. Though he is by no means the nearest neighbour of the earth after our own moon, it is well

known, that, next to her, the so-called Jovian system presents the easiest and most interesting field for astronomical observation. A common opera-glass will show the satellites, and it is said that certain fortunate possessors of eyes far superior to those

of ordinary mortals have seen them without any optical aid whatever.<sup>1</sup> With a telescope and a linear magnifying power of 30, the belts of Jupiter can be well discerned, while a much lower power would be sufficient to show the spreading disk that distinguishes the planet from the fixed star. A power of 40 to 50 makes Jupiter as large as the moon to the naked eye, though, without direct comparison, the fact is by no means obvious in the estimation of the observer.

He must, indeed, be incapable of admiration or wonder — equally proof against the force of beauty or greatness — who can view unmoved the vast orb poised in the darkness, enwrapt in his coloured zones, and surrounded by his little attendant moons, like spirits guarding his imperial throne. It does not require an astronomer to delight in the glorious display. Its beauty is fully obvious without learning, though to be impressed with its greatness, we must certainly know some of the facts that are taught by science. Nor does a single look reveal to us all that is to be seen in the marvellous spectacle. The observer soon discovers a constant change in the position of

the satellites. Now there may be two on either side of the planet; now three on one side, now all four, though this is only apparent as seen from the earth, for, according to a law discovered by Laplace, the three interior satellites can never be simultaneously on the same side of Jupiter.

But their positions are still the least interesting of the phenomena of the satellites. Far more so are their occultations behind the body of the planet, their eclipses in his shadow, their transits across his disk, and the transits of their shadows. Of these the transits and the eclipses are the most important, and specially claim the observer's attention. In a transit of Mercury or Venus, we first see a black notch eating into the disk of the sun, and then crossing it as a perfectly black spot. Strictly speaking the planet is not seen at all, or seen only by what is termed negative vision, by its cutting off the light of the sun to the extent of its own apparent diameter. In a transit over Jupiter the little satellite, after seeming for a time to project from the planet's edge like a budding crystal, soon enters completely on the bright background, where it is still distinguished by the

---

<sup>1</sup> The visibility of Jupiter's satellites to the naked eye has been often discussed. Humboldt says (*Cosmos*) "The preponderating effect of the rays of the neighbouring planet is also the principal cause of Jupiter's satellites remaining invisible to the naked eye. . . . The angular distance of the third and brightest from the centre of the planet is  $4' 42''$ ." This is the satellite stated to be the easiest seen, but "the rays or tails, which to our eyes appear to radiate from the planets and fixed stars, and which were used since the earliest ages of mankind as pictorial representations to indicate the shining orbs of heaven, are at least from five to six minutes in length." These rays must obliterate any small luminous body within their reach, but they are themselves obliterated in the telescope, and in any case of extraordinarily perfect vision, where they do not hamper the unassisted eye, we must believe in the visibility of at least the most conspicuous of the satellites without a telescope. Such appears to have been the case with a tailor of Breslau, named Schoen, who saw the third, and the more difficult first satellite, but never the second or fourth. Boguslawski, writing to Humboldt, says: "After having (since 1800) convinced ourselves by several rigid tests that in serene moonless nights Schoen was able correctly to indicate the position of several of Jupiter's satellites at the same time, we spoke to him of the emanations and tails which appeared to prevent others from seeing so clearly as he did, when he expressed his astonishment at those obstructing radiations. . . . The planet and fixed stars must always appear to Schoen like luminous points having no rays." To natural vision like this the satellites would not be very difficult objects; but there have been several who, without assuming any such quality of eyesight, would still maintain their power of seeing what was seen by Schoen; or, in other words, of combining with the shortcomings of ordinary eyes the capabilities of those that may be called extra-perfect. It is in cases like this that we must be slow to believe the asserted feat; but otherwise we cannot doubt that other eyes may be as excellent as Schoen's. In my own case, with sight of average goodness, I can just see the satellites plainly with a binocular magnifying about three times.



more gem-like brilliancy of itself. As it advances, however, it fades gradually into indistinctness, until in the interior light of the great orb it is, at length, completely extinguished. At the centre it often reappears as a dim spot, darkened by comparison with this part of the disk where Jupiter is far brighter than at the edge. The phenomena in a reverse order occur at the egress.

The transit of the shadow is of no less interest. It enters the disk with an outline modified by the contrary effects of a slanting position on the surface of the planet, and perspective foreshortening as seen from the earth, and pursues its entire course in a form of intense blackness. According to the relative positions of Jupiter and the earth, the transits of satellite and shadow, seldom occurring simultaneously, are generally separated by a varying interval of time. This, on certain occasions, may be so great as to permit either the satellite or the shadow to complete its transit before the other begins its own; and so it may happen that a shadow seen on the planet's disk may not at all be that of a satellite in transit at the same moment.

The eclipses of the satellites are eagerly watched, not alone for scientific purposes, but often for their peculiar scenic effect. It is a most impressive spectacle when the bright star grows dim without any apparent cause, and soon disappears altogether, as if swallowed up in the black depths of space, or fairly annihilated. The phenomenon, though fully understood by the observer, must be the source of various emotions from which a certain feeling of awe is not excluded. The reappearance, on the other hand, suggests a creation; and when the swift sunlight has swept back the shadow from the brightened disk that now stands forth in all its shining beauty, we are reminded of those first days when the morning-stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. The eclipses are the more striking the further they occur from the body of the planet; and for this reason they are best displayed by the fourth satellite, and especially toward the period

of quadrature, when Jupiter is about the meridian at the time of sunset.

The orbit of Jupiter is inclined to the earth's, as the orbits of the satellites are to both; and the inclination of Jupiter's causes his shadow to be placed somewhat above or below the line of vision from the earth, except on rare occasions at the nodes, and, therefore, above or below the area of occultation. The consequence is that the most distant of the satellites (the fourth) may, perhaps, go through eclipse, and yet escape occultation; or it may sometimes pass through opposition without either eclipse or occultation, when it moves clear of the great disk, or momentarily surmounts it like the crowning pearl of a diadem. As the orbital inclinations referred to are inconsiderable, they are not sufficient in the cases of the closer satellites to bring them clear of the body or the shadow of the planet in this way. Therefore the first, second, and third satellites suffer both eclipse and occultation in each revolution round the primary, and their changes, like an oscillatory rising and lowering, are always within the apparent limits of the planet's disk. Generally an eclipse or an occultation is a precursor of the other, and in some positions the one begins before the other ends—the areas of eclipse and occultation overlapping, as it were, to a certain extent; so that a satellite that disappears in eclipse may reappear from occultation, and *vice versa*; or sometimes the phenomena may be simultaneous, or, more strictly speaking, the area of eclipse may be quite included within the area of occultation; for the latter widens as it recedes from the planet, while the former diminishes, forming a cone of some fifty million miles in length. As the areas of eclipse and occultation continue to overlap, and never, under any circumstances, reach the point of separation within the limits of the orbit of the first satellite, its eclipses and occultations may be described as always running into each other, and only the beginning of the one and the ending of the other can be seen at the

same observation, except at Jupiter's opposition, when an occultation may be witnessed both at beginning and ending.

Now, leaving the satellites, we find that Jupiter himself presents an ample field for observation; though it is considered that we see little, if any, of the real body of the planet, but only the clouds that float in his atmosphere which, from its peculiar circumstances, almost impenetrably veils him from the view of the external world. But if the configurations of his true surface are for ever hidden from us, the wondrous screen, like the curtain of Parrhasius, exhibits a picture that commands our highest admiration. The dark streaks of bronze, the golden girdles, and, here and there, the curving breaks of stringy silver, with all the changes and modifications in tint and outline, present a scene of such exquisite beauty that no person, whether scientific or otherwise, but simply with a heart to feel, can view it without prostrating himself in spirit before the Divine Power that made it, and of whose beneficence our capability of enjoying it is a precious gift.

Though the belts are subject to change, the equatorial area is generally described as a broad, bright zone, bounded by dark belts of narrow limits. Beyond these are other belts on each side; but further on, toward the poles, the disk, seen through moderate instruments, appears of a nearly uniform colour, though, in powerful telescopes, the streaky character can be seen there as well.

The same quality that renders clouds so untransparent makes them very powerful reflectors of light; and the bright zones of Jupiter are attributed to thickly congregated vapours, while the dark spaces are breaks between them. All this seems to show the action of winds,—such as the trade winds of the earth,—but with an effect intensified by the superior density of Jupiter's clouds, and his enormously swifter axial rotation. On the earth, the two belts of trade winds, at some distance each side of the equator, are marked by transparent skies through which the

surface of the globe itself could be well seen from an exterior point of observation. The central, or equatorial region is a vast zone of oppressive dreariness—the home of the lazy rain-cloud and the brooding thunder. The gathered vapours hang like a death-pall over land and sea. All is weariness and depression beneath the dismal canopy that is scarce stirred by the invigorating wind, and but feebly penetrated by the life-rays of the sun. Happily it is modified in certain districts by the elevation of the land and geological configuration; and while it everywhere oscillates within certain limits north and south, and does not immutably overshadow one precise locality, it, no doubt, plays a salutary part in the physical economy of our planet. Similar belts of clouds and calms exist in the neighbourhood of the tropics at the northern and southern limits of the trade winds.

In these calms, however, there is really an upward or downward motion of the air, which is kept, by thermal action, in continual movement from north to south, and from south to north, though in slanting directions, which are the necessary effect of rotation. Its transit both ways cannot otherwise be performed than by contrary currents in the upper and lower strata of the atmosphere; but, from causes not yet understood, neither current persists in running over the surface of the earth in one direction, or in the higher regions of the air in the other. They change their routes in vertical undulations. In one place, the north current sweeps the surface, while the contrary wind blows high above it. Then the north current rises and gives place to the southern, which fans the low earth in its turn; and thus, in intersecting serpentine curves is the circulation maintained from pole to pole. At the places of intersection, there is an ascent or a descent of the particles of air; but there is, in fact, no wind; and the cloudy flocks seemed penned within the area of the calm. However those matters may be explained, it cannot be doubted that, to a remote observer, the earth would exhibit two narrow bright belts of clouds, amid the calms of the tro-

pics, two broader dark belts marking the courses of the trade winds, and an exceedingly bright belt, showing the thick cloud-formation of the equatorial calm. Analogous phenomena, as it may be reasonably supposed, as seen in Jupiter, but under modified conditions. The bright belts of that planet are broad and the dark ones narrow, while exactly the reverse prevails with the earth. Her belts, besides, are doubtlessly less marked than those of Jupiter, while her surface cannot be ever concealed like his.

Jupiter, vastly greater in bulk, is yet inferior in density to the earth; so that the materials of which he is composed must be different, or at least exist in a different state from those that form the mass of our own planet. His days, and nights, and his seasons, and almost every thing we know of him, show a design different from that on which the earth has been formed; and if animal life exists in Jupiter it must, probably, be in a condition very unlike what we see in terrestrial types. If intelligent beings are to be found there, we may imagine their state, in our ignorance of equalising circumstances, to be generally less favoured than the lot of man on the earth. An inhabitant of the equatorial regions could never rejoice in the light of sun, moon, or stars. He would see the light of day without knowing whence it came; and his brightest daylight would be but as dusk compared to the daylight that we enjoy. What must be his emotions in an eclipse of the sun, when, without any apparent cause, the misty glimmer utterly fades away—and far more quickly, too, than the light in an eclipse here—and he is plunged at once into a Cimmerian gloom! We may imagine what wondrous theories would be held, not only to account for daylight at all, but for its capricious interruption; and the wild conjectures, could we know them, would probably astonish us, even after the strangest conceits of those barbaric legends that treat of similar phenomena on the earth. Of course a knowledge of what was seen in other regions would explain the mystery; for if our notions regarding the belts be true, then in

those long areas that seem dark to us the sun himself, and all the heavenly host, must be visible. Though in a less advantageous position for solar, and general planetary observation than the earth, the fixed stars and their configuration must appear to Jupiter as they do to us,—but the swift satellites—one of which could be almost *seen* to move among the other heavenly bodies—with their several aspects and variety of concurrent changes, must present a scene to the Jovian observer, of which the spectacle of our own moon can raise but a feeble conception.

But, although the massy cloud-zones of Jupiter must shut out the view of the heavens, it is considered as not at all so certain that the surface beneath is so dark as terrestrial analogy would lead us to consider. He is found to be disproportionably bright in comparison with Mars. In certain positions of those planets, when the apparent area of Jupiter's disk is four times greater than that of Mars, the latter, on account of its greater proximity to the sun, receives a light thirteen times more intense than that which reaches Jupiter; and, as the brightness of the object is the combined effect of the intensity of the incident light and its own reflecting power, Mars, in such a case, and other conditions being equal, ought to shine with treble the lustre of the greater planet. But in fact it is far otherwise, and, in general, it has been found that the brilliancy of Jupiter is between two and three times greater than that of Mars.

Theories keep pace with the discoveries of facts, and, often outstripping them, are seen to rest, as if attaining their end, on supposititious data. Certainly, it is not a mere supposition that Jupiter is relatively brighter than Mars; but our knowledge must be greatly extended before we can well favour the speculation that the former is, to some extent, a luminous body himself. It might be suggested, on the nebular hypothesis, that he still retains some of the native light of nebulous matter, and that his inferior density, compared with that of the earth, serves to show that his great size has prevented his cooling down as yet to the con-



sistency already acquired by smaller planets. However, in this view it would be overlooked that in the case of Jupiter's satellites their dimensions do not favour the notion of any such retention of primitive heat, and still they are less dense than himself.<sup>1</sup> Even our own moon, though smaller, is less dense than the earth; and, generally, it would be difficult to show that the larger a planetary body is the less dense and the more heated it must be according to the nebular hypothesis. Hence it seems scarcely safe to conjecture that the great light of Jupiter is derived from any original nebulosity or still-lingering incandescence. But, apart from any source of this kind, we see an illuminating action exhibited within the influence of our own earth, and which, therefore, may be considered as belonging to herself; and we are reminded that there may be agencies specially adapted to compensate the loss of sunlight beneath the thick clouds of Jupiter when we see the beams and flashes in our northern sky that drive the winter's darkness from the polar ice and snows, and guide the Siberian across the frozen waste among the crystal graves of the mammoths. It cannot, of course, be denied that Jupiter may possess certain sources of light analogous to, but more powerful than that which we designate by the unfortunate name of *Aurora*, and shining, not above the clouds, like our *Aurora*, but below them. At the same time it is not probable that any such illumination, however useful to himself, would serve to make Jupiter more brilliant for *us*, or that it would so freely force a passage *outward* through the vapours that oppose the sun's light in the

opposite direction. If those vapours themselves, or any thing beneath them, possess luminous energies, the views respecting the hypothetical darkness of the equatorial zone would, of course, be more or less erroneous; but at present, after taking everything into consideration, it seems safer to ascribe the extra luminosity of Jupiter simply to an exceptionally powerful reflection of the light of the sun. The spectroscope may, sometime, enlighten us on this subject; and already it has revealed to Mr. Huggins some peculiarities in the condition of this planet.<sup>2</sup>

But Jupiter, though thus brighter than Mars, and even a competitor with Venus in the skies of night, fails wonderfully when compared with the latter in a daylight observation. Venus may be seen with the naked eye even when the sun is high above the horizon. I myself have thus seen her in the noon of a bright summer's day, and without knowing very well where to look for her. On February 6, in the present year, at 4h. 20m., local time, I distinctly, in the same way, saw her narrow crescent as an elongated, and slightly bent object.<sup>3</sup> Jupiter has but little brilliancy in daylight when Humboldt considered it a feat owing to a specially pure atmosphere to see him even with a telescope. Humboldt says—"In the cloudless sky of the tropics, during the driest season of the year, I have frequently been able to find the pale disk of Jupiter with one of Dollond's telescopes of a magnifying power of only 95 when the sun was already from  $15^{\circ}$  to  $18^{\circ}$  above the horizon;" and he adds—"The diminished intensity of the light of Jupiter and

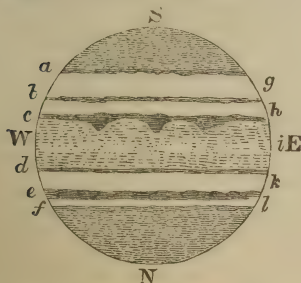
<sup>1</sup> There are discrepancies, however, in the statements of authors regarding the densities of the satellites. According to Humboldt (*Cosmos*) the third is equal in density to Jupiter, and the second even superior. In Lardner's Handbook (see Dunkin's excellent edition) the densities of all the satellites are given as less than that of their primary. This seems the most probable, arguing from the analogy of our own moon: but the question is one of extreme delicacy, from the smallness of the satellites and the difficulties of micrometric measurement.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Huggins, who achieved his eminent reputation by means of an 8-inch telescope, has now commenced observing with a 15-inch object-glass made by Grubb, of Dublin. This instrument has an illuminating power from three to four times greater than the former, and, in the hands of Mr. Huggins we may expect from it the most important revelations yet made in stellar spectrometry.

<sup>3</sup> An observation, however, of great difficulty, and not often to be accomplished in this climate. Webb, in his valuable *Celestial Objects*, tells us that the crescent shape "has been seen with the naked eye in Chili, and with a dark glass in Persia, and a very small telescope will show it."

Saturn when seen by day in the great Berlin refractor, especially when contrasted with the equally reflected light of the inferior planets, Venus and Mercury, frequently excited the astonishment of Dr. Galle."<sup>1</sup> My own experience goes to show that, while Jupiter is, indeed, a very dim object in daylight, he, at the same time, shows his belts with great distinctness, and even to his very edge, where they are generally more or less obscured when night invests him with his full brightness. In daylight, too I have first noticed his indications of a gibbous form as he advanced toward conjunction, while the shadowy twilight fringe along the defalcated limb was very remarkable.

Jupiter<sup>2</sup> has for some time past been exciting the attention of observers by the abnormal appearance of his belts, and particularly their changes from their usual colours. Unfortunately our atmosphere has been persistently bad for telescope work, and for a considerable period has maintained a cloudiness that might remind one of the state of things in Jupiter himself. Nor is this condition at all partial. It seems to extend in a more or less degree over the entire globe; and even in Australia it has hitherto permitted but few satisfactory observations with the great reflector made for that country, by Mr. Grubb of Dublin. However, by close watching, some good hours for observing, have, now and then, been hit off; and, in my own case, a certain amount of diligence has rewarded me with a great number of tolerably favourable observations. Of these I will try to describe the principal results which, I hope, will be understood by the aid of the diagram, where the letters—*a*, *b*, *c*,



*d*, *e*, *f*, show the dark belts, and *g*, *h*, *i*, *k*, *l*, the bright zones. The observations were made with a 4½-inch achromatic by Cooke.

On December 15th, 1869, the belts *c* and *e* were well marked, while on the former were two dark spots extending chiefly downwards from its northern edge, and also in a slight degree upwards from the southern, *a* was but faintly marked, *d* was rather better developed, while *b* was not seen at all on this occasion. Those belts were of a dark chocolate colour. *g*—*h* was of a brilliant white; *i* a fine pink, becoming lighter towards the middle; *k* showed a faint green, and *l* was white, like *g*—*h*. Several white spots and markings were seen along the under edge of *c*, and particularly adjoining the dark spots.

On the 17th, 0h. 10m. Greenwich meantime, there were three spots on *c*, as in the diagram, and extending, like all similar spots subsequently observed, only on the under side of the belt. The belt *b*, not observed last night, was now apparent, and *a* was well defined—even better than *c*.

On the 18th at 10h. the very bad atmospheric definition might partly account for the absence of *b* in this observation, but the faintness of *a* must have been due to some other cause, because on the 17th it was darker than *c*, which was better defined than on this night, as it was on the 15th; *c* appeared to have become forked, the lower branch hanging down towards the east, or it rather seemed as if the entire belt sloped down from west to east, while another belt, running horizontally, was superposed on it. No spots seen.

On the 19th, 11h. 25m.; *a* was well marked; *b*, which was not observed last night, became again visible; *c* slanted down to the east, and no forking. It showed three dark spots and white spaces between them.

On the 20th, 11h. 15m.; nearly the same as on the 18th, with the addition of two black spots; *a* again nearly indiscernible, as on the 15th.

On the 21st, 8h. 45m.; no forking nor spots. All the permanent belts were fainter than in any previous

<sup>1</sup> Cosmos. Bohn's ed. vol. iii. p. 95.

<sup>2</sup> Written previous to the late conjunction.

observation, but  $\delta$  was visible notwithstanding, though it was frequently invisible when the other belts were all developed.

On the 23rd, 9h. 25m., four spots appeared on  $c$ . Four hours later, when the planet had performed not very far from half a rotation, there was but one spot about the middle of  $c$  which had lost the downward slope that it showed earlier in the night;  $\delta$ , which at first extended only a little more than half-way across the disk, was now complete from side to side.

On the 25th, 11h. 35m., Jupiter closely resembled his appearance on the 18th, having completed about seventeen revolutions on his axis.

On the 27th, 9h. 20m., the equatorial space  $i$  seemed to have narrowed.—During the preceding observations, it looked much broader than it is represented in astronomical works— $c$  and  $d$  were well defined;  $\delta$  not seen;  $a$  well defined.

In all these observations,  $e$  was invariably the darkest; and next in darkness, generally,  $c$ .  $a$  was, in most instances, faint, and next in faintness  $d$ , with the exception of  $f$ , which was scarce more than a border to the dark grey region toward the pole.  $\delta$  was very inconstant, sometimes only partly appearing, sometimes altogether invisible, and seeming even to oscillate in position upwards and down-

wards. The broad equatorial zone  $i$  was always pink or rose-coloured, becoming lighter toward the centre, which was almost white; but the only pure white areas on the disk, besides the smaller markings near the black spots, were  $g$  and  $h$ , which were always of great brilliancy, as well as the narrower belt  $l$ ;  $k$  was greenish. The great pink zone  $i$  looked dark in a daylight observation, though I could sometimes detect traces of the red colour even in sunlight.

On March 6th, 1870, three hours before sunset, I first remarked a twilight shadowing on the eastern limb, showing the retreat of the sunlight on that side, consequent on Jupiter's far advance from the opposition. Two days afterwards I saw him at mid-day, and he was visible in the *finder*, which has a magnifying power of about ten. Though his belts were well-marked, he was still by no means a brilliant object, particularly after turning the telescope from the glowing crescent of Venus, or the sparkling points of Capella or Aldebaran. Seeing him at such an hour, and with such small means, in our northern sky, makes me wonder at Humboldt's ascribing the planet's visibility, at a far more favourable time and with a power of 95, to the transparent air of the tropics.

J. BIRMINGHAM.

## THE PHILOSOPHER.

A Nobel.

BOOK I.—PENCILINGS, FAINT AND STRONG.

### CHAPTER I.

"THE FOUR ANGELS."

"It's a mortal fine night, to be sure!"

So saying, the speaker stepped into the street, and gazed wonderingly at the stars. He was a little man, about thirty years of age, spare in figure, yellow-haired, and

gifted with an expression of countenance so preternaturally and inflexibly solemn that his heartiest laugh merely resulted in a slight widening of his mouth. For the rest, suffice it to say that his name was Mr. Joseph Momus, and his



occupation that of an innkeeper, in the good old city of Leighbury.

He stood in front of his house, "The Four Angels," well-known throughout the county by reason of its excellent accommodation. It has, I am sorry to say, now disappeared; but at the time of which I am writing, it was at its palmiest. It was a long building, two stories in height, and with a huge peaked roof, whose eaves came straggling down the walls in such fashion that the house looked for all the world as if it were shrugging its shoulders to prevent itself from being altogether extinguished. A number of quaint little dormer windows and fantastically-twirled chimneys seemed to have been dropped at random over the expanse of its tiles; and at the edge of the roof there ran a broad leaden gutter, supported by a series of fat little heads, each provided with a pair of wings and a trumpet. Such, at least, had originally been the case; but in course of time some of the trumpets had disappeared, leaving their respective owners with only the *tic doloureux* in each cheek. In the centre of the inn, on the side fronting the street, was suspended the sign-board, painted in the most conspicuous style of art, by a travelling limner, acting under the inspiration of Mr. Momus. The design represented a room, in which were seated at a table, very much out of the perpendicular, four pink personages, innocent of clothes, and provided with white featherless wings. Upon these visitors might be seen in attendance a very meek gentleman (Mr. Momus was currently reported to have stood for the likeness), who appeared to be skilfully balancing himself upon one leg, whilst he handed to his customers a tankard of small dimensions, crowned with a frothy mass. The artist, in fact, had treated his subject not from a theological but from a landlord's point of view. He did not forget that one Angel had always been the regular allowance for sign-boards; but then he justly considered that a single visitor dining all by himself would have made but a bald and meagre appearance. To symbolise prosperity the guests must be numerous as well as distinguished; hence

the addition of three to the normal number. By this arrangement, too, the dignity of the artist's patron was enhanced. The barmaid might have waited upon a single guest; but four angels calling for a tankard of ale was clearly an occasion that justified the landlord's personal attendance. The picture was completed by the representation of a large hole in the ceiling of the room, through which appeared a group of heads provided with trumpets, at which they were busily puffing, leading irresistibly to the inference that the pink gentlemen had entered by the ceiling instead of through the door.

A large archway under the centre of the building led to a spacious court-yard, surrounded by stables and coach-houses, these being surmounted by a range of bedrooms, whose doors opened upon a gallery which ran all round the quadrangle. The gallery was supported by a range of pillars rudely carved into the figures of angels with their wings folded; each of them having the most stolid of smiles upon his placid countenance. In other respects the whole architecture of the inn and its adjoining offices was of a singularly plain and massive description. Huge beams of timber frowned grimly from amongst the brickwork of the walls, as if they were resolved to maintain their ground after having once squeezed their way in; ponderous casements of lead with queer little diamond-shaped panes of glass closed in the window-openings, which, on the lowest story, were additionally protected by thick bars of iron; while the doors on each side of the interior of the archway were so thickly studded with huge nails that they seemed like the up-turned soles of some gigantic boots made with an especial eye to durability. Add to this that on the night when my story commences, a ruddy glow was blazing forth from most of the lower windows, save where it was toned down to a deep crimson hue by the closely-drawn curtains, and it will be readily conceded that a traveller might go far and not meet elsewhere with anything like the aspect of substantial comfort and jollity presented just then by "The Four Angels."

"It's a mortal fine night, to be sure!"

Mr. Momus closed the door, thrust his hands into the pockets of his coat, and slowly tilting his head backwards, remained lost in the contemplation of the glittering spectacle above. No cloud obscured his view as he beheld the bright orbs roll through the solemn depths of space; and, apparently led into speculation by the ineffable sublimity of the starry universe, he at length exclaimed:

"I wonder what they really be. I've heard the young doctor say as how they're worlds like this; but I'm not going to believe that, else how do they come to be so bright. No, I've got a notion of my own as fixed itself in my mind one day when they were a-singing in the cathedral. 'Joseph,' says something to me, right deep down, whispering in my heart like, just as the voices and the organ went all soft and gentle—'Joseph,' it says, 'Joseph Momus, when you look up into the sky at night as you like to do, you see the bright eyes of the Cherubim and Seraphim looking down on the world and watching all that's going on. Keep an honest heart, Joseph; be kind to everybody; and let your signboard be always as clean as when it was first put up, and then the Cherubim and Seraphim above will smile on 'The Four Angels' below.' Yes, I've often thought of that since, and I think it's the right explanation of those beautiful bright specks. I sometimes think they hear me talking to 'em as well as see me."

At this moment his speculations were brought to an abrupt finish by a sound which broke upon his ear, and caused him hastily to withdraw his hands from his pockets, and bring his head back to its usual position. It was the furious galloping of a horse, whose iron-shod hoofs rang loudly on the stones with which the streets were in some places paved. At intervals, too, could be heard the shouting of some one in distress, coming nearer and nearer, and apparently proceeding from a person upon horseback. Alarmed at this sudden irruption on the stillness of the night, Mr. Momus, after listening

for a moment, concluded that he had better go within doors for assistance, and was on the point of turning round to do so when there came dashing along the street a horseman, who galloped up to the front of "The Four Angels," and then, suddenly reining in his horse, threw himself from the saddle into the arms of the astonished Joseph.

"Wh—wh—what's the matter?" stammered forth the latter. "Who are y—you?"

"Oh!—good—Lord!—I'm safe," gasped the other, hugging poor Momus with an almost choking tenacity of grip.

The new-comer was a man of about the same height as mine host, but of a complexion so swarthy that it needed not the addition of his curly black hair and thick lips to show that there was some admixture of negro blood in his veins. He was habited in the costume of a postilion, and, consequently, the projecting peak of his cap rapped Mr. Momus's nose pretty sharply as the embrace took place, a circumstance which led to the recognition of the stranger.

"Why, I'm blest if it isn't Pearly Tom," exclaimed Momus, releasing himself with much trouble, and rubbing his nose. "What makes you come here in this ferocious style?"

"Oh, Mr. Momus, I've got horrible news to tell you. They're all murdered in cold blood!"

"Who, man? who?"

"Why, the gentleman and his wife, and Jack, to be sure. 'Twas about a mile on this side of the mill, when out rushes twenty robbers, with murder in their looks, robbery in their hearts, and pistols in their hands. 'Stop,' says one of them. 'Go on,' says the gentleman. 'Will you,' says the robber, and fires both his pistols. 'Whiz!' goes the balls by my head, and down drops Jack. Then the gentleman fires his pistols, draws his sword, and jumps out of the carriage. The horses get frightened, the traces get cut, and I get here."

Pearly Tom recounted all this with a rapidity of utterance that betokened great practice in the art of narration. Indeed, he was reck-

oned the best purveyor of news on the road, and many were the creature comforts and gratuities which he received from landlords and customers for regaling them with a copious supply of all the latest intelligence. In the present case, however, he was so agitated and breathless from his hasty ride that the exertion of speaking quite overpowered him; and as he finished speaking he fell once more into the arms of Mr. Momus.

"Come in!" said that gentleman, quaking with horror at the tale which he had heard. "Come and take a glass of brandy-punch. Here, Bob and Dick, lend a hand this way."

So saying, he half assisted, half dragged Pearly Tom to the door leading to the parlour of the inn; while the two ostlers, roused by his summons, came running from the court-yard to ascertain the cause of the disturbance.

"Just put that horse in the stable," said Mr. Momus, as he pushed the door open and entered the parlour. "What a dreadful thing, to be sure!"

The parlour was a large room with a low ceiling, across which ran several immense beams of oak. The walls, too, were covered with oaken panels, and at one end of the chamber was a vast fireplace, in which some logs of wood were brightly blazing. At a large table in the centre of the room were seated a dozen or so of the city worthies, each provided with tankard and pipe, the charms of which were in course of being thoroughly enjoyed; but at the entrance of Mr. Momus, and at the sound of his exclamation, all eyes were eagerly turned in his direction, and a choral "Eh!" of interrogation and amazement went the round of the company.

Immediately that he had placed Pearly Tom in a chair, Mr. Momus gave his guests an account of what had happened, which had the effect of eliciting many expressions of terror and surprise from his audience. One fat old gentleman, who was obliged on the morrow to travel past the fatal mill, grew very pale, and immediately began, with much perturbation, to discuss the prac-

ticability of proceeding to his destination by some other route. Another, who had the reputation of being a miser, when he heard that the robbers mustered twenty in number, wondered whether the commandant of the garrison would detail a guard for the protection of the citizen's houses. A third, a saddler of some note in the city, imagined that the harness would be all cut to pieces; while a fourth, an undertaker, was of opinion that the bodies of the slain must be buried within the city. In short, each one looked at the matter in the light of his own probable connexion with it, and suffered his fear to be increased or diminished as he expected to lose or gain by the event. Mr. Momus alone appeared to regard the traveller's death as an occurrence which was shocking in itself.

Whilst they were thus discussing the matter, a glass of brandy-punch was being prepared for Pearly Tom. This having at length been brought, that individual recovered so far from his exhaustion as to raise the glass to his lips, and was about to perform his customary feat of emptying it at a draught, when those who were sympathetically watching him observed him suddenly pause, whilst a startled expression of horror overspread his countenance.

A moment's consideration served to show that Pearly Tom was attentively listening to something which much frightened him; and as he was well known to be preternaturally quick of hearing, the spectators waited with much anxiety until they too could be able to perceive the strange sound. At length his lips slowly whispered forth the words, "They're coming;" and at the same instant there broke upon the ears of all in the room the distant tramping of horses and rumbling of wheels. This was quite sufficient to produce a sudden revulsion of feeling. The majority, as with one accord, rushed to the door, and, recoiling shudderingly from the street already echoing with the coming equipage, took refuge in the court-yard, which offered many convenient nooks for the ensconcing of bodies. The only persons, in-



deed, who remained in the room were the fat gentleman comfortably stowed away under the table, Pearly Tom, sitting quite still, and Mr. Momus, who gazed with a fascinated look at the postilion's countenance.

Scarcely had the refugees committed themselves to the shadowy protection of the wooden angels, who now seemed to be smiling in quite a knowing manner, when a post-chaise came thundering up to the door of "The Four Angels," and a commanding voice was heard to exclaim—

"Ho, there! Bring lights and assistance."

As if he had been shot through the heart, Pearly Tom bounded from his chair, and seizing Momus by the wrist, cried out in faltering accents—

"It's the gentleman that was murdered."

I may here explain that Pearly Tom was of an extremely animated and impulsive character. Where any other person would merely smile or frown, he would shake with laughter or foam with rage. Sorrow, joy, courage, fear, all were exhibited in him in their most marked phases; and whatever passion might prevail for the moment, he was entirely possessed by it, body and soul. Mr. Momus, on the other hand, was never much agitated. His mind was constituted in much the same manner as his face: he might be strongly impressed with some emotion, but for the life of him he could not yield himself up to it; and although his passions were far from being weak, he was unable ever to act upon impulse. He had, however, at any rate, one firmly-rooted feeling; and that was an excessive admiration for Pearly Tom, at whose beaming features and vivacious expression he would gaze in wonderment for minutes together, being no doubt unable to comprehend the possibility of so expressive a countenance. This feeling of admiration or attachment was reciprocated by its object, who had always entertained a high opinion of Momus's profound wisdom as evidenced in the gravity of his countenance.

Thus much premised, it will be no matter of astonishment to learn

that the breast of Momus was just then a prey to slowly-increasing, though but half-comprehended fear, mingled with no small share of anxiety for Pearly Tom. Before, however, he could suggest to the latter that a visit from a murdered man must be a most portentous occurrence, the door on the opposite side of the archway was heard to open, and a female voice cried out—

"Joseph, Joseph! Why, bless my soul!—In one moment, sir—Whatever's the boy doing?"

Uttering these words in a pleasant, bustling tone, the speaker pushed open the parlour door, and revealed to Mr. Momus the portly person and good-humoured countenance of his mother. She had been a coquette in her younger days, and even now did not choose to diminish her charms by assuming the weeds of a widow. Nor, in good sooth, had she any cause for wishing to keep her memory green as regarded her departed husband; for he had done his best, or rather worst, to ruin her by hard drinking and gaming, and had at length made his exit from the stage of life during a paroxysm of madness, in which he fancied himself a dove, and, attempting to fly from one of the windows in the roof, managed to break his neck, much to his friends' inexpressible comfort and monumental affliction.

"Why, where have you all gone to?" exclaimed Mrs. Momus, as she discovered the deserted aspect of the parlour. "Never mind; I'll hear all about it afterwards. Just follow me with that candle, Joseph, and don't stand—Why, bless my soul, it's never Pearly Tom!—Well, well!—Coming, sir! You bring a candle, too, Tom."

And off she hastened to the post-chaise, followed by Tom and Momus, the former of whom seemed to recover his spirits at the sound of her cheery voice, while the latter evidently thought he could not do wrong in obeying her instructions, whatever they might be.

On reaching the street they saw, standing before the entrance of "The Four Angels," a post-chaise, which bore traces of rough usage, having its windows broken and

its wheels and panels thickly besplashed with mud. There appeared but three horses attached to it, all of them breathing heavily, and being spotted with foam as if they had been urged to their utmost speed. On the foremost was seated a postilion with an expression of helpless bewilderment upon his countenance, while the muddy and disordered state of his dress indicated that he had recently been subjected to some turbulent treatment. The occupants of the vehicle, as far as could be ascertained by the flickering light of the candles, were but two—a lady, who was reclining backwards, and a gentleman of haughty and commanding aspect. The latter, immediately that he perceived the lights approaching, opened the door of the chaise, and leaping to the ground, said to Mrs. Momus—

“Madam, you will be so good as to prepare instantly the best bedroom that you have. See also that a fire is lighted, and every comfort made ready for this lady, who is, I am afraid, seriously ill.”

His voice slightly trembled as he pronounced these last words, and turning to the chaise, he proceeded to arouse his fellow-traveller.

“No time shall be lost, sir,” replied Mrs. Momus. “I will go and give the orders myself this very moment. But how shall we move the poor dear lady to her room?”

“I will bring her in,” said the gentleman.

Mrs. Momus immediately bustled off to make the necessary preparations, whilst her son, who had by this time recovered his equanimity, busied himself, together with Pearly Tom, in calling the ostlers, attending

to the postilion, taking the horses out, and generally attempting to put things in a better trim. It was some time, however, before they could bring the postilion, who proved to be the Jack mentioned by Pearly Tom, to a thorough appreciation of his safety. At length, after he had been supplied with some brandy, he recovered the use of his speech and informed his eager questioners that the traveller had shot one of the highwaymen and run another through the body, upon which the remaining two—[Oh, Tom!—had decamped. He (Jack) had then been raised from the ground by the gentleman, and finding himself quite whole, with the exception of a trifling flesh wound in his right arm, he had managed to drive the chaise as far as the inn.

During this time the oaken angels had resigned their charges to the starlight, every person having left his place of concealment and gathered round the gaped-upon Jack, always excepting the fat gentleman, who was discovered, an hour afterwards, still ensconced beneath the table, and expecting every moment to be made the principal actor in some scene of rapine and butchery. No one, however, had ventured to accost the stranger, who, wrapped in a large horseman’s cloak, remained standing by the door of the chaise, and occasionally speaking softly to the lady inside.

Presently Mrs. Momus re-appeared with the intelligence that the bedroom was quite ready; upon which the gentleman assisted the lady from the chaise, and then, tenderly lifting her in his arms, proceeded to enter the door of “The Four Angels.”

## CHAPTER II.

### AN IMPRISONMENT AND A RELEASE.

THE fire was light enough of heart. Instinct with living motion, its tongues of flame danced merrily as they glided in and out amongst the logs of wood; and playing at bo-peep with the stars above, they uttered many a blithe roar up the spacious chimney. Snapping and cracking heartily at every pore, the

wood joined in the fun, and contributed many a bright volley of sparks to the brilliant display. Nor was the illumination confined to the chimney-corner alone, for the pleasant glow of the flames extended to every part of the room. It tinged with a deeper red the curtains, which drooped heavily around the massive

bedstead; it was reflected in many a bright flash from the polished surface of the curiously-carved chairs; it imparted a warm hue to the purple tracery of the carpet on the floor; it lit up the centre of each panel in the wood-work, with which the walls were covered; it played upon the dark and grim-looking portrait, until a smile seemed to beam fitfully from the old warrior's features; and, in fine, it exerted its powers of comfort and geniality to the utmost.

Vain, however, were all its efforts. Upon the face of the doctor, of Mrs. Momus, and of the two chambermaids, an expression of pitying sorrow was visible, as they gazed on the bed in which was lying the object of their attentions. A sweet pale face, most delicately moulded, with its dark hair falling back in waving tresses from the forehead, was all that could be seen; and from the closed eyes, and faint, inaudible breathing, it seemed as though the gentle sufferer was either asleep, or in a state of intense exhaustion. On one side of the bed stood the doctor, with his finger pressed upon the wrist of the beautifully white arm which lay upon the counterpane; while on the other appeared the gentleman who had arrived in the post-chaise, gazing with an air of anxious suspense upon the pale countenance of his fellow-traveller.

Say, was that merely the flickering of the firelight? No, it is a movement of the eyelids, which are gently raised, and disclose two beauteous orbs, so full of tender love and ineffable pity, as their gaze is directed towards him who is watching by the bedside, that the tears of all who see them commence to flow.

"She is again conscious," said the doctor, in a whisper to Mrs. Momus. "Show her the child, and give me that cordial."

In accordance with the doctor's request, Mrs. Momus brought forward the newly-born infant, which lay nestling in her arms; and holding it near its mother's face, she said—

"There, deary! look at the sweet little cherub which has come to bless you! You will try to exert all your strength and get well, for his sake—won't you, deary?"

A gentle smile beamed in the lady's face as she heard these words, and her lips softly moved, as though she wished to speak; but no sound came from them. Mrs. Momus, however, with the loving instinct of a woman's heart, comprehended what she wished, and held the babe close to its mother's lips. With an evident effort the lady kissed her unconscious infant, and then her eyes again slowly closed.

The stranger instantly darted a look at the doctor's face, and reading there an expression of ill-boding sympathy, exclaimed—

"There is still hope, is there not?"

"There is while life remains," replied the other, endeavouring to introduce a few drops of the cordial into the lady's mouth; "but I should be wanting in my duty if I were to disguise from you the fact that extreme danger exists."

\* \* \* \*

The first brilliancy of the fire was over. The flames no longer played incessantly amongst the logs, but flickered forth at lengthening intervals. The rich, steady glow no longer brightened every object in the room with its deep red rays, but flitting shadows came and went at each succeeding moment. Well didst thou, O faltering light, echo, as it were, the flickering of that life which was about to be extinguished for ever!

"Alas!" said the doctor, as he raised his head from the gentle form, "all her joys and sufferings are now over;" and turning round he sought to conceal the emotion which affected him.

"I cannot—will not believe it," cried the gentleman, throwing himself on the bed, and clasping the dying mother in his arms. "Kate, my love, speak to me! open those sweet eyes once more, and bless me ere you die. Oh, do not quit me for ever, without giving me one last look! See how I pour out my very soul in these kisses! Wilt thou not give me, darling, *one* in exchange for them?"

He here suddenly paused, as, with a quick start, the lady opened her eyes. Before, however, he could call for assistance, she clasped



her arms about his neck, and exclaimed, "Richard—God bless thee—for thy love!" and imprinting on his cheek a fond, sweet kiss, fell back upon her pillow cold and still.

\* \* \* \*

The remaining embers of the fire were smouldering in the chimney-corner as the sun's first rays glanced through the window upon the desolate scene within.

The room was unoccupied save by two forms, one of which was kneeling, with his head bowed down upon the bed where lay the other, so calm and holy in her marble beauty. From her face all traces of suffering had fled, and naught was left but an expression

of angelic purity and sweetness, as though she were still bestowing that kiss of love upon her heart-broken husband. Far different was it with him. His hands tightly clenched, his dishevelled hair, his teeth firmly set, his haggard cheeks and wildly-staring eyes, all proclaimed the extremity of his anguish. No one had ventured to address a word to him, and he had been left to watch the livelong night beside the corpse.

\* \* \* \*

Here I draw the veil. Let me not enlarge upon this scene of grief and sorrow. That stranger, of whom I have spoken, was my father.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE DAWN OF MEMORY.

STRANGE feelings assail my soul as I commence this chapter. An unwonted effusion of tender melancholy wells up from the deepest recesses of my heart, and pervades my whole being. I think of old scenes, old faces, and old times; and, as I think, their picturesque beauties, their honest lineaments, their many incidents, break forth from the misty veil of forgetfulness, and reveal themselves in all the glowing colours and moving realities of those days when they first became impressed upon my mind.

"Memory, bosom-spring of joy," as the creator of that wonderful "Ancient Mariner" called thee,—what pen can describe thy powers, what intellect can fathom thy secrets! Shall we hold, with the profound Avicenna, that thou art an irradiation of divine light? Such it should be, if, with noble Kit North, so passing eloquent, we are to believe that "memory so beautifies and sanctifies all we loved in youth with her own mournful light, that it is not in our power—we have not the heart—to compare them with the kindred realities encircling our age; but for their own dear, sweet, sad sakes alone—and for the sake of the grass on their graves—we hold them religiously aloof from the affections, and the objects of our affections, of a later

day—in our intercommunion with them it is that we most devoutly believe in heaven." Yes, there is something inexpressibly sweet and mournful in the memories of our pristine youth and strength. We cherish the remembrance of those fleeting hours whose enjoyment can never more be reproduced; and we feel that, whatever the inscrutable future may bring forth, there will always be a holiness and a beauty about the treasures of the past which must enshrine them in the most hallowed depths of our affections.

The æsthetics of memory—what a theme! Would that I could do justice to its varied aspects of the most intense and subtle beauty! Angels might discourse upon it, and yet be far from revealing all the phases of loveliness and sublimity which it presents. Its power of investing the most commonplace objects and incidents with the faculty of exciting our profoundest admiration; its silent but irresistible appealings to all the better and more godlike portions of our nature; its indications of the mystery which enshrouds our existence; its suggestion of some attribute within us by whose aid, perchance, we may unlock the secrets of Eternity, both bygone and to come; its very degrees of exacti-

tude and obscurity ; all, all combine alike in gratifying that love of beauty for itself alone which inheres so strongly in our souls !

How vividly I remember the scenes, and even the thoughts, of my early childhood ! As I write, that pleasant old house rises up before me, with its red, sober-looking walls and gabled roof, all seeming as though the lapse of time had in nowise affected them. It was a charming retreat from the world's turmoil, and seemed to breathe an air of quiet happiness over all who stepped across its threshold. Rooms of every shape and size were to be found within its walls, from the tiny little *sanctum sanctorum*, where hung the picture, and whence opened the casement which my father loved so well, up to the spacious dining-hall, whose bare expanse of wainscoating and lofty ceiling filled me with awe as they echoed and re-echoed to my childish footfall. Passages of prodigious length and uncomfortable stillness ran through the house in every direction, with many ups and downs, and twists and turns, so that the impression produced upon one's mind whilst traversing them was a vague sense of expectation that they must at length lead to something very mysterious. Of staircases, too, there was an abundance ; all being stowed away in the most remote corners possible, with the exception of the main flight of stairs, which led from the grand entrance-hall to an extensive corridor on the first floor communicating with the best suite of bed-chambers. The house had originally been built for one of the *grande*s of the reign of Elizabeth, and had since fallen into the hands of a Puritan during the Commonwealth, and of a court-favourite in the time of Charles II. From that period it had remained without a tenant until the latter part of the reign of Queen Anne, when a Quaker gentleman purchased it, and resided within its walls until his death, leaving directions in his will for its immediate sale. This led to its possession by a dignitary of the Church much given to banqueting, who was succeeded in turn by a retired captain in the navy, a minister of state, a thief-

taker, a poet, a methodist preacher, and a French actor, who, having amassed a fortune by some lucky speculations, came to England, where he was equally successful in getting rid of it, a circumstance which induced him to hang himself. This unfortunate occurrence having happened in a chamber of the house which I am describing, created a number of rumours concerning the appearance of ghostly visitants ; and, accordingly, it was soon apparent to the owner that the value of his property was steadily diminishing. He therefore looked about him for a purchaser, and found one in the person of my father, who had realised a large fortune in trade, and was desirous of quietly settling down. The house being much to my father's liking, and he having no superstitious fears, the bargain was readily concluded, and he became the owner of Rumbleton Hall a few years before I was born.

These repeated changes of ownership and occupancy had led to strange alterations in both the external and internal equipment—if I may so term it—of the house. What one tenant had removed, another had restored : what one proprietor had erected, his successor had demolished : so that, at the time of which I am speaking, it was a difficult matter to ascertain what had been the original plan, either as regards structure or decoration. A little of each transformer's handiwork still remained, sufficient to destroy the unity of any other alterations, but not enough to show the principles upon which its own design had been based ; and, therefore, to discover any appearance of reason or necessity in the present state of things was out of the question. Some of the windows were square, some semicircular, some round ; while no two were glazed in a similar manner. Flat walls, void of cornices or of any break in their monotonous surface, alternated with quaint little towers, all windows and crenelation. The very portico was upheld by columns of different orders, and had an air of shrinking into the wall as though it were ashamed of its weakness in endeavouring to please all parties. The roof, too, accommodated itself most pertinaciously to every cou-

civable variety of elevation and outline, so that to the eyes of any intelligent rook overhead, with an aptitude for Euclid, its ridges must have presented the appearance of some strangely bewildering and intricate geometrical diagram; while as for the chimneys, they could not but have been more puzzling still, seeing that they were planted at the extremities of the gables, in the gutters between the different portions of the roof, and, as a general rule, in every place where they would be least looked for.

The interior of the house was no less remarkable. I have already mentioned the general appearance and position of the chambers and their means of intercommunication as exhibiting no particle of uniformity; and I may add, that the fittings and furniture were similarly characterised. Ponderous cabinets of oak stood cheek by jowl with charming little *escritoirs* of delicate workmanship: huge mahogany tables hustled their miniature companions of buhl and *marqueterie* into corners; plain leather-covered chairs mingled, on terms of equality, with more fashionable neighbours all gilt and velvet; tapestry and stamped-leather hangings in one room were followed by plain oaken panelling in the next; carpets alternated with parquettéd floors; frescoed ceilings were succeeded by huge beams and plaster; doors and hanging curtains were used at random; and, in fine, eccentricity appeared to have become master of the situation.

The house was surrounded by extensive grounds, laid out in a complete patchwork of styles. In front, an avenue of stately elms led from the portico to the entrance-gates; and on each side of this avenue was a trim lawn, ornamented with *parterres* and fountains. On the right of the house were the stables and out-offices: on the left a thick shrubbery. At the back was a raised terrace, from which a flight of steps led down to a lawn fringed round with box-trees, tortured into a great variety of shapes; a hen, a cocked hat and a pear being the most conspicuous. Beyond this fanciful edging came on either side a gravelled path and a

series of flower-beds; terminating in lofty walls well stocked with fruit-trees; while at the bottom of the lawn was a perfect maze of groves, *parterres*, grottoes and summer-houses, bounded at length by a small brook which divided the pleasure-grounds from the pasture-land beyond.

Such was the home of my infancy, as I remember it; but in spite of its astonishing diversity of style it was a most cheerful and pleasant abode. How I loved to wander at will amongst its deserted chambers and silent passages, speculating, in my childish manner, upon their appearance and uses in days gone by! My imagination was always strongly developed, and my love of the marvellous not less so. Numerous, accordingly, were the fancies which crowded on my brain, as I roamed musingly and alone through every nook of the old house. I had, by dint of questioning my father, acquired a knowledge of the principal changes which had occurred in the ownership of the building, and was therefore enabled to dream with some basis of reality for my visions. I imagined Queen Elizabeth, such as I had seen her represented in pictures, visiting her courtier, and wondered whether she removed her gigantic frills before sitting down to dinner. I peopled the old place with the cavalier's guests, and fancied when the moon shone softly on the lawn, that I still heard the tinkling of lutes, the rustling of dresses, and the low whisperings of love amongst the mazy groves. I visited the top-most story of the house, and entering that room where still remained some telescopes, charts, *astrolabes*, retorts, crucibles, and other philosophical instruments, I gazed from its balconied windows at the open expanse of heaven, so brightly decked with myriads of stars, and thought that he who had in former times endeavoured to penetrate the celestial arcana, was now, perhaps, wandering amongst those bright objects in full possession of that knowledge which he had striven so long to acquire by midnight vigils and study. I sought the poet's chamber, as we called it, and viewed the fading colours of its frescoes



with regret, imagining that they were lamenting the absence of him whom they had so often inspired. But the room which most fascinated me, and which yet was in no small measure of horrible aspect, was the unhappy actor's bed-room. Everything had been left—in accordance, I believe, with the teachings of some superstitious proverb—in exactly the same state as upon the morning when the suicide was discovered. The partially disordered bedclothes, the disarranged furniture, the open wardrobe, all had a most desolate and gloomy appearance. The situation too, of the room, at the end of a long corridor near a corner of the house, where the wind was continually moaning and howling, added not a little to its aspect of awe; but what to my mind seemed the most grisly feature of the case was the peculiar shape of two chairs which stood one on each side of the bed. Their arms were strangely crooked, and seemed as if placed akimbo, while an attempt at carving some flowers on their backs had resulted in the presentment of two scowling eyes and a mouth of portentous dimensions. Night after night have I crept to the door of the room and glanced tremblingly in, expecting to see these chairs at some weird and diabolical piece of work; but no, they still remained grimly watching at the sides of the bed with their shoulders shrugged up, their arms thrust forward, and their ugly features more ruffianly-looking than ever. This afforded me an immense fund of contemplation. When the night was boisterous and stormy, I used to lie awake, listening eagerly to the moaning and howling of the wind as it rushed in fitful blasts round every corner of the house and through the branches of the neighbouring trees; and I often fancied, when a more piercing shriek than usual would break upon my ear, that it was the agonising cry of the poor actor as he struggled in the murderous grasp of those felon chairs. Indeed, I sometimes doubted whether there had been any suicide at all, and whether the unfortunate man had not been strangled in his sleep by those horrid arms which so haunted my fancy.

Our establishment was not very large, consisting merely of a nurse, a cook, two housemaids, a groom, and a gardener; but what they wanted in number was amply made up for by eccentricity; the reputation which the house had obtained of being haunted having caused all ordinary domestics to shun the place. My nurse, Betty Pritter by name, was a tall, thin, middle-aged woman, of a melancholy cast of countenance, and much given to meditation. The cook, on the contrary, was somewhat plump and well-favoured, much addicted to laughter, and ready with her tongue. She was frightened at nothing, and extremely good-natured; so much so, indeed, that in the neighbouring village any occurrence of a more than usually annoying character, was proverbially described as being "enough to vex Nancy Gliston." Her only failing that I ever could discover was an intense yearning for information as to what passed around her; this taking the form, not of inquisitiveness, but of a readiness to speculate upon current events. The two housemaids were twin-sisters, pleasant enough when together, but excessively shrewish and vixenish when separated from each other. They were orphans, and had been brought up by some charitable villagers, gaining thereby an impression that their rights to consideration were by no means trifling. The groom and coachman, Ned Horner, was a philosopher in everyone's affairs but his own. His advice was most excellent, and the quiet frame of mind which he enjoyed, very desirable; but somehow or other, no sooner did anything occur to disturb his equanimity, than he blazed up in a very wholesale manner. Fortunately he was small, and his anger found vent in words rather than in deeds; or poor Ned might oftentimes have succeeded in raising a hornet's nest of doleful predicaments about his ears. The gardener, last and greatest, seeing that he stood six feet three inches and a half, had a happy knack of invariably mistaking the commands which were laid upon him. He never had been known to do anything correctly at the first attempt, and occasionally he fell

into some ludicrous misconceptions. Thus, being instructed one day to clean a pair of pistol barrels with oil, he was discovered an hour afterwards by my father busily endeavouring to fit them with wicks, so that they might be used as lamps. Yet, notwithstanding all this, John Milrow—for such was his name—had much ready wit and promptitude in cases of emergency, and being as brave as a lion, he was known and respected for miles round.

My father has not yet been described. He was a tall man, of commanding presence, with a form which betokened much strength and activity, and with a countenance of grave aspect. He was about fifty years of age when I was born, and the black locks which clustered round his broad forehead were streaked here and there with the blanching hand of Time. His features were sufficiently handsome to attract much admiration from the fairer portion of his friends; but they exhibited an air of settled melancholy, which augured ill for any hopes of creating a more than friendly impression upon him. His character corresponded with his appearance: he was most punctilious upon questions of honour, firm and inflexible in his determinations, possessed of great learning, and much given to solitary thinking. He had married my mother under circumstances of some romance, having been saved by her presence of mind from being shot in a street broil; and he was never able to forget his grief at her death. In-

deed, one of my earliest reminiscences is the recollection of my strolling one day about the house, and coming to the little room of which I have spoken, where, through the partially-opened doorway, I descried my father, sitting down and gazing at the picture with such an expression of quiet sadness on his countenance, that, young as I was, I felt my heart gush with an overflow of sorrow; so much so, that I sat down in the corridor outside and sobbed bitterly. Roused by the noise, my father came out to inquire the cause; but I could only say that I felt unhappy because he had looked so, and there the matter ended, for he gave me no explanation of his reverie. Upon my asking Betty, however, she told me that the picture at which my father had been gazing was the portrait of my mother; and ever after that I, too, used often to look wistfully at those sweet and gentle lineaments which beamed from the canvas in such radiant loveliness. This silent and beautiful spectacle sank deeply into my soul, and tended more than ever to heighten my early love of beauty.

Alas, how garrulous we old men become! No sooner does our memory awake than such a crowd of ideas present themselves before us, that we are tempted to mention them all, lest perchance some one of importance should be omitted. Of importance, that is to say, as regards ourselves; whether it be equally interesting to our hearers is another matter.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### OUR VILLAGE.

It was certainly picturesque. It consisted but of one long, straggling, double row of houses, divided by a broad road and a brook, over which stretched numerous rustic bridges. Most of the houses were substantial structures, built of red brick, with tiled roofs and projecting windows of a semi-gothic appearance; the remainder were of wooden framework, filled in with brick and plaster, and covered with

thatch. The church was the principal object in the village, and well I remember with what awe I used to gaze upon its massive tower whenever I passed it after dusk! It always seemed to me that the ivy, with which the crumbling stone was so thickly covered, had grown round the grim tower for the purpose of keeping it warm, and that it was this instance of social feeling alone which induced the

hoary monster to chime forth the requiem of the hours as they expired. I once was taken by my nurse to see the belfry, and I never shall forget the anxiety and astonishment which surged through my mind as I beheld those black and ponderous masses, hanging there so silent and immovable, suddenly, without any apparent cause, rush into life and activity, uttering such a strange and tempestuous clangour, that I was fain to close my ears and fall prostrate on the floor. After that it was a favourite subject of contemplation with me to picture in my mind the belfry at night-time, dark and cold, with the wind howling furiously around it, taunting and buffeting the bells within, until, roused into short-lived fury, they would roar out their notes of defiance, and then be still.

Next to the church in point of importance came the "Lion and Lamb," a comfortable country inn, where good beds, good stabling,

good ale, good oats—in fact, good entertainment for man and beast—might be had. It was situated at the centre of the village, and enjoyed much custom, being on the high road to London. The stage-coaches changed horses there, an inspiring sight for my young eyes. The approaching salute of the guard's horn, the dashing gallop to the door of the inn, the hasty rush of the ostlers, the mysterious celerity with which the horses were led from the coach and their places supplied by others, the rapid buckling of the reins, the crack of the whip, the hurrah of the bystanders, the distant echoing of the horn, were all objects of the greatest interest to me. In fact, my earliest ambition was to be the driver of a stage-coach, accompanied, however, by one condition, viz., that I might be allowed to blow the horn, instead of that enviable duty being performed by the guard.

But to my story.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.

I WAS six years of age.

It was a beautiful afternoon in the early part of June. The sun shone brightly from the cloudless expanse overhead, making the shadow of the huge elms which bordered the lane both welcome and agreeable. The low hedges on either side breathed forth a sweet fragrance, as the gentle breeze danced lightly over the wild roses and honeysuckles which adorned them; while the banks underneath were plentifully besprinkled with a bright array of cowslips and primroses in addition to the modest violets, which here and there slyly peeped forth to woo the passing zephyrs with the balmiest of whispers. Gay, many-hued butterflies, hastened on unsteady wing from flower to flower; a flood of warbling melody pealed forth from every tree; the sedate oxen in the neighbouring field seemed to ruminate with more than ordinary zest; and on all sides naught but the spectacle of Nature in her happiest mood was to be seen. Ah! how

gaily passed the hours for Elsie and me! We ran hither and thither, ornamenting each other with the choicest specimens of our skill in the shape of floral crowns and wreaths, and then hurrying to submit them for the approval of Betty Pritter, who sat under a tree, the very impersonation of stolidity. We chased the butterflies, and peeped with longing eyes into the hedges, hoping that we might, perchance, discover the mossy home of some warbler. At times, too, we sat quietly down upon the shady bank, and with loving arms around each other's waists, we soberly discussed the wonders we would work if I were only some distressed prince and Elsie some fairy queen. Indeed, she was well fitted to suggest such thoughts, for a more charming and ethereal little maiden never lived. She had bright golden hair, the bluest of eyes, and a complexion so delicately fair, and yet so exquisitely tinged with the bloom of health, that I often wondered whether some invisible enchanter



had mingled nectar with her bread-and-milk. Well might her father, honest little Martin Dawes, the village barber, gaze upon her with a proud, yet half-astonished look, as if he could hardly understand the fact of his relationship to so fragile and beautiful a creature!

At length, in building one of our aerial castles, we met with a formidable impediment. I, like a chivalrous and hot-blooded young prince as I was, had, when in pursuit of a wicked old magician, who had succeeded in purloining the fairy-queen's wand, been diverted from my path by the piercing screams of a lady in the neighbouring wood; but in rushing through the copses and brakes as fast as my steed could go, I had unfortunately lost my way, and as the screams had ceased, and darkness was fast falling, I stood a fair chance of having to sleep out all night, a proceeding which would probably bring on a severe attack of rheumatism,—if, indeed, an adventurous prince could be subjected to so very unheroic a complaint. Here, then, was a magnificent opportunity for the exercise of my fairy-queen's powers; but, as mentioned above, she found herself minus her wand, and, accordingly, was unable to help me. This knotty point was too much for us both, and we therefore decided upon referring it to Betty, though not without some doubts as to the reception we should meet with from that prosaically-minded spinster.

Hand-in-hand we rose from our flowery seat, and wended our way down the lane to where we had left Betty. We were gravely prattling over the difficulties which beset me, and were hurrying our steps in order to have the question decided as quickly as possible, when suddenly we heard a loud voice in the neighbouring field exclaiming—

"I'll show you the way over, Tom."

We were both much startled by this unexpected interruption, and I stood still for a moment, losing my hold of Elsie's hand. She, on the contrary, rushed forward, crying, "Come to Betty, Dick!" but scarcely had she done so when I heard the quick trampling of hoofs on the grass, and, ere I could utter a word,

a gentleman on horseback came with a mighty rush over the hedge, and leaped into the lane. Instinctively I sprang back, bewildered and confused, having for the moment only a vague sense of some huge mass descending with a hideous crash before me. The first object which met my eyes, upon regaining full consciousness, was the body of Elsie lying prone and still upon the ground, with some drops of blood slowly trickling over her fair tresses. Close by stood the horse which had done the mischief, with a young man in the saddle, gazing irresolutely down, and looking very pale. I saw all this in a glance; but before either I or the stranger could make any movement, another horseman leaped into the lane a little lower down, and seeing what had taken place, called out—

"Oho! That's what you call showing me the way over, is it? It strikes me that you had better let *me* show the way now; and if so, the sooner we're off the more agreeable it'll be for some parties."

He who was thus addressed turned his head and replied—"But I can't leave the poor child like this, Tom."

"Why, what does it matter?" said the other. "We can tell the first people we meet to go and help the child. You had far better give the boy a guinea, and come with me. Golden ointment is the most efficacious cure in these cases, depend upon it."

So saying, he began to ride gently down the lane. His companion hesitated for a moment, but at length muttering to himself the words, "Well, I couldn't help it," he put his hand in his pocket, and drawing forth a guinea, he pitched it to me, saying, "There boy, that'll make it all right." He then turned his horse round, and was moving off, when I, who had all this time remained in an ecstasy of stupefied grief and alarm, rushed after him, exclaiming—

"Oh, you wicked, cruel man! Come back and help poor Elsie; you've killed her!"

For a moment it seemed as if he would pay no attention to what I said; but as I repeated my reproachful appeal for assistance in a louder

tone, he stopped, and, wheeling round, hurried back to the place where Elsie was lying. He immediately leaped from his horse, and resting upon one knee, raised the child so as to support her with the other, saying—

“The devil take me if I run away in that style. Cheer up, my boy! I hope you’re but a false prophet. Let’s see what harm’s done.”

He then proceeded to examine the wound on Elsie’s head, and after looking at it for a moment, he exclaimed—

“H’m! Better lose no time! Where does she live?”

“Down in the village, sir,” I replied. “Oh! what will her father say!”

“Who is her father?”

“Martin Dawes, the barber.”

“Eh! The very thing. Where’s his house?”

“Close by the ‘Lion and Lamb?’”

At this he quickly rose, mounted his horse, and placing Elsie carefully before him on the saddle, rode rapidly away in the direction of the village, and was soon out of view.

Hurriedly I rushed to where Betty was sitting, and gave her a brief account of what had taken place, whereat she was as much frightened as myself. She immediately rose, and saying “Follow me, child,” hastened down the lane as quickly as her legs would carry her, while I brought up the rear in the gamest, though minutest of styles.

Half-frantic with excitement and breathlessness, I at length reached the little barber’s shop, and forcing my way through the crowd which had assembled round the door, I entered. There I beheld a sight which moved me to tears. Reclining in a chair, and supported by the gentleman who had injured her, lay poor little Elsie, her face all pale and bloodless, her sweet eyes closed, and her hair streaming down in disordered clusters. Her little arm, too, was bared, and a tiny stream of blood was running from one of those blue veins which might be traced beneath the alabaster of its surface. At her side stood Martin Dawes, supporting her arm and watching her face with an expression of the acutest anguish and fear; while grouped around

were a few favoured spectators who had gained admittance into the shop on the score of assistance being needed, good-customership, old acquaintance, and various other pleas.

“She isn’t dead, is she?” sobbed I, as this scene presented itself to my view.

Whether it were that the sound of my familiar voice had a revivifying influence, or whether the bleeding had begun to relieve the brain, I cannot say; but hardly had I spoken when I received an answer in a very unexpected manner; no otherwise, in fact, than by Elsie slowly raising her eyelids and gazing around.

“Now, Heaven be praised!” exclaimed Martin Dawes; “Elsie, my child, look at me, and tell me you’ll get well.”

“I am better now, father,” said the little sufferer; “but where’s Dick? Is he hurt too?”

“Oh, no, Elsie dear!” I cried, rushing forward to her side, and gently kissing her cheek. “Here I am, close beside you. Has the wicked man hurt you very badly?”

Before she could answer me, there was a sudden commotion at the door, and a cry of “Here’s the doctor.” Immediately afterwards that personage made his appearance, and walking up to Elsie, said—

“What has been the nature of the accident?”

“She was knocked down by my horse, as I was leaping over a hedge,” replied the gentleman who was standing behind the little maiden’s chair.

Without losing a moment the doctor proceeded to ascertain if any bones were broken; and announcing by a gratified “H’m!” that such was not the case, he felt Elsie’s pulse and told Martin Dawes to bind up her arm. He then examined the wound on her head, and finally, turning round in his own peculiarly pompous manner, said—

“I am pleased to find that no material injury has been suffered. All that is now needed is rest and freedom from excitement.” Then, turning to Martin Dawes, “You had better see that the child is put to bed: a few days will set her to rights;” and, pulling out his snuff-box, with a dignified wheel in the

stranger's direction—"A pinch of snuff, sir?—Narrow escape—might have been very awkward."

I saw Elsie carried safely within, and then made my exit in order to find Betty, whom I had contrived to miss. On quitting the shop I saw the two gentlemen on horseback apparently asking some questions of a man who was standing near; and as I approached, I heard the elder of the two say—

"Which is the nearest way to this Rumbleton Hall?"

"Why," returned the man, "you can't do better than let this here young master show ye the way. He's going there." This was said with a look at me.

I felt rather astonished upon finding that the strangers intended to visit my father's house; but I had not much time for reflection, as one of the gentlemen immediately said to the other—

"Hallo! Charley: it's the very same little lover that was abusing you so for having knocked down his infantine sweetheart. — Here, boy! what's your name?"

"Richard Arcles," I replied.

"Arcles!" exclaimed he who had been addressed by his companion as Charley. "Surely you don't mean to say that you're the son of Richard Arcles of Rumbleton Hall?"

"Yes I am, sir."

"Ha! ha!" laughed he who had first spoken. "A pleasant piece of intelligence, Charley, for a young gentleman who has swaggered it so bravely upon the strength of a rich uncle, and no end of expectations!"

A dark look of angry disappointment, not unmingled with hate, flashed over the features of the other; perceiving which, his companion continued—

"Nay; never take it to heart, man. But I thought your uncle's wife died childless?"

"So I have always understood," returned the other; "but as my uncle has refused to see any of us since his wife's death, until last week, when he wished me to call upon him on my leaving Oxford, — why, for anything I know, this little devil's tale may be true."

"Well," said his friend; "we can't do better than probe the matter thoroughly. Here, little Arcles, come to me, and I'll pop you on the saddle in my front, so that you may act as our *Palinurus* to the not-so-much-as-it-was-sighed-for haven of Rumbleton Hall."

'Take heed, good pilot! Leave afar those  
shoals  
Where many a shriftless corpse uneasy  
rolls.

I don't know whether you'll understand the application of this couplet. If you do, you know more than myself about it. However, come along, unless you're frightened to ride with the gifted author of "The Mariner's Ravel, or the Ocean Fiend."

To tell the truth, I was just then actuated by two very different ideas. On the one hand, my childish dignity had been much hurt by my being called a "little devil;" but on the other, I was sorely tempted to a compromise by the prospect of riding on horseback, a pleasure which as yet had for me existed but in promise. After revolving the pros and cons for each course in my mind, I found my philosophy rapidly yielding to my desire for equitation, and in another minute I might have been seen enjoying to the utmost all the pleasurable fear and excitement of a first gallop.

(To be continued.)



## MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO AND HIS RECOLLECTIONS.

THOSE of our readers who have visited the Pitti Gallery, and that of "Gli Uffizi," at Florence, will remember the halls dedicated to the portraits of eminent painters limned by themselves. It is impossible for us to say how far artistic truth prevailed over personal vanity—and some of the figures are grim, and gaunt, and uninviting enough to have been accurate delineations of Nature; but, mostly, those heavy gilt frames surround countenances which, dark and faded as now they may be, were once images of manly beauty. Who so comely as Fiziano Vecelli; so stately as Agostino Caracci; or so fair as Raffæle Sanzio D'Urbino? Were all those traits so classical, those eyes so expressive, those brows so noble, those contours so oval? Was Providence especially bounteous in personal graces to artists in those days, or did they see themselves as we all see ourselves, through the mirror of self-deceit? And who has depicted his inner man in pen and ink as others beheld him? Not St. Evremond, not even the author of *My Confessions*, that most cynical of autobiographers who wrote *Emile*, and sent his offspring to the Foundling Hospital—the philosopher who was the vainest of mankind, and who regarded all extending a hand of friendship towards him as scheming traitors—the Diogenes who, whenever he discovered an honest man, purposely extinguished his lantern not to face him.

One, who differed as much from Jean Jacques Rousseau as Heraclitus differed from Democritus, recently bequeathed a record of the details of his youth and manhood to an affectionate daughter, who hastened to share her precious legacy with the millions of his grateful countrymen. In *Imiei Ricordi* (Florence 1867), the late Chev. Massimo d'Azeglio, soldier, painter, novelist, politician, and minister of state, placed before us the outpourings of a frank, shrewdly-observant, and highly-intelligent disposition, gifted with artistic and patriotic instincts. If

Massimo d'Azeglio possessed not the genius of a Michael Angelo, nor quite the versatility of an Admirable Crichton, he at least achieved distinguished success in three very different pursuits; and, above all, he laid the corner-stone in the foundation of a free Constitutional State, likely, in time, to become the sixth great European power.

The principal scope of *My Recollections* is to help in the regeneration of his countrymen, who sorely need it; to endeavour to raise their moral status; to demonstrate that self-denial, and not an eager rush at public employments—that high-mindedness and moral courage, and not local jealousies and petty personalities—that education, and not idle ignorance—that deeds, and not words,—are indispensable before Italy can assume her place among great nations; for, though Italy has been made, Italians have yet to be called into existence. With much general information on the state of his country, this interesting work contains frequent dissertations on such varied and numerous topics as education, carbonarism, horsemanship, fine arts, history, diplomacy, love, painting, the priesthood and the Papacy, Rome ancient and modern, Paganism, Catholicism, aristocracy, and death. A few of his remarks are profound; some are original; many are witty and ingenious; and all are couched in a pleasant, genial, unaffected style. Let us briefly glance at some of the leading incidents in Massimo d'Azeglio's early life, halting occasionally before the local pictures that give so great a charm to his memoirs.

The Marquis Cesare Taparelli D'Azeglio was as brave and chivalrous a gentleman as Don Quixote; as true-hearted and honourable as Colonel Newcome; but as stern to his children as Brutus. The marquis had fought and bled against the ragged soldiers of the French Republic; had paid in purse and person for his devotion to his king; had been taken prisoner at the head of his regiment, and undergone all

the horrors of captivity, when he eventually settled in Florence in voluntary exile. Then he devoted his time to the training—moral, physical, and religious—of his numerous offspring, the youngest of whom, born in October, 1798, was Massimo, the subject of this paper. The marquis had already formed the mind of his young wife, who, though like himself, of ancient lineage, according to custom, had only been taught a little French, and less Italian, and possessed as much general culture as a Tipperary peasant woman. The lady had acquired considerable attainments under her husband's tuition, though her subsequent ill-health prevented her from taking much part in the instruction of her young family, who were brought up with Spartan simplicity. No fancy costumes for them; no Highlander or Zouave dress; no plumed hats; no pampering to childish vanity. The marquis, being a man of unusual notions, considered that as his sons and daughters could not possibly indulge all their whims when grown up, it was folly to accustom them to injudicious gratification in their childhood. At table they were expected to be seen and not heard; and woe to any of them who presumed to ask for, or find fault with, any object. Hunger, fatigue, pain, were terms ignored in their vocabulary. Courage, fortitude, endurance, were the only qualities worthy of a Piedmontese. Once little Massimo, during an excursion in the country, fell, and fractured the small bone of his arm. The father tenderly tied up the poor little limb, saying, "Look, my child, your mother is unwell; to know you have injured yourself might render her very ill. Bear this slight infliction like a man, and to-morrow we will go to Florence and have your arm set by a surgeon." So the youthful hero remained in silent and unsuspected agony all night. Nor does the man complain of what the boy suffered. On the contrary, Massimo d'Azeglio only wishes that Italian parents might all be cast in the same mould, for then Italy would be the first of nations.

We may here observe that the hardening process did not succeed in prolonging life, for of the eight children of the marquis three only

attained old age, viz., Robert, the eldest, the successor to the family title and estates, and the father of Marquis Emmanuele d'Azeglio, well known in London drawing-rooms as the genial and courteous representative of small Piedmont and big Italy; Father Taparelli, a distinguished member of the Society of Jesus, until lately wielding the thunders of the "*Civiltà Cattolica*;" and last, and certainly not least, Massimo d'Azeglio.

Piedmont became a French department, and the marquis being induced to take the oath of fealty to the enemy of his country, returned to Turin, where the future artist commenced his collegiate studies. From Lyceum he proceeded to University, with but middling success. His progress in mathematics was limited to an indifferent knowledge of the first four rules of arithmetic; his acquaintance with classics was hardly then much more profound; and the abbé who was his tutor imbued him with a horror against devotional practices by enforcing them at all hours, especially the most unsuitable.

But he learnt something of literature and history under his father's guidance, and what is more, he imbibed the seeds of that love for common humanity, and that tenderness for his suffering fellow-beings, that distinguished his after-life.

The French masters had quitted the garden of Europe, and the German masters entered it in their place; and, strange and incredible as it may seem, the Austrians were absolutely welcomed. It was on the same principle that induced populations, during the middle ages, to prefer being plundered by the stationary robbers denominated feudal barons, whose nests were perched in lofty rocks, rather than by the wandering robbers designated pilgrims, crusaders, or adventurous knights; for at least feudal barons allowed no one else to pillage and ransack the people. Moreover, the Gauls, with their habitual swagger and vanity, were not more loved in Italy than the Russians in Poland, or Saxon landlords in Connemara. The Italians,

tired of continual invasions, wearied of having their very vitals devoured by French, Austrians, Hungarians, Poles, Russians, Calmucks, Cossacks, would gladly have submitted to Bedouin or Apache, so that they had a little peace—a little respite. In due course the kings, grand dukes, dukes, and princes of Italy, returned from their travels to their affectionate subjects. Victor Emmanuel I., the old king of Piedmont, entered triumphantly in a coach, borrowed from his faithful d'Azeglio, the capital of a state in which there was no government, no army, and no exchequer, whilst the Turinese cheered and fêted enthusiastically the surprised-looking elderly gentleman, who, with a fatuous smile, was wagging his pigtail with satisfaction at a restoration he had already ceased to expect.

Soon after Massimo, who had grown into a mischievous lad, full of vivacity and animal spirits, accompanied his father on an official mission of congratulation to his holiness. At Rome the boy began to display in a small degree the love of the fine arts, and in a much greater degree the love of the other sex. The society of such men as Canova, Thorwaldsen, Rauch, Camuccini, and Chauvin, tended to arouse the artistic instincts that subsequently developed themselves in him. He studied music, the science of those mysterious sounds that exercise so great an influence over mankind—with the exception, however, of the late Mr. Cobden, who, according to d'Azeglio, in the middle of a concert in London, turned towards him, exclaiming, "I never could understand that noise called music." On the other hand, the painter Malvotti, a clever but unscrupulous man, chosen by Massimo's confiding parent as his mentor, taught him Roman history, and initiated him in the vices of Christendom. From a study of the characters of Lucretia and Cornelia of old, Mentor and Telemachus passed to a near acquaintance with the Messalinæ of the day; and from a survey of the Capitolinum and the Colosseum of ancient Rome they proceeded to a close inspection of the lupanaris of modern Rome. Nor did the conversation of the priest-

hood tend to raise the tone of mind of young Massimo: for the dapper dandified representatives of the fishermen of Galilee, with an erect free gait and well-turned legs, were probably more familiar—that is, when they read at all—with the novels of Boccaccio and Pigault Lebrun, than with the treatises of Tertullian and St. Thomas Aquinas; and their jests savoured of the barrack rather than of the seminary.

Massimo having been appointed to a sub-lieutenancy in the Piemonte Real regiment, on his return home had the happiness of wearing a resplendent casque, and being well skilled in all manly exercises, he rode a showy horse to advantage. However, his happiness was not unalloyed; for, though only sixteen years old, his natural sense of justice revolted at the fact that because, six centuries before, a certain Breton spearman had settled at Savigliano, and become the progenitor of untold generations of Tapparelli, he, Massimo d'Azeglio, should command veterans bronzed by the fiery sun of Andalusia, and frost-bitten by the snows of Moscow. So he grew into a democrat, and being ashamed of his nobility, displayed the democracy of his feelings by consorting with the vulgar and the base. He exchanged from the cavalry to the infantry, on the pretence of having more leisure to follow his studies, and, according to his own words, he became a scapegrace on foot instead of a scapegrace on horseback.

The future regenerator of his country was undoubtedly a naughty boy. Riot by day and dissipation by night constituted the lad's occupation and diversion. Anonyms and Formosas were his companions, and though he made no debts, he once sold a couple of his ancestors—on canvass—to pay for his follies. When all the judicious admonitions of his instructor, Professor Bidone, and his mother's tears, had failed, his conscience suddenly smote him, and, seized with remorse, he retired one night a sinner, and awoke a saint—at least in mental resolve. The partners of his irregularities were deserted; idleness was exchanged for hard work; boisterous evity for studious application; and



the boy Don Juan became a boy St. Anthony.

Virtue in this case was not merely its own reward, for Massimo, after an illness caused by over-exertion, was allowed to visit Rome with his mother and a brother, and to follow the bent of his inclinations. There he entered the studio of Martin Verstappen, of Antwerp, an artist of reputation in Rome, and who, if weak in design, and not brilliant in colour, was at least true to nature, which he had for years sought under the broiling sun of the Roman Campagna. Massimo and his one fellow-pupil served their master as if he had been Michael Angelo or Giotti, whilst Verstappen, who cared little for his disciples, repaid their attentions by occasionally criticising their daubs. Our youthful artist frequently would wander under a grove in the Villa Borghese, with his crayons and portfolio ready at hand, but seldom called for. His mind was too full of exuberant vitality to enable him to labour soberly. Aspirations, desires, hopes, dreams of love, of glory, of fame, floated over his imagination and his heart.

Happy age, full of golden visions which screen the iron realities around! Reform in literature—a new school of painting—the liberation of his country—these were some of the achievements he contemplated. And he lived to be nearer the realisation of one or two of his dreams than is given to most men.

Meanwhile Massimo in due course returned to Turin, and soon afterwards the insurrection of 1821 burst like a clap of stage thunder. He had not been asked to participate in it, in spite of his well-known liberal tendencies; for his frank and expressive countenance inspired little confidence in his qualifications as a conspirator. Neither would he have joined any such absurdly hopeless movement, knowing full well that Carbonarism and daggers were as likely to drive the Austrians from Italy as a pocket-pistol would be to sink a line-of-battle ship. A few misguided youths were shot, others were imprisoned or banished, and order reigned again in Piedmont. Every career Massimo found closed against a young and enterprising

intellect. Political life was snuffed out. The army offered no chance of active employment or promotion. Among the effete old chamberlains, the ancient maids of honour, the swarms of priests, monks, and jesuits constituting the court, Massimo felt as little at home as Gil Blas in the cave of robbers. So he resigned his commission, broke his sword, and adopted the pencil as his weapon for the struggle in the battle of life. The disgrace he cast upon his order by endeavouring to work honestly for his bread was an offence for which he never obtained forgiveness. Notwithstanding the displeasure of his father, who refused to increase his slender allowance, our artist proceeded to Rome to pursue his new profession; and as he could not increase his income he prudently resolved upon curtailing his expenditure to the narrowest practicable limits, so as to incur no debts. How much better some of us would be if we followed his example!

Massimo at this period was twenty-one, his own master, and possessed an excellent digestion; so he was light-hearted and merry as a lark, until he fell a victim to that kind of delirium, that form of subacute mania that so frequently assail youth. Farewell then to his contentment and peace of mind! For nearly seven years was he bound by a chain of roses—with all their thorns, and prickly enough, apparently, these were—woven around him by a pair of sparkling lustrous eyes in a lovely head, which, alas! enclosed but emptiness. Circe evidently possessed neither the brain of Minerva nor the heart of Sappho.

The Roman school of painting, in those days, was verging towards the natural; and after innumerable Achilles, Ajaxes, Didos, and Agamemnons, or countless landscapes, in lake or vermilion had been painted, the idea dawned among its disciples that it might be better to represent objects as Providence had created them than as conventionality depicted them. Massimo d'Azeglio, following Hackert, Wood, Thérlink, Verstappen, and others, resolved upon studying nature from nature, courting it in the glorious light and rich tints of his country, rather than

in the grey sky and sombre hues of Flemish landscapes.

From 1821 to 1826 our artist led a wandering life—sometimes alone, sometimes with a companion—making Rome his head-quarters, and rambling hither and thither, undergoing many privations with the carelessness and elasticity of his age. Often he and his fellow-student slept in ruined huts, and occasionally they were their own butchers, purveyors, cooks, housemaids, and even ostlers, when wealthy enough to engage the services of a donkey to carry their easels and knapsacks. Let us see how an observant, quick nature describes the Romans, peasant and noble, in town and country.

At Albano and elsewhere in the Romagna, the pure type of the ancient Romans seems to have been perpetuated in the tall, muscular frames, the noble port, the virile air, the square chests and flat bellies of the males, and in the resplendent eyes, the brilliant complexions, and lovely features of the females. The raw material is there; the diamonds only require cutting and polishing to render them brilliants of the first water. Of that race are the waggoners of the Campagna,—the drivers of those pairs of long bars resting on smaller cross-bars, and supported on the one hand by two high wheels, and on the other by the arched backs of tall black horses with classic heads. The Romagnuoli are a passionate people, and the men's knives have a bad habit of flying out of their sheaths on every trifling dispute, whilst the women have been known to fight duels with their *archebusi*—long silver stilettos worn on the hair. But, then, hot southern blood, and not curds-and-whey, courses through their veins. That they are affectionate and domesticated is evident from the story of Jacobelli, a peasant farmer, who, having buried his wife, was inconsolable until another young and attractive woman consented to brighten his home. But his newly-recovered happiness was unpleasantly disturbed by spouse number two discovering, one day, the body of spouse number one standing in a wardrobe, where the uxorious Jacobelli, loth to part with

it, had placed it, after spicing it with pepper, ginger, cloves, and cinnamon, purchased from the village grocer. Poor Jacobelli narrowly escaped a criminal prosecution, and was only forgiven by his second wife on his restoring the remains of her rival to their last resting-place.

Examples of great intellect, and greater physical endurance, on the other hand, are not wanting—witness the notary Tumasoni, who could fell a bull with his fist, and improvise at a feast half-a-dozen appropriate and graceful couplets to each one of a score guests. This modern Mutius Scivola, on returning home, one night, from a convivial party, was shot in the abdomen, and left for dead. He coolly picked himself up, and, on reaching his house, he quietly requested his wife, while the life-blood was fast ebbing away, “My dear, I have the stomach-ache; please, fetch the doctor.” Thanks to his herculean strength, Tumasoni recovered.

Massimo and his companion, in the course of their peregrinations, stepped over a brilliantly variegated carpet of flower-leaves at the Infiorata of Genzano, and then were introduced to the brigands at a fair at Cisterna, held during the height of the malaria. With curiosity and awe, d'Azeglio beheld those gentlemen attired in fine linen, their uniforms ornamented with gold chains, medals, and coins, their hats adorned with flowing ribbons, and walking arm-in-arm with the inhabitants. The brigands, who wore a mild and benign expression of countenance, danced and flirted with the girls, and drank with their brothers and sweethearts, whilst the caribineers present at the fair, by a remarkable coincidence, always happened to be stationed in the diagonally opposite corner. Brigands were popular heroes in those provinces. Fra Diavolo, Spadolino, Beppe Mastrelli, were the subjects of innumerable ballads. Richard Cœur de Lion, Rob Roy, the Cid, Bertrand du Guesclin, never inspired in their respective countries the admiration and worship felt by those courageous and illiterate peasants for an illustrious brigand chief. He must possess a constitution of iron and nerves of steel. He must be strong as a lion, active as a

leopard, sharp-sighted as a lynx, and withal he must be daring, cool, and a master of stratagem. Such qualities will always command respect and devotion in semi-barbarous communities, especially with men who are assured by their priests that by saying masses, wearing relics, or voting wax tapers to the Madonna, the little score against them is wiped clean, and their unquestioned admission to Paradise secured. A passport thither was always within the grasp of these excellent Catholics and execrable members of society, who nowhere else would have reached nearer heaven than a stout rope, a lofty tree, and a lusty haul could raise them. Moreover, the right of sanctuary still existed, and criminals were perfectly safe if once they entered a holy building, the Church of Rome being especially lenient to malefactors, who were not to be confounded with heretics. Finally, in the Pontifical States no distinction existed between the *fas* and the *nefas*; and as the members of the administration, from the highest to the lowest, were as honest as London pickpockets, and as high-minded as Hottentots, stealing could be regarded as only an innocent recreation.

In the inhabitants of the country much vice was mingled with much virtue. In the citizens, vice flourished vigorously; whilst virtue languished and perished in the degenerate soil. The clergy were profligate and unscrupulous; the nobility profligate and indolent; the citizens profligate and extravagant. All were equally ignorant, all were equally corrupt. As to the Pontiff, Pasquin might well have addressed Pius as his biting tongue had formerly addressed Paul—

"Ut canerent data multa olim sunt vaticinia,

Ut faciant quantum tu Mihi Paule dabis."

The priesthood were ready to follow Christ or Barabbas, according as to whether Christ or Barabbas distributed cardinal's hats, bishoprics, monsignorships, and the thousand-and-one posts civil and religious. The nobles ate, drank, and were merry. Working aristocracies—such as the English, or even the French and the Piedmontese—are of more

or less service; but the aristocracy of a state where there was neither army, navy, diplomacy, politics, nor public life, could only produce the laziness of lazzaroni, the ignorance of Calmucks, the degeneracy of Spanish grandees. Love-making was the occupation of the life of the Roman nobles—debauchery its diversion. The seventh commandment might have been inscribed in the Book of Mormon for all they knew, or, at least, practised of it. As honour rules among thieves, so a distinct code of etiquette ruled in Roman infidelity. Naturally, public sympathy went with the lovers; but even husbands were entitled to some degree of tolerance so long as they meddled not in their wives' affairs. But if a man ventured to show the cold shoulder to the *cavalier servente*, or even to receive him with only a moderate amount of warmth, he was regarded as an ill-conditioned, unmannerly brute, unworthy of being admitted into decent society.

During the corso, in the last week of Carnival, the frisky matrons of Rome were wont to sit on the steps of Ruspoli palace, swaddled like bales of woollen goods, or closely disguised under men's cloaks, so as to be unrecognisable by their own mothers. Husbands, or even *cavalieri serventi*, were banished on these occasions, and the opportunity for making assignations, or new amatory arrangements for the ensuing year, were eagerly seized, so that the Carnival of Christian Rome rivalled in license the saturnalia of pagan Rome.

Nor were the lives of the citizens more wholesome than those of the nobles. The citizens sinned, were absolved, and sinned again. True, they carried on trade, followed the professions, or farmed land. But as the mode compelled them to maintain town and country houses, to hire boxes at the Apollo theatre, and to attire their wives in the latest Paris fashions, and as their legitimate gains were in most instances insufficient, they were reduced to the necessity of defrauding the state, or their clients, or customers. And no amount of speculation being sufficient to make up for their extravagance, their budgets resembled those



of the kingdom to which their descendants are so anxious to unite themselves, and bankruptcy or ruin, sooner or later, frequently overtook them.

The justice of Rome was not as the justice of Solomon, or even as the justice of Turkey: it was rather that of Procrustes—with this difference, however, that all who were unfortunate enough to lie on its bed were equally mutilated. Before every trial the advocate in and parties to a lawsuit would personally canvass the *auditori di rota*, who were to try their case. These magistrates, frequently beardless young abbés, appointed because their fathers were officers to a cardinal, or their uncles protégés of a bishop, though totally ignorant of the rudiments of law or of the principles of equity, were at least perfectly aware of the value of silver scudi and golden sequins. Nor had right any chance against might—to witness, Pacetti's Faunus. That sculptor had purchased at an auction in the Barberini Palace the fragments of a Faunus, from which, after considerable expense and labour, he produced an excellent statue, much praised by Canova, and sold to a German prince. The Barberini, of whose ancestor, Urban VII. Marforio had centuries before proclaimed "*Quod non fecerunt Romæ Barbari, fecit Barberini*," obtained a decree ordering Pacetti to return forthwith the Faunus on reimbursement of his charges. In vain the poor man petitioned. The fiat had issued. *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, &c., was the reply, and early one morning a score of porters and carabineers broke into Pacetti's studio, *cum fustibus et lanternis*, and carried away the unlucky Faunus *vi et armis*. The wretched sculptor nearly died of a bilious fever, and soon after died outright of grief and vexation. A lawsuit was instituted in the Rota by his heirs, and during half a generation each party repeatedly purchased sentences in its favour. Nevertheless and notwithstanding all, the Faunus remained with those who stole it, who subsequently disposed of it to the King of Bavaria.

Another instance: a peasant in the Roman Campagna owning the best pointer for miles around, one day

unexpectedly missed him. The bereaved old man to whom his dog was more than wife, child, or brother, rushed from his cottage with his gun, to scour the country, muttering, with numerous *accidenti*, threats of shooting the thief. On passing before Pantano di Borghese a loud bark was heard. He knew the voice; it was that of his companion, his favourite, his friend. The animal rushed joyfully towards his master, who was standing sorrowfully outside the gates of the princely mansion, until forcibly held back by a couple of keepers, whilst the peasant, bowing his head in silence, departed. Borghese coveted his pointer, and of course he must have him. There the matter ended. He no more dreamt of the possibility of disputing the Borghese's will than a Hindoo ryot dreams of doubting the dispensation of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva; an Irish peasant, of calling into question, a Bull of the Pope, or a Russian moujik of opposing a ukase of Alexander Nicholajevitch.

Formerly the Jews contributed to the carnival amusement. One of the elders of the congregation was rolled in a cask down the capital, as if he had been made of molasses or butter. Afterwards the Hebrews, from being treated like mere chattels, rose to the dignity of being considered as animals, for they were pitted against each other in foot-races. Oh! it must have been rare sport to have seen the panting, breathless, scared Israelites, with floating gray hairs, amidst the jeers, gibes, and derisive shouts of the multitude, running until their very heartstrings nearly cracked; for the laggards were rewarded with showers of heavy blows on their unfortunate shoulders. In later times, as humanity progressed, the pockets of the Jews, suffered instead of their nerves and muscles, and they were constrained to furnish eight pallii of coloured velvet, one of which was daily employed at the end of the carnival. Furthermore, they paid an annual sum to the government, in exchange for their preservation from utter pillage and annihilation; and on the first day of that festival they were wont to present on their knees an address of thanksgiving to the senator. This official lifted up his

leg to kick the rabbi, who rose, as he should, full of gratitude. Such are a few of the amenities formerly practised on the race from which originated Jesus Christ.

During D'Azeglio's stay in Rome Pope Pius VII. died, and the usual rejoicings took place. Whether it be that any change cannot reasonably be expected to make matters worse, or whether it be owing to the anticipation of festivities or state lotteries, certain it is that the people of Rome are never happier than when the great bell of St. Peter tolls to them the transition from earth to heaven of their Pontiff. The Vatican on this occasion was sacked as usual, and the household of the deceased fled, before he was cold, with all that belonged to them, and with much that did not. It is customary, in similar circumstances, for the Cardinal Chamberlain to appear before the body, accompanied by other prelates, and to summon thrice the defunct, who, not usually answering, is again tapped on the forehead thrice, with a silver hammer with ebony handle. The *annulus piscatoris* is then broken, and the Senator of Rome becomes nominally the head of the state. On a humble plain board, surrounded by sawdust, the body of the vicar of Christ is opened, the precious entrails are extracted, and deposited at St. Anastasia, whilst the corpse is placed in the chapel of the Sacrament at St. Peter, where for three days it lies in state, separated from the remainder of the church by a railing, through which the faithful have the privilege of kissing its feet. At the expiration of nine days of continual prayer, the new Pope is elected by the Conclave, who sit daily until duly inspired to appoint a worthy representative of St. Peter. During this time, each Eminence receives from his own establishment his repasts, which are carried in state by a couple of lacqueys, and followed by half a dozen domestics and two empty carriages, the whole procession being headed by a youthful abbé, whose honorific post is eagerly coveted. After the election of the Pontiff, the cardinals, bishops, and legates exchange their black and purple for scarlet, white, and gold embroidery; and numerous cere-

monies, impossible to describe, or even to enumerate, here follow the installation.

Meanwhile, Massimo d'Azeglio, who had not been idle, had painted several pictures, and actually sold one of them, whilst he had exhibited another before the king, who complacently examined it, though his majesty understood art as much as a Wapping sailor appreciates Handel's "Messiah." Circe at this period having unloosened D'Azeglio's sweet bonds, he recovered his freedom with as little relish as the prisoner who, after a confinement of forty years in the Bastille, wept on leaving it at its destruction. But a man conquers all, even to the one great passion of his life. D'Azeglio returned to Turin, drank the waters of Lethe, and, some months of mental prostration having lapsed, he woke again to life, and, refusing a post at court, he resumed work.

He sketched the old abbey of San Michele in the valley of Susa, and wrote the legendary chronicles accompanying the engravings. He commenced his picture of the Disfida of Barletta; and then, bethinking himself how much better the pen than the pencil could depict that patriotic event, he began the opening chapters of the tale, without making the slightest archæological or historical researches. What he did not know he invented, and when eventually he visited the localities he had graphically described, he found the real to bear the same resemblance to his ideal as the choruses in "Guillaume Tell" bear to the dialect and speech of the peasants round the Lake of the Three Cantons. He must, however, have been consoled by the knowledge that history, until recent times, had often been written in the same manner. Tremblingly, he submitted the early portion of his MS. to his cousin, Cesare Balbo, the eminent historian and patriot. Rejoicingly, he heard the words that fell on his ears, softer than the softest music, "Very well! Very well, indeed!" So he continued his labours more ardently than ever, until interrupted by the death of his father, whom he mourned with respect and affection.

A visit followed to the family seat of Azeglio—Azeglio, probably



Asilum, an ancient Roman colony—and then Massimo, having received his modest patrimony, proceeded to Milan, thenceafter destined to be his home. From the capital of Lombardy his prolific pencil largely contributed to the art stores of his country; from thence he delighted thousands of his compatriots with his historic romances. There, art, barely tolerated at Turin, like the Jews in the Ghetto, flourished, encouraged by a wealthy aristocracy and a prosperous middle-class: and D'Azeglio, having most successfully exhibited three pictures at Brera, which, if not productions of the loftiest genius, were at least commendable, spirited, and well-designed representations of Nature, soon obtained numerous orders.

At this period our artist, satisfied that unlawful love causes in the end nought but misery, became united in wedlock to the daughter of Alessandro Manzoni, the novelist. We know but little of D'Azeglio's domestic life. He has not recorded its details, though his enemies have professed to recount many of them. But we have no concern in purely family matters; and in questions of a delicate nature, speech may not even be silver, whilst silence is certainly golden.

Furthermore, D'Azeglio, having become a responsible member of society, determined to adopt a form of religion. A strong religious faith he did not possess; but he was easy and tolerant towards all, including even priests. Though he could not bring himself to believe some of the dogmas of Catholicism, he resolved upon following that creed before he had convinced himself of its truth, trusting belief would arrive in time, just as the French say that appetite comes in eating. And it is to be presumed he succeeded, for he was attended by a confessor on his death-bed.

In time he revealed, hesitatingly, the secret of his authorship to his father-in-law and to the gifted poet-notary, Grossi, and with delight he heard their sincere, if surprised, approval. To obtain the imprimatur of the Imperial censor, our writer studied his habits, temper, and digestion; and he eventually obtained the coveted sign-manual, which cost

the poor censor an immediate wiggling from Vienna, and his dismissal at no distant date.

The *Disfida di Barletta* was published in 1833, and created considerable sensation. Italy had almost, for the first time, tasted the modern historical novel when Manzoni gave forth his *Promessi Sposi*, a work of fiction, which, though of primitive construction, and of somewhat too "goody" a nature, had achieved a wide-spread popularity, owing to the vividness of its descriptions and the charm of its style. The Italian mind began to relish that class of literature, and the *Disfida di Barletta* and *Niccolo de Lapi* captivated the public by the liveliness of their narratives, the patriotism of their sentiments, and by the fluent and genial simplicity of their diction, which favourably contrasted with the euphuistic compositions of the Italian writers of the day.

Our author, with nervous anxiety, submitted his second tale, *Niccolo de Lapi*, to the literary Cerberus, who watched jealously the entrance of such perilous stuff as printed matter into the world. D'Azeglio had taken considerable pains to secure in this book historical and topographical accuracy, and had personally inspected the battle-fields at Gavinana and in the neighbourhood of Florence. But therein he had expressed certain views not in consonance with those of Imperialism. We could hardly realise the fact of, let us say Sir Walter Scott, with his *Ivanhoe* or *Waverley* under his arm, waiting to obtain an audience from the public licenser at Somerset House, leaving there his MS.; then being summoned, months afterwards, before the arbiter of his fate, being admitted, with palpitating heart, into an office, guarded by a sentinel, and finally allowed, as a special favour, to publish his work, probably terribly mutilated. Fortunately, D'Azeglio's censor was a conscientious man; and he assured our author—what he readily believed—that nowhere else in Italy would *Niccolo de Lapi* have obtained an imprimatur. And then foreigners wonder that Italians still feel the effects of centuries of moral inanition!

D'Azeglio was a prosperous man



at this period. His novels had met with prodigious success, and had brought him much honour and more profit. The pot-boilers he was annually producing in goodly numbers were all eagerly sought at remunerative prices, and for some years his labours were incessant. He was glad, therefore, of an opportunity of taking a trip to Rome to serve a friend, and so enjoying a holiday and revisiting old scenes. He found himself, to his great delight, proof against female blandishments; his heart no longer running away with his head. But his journey led to the most unexpected results, and changed altogether the course of his existence. Having become acquainted with some of the leading liberals of Rome—the rare exceptions to a population whose sole aim in life was self-indulgence—to his his own extreme wonder, he was requested to head their party. As well might Sir Walter Scott have been asked to conduct a Jacobite conspiracy, or a Royal Academician be offered the command of a Fenian army. In vain d'Azeglio pleaded his unacquaintance with politics; his abstinence from participation in secret sects; his dislike to *la Giovane Italia*; his aversion to plots of any sort. His friends insisted. A new man, of moderate views, of liberal and enlightened mind, was required; and he, Massimo d'Azeglio, was the man. After mature reflection, he consented, rather to be enabled to prevent mischief, than in the hope of effecting good.

On starting on a tour of reconnaissance, he held two objects in view: to undo the past, by weaning the people from secret societies, and to teach the unhappy subjects of the worst government in Europe—that of the viceregent of Christ—to wait patiently and bide their time. The first purpose was not of difficult accomplishment; the people were tired of being led out to be captured and shot. But to bear their cross in silence,—to undergo agonies without a sigh, without a murmur, without even a struggle! Can the sick man, who turns in his bed his limbs racked with pain, be persuaded to suffer quietly, in the remote expectation of future relief? Are not possible remedies, even of a

desperate nature, eagerly clamoured for?

With difficulty Massimo d'Azeglio convinced the Italians that Piedmont was Italy's only hope; that Piedmont only possessed the nucleus of an army, and a vestige of independence; that Charles Albert, once a traitor, could now be trusted to win all, or forfeit all, for his country's sake; that Europe's occupation would be Italy's opportunity. The mice only dance when the cat plays the fiddle. Liberal correspondence was maintained through a *trafila*—a human chain, whose living links connected together all central Italy; each living link, like a Fenian head-centre, furnished the name of the one following in the adjoining district. Had any of these Italian patriots betrayed his trust, the chain would have snapped, and hundreds, if not thousands of victims, would have been immolated. But no more did one of these nameless, “mute inglorious,” Telis or Kosciuskos waver from his oath, than the magnet swerves from the north, or the earth from its orbit.

At six o'clock on a cold, wintry morning, two men were engaged in earnest conversation in a gallery of the Royal Palace at Turin. The one, a tall, thin personage, with a long pale face, a severe aspect, and yet a fascinating glance and a winning voice, was King Charles Albert. The other, also of tall stature, and possessing a fair, open, and prepossessing countenance, was Massimo d'Azeglio. The subject, who had sought the audience, was, with beating heart, explaining to the sovereign the situation of their country, and ended a detailed *exposé* of its condition by a prayer that he should place himself at the head of the liberal movement. Slowly and gravely replied the King that the time for action had not yet arrived; but that when the call came he should not be found wanting; and concluded with these memorable words—“My life, the life of my children—my army, my arms, my treasures—all will be spent for the cause of Italy!” D'Azeglio retired, wonder-stricken at a result far exceeding his expectations, though he shuddered, when the King, at parting, imprinted on his cheek, an icy kiss, which re-

minded him of the kiss of Judas. But he wronged his monarch. And three years afterwards, in 1848, he became his constitutional Prime Minister.

The hand that wrote became cold, the fingers that held the pen stiffened, and the Recollections of Massimo d'Azeglio proceeded no further. On his political career we dwell not. The remainder of his history belongs to the history of his country and to the history of Europe. How he was repeatedly summoned to direct the councils of Piedmont and of Italy,

until a younger and, perhaps, less scrupulous man replaced him; how his advice was always solicited in cases of emergency—how he served his native land with sword, pen, and intellect, is known to all who know the chronicles of our times.

In 1866, after a lingering illness, borne with unsurpassed patience and resignation, died, at the age of sixty-eight,—the painter, novelist, politician, general, minister, and, above all, the patriot, who, beyond any other, had contributed to the regeneration of his country.

## LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS OF IRELAND.

FROM A.D. 1189 TO 1870.

SIR THOMAS CUSACK (continued).—Sir Thomas Cusack having retired, as we have seen, from the Court of Chancery in 1555, was never afterwards employed by their Majesties Philip and Mary in any matter of importance.<sup>1</sup>

In 1558 Elizabeth ascended the throne, and one of her first acts was to appoint him a member of her Privy Council in Ireland. In 1563 he was associated with Gerald, Earl of Kildare, on a Royal commission to treat with Shane O'Neil in relation to a treaty of peace then about being concluded between her Majesty and that renowned chieftain. The better to understand what the articles of that treaty were, we must turn back some pages of history to learn who were the O'Neils, and how the war arose which was now drawing to an end. The first mention of that name, so distinguished in Irish story, occurs in the fourth century of the Christian era. In the year 379 Nial, of the nine hostages, was King of all Ireland, and from this Nial did the O'Neils descend. Passing over their early career we find them, from the day that the English flag was first hoisted on the Irish shores, until the flight of Hugh O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone, in 1607, in ceaseless hostility to those whom they looked on as intruders on their soil. When King John encamped on the plains

of Meath in 1210 many Irish chieftains are said to have done him homage; but Hugh O'Neil scorned to do so. In 1257 Bryan O'Neil had conferred upon him the title, then perhaps an empty one, of King of all Ireland. In 1286 Donnell O'Neil was subdued by De Burgo, Earl of Ulster. In 1432 Owen O'Neil, having devastated the English settlement about Dundalk, and burnt its castle, was regularly inaugurated chieftain at Tullaghoge. In 1509, when Henry VIII. ascended the throne, Con O'Neil, the father of Shane, was chief of Tyrone. Sharing in the animosities of his race, his deadly hatred to the name of England was deepened by the conduct of that king towards the Church of which he was a member. Fields were lost and won, to describe or to enumerate which would swell our pages beyond due proportion, and would be, indeed, foreign to our purpose. Suffice it to say that, after years of strife and bloodshed and varied fortune, Con O'Neil was induced to repair to Greenwich, there to do homage to the king.

Having surrendered his office of chieftain of Tyrone, to which he had been elected according to the Irish custom and law, he received from Henry, in return, the Earldom of Tyrone by patent, dated 1st October, 1542. This patent gave "the country of Tyrone" to him for

<sup>1</sup> *Liber Munerum Hiberniæ.*

life, with remainder to his illegitimate son, Mathew O'Neil, then created Baron Dungannon, and "his heirs male for ever; together with all the castles, manors, and lordships which he (Con O'Neil) formerly possessed in Tyrone, to hold of the king by knight service, upon condition that he shall change the name of O'Neil to such name as the king shall please to give him, that he shall use the English language, cultivate the land assigned him by the king, impose no cess on his tenants, and obey the laws."<sup>1</sup> What judgment soever we may form as to the limitation of the Earldom, there can be but one as to the limitation of the territories. To settle them on an illegitimate son was a glaring injustice—an intolerable affront to the legitimate children, of whom the eldest was Shane O'Neil. Hence arose the animosities which afterwards deluged with blood the fair fields of Ulster.

It will perhaps amuse if we pause a moment to relate, in the quaint words of the Carew manuscript, the ceremonial of the investiture of the Earl:

"The Queen's closet at Greenwich was richly hanged with cloth of arras, and well strewed with rushes, and after the sacring (*sic*) of the high mass, those earls in company went to the said closet, and there put on their robes of estate. And immediately after, the King's Majesty being under the cloth of estate, accompanied with all his noblemen, counsellors, and others, came in the Earl, led between the Earl of Oxford and the Earl of Hertford, the Viscount Lisle bearing before him his sword, the hilt upwards; Garter before him bearing his letters' patents, and so proceeded to the King's Majesty, who received of Garter the letters' patents, and took them to the secretary to read them openly. And when he came to *cincturam gladii*, the Viscount Lisle presented unto the King the sword, and the King girt the said sword about the said Earl, baudrick-wise the foresaid Earl kneeling, and the other lords standing that led him. And so the patent read out, the King's Highness took him his letters' patents, and he

gave him thanks in his language, and a priest made answer of his saying in English. And so the Earls in order, aforesaid, took their leave of the King's Highness, and departed unto the place appointed for their dinners, the Earl of Tyrone bearing his letters' patents himself, the trumpets blowing before him unto the chamber, which was the Lord Great Master's, under the King's lodging, and so they sat at dinner. At the second course Garter proclaimed the King's style, and after the new Earl's in manner following: *Du treshaut et puissant Seigneur Con, Conte de Tyrone, en la Royaulme d'Irlande.*"<sup>2</sup>

This solemnity gone through, the Earl returned to Tyrone, where his later years were embittered by the determined opposition of Shane to his illegitimate brother, Lord Dungannon. The north of Ireland, with few exceptions, supported the just claim of the former, while the injustice of the title of the latter was propped by the power of England. In 1558 Lord Dungannon was murdered, and he left at his death a son, whose rights were, of course, identical with his own. In the same year the Earl also died; and Shane, having been elected to the chieftancy, there arose the question for solution—Who was entitled to the vast estates in Tyrone? Shane at once took the field, determined to preserve and to enforce his title, at the point of the sword, against all comers. The Lord Deputy (Sir Henry Sidney), putting himself at the head of the Royal troops, marched against him, and summoned him to surrender. Shane, in answer, said that he was on that day to have his infant son christened, and invited the Deputy to come and stand for him as sponsor.<sup>3</sup> This cool reply had a different effect from what might be expected. The Deputy accepted the invitation; and as soon as the ceremony was over Shane put forward his case in forcible terms. He insisted that the patent was void on every ground. Con, his father, had been elected chief of Tyrone by and in accordance with the Irish laws. That election had merely cast upon him a life estate, and

<sup>1</sup> Morrin's Patent Rolls, p. 85.

<sup>2</sup> Carew MSS., 199.

<sup>3</sup> Vid. Cox's Hist. of Ireland—Haverty's Ireland, 383.



heretofore he had held that office in trust for those who so elected him, and by whom he had never been empowered to surrender the same; but, assuming that his surrender to the Crown was good, that surrender had merely carried his life estate, and any greater estate such as had been created must be void. He also insisted that by the English laws the letters patent were void, because there had been no inquisition taken before the patent passed; that no inquisition could have been taken as Tyrone was not then Shire ground, and that Shane was the eldest son of his father, and therefore, by English law, his heir. The Deputy, considering the force of those arguments, replied that the matter was one of great moment, and should be brought under the notice of the Queen. In due time the matter was brought under her consideration, and on the 17th July, 1559, she wrote to the Lord Deputy, the Earl of Sussex, a letter favourable to Shane. In the year following, nevertheless, she reversed her policy and supported the cause of the young Baron Dungannon. Shane flew to arms, battles were fought, victories were gained on both sides, and at length Shane was induced to come before the Queen in person and make his submission. This he did on the 5th January, 1562. After his return to Ireland, war broke out between him and O'Donnell, chief of Tyrconnel (Donegal). This once more brought him into open collision with the Lord Deputy, and the north of Ireland was again the theatre of strife and confusion. At length negotiations for a lasting peace were brought about, and a commission was issued to Gerald, Earl of Kildare, and Sir Thomas Cusack, empowering them to enter into a treaty with Shane. Thereby it appears that he wrung from the Government an acknowledgment of his right to succeed to the chieftainship, and to the vast estates which had been so long the subject of contention. The principal of these articles are as follow:

“15th November, 1563.

“The form of peace between **GERALD, EARL OF KILDARE, and SIR THOMAS CUSACKE, the Queen's Com-**

missioners, and Shane O'Neil, chief of his nation.

“The said Commissioners have approved and confirmed unto the said John O'Neil the name of O'Neil until the Queene decorate him with another honourable name, the said Lord O'Neil to have all the pre-eminence, jurisdiction, and dominion which his predecessors had, and particularly over the lords subject to him, and all other gentlemen of his nation, and generally over all others who were accustomed to pay any services to his predecessors.

“He (Shane O'Neil) is not bound to come in person to the supreme governor of this kingdom. No indenture before this made between the Queen and O'Neil shall remain in force. This peace shall never be violated; but if any dissension should arise between the English and Irish parts in the North, two honest men on each part shall determine it. Peace to be observed until the feast of All Saints, when Sir Thomas Cusack will return with certain petitions which O'Neil sent with him to the Queen. At the feast of All Saints the garrison shall be removed from the church of Armagh, and the church shall be restored to O'Neil, on condition that he shall be in future a faithful and true subject. If any of the Irish who dwell in English parts should commit any damage by homicide, theft, or spoil, upon O'Neil or his adherents, not only shall the damage be restored, but those committing it shall be delivered to O'Neil, and compelled to pay the expenses incurred in the prosecution of the damage.

“Lord Lowth and Sir John Bellew are the executors of the premises on the English part; Lord O'Neil, in like manner, promises to fulfil all things on his part, and appoints as his executors,” &c.

(Signed),

THOMAS CUSACK.<sup>1</sup>

The Lord Deputy then notified, by the following letter to Shane, that the war was ended: “Letter from the Earl of Sussex, Lord Lieutenant, to John, admitted by the Queen's Commissioners to the name of O'Neil:—

“We have received your letters,

<sup>1</sup>The Carew Manuscripts, 353. Morrin's Patent Rolls, p. 485.

and seen what has been concluded between the Queen's Commissioners and you: we will observe the same. We have given audience to your men, and made answer to them. The war is now ended, and our former friendship remains. 16th September, 1563."

How did the Earl of Sussex restore that friendship? How did he endeavour to promote union between the often-offended and much-injured northern chieftain and Elizabeth? By an attempt the most nefarious in the dark annals of English rule in Ireland. By the gift of a vessel of wine, diluted with poison, which was to have consigned O'Neil and all that were within his gates to the grave. The nominal giver of this present was a wretch, named John Smith, in the employ of the Earl of Sussex.<sup>1</sup> Fortunately the poisoned drink was not deadly, and those who partook of it, though almost in the jaws of death, escaped. That the Queen, who a few years later hesitated not to consign her cousin to the scaffold, had little, if any scruple, in having a hand in the assassination of Shane O'Neil, is pretty plain. No doubt she affected to condemn the act, but Smith was never put on his trial, and never punished. Not even Froude attempts to exculpate her from a participation in this dreadful crime.<sup>2</sup> On the 24th March, in the following year, Sir Thomas Cusack advised, that there was no law to inflict punishment on Smith, other than by detaining him in prison, "and in my opinion," he writes, "he (Smith) ought to be set at liberty."<sup>3</sup>

Cusack's name does not further appear in connection with Shane O'Neil. We have therefore to leave the remainder of the history of that chieftain's life untold, and to refer the inquirer to his biographers. We shall merely add that his ambition was his ruin—that, to use the words of the statute, having brought "the whole north of Ireland in subjection to him and under his rule, wherein he had scope of a

hundred and twenty miles long, and a hundred and odd miles broad, to runne and roame himself, he then began to put in a foote in Connaught,<sup>4</sup> and to procure friendship in the province of Munster, by his secret letters and messengers, sent to the greatest potentate there" (the Earl of Desmond); that the O'Donnells of Tyrconnell were impatient of his rule ("which ordered the north so properly, that if any subject could prove the loss of money, or goods, within his precinct, he would assuredly either force the robber to restitution, or, of his own cost, redeem the harm, to the loser's contentation;"<sup>5</sup>) that, in 1567, having become entangled in disputes with Hugh O'Donnell, chief of Tyrconnell, Shane's army was routed, and that he himself fled, and in his misfortune, sought for an alliance with the Mac-Donnells of the Isles, who were then encamped to the number of 600 in Claneboy,<sup>6</sup> and whose forces had been defeated by him but two years before, at the battle of Glenflesk; that, thirsting for vengeance, the leader, Alexander Mac-Donnell, otherwise Glan-Donnell (or as it is written in the statute, Mac-Connell), accepted the overtures of O'Neil, who was entertained on the same night in his tent, "where, after a few dissembled gratulatorie words used betwixt them, they fell to quaffing and drinking wine," when they began to "administer quarrelling talk to O'Neil, who took the same verie hot;" that a quarrel ensued, when the men of the Mac-Donnells "thrust into the tent where O'Neil was, and hewed him to pieces, slew his secretary, and all those that were with him;" "that his head, then sundered from his bodie, was brought to the lord deputie to Drogheda, on the one and twentieth day of June, 1567."<sup>7</sup> Two years later, the act of attainder, just cited, was passed, under which his estate was confiscated to the Queen. The story of his eventful career is distorted in that statute; but history knows no bias, and that statute to

<sup>1</sup> Carew MSS., p. 349. Froude's Hist. of England.

<sup>2</sup> Froude's Hist. of England.

<sup>3</sup> Vid. Hamilton's State Papers, p. 233, No. 38 and p. xxv.

<sup>4</sup> Irish Statutes, vol. i. p. 326. 11th Eliz. Sess. 3. ch. 1.

<sup>5</sup> Campion's Hist. of Ireland, pp. 189, 193.

<sup>6</sup> Haverty's Ireland.

<sup>7</sup> Irish Statutes, vol. i. p. 328.

be told is an accusation, not a judgment—no frailty of his is omitted, no virtue named, no wrong (and he suffered wrongs,) is put forth in extenuation. That statute is the pleading of an advocate, not the decision of a judge; but history decides in the last resort, and history has reversed the judgment of the Parliament. If Shane had vices, he had virtues also,<sup>1</sup> and the candid inquirer must admit that he was as much sinned against as sinning. It is even said, that on the mind of Queen Elizabeth did this extraordinary man make a favourable impression, which neither the blood-stained strife, the confusion, nor the vast expenditure of immense treasures, was unable to efface.<sup>2</sup>

We must now return to our narrative of the life of the ex-chancellor. We have seen that in 1563 he was engaged in arranging a peace between Shane O'Neil and Queen Elizabeth. In 1564 he was employed in negotiations of importance relative, to a treaty entered into between her Majesty and the Earl of Desmond. The violent feuds between this Earl and the Earl of Ormond were the immediate cause of this treaty. The better to understand the quarrel, in which Sir Thomas Cusacke appears to have acted as a royal commissioner, a few words on the relative position of both those distinguished families, may not be out of place.

The office **CHIEF BUTLER** of Ireland was conferred by Henry II. on one of his followers, named Theobald Walter, whose son Theobald first assumed the name of Le Boteler, or Butler. This office, so granted, and afterwards confirmed by King John, must have been one of considerable importance, when it is remembered that out of each ship "that thither should come, Lord Theobald might choose two hogsheads of wine for 40 shillings, that is to say, for 20 shillings each hogshead, and nothing more, unless at the pleasure of the merchant."<sup>3</sup> After seven generations, the Butlers were, in 1328, created

Earls of Ormond; and again, after as many other generations, did Thomas, seventh Earl, leave at his death, in 1515, two daughters, the youngest of whom was married to Sir William Boleyn, whose daughter, Anne, was mother of Queen Elizabeth. This connexion of the house of Ormond with the Crown may account, perhaps, for the fact that Thomas, the tenth earl, embraced the doctrines of the Reformers, and was a faithful supporter of Queen Elizabeth and of Protestant interests in the South.

Gerald Fitzgerald, sixteenth Earl of Desmond, on the other hand, was firm in his attachment to the faith of his fathers, and scorned to accept the new doctrines, which the Queen, at the point of the sword, was resolved to enforce, and of which, in the lives of succeeding Chancellors, we shall take occasion more fully to speak.

The remote history of the Fitz-Geralds, which the fanciful trace back to the fall of Troy,<sup>4</sup> is lost in the twilight of fable. Accompanying Henry the Second's expedition to Ireland, Maurice Fitz-Gerald, obtained enormous grants of land, and from him were descended the Earls of Kildare, the Earls of Desmond or South Munster, the Knights of the Valley, and other distinguished families, which, however, not being in any way connected with Sir Thomas Cusack, are here omitted. The dissensions between the Earls of Ormond and Desmond arose partly from the claims which both made to the prize wines of Youghal and Kinsale, and partly from questions of boundary. The matter being referred to the Crown, an indenture was entered into between the Queen and the Earl of Desmond, on the 22nd February, 1563, whereby it was agreed that "he shall repair to Dublin with Sir Thomas Cusacke, that he shall there remain until he obtain liberty to depart; that touching the controversy between him and the Earl of Ormond, they were ordered to attend her Majesty in England for her decision;" "that the Brehon laws should be abolished

<sup>1</sup> *Campion's Hist. of Ireland*, p. 189, ed. 1809.

<sup>2</sup> *T. Moore's Hist. of Ireland*.

<sup>3</sup> *Lynch's View of the Legal Institutions of Ireland*.

<sup>4</sup> *Vid. The Geraldines*, by O'Daly, Lisbon edition, A.D. 1655. Translated by Father Meehan.



within those shires;" "that as no small enormities occur by the continual recourse of idle men, of lewled demeanour, called rhymers, bards, and dice-players, who bring intelligence between the malefactors inhabiting those shires, care should be taken that no evil person shall travail. And as those rhymers, by their ditties and rhymes, made for divers lords and gentlemen in Ireland, in commendation and high praise of extortion rebellion, rape, rapine, and other injustice, encourage these lords to follow these vices, rather than abandon them. For the abolition of so heinous an abuse, order should be taken with the said Earl, the lords and gentlemen, that henceforth they do not give any manner of reward for any such lewled rhymes." "And concerning the furtherance of religion in Munster, he (the Earl of Desmond) says that, having no learning himself, he is ignorant what is to be done in that behalf, but whatever the commissioners suggest for that purpose, he is content to maintain to the utmost of his power . . . . . and as there can be found no men of his country that can be security for him for performance of the articles," which had been before that time "agreed to in England, and sent by Sir Thomas Cusacke, and for the furtherance of her Majesty's laws in Munster, and as men dare not, without protection, travel into those parts, he (the Earl of Desmond) desires to find surety by recognizance, at Waterford or Clonmel, for performance of this treaty.

"Signed,

"GEROT DESMOND."<sup>1</sup>

In 1569, Sir Thomas Cusacke was commissioned by the Crown to preside at the trial of Thomas Fitz-Gerald, Knight of the Valley, and of his son, for rebellion. The unhappy accused were found guilty; the son "of warlike destruction upon divers the Queen's Majesty's peoples within the Province of Munster, for which offences Thomas, the sonne, was executed by order of her Grace's laws, before Sir Thomas Cusacke, knight, then her Majesty's

Commissioner." Thomas, the father, was found guilty of procuring his son to commit the said acts, whereupon his property was confiscated by Act of Parliament.<sup>2</sup>

Sir Thomas Cusack's religious opinions had now changed back to what they had been before the time of Queen Mary. At the close of the reign of Henry VIII., and all through that of Edward VI., we have seen that he was violent in his opposition to the Catholic Church, and now, in the decline of life, he did all in his power to compass the ruin of that creed. The Bench and the Bar were, however, opposed to what is known as the Reformation, a state of things which Brady, Bishop of Meath, when writing, in 1570, to the Government, thus deploras:—"Sir Thomas Cusacke is the only man in his profession that favours religion, all the lawyers are thwarters and hinderers of the Reformation."<sup>3</sup> We have now nearly arrived at the close of his long and laborious life. Seven-and-thirty years had passed since he first sat on the Bench of the Common Pleas, and from that day until the closing years of his life his exalted talents brought him under the notice of each succeeding Government. Chancellor of the Exchequer, Speaker of the House of Commons, Master of the Rolls, Lord Keeper, Lord Chancellor, and Lord Justice, he had filled the highest offices in the State. He died on the 1st of April, 1571, and was buried in the parish church of Tryvit, in the County Meath. He was three times married, first to Jane Hussey, daughter of John Hussey, Baron of Galtrim; secondly, to Mathilda, daughter of George Darcy, of Platten; and thirdly, to Janette Sarsefield, of Lucan. Fourteen of his children were living at his death, and his descendants, the Cusacks, of Cushington, in the County Meath, are still owners of the same Cushington, of which the *Annals of the Four Masters* speak, when they informed us<sup>4</sup> that, in 1552, "Thomas Cuaacke, of Baile Cusen, *id est*, Cushington, became Lord Justice." The picture of this distinguished judge, in his judicial

<sup>1</sup> Patent Rolls, A.D. 1563, p. 487.

<sup>2</sup> 11th Eliz. Irish Statutes, vol. i. p. 340.

<sup>4</sup> Supra p. 381, *Annals of the Four Masters*.

<sup>3</sup> Hamilton's State Papers, p. 426.

robes, as he sat in the Court of Common Pleas, is now in the possession of his descendant, Ralph Cusack, barrister-at-law, and Clerk of the Hanaper; and there is also in his possession—alas! for the nothingness of fame, and the emptiness of all human grandeur—a dried skull, fast mouldering into dust, all the remains of him who had been the adviser of successive sovereigns, who was considered worthy of treating with O'Neil of Tyrone, and who had sat on one of the twelve thrones, judging the causes of the people.—Let us pass on to his successor.

(85.) A.D. 1555, HUGH CURWEN, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, was a native of Westmoreland, and claimed descent from the Percys, Earls of Northumberland; residing, however, in the district of Corren in Galloway, they adopted that name which was afterwards changed to Curwen.<sup>1</sup> In early life he was remarkable for his piety and zeal, and having taken holy orders, obtained soon after his entering on the mission, the appointment of Dean of Hereford and chaplain to their Majesties, Philip and Mary. He was next consecrated Archbishop of Dublin, according to the Roman Pontifical in St. Paul's Cathedral. On the 13th September, 1555, he was raised to the Chancellorship of Ireland, and on his arrival in Dublin, was sworn into office, the form of oath having been altered from that used in the preceding reign; it is as follows—

“Ye shall swear that you shall be a faithful and true Councillor to our most dear Sovereign Lord the King, and our most dear Sovereign Lady the Queen Majesty, their heirs and successors, kings of England, France, and Ireland, and shall faithfully, truly, and upright, demean yourself in the roome of Lord Chancellor of the realme of Irelande, as well towards their Majesties, their heirs, and successors, as towards their Highness's subjects, and all others that shall have to do before you. You shall maintain, execute, and keep the laws, ordinances and rights, of our mother the Holy Church, in all their points and

articles, and the law ordinances, and most godly statutes of the realme agreeable and consonant to the same—you shall administer justice indifferently to all persons, refusing no man thereof—you shall also do all other things that appertain to the office of Lord Chancellor and Councillor, to the uppermost of your power—so help you God, All Saints, and by this book.”<sup>2</sup>

On the 25th of the same month, the Queen wrote to the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church, to receive Dr. Curwen with due respect, announcing that he was preparing “to reside on the cure of his bishopric which, now of long time hath been destitute of a Cathelic Bishop, as also to occupy the office of our High Chancellor of that realme.”<sup>3</sup> Immediately after his elevation he resigned the Deanery of Hereford, but in a month resumed it, and held it on until the year 1558. A letter is still extant in which the following allusion is made to his first sermon. “The Archbishop of Dublin, did preach his first sermon that he made in this land in Christ Church, and did set forth the Word of God sincerely in his sermon, and after such a sort, that those men, both the learned and unlearned, do give him as high praise, as I have heard given to any one man.”<sup>4</sup> In the same year he held a provincial Synod, in which many constitutions were made concerning the ceremonies of divine worship.

On the 28th of April, 1556, the King and Queen, sent written instructions to Lord Fitz-Walter, Earl of Sussex, who was then about to enter on his duties of Lord Deputy, and also to Dowdall, Archbishop of Armagh, and Hugh Curwen, Archbishop of Dublin, and others of the Privy Council, directing them “to bring about by their own good example, and all other good means, the restoration of the Catholic religion, now, by God's goodness and special grace, recovered in our realme of England and Ireland, and they shall set forth the honour and dignity of the Pope's Holiness and See Apostolic of Rome, and from time to

<sup>1</sup> Dalton's Archbishops of Dublin, p. 235. Sir James Ware's Archbishops of Dublin.

<sup>2</sup> Morrin's Patent Rolls, 340.

<sup>3</sup> Harleian Miscellany.

<sup>4</sup> Dalton's Archbishops, 237.

time, be ready with our aid and secular force, at the request of all spiritual Ministers, and Ordinaries, then to punish and repress all heretics and Lollards, and their damnable sects and opinions, and errors." They also informed them, that Reginald Pole, Archbishop of Canterbury, had been sent as papal legate to England, to effect the reconciliation of that country to the Church, and that his eminence was about despatching commissioners to Ireland for a like purpose, and they called upon the Deputy and Council to assist them in that behalf by every means in their power; they directed that the Deputy is also to have regard to the administration of justice, and that the laws be executed, the lack whereof has caused grievous complaints and many mischiefs, and they complained that although the fees of the ministers of the law, were more and more increased, there was a great lack in the administration of justice. The Deputy should declare to the judge of the Bench and Common Pleas, that their Majesties were "not ignorant of the ill husbandry in times past, used in those courts which" they trusted "should from thenceforth be amended."<sup>1</sup> A similar rebuke was administrated to the Barons of the Exchequer, and with these and other instructions the Earl of Sussex, took his departure for Ireland, where he arrived on Whit-Sunday, 24th May, 1556, and on the following Tuesday was sworn into office in Christ Church.

The interesting ceremonial of resigning the sword of state by the outgoing, and the acceptance thereof by the incoming Deputy before the Lord Chancellor and the pursuivant at arms, is thus quaintly described in the Carew Manuscripts, p. 258:—"On Tuesday Sir Anthony St. Leger came to Dublin, and then to Christ Church, not permitting any of his gentlemen to precede him, or the sword to be borne before him. He went till he came to the chapel on the left hand of the altar in Christ Church, and there devoutly kneeled until the service was done, the Lord Fitz-Walters kneeling somewhat distant from him. The services being ended, the Lord Deputy (Sir Anthony

St. Leger) proceeded forth, Sir George Stanley (Knight Marshal)<sup>2</sup> bearing the sword before him, and after this business, humbly bowing unto the altar, sat down. The Lord Walters' patent was then delivered to John Parker (Master of the Rolls), who read it, Sir Anthony kneeling before the altar, who, after his thanks given unto Almighty God, rose up, set Lord Walters in his place, took the sword from Sir George Stanley, and, upon his knees, surrendered it to Lord Fitz-Walters. Then Hugh Curwen, Archbishop of Dublin, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, read the oath of Lord Fitz-Walters, and the pursuivant-at-arms held the Mass-book, whereon he took his oath. That done, the trumpets sounded and the drums beat, and then the Lord Deputy kneeled down before the altar until the *Te Deum* was ended."

The manuscript then proceeds to detail the reception of the Lord Deputy at both the cathedrals by Archbishop Curwen. On the next day, "Wednesday, the Lord Deputy came to Christ Church, nobly accompanied, and, under a canopy at the church door, was received by the Archbishop of Dublin, with the clergy kneeling. Then he was censed, and after kissed the cross, being blessed by the Archbishop. He then proceeded to the high altar, where he kneeled till the *Te Deum* was sung, and being censed and blessed, and service done, he rose up from his place and proceeded to the altar, where he kneeled a certain space, and offered a piece of gold. Then he departed to his lodging.

"On Thursday the Lord Deputy came to the minister of St. Patrick's Church, and there, after the form aforesaid, was received by the said Archbishop, being Lord Chancellor, and there offered and dined with him that day."

Immediately on the conclusion of those proceedings a parliament was summoned, and an act passed for the restoration of the kingdom to the apostolic see. The ease with which the sovereigns of those days prevailed on their parliaments to pass such laws as suited their passing fancies, appears to our generation as wholly unaccountable. In 1557 the legislative assembly abolished

<sup>1</sup> Carew MSS. 252.

<sup>2</sup> Patent Rolls, A.D. 1553, p. 300.



the Catholic religion, and stamped its holiest rites as "divilish abuses,"<sup>1</sup> and the authority of the Pope "as usurped," and yet a score of years had not gone over until the Irish Parliament restored that Church, which they again afterwards overturned at the beck of Quen Elizabeth. If any thing can deepen the astonishment one feels at such vacillating conduct, it is that the Lord Chancellor, Archbishop of Dublin, was adviser of the Crown, and Speaker of the House of Lords, at the passing of the acts both of Mary and Elizabeth.

The preamble of the 3rd & 4th Philip & Mary, which is in the shape of an address from Parliament to their Majesties, is not without interest, and is as follows:—"Whereas, since the yere of King Henry VIII., of famous memory, father unto your Majesty, our most maternal Soverain and gracious Ladye and Queene, much false and erroneous doctrine hath been taught, preached and written, partly by divers the natural-borne subjects of this realme, and partly by being brought in hither from forryne countries, hath been sown and spread abroad within the same; by reason whereof, as well the spiritualitie as the temporaltie of your highnesses realms and dominions, have swerved from the obedience from the See Apostolique, and declined from the unitie of Christ's Church, and so have continued until such tyme until your Majestie being first raised up by God, and set in the seate royall over us, and then, by his divine and gracious Providence, knyt in marriage with the most noble and vertus Prynce, the King our Soverain Lord, and your husband, the Pope's holiness and See Apostolique sent hither unto your Majesties (as unto persons undefiled, and by God's goodness preserved from the common infection aforesaid), and to the realmes of England and Ireland, the most reverend father in God, the lord Cardinal Pole, legat *de latere*, to call us home again unto the right waye, from whence wee have all this time wandered and strayed abroad: and wee, after sundrie long and grievous plagues and calamities, seeing by

the goodness of God, our own errors, wee, the Lords spiritual and temporal and the Commons in the Parliament assembled, and the whole bodie of this your highnesses' realme of Ireland, are the rather, at the contemplation of your Majesties, received and embraced into the union and boosam of Christ's Church, considering the distance from this, danger of the seas, exchewing of chardges, and further travail or labour, repairing to the presence of the said most reverend father in God, the Lord Cardinal Pole, towards England, there to make our submission according as the Lords spiritual and temporal and the Commons in Parliament holden at Westminster, in the first and second yeres of your most prosperous reignes, which wee, your humble subjects, most hartilie praie God long to continue, mentioning the repeal of all statutes, articles, and provisions made against the See Apostolique of Roome since the 20th yere of King Henry VIII. of most famous memory. Your graces, foreseeing our weaknesses and long continuance in our errour, most lovingly requiring the redresse thereof, and to have us to be in the one folde, united and knyt together, with your Majesties' subjects of England in the faith of Christ, of a godlie purpose, of your accustomed goodness alwaie shewed unto us your humble subjects of this your realme of Ireland, by whose means and intercession we have obtained of the Pope's holiness, Paul, of that name the fourth, by the said most reverend father in God, Cardinal Pole, legat *a latere* of the See Apostolique, both pardon, forgiveness and remission, together with many other benefits, as by a bull under the sayd lord legat's seale more plainly doth appeare."

Disturbances were at this time, wide spread, and the Irish people appear to have been as hostile to English rule under the Catholic King and Queen, as they had previously been under the Protestant King Henry VIII. and Edward VI. The dangers of travelling in Irish districts, too, as in the country between Galway and Dublin, were remarkable, and of these dangers the judges had even judicial know-

edge. Thus Christopher Bodkin, Archbishop of Tuam, the Earl of Clanricarde, and others were bound in their recognisance of £1200, to appear before the most reverend the Lord Chancellor of Ireland in Dublin, on the morning of the Ascension-day, 1556; and not having attended, they incurred the risk of the forfeiture of their bonds; but their defence was, the impossibility of the performance of the condition, owing to "the feare they had of the waies, and doubting much if they should have travelled through Irishmen's countries without companie, that they should have been taken and spoyleed," and this was deemed sufficient to save the forfeiture.<sup>1</sup>

On the 4th December, 1556, a commission was issued to Archbishop Curwen, and others, empowering them to inquire concerning the chalices, crosses, ornaments, bells, and other property which had lately belonged to the parish churches and chapels in the diocese of Dublin, and the sales made thereof to any person, or persons, the price, in whose hands they then remained, and also in whose possession were the houses, lands, and tenements belonging to their churches; to cause an inquisition to be thereof made and returned into Chancery without delay.<sup>2</sup> Similar commissions were at the same time issued to all the Bishops in Ireland, doubtless with a view of restoring to the parish churches their property. Widely different was their Majesties' policy with respect to the monasteries, which by the sanction of the legate were not restored to the religious orders.<sup>3</sup> The Patent Rolls are loaded with grants, made by Queen Mary, of the abbey, priories, commanderies, and nunneries, and lesser houses, to lay grantees. In the statute however, re-establishing the Catholic Church in the kingdom, it was permitted that lands might be given or devised to spiritual bodies without the licence of mortmain. On the 9th of November, 1557, the Lord Chancellor and Sir Henry Sidney, were appointed Lord Justices, dur-

ing the temporary absence of the Earl of Sussex, who had been summoned to Greenwich,<sup>4</sup> to take the Queen's commands with respect to the future government of the country. Having remained in England for several weeks, he returned to Dublin, and resumed office soon afterwards. He made several journeys throughout the country, which are well told in the Carew Manuscripts. On the 10th July, he arrived in Limerick, where after high mass, the Earl of Thomond swore to forsake the name O'Brien, and to use the name and style of the Earl of Thomond. On Tuesday, 12th of July, he pushed on towards Galway, and remained that night at Gort, where "he dined so worshipfully that divers wondered at it."<sup>6</sup>

On the accession of Queen Elizabeth, in 1558, the government of Ireland, continued in the hands of the Earl, who was speedily summoned to her Majesty's presence. On the 4th December, he "took his departure from Kilmainham, with my lady, his wife, to Howth, where that night he took shipping for England; and on the following day, Hugh Curwen, Archbishop of Dublin and Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and Sir Henry Sidney, "were sworn in as Lord Justices in Christ Church." Dr. Curwen, now that a Protestant occupied the throne, immediately accommodated his faith to that of the reigning sovereign. He was permitted, therefore, to retain his see, and continue in the office of Chancellor, and as a further reward for his elasticity of conscience, was nominated to the Privy Council.<sup>5</sup> On the 25th May, 1559, he caused the pictures, those "books of the unlearned," that adorned the walls of Christ Church and St. Patrick's, to be whitewashed, so completely had he accommodated himself to the religious principles of the Reformers.

Archbishop Curwen was one of the spiritual peers who sat in the parliament assembled in January, 1560, at which was passed the Act abolishing the power of the Pope in

<sup>1</sup> Rolls Recognizances—3 & 4 Philip and Mary.

<sup>2</sup> Morrin's Patent Rolls, p. 369.

<sup>3</sup> 3 & 4 Philip and Mary, ch. viii.; Irish Statutes, vol. i. p. 260.

<sup>4</sup> Ib. p. 240, head note; Morrin's Patent Rolls, p. 377.

<sup>5</sup> Carew MSS., p. 279.

Ib.

Ireland. This Act was, as we have already said, passed by a parliament that had four years previously restored the papal power; and the manner in which it was carried was due to the artifices of Stanyhurst, Speaker of the House, who, being in the Reforming interest, privately got together, on a day when the House was not to sit, a few of such members as he knew to be favourers of that interest.<sup>1</sup> This Act, nominally passed for all Ireland, was of little consequence to "the Irishry" outside the Pale, where, in truth, the English laws were but little respected as appears from the following report, made by the Earl of Sussex in 1652: "The people be governed either by English laws or the Brehon law, which is a corrupt kind of civil law; or by Irish customs, grounded upon the will of the Lord, that is to say, the English people by English laws, except where the great Lords, to maintain their extortion, use the other; and the Irish people by the Brehon laws and customs. The Brehon law doth admit the eldest of every nation to be by election captain of his nation, which, by custom, hath of late been so abused as for the most part the strongest of every nation is chosen to be captain, which kind of election causeth great numbers of idle men-of-war to be maintained, who bring in quoiny, livery, bonowght, and all other kind of exactions. And although the English people ought not to use such election, yet the same is in many places used."<sup>2</sup> "The election to the captaincy of their nation is the chief cause of all their disobedience, rebellion, and other enormities. The hope that every Irishman hath to come in time to be elected captain of his nation is the cause why every of them keep idle men-of-war, that thereby hemight be stronger, and so thought the worthiest to be elected on the next vacation; which men-of-war, nourished in idleness, be hardly to be restrained from stealing, preying, burning, and a number of other enormities. . . . Therefore every person now possessed of the captaincy of his nation should be in-

duced to leave that tenure, and to take the same from the prince and his heirs male. The captain may then be persuaded to keep no more men-of-war within his country than are needful for his ordinary defence, and to convert the rest to a reasonable penny-rent to his own commodity; and the freeholders answering him after that sort, may also raise an ordinary penny-rent to themselves of such things as they did before wastefully consume."<sup>3</sup> "The granting of estates in succession to the heir male will give occasion to the captain to foresee that no man in his rule shall keep such force as he shall be able to disturb his son in his succession."<sup>3</sup>

So wrote the Earl of Sussex on the Tanistry laws, which, as in times before that, the English Government held in detestation; but those laws, like their faith and their language, were rooted in the heart of the nation. To effect a thorough change, to substitute, in their stead, the laws, the language, and the religion of England, had become the policy of the State. A great national university was supposed to be the fittest means for compassing this end, and the cathedral of St. Patrick's, it was suggested, should be suppressed, that from its ruins might spring the new institution. The most reverend Chancellor, unable to brook the idea that one of his cathedral churches, with all its worldly advantages, should be thus filched from his grasp, wrote a letter, which is still in existence, to the Earl of Sussex, deprecating the proposed change. His protest had the desired effect, and the affair was at an end.

Old age was now stealing on the Chancellor-Archbishop, and with it dishonour,—a disgrace alike to the faith he had abandoned and the faith he had adopted. It seemed as if, in the sunset of life, his virtues were turned into vices—nameless vices—which so shocked the feelings of Adam Loftus, Archbishop of Armagh, that he besought of Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, to aid him in obtaining his removal from the see of Dublin.<sup>4</sup> Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, seeing how

<sup>1</sup> Vid. *Cambrensis Eversus*.<sup>2</sup> Carew MSS., 331, 339.<sup>3</sup> *Ib.* 348.<sup>4</sup> *Strype's Life of Archbishop Parker*, vol. i. p. 221.



deeply the presence of such a prelate must compromise those religious principles which she herself had learnt from her father, Henry VIII., offered Curwen a pension of £200 a year if he retired from his see and from the Court of Chancery. The offer was rejected; but a vacancy soon after occurring in England, by reason of the death of the Bishop of Oxford, Doctor Curwen was translated thither;<sup>1</sup> and having spent one year in that diocese, he died at Swinbroch, near Burford, in the parish church of which he was buried, on the 1st November, 1568.

"It is observable," writes Mr. Dalton, "that neither in the grant of the royal assent for this prelate's removal to Oxford, nor of his restitution to its temporalities, is any notice taken of his having previously been Archbishop of Dublin." His appointment, however, is thus noticed in Hamilton's State Papers, p. 335: "The Queen to the Lord Deputy, appoints Doctor Weston to be Lord Chancellor, and revokes Archbishop Curwen to be Bishop of Oxford."

OLIVER J. BURKE.

### EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF SONTAG.

THE day had been oppressively warm. Towards evening a refreshing coolness descended on the earth, the drooping flowers raised their heads, the birds, nestling amid the shadowing branches, began to warble their evening song, and man himself felt renewed vigour. Here and there a peasant strolled through the fields, covered with a sea of corn bending its full ears to the soft evening breeze, with the slight rustle denoting perfect ripeness, only awaiting the sickle to yield a rich return. Though the season everywhere gave promise of plenty, this region appeared more than commonly fruitful. Wherever the eye wandered it met the glad sight of waving corn-fields, luxuriant meadows and pastures, or fruit-trees bending under their load. It was a fair and heart-gladdening prospect as the setting sun lighted the village, lying in a valley between a translucent lake and a range of blue mountains. Opposite to the church, the prettiest for many miles, rose the school-house, a new and ornamental edifice, gleaming within and without with cleanliness. In front was a small garden, containing a single tree—an ancient and beautiful lime, surrounded with blooming box-edged flower-beds and a profusion of magnificent roses. The lately-deceased occupant had ob-

tained permission to convert a waste plot adjoining his house into a garden, which prospered under his skilful hand. When the villagers pointed proudly to their church, they felt no less pride in their schoolmaster's garden, whose roses were unsurpassed in splendour and luxuriance by any in the royal pleasure-grounds. The flowers displayed equal beauty as heretofore, though the hand which first trained them was in the grave. The widow of the deceased, with her daughter Sabina, well skilled in horticulture, still bore sway both in house and garden, the parish authorities having granted her the occupancy for a full year; nor was it likely that the new schoolmaster, her nephew, would turn his aunt out of doors. Report said that Herr Martin Werner intended to make the pretty Sabina mistress of the dwelling—a match universally approved of by the villagers, who had a high opinion of her cleverness, and well suited to Martin, whose learning she held in great respect. Some affirmed that there was an engagement between the young people, to be fulfilled as soon as Martin could obtain a sufficient income.

The two of whom we speak were enjoying the refreshing breeze in the little garden. The widow, a matron of mild and pleasing aspect,

<sup>1</sup> Le Neve's *Fasti Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*. Cotton's *Fasti Ecclesiæ Hiberniæ*.

expressive of sorrow borne with patience, sat knitting under the lime-tree, her eyes, so lately bathed in tears, now resting happily on the youthful pair, diligently employed among the roses, yet not too busy to exchange many a loving word—many a heart-stirring glance. “Shame on you, Martin!” cried Sabina, reproachfully; “instead of helping, you only hinder my work.”

The eyes of the brown maid, as Martin jestingly called her, cast a reproving glance on the youth, who seemed a hardened offender, for he seized her hand, threateningly raised it in both his own, and kissed, not it alone, but also the beautifully-rounded arm. “This is too bad, here in the open street,” said Sabina, now really angry. “The whole village will know—”

“That you are my bride? Right glad I should be. I am long weary of this mystery—to be for ever on one’s guard lest a look should betray us, or lest, instead of the formal, ‘Damsel Sabina’—a good downright ‘heart’s love’ should escape one’s lips. With my aunt’s good leave, we’ll announce our bethothal to-morrow—perhaps the parish might consider us and raise my salary, to hasten our wedding. ‘Early wooing, no rueing,’ said my grandmother of happy memory. She was a fine woman, full of wise saying, and good advice. ‘A young tree is easily rent!’—that is intended for women, so regards you, Sabina. I fear it will already be no light task to mould you so as to please me, your lord and master; but I think you’ll come under the yoke—it would not do to be an old maid, so I must take pity on you!”

“Yes, truly it is an urgent case,” replied the young girl, tossing back her rich curls in playful scorn. “I have no one to look to but you—not the miller Friede nor the Mayor’s Gottlieb; but when the pastor’s George comes home from the university, and finds me betrothed, I really don’t know how the poor fellow will bear it.”

“Hold, hold! or I shall expire of jealousy,” exclaimed the youth, with a countenance so cloudy that for a moment Sabina thought he was really hurt, and made some advances to-

wards reconciliation, which encouraged Martin to fresh demonstrations.

“Enough!” cried Sabina, “If it were even within doors”—

“So be it! this evening within doors,” rejoined Martin, so knavishly that Sabina was forced to laugh.

The handsome young couple, with fresh and animated countenances, proceeded with their work—watering and training the roses—here and there cutting off a withered branch.

“Martin,” cried Sabina eagerly, “see those two ladies, how anxiously they look about them! and a carriage is coming after them; they have certainly met with some accident; run and offer to help them.”

The young man hastened to meet the strangers, but ere he could offer his services, one of them called to him; “Good friend, can you tell us whether there is a smith in this village; and further, can you show the driver out of it? it shall be to your advantage.”

Though Martin wore a grey linen blouse, his bearing denoted a man of education. The blood mounted to his cheek at this rude address, and the second lady coloured deeply. Her quick glance had recognised a man of cultivated mind, however humble in station, and she was irritated at the rudeness of her attendant. In a harsher tone than she had ever before used to her, she said, “Do not forget, Fanny, that you should not speak till you are desired; I can find words for myself.”

In a voice of indescribable sweetness, and with courteousness which might have averted the displeasure of a prince, the lady addressed Martin.

“May I beg the favour of you, sir, to direct us to a smith, and to tell me whether there is an inn in the village, where we could rest for a few hours? I am returning home from a visit in the neighbourhood; my carriage has met with an accident, and I am wholly without aid or counsel, unless I may trust to your goodness.”

“I am entirely at your service, gracious lady; whatever aid I can afford shall be given with pleasure. I shall esteem it an honour to serve you. Though we have an inn in the village,” continued Martin, “it is unsuited to a lady. The evening air is preferable to the

closeness of a small dark room. I shall therefore request you to take a seat in my garden, while I speak to the smith. I am schoolmaster of the village, gracious lady; and the two women yonder are my relatives, who will be most happy to receive and welcome you." So saying, the young man led the stranger to his aunt and cousin; and having seen her comfortably seated under the venerable tree, while Sabina busied herself with hospitable care, he hastened away to engage the good offices of the smith on behalf of the carriage. On his return he found the three dames sitting together like old acquaintances. From afar he could hear their sweet and joyous voices, for the stranger combined with the highest degree of dignity and refinement, so much kindness and heart-winning simplicity, as to banish all reserve. Sabina was enchanted, and gazed on her with rapture. "Martin, I do believe she is a princess," whispered she. "An ordinary mortal like ourselves she certainly is not." The young man thought he had never beheld so much grace and beauty united with such gentleness and attractiveness. As the carriage would not be ready till next day, and no other vehicle could be obtained to bring them a distance of some miles to the city, Frau Gotthardt begged the stranger to pass the night in her house. The simple and hospitable invitation was accepted in the same spirit in which it was given, for amongst really well-bred people, we never met with vain and overstrained formality. While Sabina and her mother went to make some necessary arrangements, Martin led the stranger through the garden, observing, with great satisfaction, her admiring wonder at the rare splendour of the roses. Before she could prevent him, he had culled some of the finest for her, and with her peculiar, almost child-like playfulness, she called to Sabina, who drew near. "Now we shall make ourselves so splendid, that we shall go to table like queens."

She drew the laughing maiden into the house, placed a magnificent white rose amid her dark tresses, whilst before a small mirror she entwined a couple of red ones into her own fair locks.

The room in which the party assembled was simple but comfortable. The eye of the stranger wandered with pleasure over the well-polished furniture, till, observing a harpsichord, she exclaimed: "An instrument! which of you is a performer?"

"Martin plays beautifully—he is our organist," replied Sabina, with pride.

The lady approached to turn over some music lying on the harpsichord, and was visibly surprised to find it so well chosen. As if mechanically, she opened the instrument, and passed her slender white hand over the keys; the tone, though weak, was clear.

"Shall I sing you a song?" asked she; "you look as if you loved music."

Sabina gave a joyous assent, and the little room resounded with such tones as are rarely poured from human throat—so clear, so sweet, so bell-like. Martin flew to her side; all hung with breathless attention on the enchanting voice; never, perhaps, had the world-renowned songstress experienced a greater triumph than in this quiet, remote village—at least, never had her vocal power produced a more overpowering effect. The people crowded around the window, allured by the syren tones. Song after song arose, now grave, mournful, passionate, resembling the nightingale on a balmy summer night, then rivalling the joyous, thrilling notes of the lark when in the stillness of early morning she fills the blue vault of heaven with her hymn of praise.

"Who are you—who can you be?" at length broke from Martin, as the songstress paused and looked, good-naturedly laughing, around the little circle still entranced by her magic power.

"Who am I? A simple, lowly maiden, who has been graciously endowed with a good voice, and strives to warble forth her thanks for the precious gift. I am Henrietta Sontag. Have you never yet heard my name?"

"No," stammered Martin, who was incapable of falsehood, though at the moment he would have given the world to have returned a different reply.



"Never heard it!" and the young lady coloured slightly, though she was far from expressing displeasure as she said—"It is a wholesome lesson for my vanity—my pride of art, that within a few miles of the capital I am quite unknown, while my adorers there make me believe that the whole earth resounds with my fame."

"If we in our obscurity could form an idea of the stars that shine, the wondrous flowers that bloom in the great world, how could we endure the darkness of this desert corner?" rejoined Martin.

The words sounded not like empty flattery, but were rather poured forth in bitterness of soul. Both the young maidens looked with surprise at Martin, and a strange pang shot through Sabina's heart. Henrietta, whose sensitive ear perceived a discord, wished to restore harmony, and said, smiling—"Your words are far from flattering, my good sir; their literal meaning is, 'we had been better without your song,' so, as a punishment, I shall now be silent."

She took Sabina's arm, and went with her, jesting and laughing, into the garden. Frau Gotthardt had laid the supper-table, covered with a snow-white cloth, under the noble lime-tree, and the party took their seats with familiar ease to partake of the simple but well-cooked viands.

The kindly nature of the artiste now unfolded itself; so irresistibly winning was she amid her merry jests and playful sallies, that the false tone speedily gave place to heartfelt enjoyment.

"Will you not visit our beautiful church, dear lady?" asked Sabina, and the young people were soon on the way thither. It was a venerable building, erected in a noble and pure style during the era of simple grandeur in architecture.

"How beautiful—how lofty! How enchanting music must be here!" cried the young lady with her peculiar energy, giving voice to a few full and long-sustained notes, which sounded with wondrous melody through the spacious vault; herself surprised at the magic tone, the spirit of her art was aroused within her; she eagerly

turned to Martin, and in an earnest voice said:

"It would be grand if you could accompany me on the organ, Herr Werner. Do you happen to know any airs from our numerous oratorios? Do I err in thinking that I saw Handel's 'Messiah' amongst your music?"

"I know it well from beginning to end; I might call it my oldest friend; it was the chief favourite of my father, no mean musician. Its entrancing tones were fixed in my mind from infancy."

"Haste, then; let us begin the improvised concert. Truly it is no trifle to sing Handel's 'Messiah' without notes, still less to play it; but we shall accomplish our task. I want to sing one of my best-loved airs."

The two ascended to the organ-loft. At the first sounds of the organ Henrietta was visibly astonished; not only enraptured by the full tones of the instrument, but even more surprised by the masterly skill of the performer.

"Your cousin is also an artist—he is a finished performer," whispered she to Sabina, who heard the encomium with pride and joy. When the prelude was almost ended, Henrietta drew near and filled the house with her magnificent tones. She has herself more than once asserted that never has she done greater justice to the air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth" than on this evening in the little village church, and never so well accompanied as by the young organist.

Sabina, under the influence of the enchantment, gazed on the singer. The beams of the full moon found their way through the arched windows and illumined her form. A glory seemed to surround her fair head and gleam from her white garments. "I said that she was no mortal being like ourselves," thought the young maiden. "She looks like an angel, and surely an angel's song cannot be more wondrously sweet."

When the tones made so deep an impression on the uncultivated ear of the girl, how overpowering was their effect on Martin, who, to a passionate love of music, united the knowledge which enabled him to appreciate not only the general effect,

but the artistic execution of the performance!

He experienced one of those brief moments of bliss rarely vouchsafed to mortals. Now ord of thanks escaped his lips—such rapture has no voice. He silently seized the hand of the singer, and while he pressed it reverently to his lips, a warm tear fell on it.

"You must play for me now," said Henrietta; and Sabina, who longed to hear again the praises of her lover, said in a decided tone,—

"Truly, you must do your very best, Martin, to show your gratitude to the dear lady."

He looked as if he scarcely comprehended her words—he felt suddenly drawn down and enchained again to earth—however, he prepared to obey. Henrietta listened with unceasing wonder. How did this youth attain such perfection? How did she find in this obscure village talents and cultivation in a higher degree of purity and nobler simplicity than she had perhaps ever before met with? Involuntarily she thought of all she had heard of the old master, Sebastian Bach's playing, as the swelling tones filled the vaulted roof. Whether Martin was carried away by the inspiration of the anthem, or some new energy was aroused within, we cannot determine; but certain it is that he surpassed himself. Henrietta listened with breathless interest, imbibing the clear tones with delight. As the last notes died away, she noiselessly approached the young man.

"I had not imagined, sir, that I had met a true artist. Permit me to greet a brother, and from my heart to thank you for the rare enjoyment you have afforded me. When a remote village conceals such talents, he who is so richly endowed may well dispense with that wider world on which you so lately cast a longing glance. The pure and ennobling gifts bestowed on you will never suffer you to be engulfed in the daily cares, the barren sands of life!"

The clear blood rose in Martin's cheek, at praise expressed with so much sincerity and warmth.

"Who is the composer of the last fugue? It spoke wondrously to my soul. I know I have never before heard it, yet it seems familiar, so

simple and natural are its tones. It seems to me like a fine poem, so simple and unpretending in its grandeur that the composition appears an easy task, and yet is the offspring of genius alone. Do you know the composer of this fugue, or is it an ancient unclaimed treasure, like most of our national melodies, without a known author?"

"The fugue is my own," replied Martin, with embarrassment.

"Yours! I must confess, Herr Werner, I am more and more astonished. Perhaps you sing too?"

"Does he sing?" cried Sabina, who was sunning herself in the praises of her Martin; "surely he is chief chorister in the church," she added, with an amusing look of wonder that the strange lady she deemed so wise should be ignorant that the organist was always chief chorister.

"Will you sing this duet with me? it is usually sung by two women, but it suits well for soprano and tenor."

It did indeed suit well; that could not be gainsaid. Martin's voice, though uncultivated, was full and sweet. The same simplicity of taste and correctness of ear which his playing betokened, secured him from any failure in harmony.

"Much might be made of that voice; it is so much easier to perfect one who has no faults to unlearn," thought Henrietta. Turning to Martin, she said, smiling, "When next our tenor fails us, I know where to seek for aid. May I now request to close our concert, which will long live in my remembrance, by letting me once more hear that magnificent fugue; I wish the tones to leave a lasting impression on my memory."

Again sounded the sublime tones, and Henrietta was more than ever convinced that here was no ordinary talent. She remembered her own struggles ere she succeeded in bursting the strict and narrow bonds which fettered her genius; how painfully she had striven to find means to follow the irresistible dictates of her heart; and under the persuasion that every highly-gifted soul must sigh for freer development, she formed a plan which did honour to her kind heart. She remembered not that the brilliant,

but at the same time thorny and troubled path of art, is not fitted for every son of genius—that not every richly-endowed mind possesses sufficient spring and elasticity to rise with fresh and joyous heart above the multiplied cares, cabals, and perils which beset the path of renown.

When Martin's performance was ended, the young people silently quitted the church. They stood for some moments contemplating the deep repose of the little churchyard, illumined by the silvery rays of the moon—a spectacle, not of gloom, but of consolation. Henrietta spoke first, and gave vent to the thoughts with which her mind was busied.

“Your great and uncommon talents have deeply impressed me, Herr Werner. It seems to me like injustice, not only to yourself, but to your generation, to bury in obscurity so precious a gift. Should the shaft enter your breast which impels us onwards to the goal, which will not suffer the soul to rest in her straitened home—if you be driven along the path which elevates ‘the poor pensioner in an hour’ to a divinity—should you be forced to become an artist, and that I can do ought to smooth the first rough steps of your new career, come with confidence to me. I am not without influence: my friends would willingly do me a pleasure. I should feel both joy and pride could I in any wise contribute to cultivate your talents and promote your success. You appear to me not in your right place.”

An overpowering light seemed to enter the young man's soul; refulgent, alluring forms rose before his eyes; the new and irresistible feelings returned which had seized him while listening to the stranger's first song. Again an abyss seemed to open before him, towards which he was hurried with overpowering force. Ruin might lurk in its depths, yet the flowers which bloomed on its steep edge were so lovely and fragrant, that he must gather them even at the risk of sinking into the gulf. His past life seemed to him mean and pitiable. Yes, he would go forth into the wide world, and enter on the artist's career. Was it, indeed, pure zeal for art which seized

and urged him on? did no other aspirations fill his breast? Why did he fix his eyes on the stranger, who, leaning against a pillar on the church steps, her form bathed in a flood of soft radiance, seemed wondrous in her loveliness and grace? Why did his glance no longer seek Sabina, hitherto the sole object of his devotion; and who was now so wholly forgotten that she was forced to remind him of her presence? Poor girl! for the second time a sharp pang darted through her heart. Sabina felt wretched, without being aware of the cause. She felt the foreshadowing of some great danger; it seemed as if Martin was to be torn from her. Like a frightened child seeking protection, she hung on the arm of her beloved, and said, beseechingly, “Do not go hence, Martin, into the cold world! Only think how happy we may be here.”

There was a touching earnestness in the maiden's appeal, yet it failed to affect Martin. Did he already feel the soft arm as a fetter?

“Now I see it all,” cried the stranger, with her winning energy of manner. “No, no, sweet child, you need not draw back your arm in such haste; the bride need not blush to show her love for her betrothed. The career of art is not for him; but still more fair than the laurel crown is the myrtle wreath of love and happiness. May it rest in the fulness of its beauty on thy pure brow, thou lovely, true-hearted child!” The sympathy felt by Henrietta for the young girl now reached its climax, as she laid her hand on Sabina's head and kissed her fair brow. “If I can ever in any other way be helpful to you, for I have influential friends, forget not to apply to me. Always remember that in the great world dwells a friend who will rejoice in promoting your welfare.”

Sabina, overpowered by the heart-winning kindness expressed in the words and bearing of the illustrious lady, bent over her hand amid smiles, tears, and outpourings of gratitude. But Martin preserved a haughty silence.

Next morning the lady, with her attendants, quitted the hospitable cottage. Sabina and her mother for long spoke of their visitor, whose



charms of mind and person had left an indelible impression. Martin never once joined in their eulogiums. In a short time came a kind letter of thanks from Henrietta, together

with a valuable collection of well-chosen music for Martin, and a beautiful dress for Sabina, which was carefully laid by for the wedding-day.

## CHAPTER II.

WEEKS had passed away. The beautiful roses in the garden of the school-house were withered; or, if here and there a tardy bud appeared, it looked wan and sickly, dripping with the autumnal fog, an unwelcome but frequent visitant during the fall of the year. Many a fair hope in the hearts of the inmates of the once-happy abode, which had bloomed in the fullest luxuriance during spring and summer, now shared the fate of the roses. The gloom of a dull October afternoon shrouded the village—how different from its summer garb of verdant fields and blooming gardens! The distant mountains were veiled in mist, and the sad and deserted aspect of the landscape was but too faithfully reflected in Martin's soul.

He sat at the school-room window, for his own little chamber seemed still more to straiten and imprison him. He gazed on the world without. Why is all so gloomy, so monotonous; why does the village appear so little and so mean? Martin could scarcely comprehend how this speck on the earth's surface once seemed to him a paradise, whose bounds he never wished to pass; how this house had contained all that he thought indispensable to the happiness of his life. His home had become strange to him—unknown and distant regions allured and seemed to offer him a home. His eyes sought the little church, now visible through the leafless trees. They dwelt, as if fascinated, on the pillar against which had leaned the graceful form, radiant with the splendour of the moonbeams, seeming, in its wondrous beauty, the inhabitant of some higher sphere. Again he heard the entrancing voice which had driven peace from his bosom.

"What will come of this; how will it end?"

The query, which incessantly

tortured his breast, involuntarily escaped his lips.

Sabina had entered unperceived by him. She had long suspected the truth; still she shrank with anguish from its full confirmation. But hers was a true and brave heart: she will not, without an effort, suffer her happiness to be torn from her. Martin is weak, bowed down with struggles and doubts; she will stand firm at his side, and not embitter his sufferings by reproaches and complaints. If he bears her true affection, she must come off victorious; his momentary abnegation must be followed by renewed confidence and love; if otherwise, it were better to part. This conviction was not of sudden growth in Sabina's head. Sorely had she struggled. At times the change in Martin was incomprehensible to her. Had she been offered the highest lot on earth, without Martin it would have had no charms for her. He alone could give her happiness, but it must be exclusive. For her undivided love she would accept no less from him. The thought that Martin might fulfil his engagement from mere respect for his plighted word, brought the blush of shame to her cheek.

Though Sabina was but a simple village maid, and could adduce no logical reason for her course, yet her innate delicacy and true feeling directed her into the only right path. Though the words she had overheard cut her to the heart, she betrayed neither sorrow nor indignation as she approached and addressed Martin.

"For some time, Martin, you have been ill and depressed. What, would you think of visiting the City during vacation? Look abroad on the world and its ways; perhaps our quiet village may regain its charm in your eyes; or" her voice trembled slightly, "if you really are out of place here,

if your talents would win for you a fitter station, it is far better, in my mind, to tear off your bonds, whatever the effort may cost you, than to droop, year after year, like a plant in an uncongenial soil. My blessed father was, as you know, a wise man. He used to say that true wisdom consists in finding out the calling best suited to our gifts, and steadily following it out. Anything else will be but half done, and attain no good end. We plague ourselves, and get no thanks for it, when we place ourselves in an unfit position."

Martin persevered in his gloomy silence. He seemed not to have heard her words; yet they sank deep and filled him with wonder at the clear-sighted firmness of her character. He knew not that she had divined the cause of his estrangement; still he regarded her with mingled feelings, in which gratitude predominated. In this softened mood he was near confessing all to Sabina, entreating her patience and aid to recover from his unhappy delirium, which his utmost efforts failed to conquer.

Sabina divined his intention, and resolved to frustrate it, rightly considering that words have more force than mere thoughts. She therefore hastened to add, "It would be well to bring yourself to the remembrance of the authorities. Your petition might be the sooner granted."

"In that respect my going might be of use," replied Martin, quickly, as if glad of a pretext to fulfil the longings of his heart. "But I must consider of it," he added, more slowly.

Sabina knew that the journey was a settled affair. She carefully concealed her conviction that the hour decisive of her fate had arrived. Neither her mother nor Martin suspected the sleepless nights passed by her in tears; and when the loving eye of the mother could not be deceived, Sabina always adduced some casual reason for the paleness of her cheek, and dissipated the suspicions which Martin's altered demeanour aroused in the matron's bosom. But she was not at all times so firm and self-possessed; often, when alone, her courage sank, and it seemed as

if hope and happiness were dead to her.

It is night; her mother sleeps, and Martin has found respite from his woes; but the lamp still burns in Sabina's little chamber. She is writing; her words are poured forth from a heavily-burdened soul. They flow from the heart, and will find their way to the heart of her to whom they are addressed. The letter is concluded—the maiden lays her head on her folded arms, and gives free course to her tears, which she had restrained whilst writing, that the paper should not be blotted. After an interval she roused herself, reluctantly drying her eyes. The letter must be given early in the morning to the post-boy, and she must look it over to see whether she has expressed her meaning clearly. The contents were as follows:—

"Dear and highly-honoured Lady,—Your great and undeserved goodness to me, and your command to apply to you if at any time you could be helpful to me, gives me the courage to write now. I believe, surely, you can help me. My chief earthly hope rests on you to restore peace to my poor burdened heart, and happiness to our household. But I will declare shortly and clearly what perhaps you already suspect, for you are so quick and clever, and have such clear-seeing eyes, which can surely see into every heart. Perhaps you saw, that evening in the church, what came like a dark cloud over me, the change in Martin, which gives us all deep sorrow, though not one of us speaks a word about it; and we, who used to have our hearts on our tongues, and say out whatever was in our minds, now as if to hide them from each other, we weigh every word, so that often there is a painful silence.

"From the moment that Martin first saw you, an enchantment came over him, which has grown stronger, till he seems to go about in bonds which he cannot throw off. On one side I can well understand it, for I never in my whole life saw so gracious and beautiful a creature; and I maintained from the first that you are not a common mortal, like us; and when you sing, one

must give you up their inmost heart, and could leave house and home to follow after you. If I had been a man, a free man, after hearing your song, and seeing you so heart-winning and beautiful as you were with us, I believe I should have gone after you to the ends of the earth. But Martin is not free—he has given me his heart, has made the happiness of his life dependent on me and on my love, and how is it possible that what seemed to me to be built up for ever, resting on fidelity and truth, has been in one instant shattered and overthrown?—that is what I cannot comprehend. I well know that I—poor, simple, village girl—could not measure myself with you; and if you were to contend with me, you must overcome. But in one respect you are not equal to me—there I surpass you—in my love for Martin. No one can love him as I do; I could even give him up if it was for his happiness, but it would crush down my heart; and if I try to escape such trouble, no one can say but I am right; and I will do all that is possible, with honour, to keep my Martin, or to win him back; and in that I beg your help, my good, dear lady.

“I know that you, surrounded, no doubt, by friends and wooers without end, never cast so much as a glance on my treasure, the poor village schoolmaster. You are not, like the rich man in the Bible, the owner of many flocks, who yet took from the poor man his only lamb. Your goodness is so visibly written on your dear face, that not a doubt of it dwells in me; and though much sorrow has come to me through you, I can feel no anger against you, but am forced to hold you in my inmost heart, as every one must who comes near you. You could not know that your kind projects would turn out so sadly for us. You offered Martin your support if he was driven to become an artist, but only because his talents delighted you, and seemed to you worthy of cultivation. Yet I am convinced that it is no irresistible devotion to art that drives Martin on. If he strives to burst his bonds and soar on high, it is solely to reach your presence. No man

can hold two true loves in his heart at once; one must be a delusion. If the newly-born feeling for you can overcome his old inclination for me, then is it the true one, and he must obey its commands without more hesitation. Sometimes I think he never truly loved me, for how it is possible for his love to change is simply beyond my comprehension. If the most illustrious, wisest, handsomest man, a prince, or even a king, should come to woo me, and want to bring me to his palace, to raise me to the high honour of being his wife, and set a golden crown on my head, I would not hesitate one moment. I would make him a respectful curtsy, and speak my gratitude for the distinction, but I would never leave my Martin; and the little green wreath which he offers me would be to me a fairer ornament than a kingly crown. Is a man's heart different from ours? Can more than one love find room in it? For he did once love me in his heart's core; it was no mere acting. As Martin is so restless and uneasy, I have myself counselled him to go to the city, to come to some end one way or the other. If he can be happy through a separation from me, neither reproach nor complaint shall pass my lips: better he should be happy in his freedom, whatever I suffer, than that we should both be miserable in a forced union. I can bear all things except one: I must be dearer to my husband than all the world beside. Though your name has not passed his lips, yet I know that Martin will immediately seek you out. I saw the joy in his face at the thought of seeing you again. He must not know the bitter pang it cost me; so I advised him, as an object for his journey, to present himself to the great lords who are set over the schools, and represent to them how insufficiently the teacher here is paid. If Martin believes this to be my real object, then I must say, that men in their wisdom and learning (for you may believe, lady, he is deeply learned) often do not see as clearly as a humble but loving woman.

“I have prayed your help, beloved lady, and I know not how to direct you; you in your wisdom will



surely find some escape out of the net that has entrapped us all. If you loved my Martin, and could raise him to your own height, I would be content to stay in my obscurity, praying for the happiness of you both. But that is impossible, and I could never believe that you could take pleasure in the struggles of a heart which strives and longs after you in vain. No, no! you take not from the poor man his only treasure; you break not lightly the flower which should adorn his whole life. How you can win back for me my happiness, I do not at all know; it comforts me to lay my petition in your hand.

I have fully opened to you my troubled heart; if you can help me, you certainly will. Martin will surely reach you soon after this letter, of which he knows nothing. Perhaps you will be shown some way to cure Martin of his delusion, for the manner in which he strives after an unattainable good appears to me a delusion, and so restore peace and joy to us all. May a blessing rest on you, my dearly-loved lady, and my deep gratitude for all you do to me, even if you cannot carry out your kind purpose of helping me.

"Your faithfully devoted,  
"SABINA GOTTHARDT."

#### CHAPTER III.

THE opera was over. Though proud and happy, yet the worshipped prima donna, felt weary from the storm of plaudits. With a feeling of relief, she reclined in her quiet, pleasant apartment, softly lighted and fragrant with sweet flowers; in its peaceful privacy, a delightful contrast to the noise and bustle she had just left. The silver tea-urn bubbled gently, the splendid flowers brought each day in profusion, bloomed and shed fragrance; Henrietta enjoyed being again alone, at liberty to rest or pursue her meditations. The recent triumph gave her pleasure; she was a woman and rejected not applause; but still more grateful is the consciousness of having justly gained it; both sources of satisfaction were hers.

On the table near her lay letters, still unopened. It was so sweet to rest in the soft sofa corner, with half closed eyes, in a waking dream. Her attendant, who had entered to prepare her tea, disturbed her creamy rest, and recalled her from golden fairy-land to the actual world. She therefore turned to her letters, mostly filled with the same theme, lauding in prose or verse the charms of the adored, and setting forth the devotion and the torments of her worshippers. An amused smile often relaxed the rosy mouth of the youthful maiden, and she sometimes indulged in a clear-toned, joyous laugh, when some one of her correspondents

described his heart woes in too-doleful terms. Henrietta was incapable of trifling with a true and honest affection; but she had enough of the humorous to enjoy heartily the extravagant lamentations of some of her admirers. Despite this cruelty, as they termed it, they could not break their chains each day produced new victims to her charms. After she had opened all the perfumed billets, cast some regardlessly aside, and perused others more carefully as containing some enjoyable absurdity, there still remained a large, thick letter, strangely differing in form and bulk from its elegant companions, Henrietta broke the seal. During the perusal a striking change came over her features, all her light-hearted joyousness vanished, and heavy clouds of grief grew more dark as she proceeded. Ere the letter was ended, the deep emotion of her kind heart had blanched the roses on her cheek.

"Poor dear child, how much better for thee had my foot never crossed that peaceful threshold," thought she, with a deep sigh; "but Herr Martin, with his Gabriel face, I should have held for a more constant swain. Yes, yes, thou art right in thy sweet simplicity. The hearts of men are very different from ours; the great wheel round which they revolve is passion: love and truth are but inferior springs. This youth gains possession of a sweet flower,

tender and pure, such as the quiet vale, remote from the highway, can alone produce : but his eye lights on another flower, it may be more splendid in its bloom ; he strains every effort to reach it, regardless of what his foot may crush in the attempt. He is endowed with rare talents, which I would have drawn forth, thinking it for his good ; however, here, near me, is not his place. No, no ; all must be tried to preserve the happiness of the dear girl who rests herself so trustingly on me !”

Henrietta was sometimes in the habit of thinking aloud ; she spoke the last words so audibly, that her attendant approached, in the belief that she had been called.

“What are your commands, lady?”

“Only to be alone.”

In the silent night Henrietta pondered how best to aid Sabina. Many schemes presented themselves, seeming admirable at first sight, then cast aside as impracticable. She thought of speaking openly to the young man, and trying to lead him back to the duty he owed to his first love. But her quick perception soon showed her that such a proceeding would only attach Martin more firmly to herself. He already beheld her encircled with a halo ; she must take care to avoid adding to its splendour. And yet to regard his feelings with scorn, to make him sensible of the distance between them—doubtless it would be the surest way to cure him. Henrietta remembered the indignant glance cast on her servant for her unseemly address, showing much pride of heart ; but such means of cure were too repugnant to her nature. So to transmute herself as to appear vile in his eyes ; that he should regard his feelings for her with shame—that a scornful smile should part his lips at sound of her praise—no, that she could not do. What true heart could ! Once she thought of appearing to him as the betrothed of another ; then her natural liveliness would conquer depressing thoughts. Perhaps she was taking it too seriously ; it might be better to pass it off as a jest. Lord Q—— or Count M—— would gladly for half an hour assume the rôle of her intended. Smiling, but deeply blushing, she discarded the idea ;

her maidenly feelings revolted against conferring such a privilege even in jest ; besides it seemed unworthy to pass off a deception on the poor youth—had he not paid her a high compliment ? Henrietta regretted the absence of her mother ; she might have given her good advice. What could she do to justify Sabina’s confidence and aid her troubles ? The thought of having driven joy and peace from the roof that had so hospitably sheltered her, was a heavy load to her kind heart. She recalled the pale features of the venerable matron, who seemed to exist only in the happiness of her children, and who now, perhaps, deplored with tears the hour when her foot had crossed the threshold. She beheld Sabina, from whose sunny countenance the joyous smile had fled. Both had received her so lovingly—had waited on her like a queen, and in return she had brought such woe on their heads. Though far from her intention, still it was through her means. But all must yet be well.

Henrietta came to the conclusion that it was better not to form any plan, but to be guided by circumstances as they should arise. She impressed on her servant, that if Herr Werner should call, he was to be treated with due respect, admitted when she had other visitors, but denied access to her presence when she was alone.

On the following day, Martin pulled the bell at the door of the admired *artiste*, and summoned up all his courage to express his desire for admission with a firm voice. Loud tones, mingled with laughter, sounded from the antechamber. Surrounded by a circle of gentlemen, some in the most splendid uniforms, he beheld Henrietta, the only lady present. How often had he pictured to himself this meeting, and longed for the blissful moment as the pilgrim in the burning sands of the desert longs for the cool, shadowy forest ; and now, how different from all he had anticipated ! Had it been possible, he would have turned and fled ; but he had been announced ; and already Henrietta, with her wonted grace, advanced to greet him. Though poor Martin’s

heart bounded, and his brain whirled, he resolved that his enemies (for such he held the gentlemen staring at him with curiosity) should not witness his discomfiture,—*she* should not need to blush for him. He regained his self-command, and assumed an outward ease which surprised himself—which, added to his slight, graceful figure, and pleasing countenance, made his entrance, on the whole, creditable. The eyeglasses at first superciliously turned on the stranger (for Fanny had not omitted, in announcing “Herr Werner,” to add “village schoolmaster”) were lowered, and many of those present regarded with envy the young and handsome man, who was treated with marked kindness by the idol of the day. He, however, was far from feeling himself to be an object for envy. He seemed to stand on a volcano; the self-possession which he had attained with effort was fast ebbing away. What brought these gentlemen around her? how were they so at home? how dared they talk so lightly in her presence of dances, horses, dogs, and all such subjects? These questions whirled rapidly through Martin’s brain. The simple villager, who entered such a circle for the first time, without perception of the position of an admired *artiste*, saw in this throng of visitors, which she was obliged to tolerate, though often wearisome, wherewithal to shock his sensitive delicacy. A shadow seemed to fall on her; on *her*, whose image had filled his soul in the radiance of dazzling purity. Martin was the first to depart,—what should he linger for? He found not her whom he sought. Henrietta, who was deeply touched by his agitation, followed him into the antechamber.

“We have not been able to talk together of your prospects, Herr Werner; come again when there is not such a crowd; we will then consider whether the place of organist in some larger town could be found for you.”

Had her words been unheard? His last look cut her to the heart—so full of mournful doubt and anguish. Henrietta felt that he regarded her as a strange, incomprehensible being. In his simplicity he could have no conception of life in the busy world.

“You will go to the opera, Herr Werner? Your passionate love of music will find high enjoyment in the masterpiece of our divine Mozart. I should like you to see me in a part which so completely accords with my taste. Yet, I fear, you will scarcely get a ticket now. Be so good as to wait one moment.” Henrietta flew to her writing-table, and dashed off a few words with her signature. “Here, this will secure your admission. To-morrow or next day I hope to see you again. You must tell me everything about your dear Sabina. Is the wedding-day fixed? Adieu, Herr Werner, till our next meeting.”

Ere Martin had recovered from his confusion, Henrietta had returned to the saloon, which again resounded with a merry peal. He fancied he heard the words “fair shepherd,” followed by a joyous, silver-toned laugh. Ridiculed, scorned, perhaps, even by the object of his devotion, Martin drew his hat over his brow, compressed his lips, and rushed forth as if to escape a conflagration.

“Gently, gently, Herr Schoolmaster! Do not tread a poor, harmless thing like me into the dust!” cried Fanny, who came along the corridor bearing a salver with refreshments. “How do you like the city, Herr Werner? It is a little different from your quiet village. We are another set here. We’d have learned comedy to little purpose if we couldn’t suit all comers. Here we are in our element; visits, from morning till night, from handsome, rich lords; flowers, presents, lovers past count—a merry life into the bargain! Don’t ring such a peal, most gracious lady! I am coming. The dearly-beloved lord will get his chocolate soon enough. Farewell, Herr Werner; you see I am in the path of duty!” These words were uttered with a most theatrical air. “Commend me to the damsel Sabina. That arrow has hit the mark!” continued the malicious maiden, glancing after her flying victim. “I owed him a grudge for having got me the sharpest reproof I ever had from my mistress. I have given him a medley of truth and fiction which the poor simple youth takes for pure



truth. Much good may it do you, Herr Schoolmaster!"

Yes, the poisoned shaft was well-timed, and had done its work!

The crowd flowed onwards to the Opera-house. The far-famed Henrietta Sontag, was to make her first appearance as "Susanna" in *Figaro*. Even outside the house was a crush and pressure, which increased to a dangerous degree within the passages; for many who were too late to get tickets, in their retreat encountered the still denser crowd of those who had been successful. After a violent struggle, Martin had reach his allotted place, in the stage-box. Every inch of the huge edifice was crammed, and but for the peremptory mandate he bore, every inlet would have been closed against him. Squeezed into a corner, he looked around, in a waking dream—the brilliant interior, the continuous humming movements, united, with the tones of the instruments, to involve still more his confused senses. He had never before been in a theatre; the petty provincial town where he was educated did not contain one. Martin felt the whirl and buzz not only around, but within him. His heart beat audibly, his eyes were fascinated to the curtain, behind which *she*, perhaps, already stood—she whom at one moment he regarded with passionate adoration, the next with bitter wrath, almost hatred.

At the first sound of the overture, there was universal silence, all watched eagerly for the bantering joyous notes of the unrivalled voice; but no sooner did the curtain rise, than a perfect storm of applause followed. Flowers and wreaths were cast upon the stage in such profusion that "Figaro" laid an armful on the table, after having selected the most beautiful garland to adorn the exquisite, coquettish little hat of the most bewitching "Susanna" that perhaps had ever floated across a stage. Is it indeed the same, this captivating creature, darting such roguish glances; can this be the form on which his eye had rested in the little village church, so sacred in its purity, resembling an angel in radiance, and in song? It cannot be—she looked up—

Martin beheld her eyes—it is Henrietta Sontag. He cast a withering glance on her, then shrinks into himself. He could scarcely refrain from crying out—"Presume not to touch her, draw back thine arm, insolent man." But she laughs, and jests, and nods in joyous abandonment, and warbles her clear, pearly tones amid rapturous applause. Martin leaned back in his corner in deadly agony; the idol which he had set on high, is cast down from its altar, and lies in the dust beneath his feet. Those who find Martin severe in his judgment, should consider his previous habits, which had unfitted him for at once comprehending the beauty and sublimity of the composition. From infancy he had been intimately acquainted with the old sacred music, and had devoted himself to its severe style. This opera, the first he had heard, combines the most exalted strains with the most frivolous subjects ever chosen by a composer, surpassing even *Don Juan* in levity—for the sins of the one entail due punishment, while *Figaro* is a tissue of never-ending coquetting and intrigue, admired for its very frivolity.

The subject is at variance with all right feeling. Martin's severe morality was outraged: he thought it a sin and shame for a modest woman even to witness such a performance; how much more to support a character in it! And she could take pleasure in this opera, and speak of it as her special favourite! The talk between acts soon fettered his attention by the oft-repeated mention of her name. It did not tend to soothe his irritation. Not that she was evil spoken of: envy itself could not cast a stain on the name of Henrietta Sontag. But the levity with which her triumphs and her adorers were noticed, brought to his mind the words of her attendant, and raised to its climax the ferment within. How short the time since he would have bent the knee, and kissed the hem of her garment with reverence! Now he looked on her with contempt. He could not withdraw his eyes, but they were filled with scorn and bitterness, while with

irresistible power she sung her ardent affection, desecrating by its publicity a confession, according to his ideas, sacred from every ear but one. He thought the grief would be less to see her in her coffin, than thus the cynosure of all eyes. Did she wish to lure *him* to this path of ruin? For one moment his brain reeled with the thought that he, too, could stand by her side, pressing her little soft hand, encircling her with his arm. Yet no, not even this would tempt him to approach her now. No, Martin, the soul of art dwells not in thee!

The curtain falls, but to rise again. The thunders of applause are deafening: the idol of the public is well-nigh buried beneath a shower of bouquets; one reaches her from the royal box itself. She receives and presses it to her heart. Is there not a deep blush on her cheek?—is not even her snowy neck tinged with its glow? “It wanted but this,” muttered Martin, between his teeth, with condensed bitterness; and his hand clenched itself as if crushing the flowers which she held.

How falsely do we judge when influenced by passion! Of all the feelings ascribed by Martin to the young vocalist, not one engaged her thoughts. Joy—nay, rapture—at her unparalleled triumph, heightened by the consciousness of desert, swelled her bosom; and if somewhat of gratified vanity at distinction, conferred by a hand usually niggard of such honours, sent the blood in warmer glow to her cheek, who could blame her, save those who look for purity unattainable by the human heart? If every actress, crowned with dramatic laurels, equalled Henrietta Sontag in purity of thought, kindness of heart, and nobility of soul, no race, however illustrious, could blush to own kindred with one so exalted above the common herd. Martin thought not so. His rigid code condemned the course to which her talents had led her; her adoption of the stage was incomprehensible to him; and through inexperience, and the irritation of wounded feelings, he drew the most

unjust and false conclusions. However, they completed his cure.

“You are aware that there is to be a torchlight procession in honour of the divine Henrietta?” asked a youth, who stood beside Martin.

“Am I to drink the cup to the dregs?” murmured he, borne onwards by the crowd. Owing to the darkness of the night, the brilliancy of the torches showed to the utmost advantage. Had the object been different, the beautiful effect would have afforded Martin the highest enjoyment. Now the scene appeared to him the climax of earthly vanity.

Deafening shouts filled the air as the light and graceful form appeared on the balcony, illumined with magical radiance. She bowed low in acknowledgment of the public homage. How majestic, yet how exquisitely feminine! Martin was so near as to trace the varying expression of her features, beaming with delight, yet chastened by modesty, almost amounting to diffidence, at the unlooked-for ovation. He heeded it not. “What have we learned comedy for, if we can’t suit all circumstances?” repeated he, so audibly, that the bystanders stared. He rushed forth into the darkness, through the city, out into the pure fields.

As Henrietta laid her wearied head on her pillow, her thoughts reverted to the youth. “Will he come again, or is the cure complete? Oh! may that dear girl regain happiness!” was her latest wish ere she slept.

Martin came not again. Henrietta pondered on what she could do for him without his participation—perhaps procure a place of organist in the City. It seemed injudicious to run the risk of reviving his feelings towards herself; still she must do something for Sabina. Suddenly the young teacher’s petition to the government occurred to her. “That will do,” exclaimed the laughing girl. “That tiresome president protested the other day that he would give the world for a kiss from me. A kiss of the hand is still a kiss. By an addition to his salary, at least, I can help the dear children.”

## CHAPTER IV.

THOUGH but three days had elapsed since Martin's departure, Sabina's anxious gaze often sought the road by which he should return. The well-spring of hope was not exhausted in her trusting heart. It was a still evening, notwithstanding the advanced season; the air was balmy; light clouds, white or rose-colour, floated in the blue æther. Nature seemed intent on displaying all her charms ere her winter's sleep. Sabina left her home, with permission of her mother, who was enjoying a cup of coffee and an hour's chat with a friend. She strolled through the fields to a neighbouring wood, where, some years before, her father had made a seat for her under a beautiful fir-tree. The spot was held in veneration by the villagers, by whom both Sabina and her parents were much beloved. More than once on her birthday a wreath of flowers had been entwined around the bench, and a fragrant bouquet laid on the little rustic table before it. Sabina slowly approached this favourite spot. Despite her confiding faith, she was unable to subdue a feeling of anxious sadness. The autumnal stillness, most impressive in the wood, which no longer echoed the sweet melody of the springtide, affected her with a gentle melancholy. From time to time a faint twitter or low rustling sound was audible amongst the trees, whose trunks were bathed in the ruddy glow of the setting sun. It was unspeakably soothing. Sabina felt the peaceful influence of the scene, and thought, if Martin were at home again, it would restore health to his mind—its charm would calm and purify his soul. But what object met her gaze—who occupied the bench? It was a man. Sabina drew back; but she looked more earnestly, and a cry escaped her.

"Martin! dear, dear Martin!"

He raised his head, which had rested on his folded arms; his weary, wan anguished visage shaded by dishevelled locks. Sabina was cut to the heart. The question rose to her lips, "What has happened?" But she restrained herself. She

would not extort confidence, or press for what might be best unspoken. What wisdom dwelt in a simple, lowly heart! How did thy loving nature guide thee aright!

The overpowering joy of again beholding her beloved scarce left room for anxiety or care.

"Martin, dear Martin; at home again!" exulted Sabina, seating herself by him, and laying her little head on his shoulder. "My mother said truly you would not be long away from us; for you would find there is no place in the wide world like home, and no heart so true and loving as your brown maid's. You leave us not again; is it not so, Martin?"

"No, no; never more into that false, wicked world!"

The tone was that of a deeply-wounded spirit; and notwithstanding the consoling assurance, it stifled Sabina's joy. They sat long in silence. The maiden had raised her head from his shoulder. Perhaps no longer her resting-place. He had indeed returned; but was he still her own? Though the gilded hope that had dazzled him had fled, his love for the beautiful and attractive object of his adoration might have survived the shock.

Perhaps he panted for freedom; it was surely so; she could never accept his hand, when he had given his heart elsewhere. Sabina's cheek burned at the bare thought of thus desecrating the sacred bond. Without a word from Martin, she divined what had occurred; and even in his agony, Martin read what passed in Sabina's soul. The sympathy of true affection has wondrous might. He was deeply touched by the distrust which had succeeded to her joy. She had drawn a little apart, and he felt alarm at this seeming estrangement. He dreaded to lose her, at the moment which revealed to him her full worth. His eye dwelt on the young girl, so pure, unbreathed on by the world—in all the fresh loveliness of the wild-flower, blooming in seclusion, for him alone. For *him*? what could he offer in return for her pure heart



—dared he press her to a breast still wildly surging from the storm of passion, where the form of another would still at times emerge in dazzling light from the darkness which enshrouded it? He looked gloomily on the ground, then again glanced towards Sabina. He saw a tear gather beneath her long dark lashes, and steal slowly down her soft cheek. The spell was broken; the first ray of light penetrated his benighted soul. This tear-drop seemed to open a floodgate for the relief of his burdened heart. He threw his arms convulsively around the maiden.

"Sabina, have patience with me," he entreated, as soon as he had regained some degree of composure. "Think of me as recovering from *heavy* sickness; still without strength, which time may restore. I have dreamed an enchanting, but evil dream—I am awake, but still trembling from the agony I have endured. It was an illusion, luring me onwards to the abyss. Now I have learned to know where my happiness is placed; the path of health and peace of mind!"

A glance recalled the happy past to the blushing maiden.

"But I am as yet unworthy of such bliss; my soul is sad and troubled; it has no room for joy.

Stand at my side, Sabina; aid me to conquer."

By degrees the clouds dispersed, and a more stedfast affection took root in his breast. At the season when the roses were in the fulness of their bloom, the village was dressed in smiles to celebrate the marriage of its favourite—the loveliest and best-beloved. All was pleasure without alloy; even the aged and the sick held festival; in the early morning, ere the sun had overtopped the mountains, Sabina visited their humble homes, dispensing various comforts. She could afford it. An income was assured to the youthful pair, fully adequate to their simple wants. First, a relation of Sabina's had left her a small inheritance; then came a letter from the authorities, to inform Martin, that on inquiry his salary had been found insufficient, and a yearly addition of 100 thalers had been granted him for life. Martin believed he owed this favour to the great lords who had received him so graciously on his visit to the capital. Sabina thought otherwise. She often in secret blessed the name of Henrietta. It never passed Martin's lips. Had he indeed forgotten her? had its splendour been extinguished in the mild radiance of a happy union?

#### CHAPTER V.

A DELICIOUS autumnal afternoon shed fragrance over the glories of Sans Souci, which owed its world renown, not alone to the beauty of its pleasure-grounds, and magnificence of its water-works, but still more to the memory of the great king whose fiat had called them into existence.

He who could wander through the shady walks of the royal park without feelings of reverence and awe, must possess a soul mean and arid in no common degree. A peculiar charm dwells within these very verdant and deeply-shadowed paths; the rustling whispers of the majestic and venerable trees are more mysteriously captivating, the melody of the nightingale more ravishing than elsewhere. The spirit of the great Frederick seems still to watch over the spot he

loved so well, and to impart a more exulted tone to the mind of the beholder.

On the afternoon of which we speak, a man of middle age, with a youthful companion, traversed the shaded alleys of Sans Souci. They seemed not to belong to the sordid, narrow-minded class of mankind, for their features expressed the admiration—well-nigh religious veneration with which they beheld the pride of nature and glories of art. Few words passed between them; their emotions found vent in occasional exclamations of delight.

"Look, father! what soft and golden rays play over the velvet turf!" said the young man, a fresh, intelligent-looking youth of seventeen, whose clear hazel eyes beamed and sparkled with rapture as he gazed on the witcheries around.

The scene was indescribably enchanting. The fountains were in full play, yet the privacy was not invaded—it was not a public day, when the citizens of Berlin flock in crowds to Potsdam. The two strangers knew not wherefore the fountains played—the youth said, laughing, that it must be in honour of their visit. Just then they turned into the principal alley, and he greeted with a shout of ecstasy the great jet-d'eau, rising in proud beauty and majesty high, high into the air, and shedding its pearly veil widely around. "Father, father, how incomparably enchanting! at home they have no idea of such magnificence. If my mother could but see it! Father, I'll save, and earn money by music-lessons, that my mother may come and see this."

The father patted him gently on the shoulder, and looked approvingly on the joyous young face. "Right, Henry, your mother must come to Potsdam; I cannot rest till she has seen it all. She must see with her own eyes where the son of her heart is gone." They seated themselves on one of the marble benches surrounding the great fountain, to enjoy the magnificent spectacle—the soft rustling of the leaves, the vast cascades glancing in the sunlight, like millions of sparkling diamonds, the magical effect of the perfect rainbow on the silvery spray. Their eyes then wandered over the far-famed terraces, with their ranges of beautiful orange-trees, till they rested on the modest but historic edifice crowning the highest ridge. Above all was the clear blue expanse of heaven, looking down on a fulness of beauty not often adorning the end of August. If here and there the verdure was chequered with the autumnal tint, so lovely in decay, the stillness of nature extended to the hearts of both father and son; they sat with their hands clasped together, as if to enjoy to the utmost the few hours they had still to pass ere their separation on the morrow. Conflicting feelings filled the father's breast; he was about to send forth his son, his only child, into the world; he was placing him at the seminary in

Potsdam to complete his education.

He brought him hither pure and uncorrupted; would he be equally so on his return? Henry was an only child; his three sisters had died in infancy. The hearts of the parents clung to the gentle yet sportive boy with a love and tenderness far removed from blind idolatry. The sorrow of parting from his beloved mother and quitting his home was past; and whilst his father was still at his side he scarcely felt himself in a strange world. Many a wise precept of his father's now took deep root, and was a shield in the hour of temptation, which none escape in their passage through life.

Arm-in-arm they sought the entrance-gate. The garden surrounding the church lay in their way, and ignorant of the prohibition, they entered. Never was a more appropriate title than that of "*Frieden's Garten*" (Garden of peace): an inexpressibly delightful feeling of repose pervades it; you cannot say in what it consists, but you feel its power.

At the time of which we treat (nearly fifteen years ago), the garden had not attained the perfection which now entrances the beholder. However, it was adorned with emerald turf, beautiful flowers, and stately groves. How picturesque, too, was the church, placed on the bank of a small lake, rising in noble simplicity of style amidst embowering trees! It was erected by Frederick William IV., and chosen by him for his last resting-place.

The two strangers drew near, attracted by the solemn tones of the organ. Whether their appearance marked them as strangers, or their features expressed the pleasure with which they listened, a servant signed to them to enter.

"If you pass noiselessly to the choir, I will let you enter. It is a great privilege; half Potsdam will envy you. Countess Rossi sings to-day, in presence of the King and Court."

They reached the choir unobserved, and placed themselves behind a column. The powerful tones of the organ filled the expanse of

the building. The prelude ended, a female voice arose, magnificent, clear, bell-like, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." As if from the effect of an electric shock, the elder stranger sprang from his seat; he became deadly pale. Had he not been held back by his son, he would have rushed forward to obtain sight of the singer. Sight was needless, where the soul spoke with unerring certainty. No other voice could produce those tones.

"Father, what is the matter?" whispered his son, anxiously.

He signed to him to be silent; he hid his face; tears forced themselves through his fingers. Youth, golden youth, that enrapturing dream, the moonlight evening in the little village church, all seemed to live again; the dark cloud enveloping her form disappeared before the all-subduing power of those magic strains. Other anthems succeeded, also sung by Henrietta Sontag, now Countess Rossi,—Martin heard them not.

The concert is ended: the whole court press around the singer with praise and thanks. Martin gazes at her. Yes; he would recognise her among thousands. If the first bloom of youth has fled, and the slender and pliant form has assumed fuller proportions, Henrietta is still lovely and graceful as ever. In the full splendour of womanly beauty, imposing in her majesty, she stands a queen, even among princes. A nobleman, adorned with many orders, stands near her, bearing on his arm a white cashmere mantle. Martin divines that it is her husband; he can regard him in peace; the feelings once misguiding him no longer exist. Thankfulness, exulting joy, to have seen her, to have heard once more her unrivalled notes, to have regained her image in its early purity, fill his breast. The pair quitted the church unobserved, as they had entered. The whole court passed before them; they bent low in reverence for the royal blood—lower still in homage to the queen of song. Whether his emotion betrayed itself in his salutation, or that some imperfect remembrance floated through her mind (for, though changed by time, his features retained the seal of truth and candour,

and his form its grace and agility), certain it is that the Countess paused and returned his greeting with so much affability and kindness, that Henry was enraptured at being the object of such notice by a lady so exalted in rank and by genius.

The young man already enjoyed the sweet sleep of youth, when his father quitted the inn, to calm his excited feelings by a stroll in the still summer night. There was a tumult in his breast. He had heard her much spoken of, and all in praise—her humanity and benevolence, her sympathy with the woes of others, amid her own cares, from which her high station had not exempted her.

Her family affection was highly commended. All combined to convince Martin of his error in believing her worldly and ambitious, vain, and thirsting for adulation. He had erred in both extremes, but he had departed more widely from the truth in the desecration than in the previous worship of his idol.

The wife of Martin's host was aunt to a servant in Count Rossi's household, and had herself served there for a time. She expatiated on the kindness of its mistress. He learned from her the present abode of the Countess, and was irresistibly drawn thither. He turned his steps to that pleasant suburb inhabited by the Russians, interspersed with alleys of magnificent trees, beneath whose shade the variously-tinted wooden houses, each surrounded by its orchard, present an agreeable picture. Its beauty was enhanced by the soft radiance of the moon, under whose influence the Russian church, crowning the little hill of *Kapellenberg*, wore an imposing aspect. Countess Rossi at present occupied one of the handsomest of these Russian-built houses. Numbers came every evening from Potsdam to watch at a distance, concealed among the shrubs, for the sweet tones wafted from the balcony on the soft summer breeze. Now, probably from the lateness of the hour, it was silent and deserted. The moonlight lay sleeping on the broad gravel walks, and glanced from the white stems of the birches, while the night-wind sighed among



their branches. There was no sign of life within the mansion; though the balcony-door stood open, no light was visible.

Martin gazed on the silent dwelling, his heart overflowing with blessings on its fair owner. He ardently desired to see her, to hear her voice once more, for the last time in this life. They were little likely to meet again, for she was about to leave the land of her birth. Oh! for one song, a last farewell! As if this day were destined to gleam with unclouded splendour through his future life, this wish, too, was granted. A skilful hand struck a few full chords on a splendid instrument, followed by a simple, touching melody. Had it been possible, this simple air would have stirred Martin's inmost being more deeply than the sublime tones of the morning.

The voice was silent; he heard the piano closed, and then a light step on the balcony. Unseen by her, Martin fixed an enraptured gaze on the lovely form, and imbedded in his remembrance each trait of the speaking countenance.

Henrietta's eyes dwelt on the moonlight landscape. A transparent veil hung over the city; the light vapour floated over the distant hills. Her ear drank in the gentle rustle of the night breeze in the tree tops. At length she retired, and a servant shortly after closed the doors of the balcony. Martin regained the city, his heart swelling with joy and thankfulness, struggling with a purpose which speedily attained maturity. He must see Countess Rossi, confess the injustice of his thoughts, and bow before her in humble reverence.

The consciousness of injustice unatoned leaves no rest to a noble mind.

Countess Rossi sat next morning in an apartment opening on the balcony, when a servant presented a note on a silver salver. It contained a few words, hastily written, and brought a slight blush to the lady's cheek. A greeting from the golden age of youth is ever welcome.

"Let the gentleman enter without delay, and admit no other visitor; and when my husband and

the countesses return, let me know instantly."

With the heart-winning grace peculiar to her she advanced to meet her humble visitor.

"I once said farewell, till our next meeting, Herr Werner; you have made me wait long for it; how many years have elapsed since then!"

Contending with his agitated feelings, Martin at first stood speechless; at length he found words, though uttered with faltering voice:

"Gracious Countess, I could not at that time see you again—my heart must have betrayed itself—the simple villager could not dissemble. A glance from you had power to make me false to the most sacred engagements. But I was snatched from destruction, and led back to the only life in which I could fill my appointed place—in which I received and bestowed happiness. What had I to do with the world, whose ways I so little comprehended that my visit to you, gracious lady, deprived me of all self-control; the scene in the theatre overset for a time the balance of my mind. I come here to confess my injustice." Martin paused to nerve himself to the task before him, fearful of incurring the loss of her esteem. "At that time I was so ignorant of the world, that it passed my comprehension how a lady like you could admit those gentlemen, and bear with their silly tattle. And when I beheld you, whose voice I thought created solely to do honour to the noblest and most sacred music, taking part in that opera, singing those vain words, representing that frivolous character, which to this moment appears to me unworthy of such master tones—it seemed as if a powerful hand rent from my heart, and hurled to the dust, the divine image to which I had raised my eyes in adoration. Grant me forgiveness, gracious lady, both for my error and for my boldness in confessing it; a full acknowledgment of my delusion can alone entitle me to hope for pardon. Ignorance of the world, the narrow views of a youth who had seldom passed the bounds of his native village; perhaps, also, some false, malicious words to which I should never have listened,—this is all I can allege in excuse for my

offence. I set you on a pinnacle higher than mortality can attain, on the memorable evenings when you and I sang those melodies in our village church; and from this 'giddy height' you fell lower than was just or reasonable. I myself clouded the radiance which might have cheered my course as a sacred memory, when I had regained the path of duty—I myself shrouded it with the gloom of doubt and prejudice. The consequent suffering was a just punishment; no mortal can estimate its severity; and yet, when I review the past, I can believe the delusion was permitted to snatch me from ruin; had I not myself observed its light, I must have striven to reach the sun, even at the risk of being consumed by its beams."

Martin paused, as if overpowered by the retrospection. He resumed more calmly:

"But I was not destined to leave this world holding so unjust an estimate—the bright star emerged from the cloud when its rays no longer dazzle and mislead. Since I heard you yesterday, gracious lady, the darkness has fled, and your image again blesses my sight in all its pristine glory; such tones could only come from one who had passed unscathed through the seductions of life; it needed not the universal report of your virtues to cure my error. Such a countenance—such strains could not deceive. With deeper reverence I bow before you, dear and honoured lady, praying forgiveness for my injustice. Should I obtain it, I shall return to my quiet village, filled with gratitude for this happy meeting—rejoicing that your image accompanies me like a guardian angel. I bear with me, not alone the memory of the queen of song, but of the noblest and best of women."

There was so much enthusiasm and deep feeling in Martin's words as he bowed low before Henrietta, pressing her hand to his quivering lips, that her eyes filled with tears. The great ones of the earth had humbly done homage to the exalted genius and rare attractions of this extraordinary woman. Never had mortal received a greater meed of love and admiration: yet she had never been more deeply moved than by the homage which beamed in the

tearful eyes of the lowly man who now bent before her. She gave utterance to her feelings while she warmly pressed his honest hand; and then, as if wishing to dismiss a subject so agitating, she gaily exclaimed,—

"Enough of the past; we have been safely guided through its darkness—let us turn to the present. Tell me of your dear wife, the sweet Sabina. What a charming, true-hearted girl she was! What change has time wrought on her?"

"She is a handsome, dignified matron. My Sabina is the dearest and best wife ever man was blessed with."

"Is your income more adequate to your station?"

"Yee, lady, we have enough and to spare. First, my Sabina came in for a small inheritance; then, shortly after my visit to the city, an addition was made to my salary of one hundred thalers yearly, apparently through the kind influence of some unknown well-wisher."

A beaming smile passed over the face of the Countess; had she given voice to her thoughts, she would have said, "Well done, my good Herr von P——! a kiss of the hand has cost the state tolerably dear; but the money is well bestowed."

"Does Sabina ever think of me?"

"Constantly. She has always been true to you; and though she never mentioned your name—which, in my delusion, I could not have borne to hear—still it did not escape me how she held you in her love. She never rested till she had our third child—the only one spared to us, a dear and beautiful boy—named Henry; in whose honour I know full well."

"Then I am his sponsor—I may be allowed to send him a gift." She drew from her finger a costly ring. "May I beg you to present this to the young Herr Henry, as a token of my warm interest in his welfare." To cut short Martin's thanks, she passed out on the balcony, and said, cheerfully—"See, Herr Werner, this is a lovely, enjoyable spot; nothing sublime, but soothing and delightful." She pointed out the varied beauties of

the panorama—the wavy woodlands, the city lying in noontide splendour, the light, sunny vapour on the chain of blue hills, crowned with many a tower and castle. It was a charming scene. “It is hard to leave our fatherland; but we find home whenever we draw our loved ones around us, and every sacrifice to their welfare is light. I have not escaped a changeable destiny, Herr Werner; I am about to relinquish a position esteemed the most enviable, yet I do not descend; in devoting myself again to the divine art, I rise above what men term the great world, and cast off many a bond of its imposition. For a time I remain in Europe; hereafter the wide ocean must separate me from the land of my birth. Whether my lot shall be blessed in that distant land, or——”

A sad foreboding seemed to seize on her. She turned pale, and her eye lost its brilliancy; yet her elasticity of spirit soon enabled her to

cast off the shadow, and she said, with cheerful confidence: “The same eye watches over us wherever we may be; and in this hope let us part, Herr Werner. If I now say, till our next meeting, I know it will not be your fault should it never take place on earth. Should I ever return from that far land, I shall once again, when the roses bloom, visit the peaceful pretty school-house, to see with mine own eyes how my friends fare, and whether my name-child has grown a proper man. Meanwhile I know that the faithful love of two hearts within it rests on me. Convey the dearest, most heartfelt remembrances to Sabina; blessings on you both.”

Once more she laid her hand in his with a warm pressure.

“May you be led on your way in peace, and restored in happiness to your native land!”

He uttered the wish with a quivering lip and tearful eye.

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE pretty school-house looked dazlingly white and clean, for its mistress had turned the period of her husband's absence to good account. Like most men, he had a horror of eternal house-cleaning. Her active labours had diverted grief for the departure of her son. The garden, too, was in the highest order, and a few splendid flowers still adorned some of the tall-growing roses. It was Sunday afternoon. The dignified and still handsome matron rested under the lime-tree—she reviewed the course of her past life with heartfelt gratitude—it had abounded with blessings—much of sorrow, but still more of joy—sunshine had banished gloom; and her griefs had been so truly shared by Martin; he had so firmly upheld her with his love when her agony for the early death of her children threatened to lay her in the same grave.

Sabina was a happy wife and proud mother. She could never dwell on her many blessings without recalling the image of Henrietta, to whom she owed so much. Being debarred from ever speaking or hearing of her was a frequent trouble to

Sabina, and made her sometimes almost lose patience with Martin. But she consoled herself with the reflection that all men have their oddities, and her Martin had fewer than most people.

She looked up the street; he must surely return to-day, for school was to re-open on the morrow. The railway had reached even to the vicinity of this remote spot; the station was at about half an hour's distance from the village; and the time seemed long since the shrill whistle, distinctly borne on the clear autumnal air, had struck her ear. Strange that Martin came not.

“There sits my old woman dreaming and gazing so wistfully into the distance, and looking as lovely and rosy as a young maiden watching for her lover.”

“She has been watching for him, and now she has got him!” cried Sabina, joyfully, returning his embrace. “How thankful I am to see you again, my own Martin!”

“Oh! I am glad at heart to be at home again, Sabina, and your mind may be at ease about our Henry; he is well-placed, and will make a fine



man, for he is the perfect image of his mother. You must pay him a visit in the City, and bring him a fresh supply of ham and eggs, and all sorts of good things. Ha! old woman, I thought our room in the inn was turned into a provision store, when young master had finished unpacking. The poor old father will be half-starved that the mother's darling may revel in plenty."

Sabina laughingly assured him there was no danger. She then commenced a cross-examination, which Martin cut short.

"I have that to tell which will make you dance for joy. Only think! I have seen Henrietta Sontag again, and have heard her sing!"

"Husband! dear, dear husband, tell me all!" cried the delighted Sabina. "So she still lives? Is she still so wondrously beautiful? Does she remember us? Did she know you? Do speak, Martin!"

"As soon as you let me get in a word."

He gave a detailed account of his visit, of her kindness and affability, and her sweet song, whilst Sabina hung on his words.

When he showed the costly ring, the gift of the Countess to their son, and which the father took present charge of, tears of joy filled the eyes of the tender mother; not the value of the gift, but the manner in which it was bestowed, delighted her.

"Oh! I knew what an angel of goodness she always was; but you were so deceive!, Martin—you could

never bear to hear her name, yet we owe her so much, for I am convinced it was her influence got you the addition to your salary."

Martin cast a startled glance on his wife, but the more he considered, the more inclined he was to believe that in this, as in much besides, she had seen more clearly than himself.

"A thousand blessings on her for all her goodness," he murmured with deep emotion, and his eye rested on the little church, glowing in the golden light of the setting sun; the slender and graceful form seemed again to rest against the pillar where she had once stood. Many an ardent wish for Henrietta's welfare was breathed within the peaceful dwelling; and when, some years after, in the summer of 1854, the mournful tidings were borne across the ocean, that the admired vocalist, in the midst of her triumphs, in the fulness of her powers, met an untimely death in Mexico, the grief and sympathy excited throughout her native land were not the least heavily felt in the little village school-house. By none, beyond her immediate family was the death of Henrietta Sontag more sincerely deplored; by none was her memory held in higher veneration than by Martin and Sabina. Her name is justly associated with the few to whom posterity awards an enduring monument, as stars of the first magnitude in the realm of art. An imperishable wreath rests on the brow of Henrietta Sontag!

## ON A GROUP OF OLD STONES.

It happened one evening, while we were busily engaged on a certain pit bank, in a midland county, at work with hammer among some refuse coal shale, that an old woman chanced to come that way. When she came opposite the stone we sat upon, she remained there a considerable time. Still we hammered away with a keen interest. After bearing it a long while, she at last freely delivered her mind: "*theer aint no cobbles among them stoons, mon.*" It was evidently a puzzle to the old lady, what we

sought so eagerly; she was coupling our knocking with ideas of coal "cobbles" for the winter's fire. After we had endeavoured to disabuse the old woman's mind as to our object, she evidently wondered still. Another silent gaze. At last she summed up with: "Well, well, bless us all!" and so resigned herself to her journey home. That old woman's face was a study, as, with a look of anxious surprise, she held her head on one side, wondering at one, clearly not a miner, engaged upon what, to *her* mind,

was evidently no good at all. It put her out.

Possibly a few of our readers may wonder what we can see in a few old stones. Truly much, very much, may be seen, and learnt from them, provided we bring the time, and patience, and thought to the work. Many questions are opened up, bearing upon valuable scientific knowledge, and throwing light upon the wonders of creation, as well as developing some of the most mercantile products, influencing the welfare of thousands. We could premise that we say above, a "group of old stones;" such, that is to say, as we may have by us, among our few mineral specimens, and such as are started as themes along the course of this chatty article.

One of the first old stones our eye rests upon, among a group on the table before us, is a black, laminated, compact, coal-like piece of shale; that old woman would not *find* it, yet upon it stands out boldly a bright, glittering object, more than an inch long, beautifully tapered from end to end, and curved regularly from the base to a point almost as sharp as a needle. Now, if we examine it minutely, we find it lined or striated lengthways. It is a notable fossil, challenging attention by its shining enamel and sharp point. It needs no scientific attainment to pronounce it a tooth, and a tooth of a very decided character. For sharp affixion clearly: spiked like the tooth of a pike. Such a tooth must have belonged to some animal, preying on other animals, and doubtless once belonged to an ancient predaceous fish of shark-like tendencies. At the base the enamel looks cracked and *splintered*. The stone is firm enough now, and such breakage must have taken place about the time it was detached from the animal's jaw, and fell into the soft, dark, carbonaceous mud of the seas or river *deltas* of that remote, early time.

Here is another similar tooth, broken through in its longer axis, and revealing a passage for the nourishing inner substance of the organ. But here is a piece of shale, having a mass of bright and richly-coloured brown substance fixed upon it; the interesting part of this is,

that the whole of its brown surface is broken up and cracked, exactly as a thin flat shell would be if laid on this table, and forcibly pressed by the hand. This goes to prove, to any reasoning mind, that this firm black stone before us was not always so; but must have received this broken scale, (for fish-scale it is), upon its once soft surface. The *exactly similar* way in which this scale is cracked, points indisputably to some period when it was whole, and consequently not, as now, firmly adhered to the shale. There is very clear teaching in this; going to convince any thoughtful mind that such fossils must inevitably have been formed by the organs, and parts of animals or plants they suggest. This point of argument is no small gain, as many ignorant persons are greatly opposed to the fact that our rocks contain entombed the evidences of former life at some vastly remote period. We have ourselves known this so confidently denied, that any clear, though minute testimony to the truth, must ever be held of the highest value.

We have now before us a scale like the last, but perfect and unbroken, covered with regular punctated markings, and showing where it was attached to the general armour of the fish. Here, again, is a curious thing, resembling nothing so much as a javelin of some savage, jagged with many barbs. It once formed a fin-spine of some huge fish. It is grooved, you see, and beautifully perfect. Beside this lies a small double-tooth, two-forked, belonging to another shark of the deep. But this other is *white*, and differently formed, being thicker and stronger, as though the tooth of some sea-animal, whose food wanted cracking, or as if he lived on shell-fish.

But we must not delay longer over these fierce-looking teeth, albeit suggestive of war and death in early seas. We take up at random a stone from a collection at hand. This one bears a sober grey livery, verging on brown, and is about three inches long by an inch or so thick. It has a kind of knife-edge on one side, with a sort of hinge at the opposite; while between these are regular lines running from end to end. Altogether it has a severe, solid appearance, and

is, you find, weighty. Now, what information can we deduce from this old grey stone? First of all, it carries with it, unmistakably, the semblance of a mussel, with the hinge plainly seen, and the lines of *periodical growth* carried distinctly from end to end. Moreover, the surface is covered almost entirely by a number of fine lines or cracks running in and out in a zig-zag fashion, caused, most probably, by cracks on the enamel of the original shell, of which this stone is a perfect cast. One end of the shell must have been open a little way, the parting being manifestly traced on this hard stone. Now if we analysed this, we should find it contained from thirty to forty per cent. of pure *iron*, and in this plain-looking stone there is enough metal to form several hair-springs of watches. It looks little likely to yield so delicate a substance; but the possible hair-springs are *there* notwithstanding. This stone forms one of a group of fossil mussels, for a long time puzzling to the oldest geologist whether to class them as marine or fluviatile shells. They may not improbably have frequented in vast numbers the river deltas and marine morasses of the carboniferous era, where fresh and salt water met in one. Of such bivalve shells the ironstone of some districts yields a great number, with several species and varieties. We have by us some dozen or so, and many of them are curiously enough coloured darkly at one end, as though they retained traces of the colour of the original shells.

Here is a lovely old stone which would delight a child by its colour. Rich brown and black, alternate with lighter tints, upon a shell-surface of bright shining enamel. Without doubt here we have portions of the original shell itself, the *nacre* of which will come off with the nail, revealing other colours beneath. Strange, to come across the very colour of a shell of some shore *so old*, retaining even yet, and for all time, the brightness which no human eye could admire in that vastly remote era. To disinter such a pretty shell from the centre of some plain bluish nodule of ironstone is worth all the time of hammering it may entail. The rings of growth are here also plainly visible.

But what have we here? a *fern* truly, and a very beautiful impression it is, all the pinnules most perfectly shown, and, stranger still, the minutest *veins* seem ramifying into each lobe. So like many ferns now growing in every dingle! The marvellous preservation is what captivates us, and leads us to apply a microscope. The ultimate veinlets are all two-branched, and appear to pass to the outer edge of each pinnule. Can any reasonable man doubt that this impression on the hard piece of ironstone was given by a fern that one day, however remote the time, lived and flourished in the moist atmosphere? Why, it is as perfect as any nature-printed fac-simile in the best work on present ferns. But how far off the period! removed down the cycles of time to a distance inconceivably great. To think how this stone has slumbered through earthquakes and many changes of the surface of the world, and all the time kept its message for us inviolable!

Next we propose to notice a skiff-like stone, so balancing itself on the table as did the animal which once dwelt in the original Nautilus shell, of which this is an ironstone cast. This large, plain segment indicates the outer chamber where the animal lived; these many-recurved smaller segments are the air-chambers used for purposes of floating or sinking in the sea. In several broken specimens of this nautilus fossil we have seen parts of the *siphuncle*, or tubular passage used for supplying or detracting the air as respects the smaller chambers, according as the surface or depth of the sea were sought. It is an instructive fossil, and the more interesting from the fact that the nautilus has only one living representative in modern seas; whereas it existed in several forms, and throughout several periods, in former conditions of the globe.

Our eyes now rest on a group of stones of very different appearance. They are of a dark, bluish-grey colour, mostly thin, and with all corners rounded off; some are long and smooth, others almost like coins. One thing is at once evident on beholding them, that if ever rough and angular, some force has taken all that off them. So it was, for these stones were taken off the north-



east shore of Llyn Tegid, or Bala Lake, from among a great accumulation there, where for untold ages they must have been subject to the chafing and attrition of winter storms. The day we picked up these slaty pebbles was one of unusual calm, with the hill sides and the far peak of Arran mirrored in the still water. But these wave-worn stones tell of violence, when winds are up and the strong waves come rolling angrily in from that four miles of lake. As we look at these old stones lying beside this paper whereon we write, we think of the accumulated centuries during which they lay on the beach or beneath the high floods of winter: centuries possibly as many as the stones so thickly grouped. But what is this black substance among them? Simply a piece of carbon; but observe the precisely similar way in which it is worn, and the exactly corresponding thin rounded shape. It has taken the form and received the like attrition of its numerous fellows, though chemically so distinct. As we turn over in our hands one of these smooth stones from the lake, so pleasant to handle in its rounded edges and softened outline, we think of the changes since it was detached from its parent rock, not to dream of its history before. This very stone was probably only *larger* when Adam enjoyed the beautiful garden. It doubtless saw this Llyn Tegid once a far larger lake, extending far down towards Corwen, as it evidently has done at some time or other. Many races of men have lived upon its shores, including ancient Briton, Roman, Saxon, Norman: until to-day the modern tourist comes and gazes across the fair water girded with picturesque heights.

What have we next under view? a smooth, egg-shaped piece of granite, picked up on the seashore at Whitby. Whence came it? probably from the granite mountains of Scotland, distant many leagues. It is well rounded on every side, and must have sustained no trifle in the way of rolling and jostling for many years among the many varieties of pebbles on that coast.

Resting on a white piece of paper, we have now at hand a very uninviting-looking stone of greenish-

grey hue, penetrated everywhere by a mass of small cells, thus rendering it almost as light as—and by no means unlike—a piece of pumice-stone. It has something to tell, that stone, of struggling gases and a state of fusion. It was brought by us one day from the shore of Llyn Cae, that severe lake begirt with stern walls of dark rocks, that on three sides plunge sheer into the vastly deep water. This porous, pumice-like stone, and others more greenish-tinted with larger cavities, tell of Cader Idris, where this lake lies sunk among precipices, having once been in a state of volcanic activity. This stone, with many similar, and some of widely different appearance, lay close to the water's edge of Llyn Cae, whose deep basin probably formed a crater of the mountain. The whole character of Cader Idris shows signs of severe throes and violent upheavals, and has uplifted during its formation many strata of rocks upon its flanks. We were told that true sulphur is to be found upon the mountain, probably in some of the deep hollows contained therein; but we ourselves failed to discover any.

We pass to another old stone, such as would attract admiration anywhere by its lovely crystalline, spire-like form, and clean, sharp appearance. There are three great crystals grouped together, one thrusting itself violently (as it seems) through two others. The peculiar thing is, that upon these crystals are deposited others of *totally different mineral character*, as seen by the crystals being quite unlike the large ones. This pretty specimen came from a lead mine, on the Stiperstones, a long mountain well known to geologists, lying in south-west Shropshire. Faint and weary with a long walk in the heat, we had called at a lonely little cottage on the hill side, and asked for a glass of water, when a glass of milk was hospitably given. As we pulled some stones from our satchel, the good man of the house brought some of these crystals: "stones, my lad, fun' in the mine;" two of which he pressed upon us. One of them is that spoken of above. We remember those hospitable cottagers with respect.

The conformation of the rocks on the top of the Stiperstones mountain is very remarkable, near which the old stone mentioned above was received. From out the broad long back of this range a towering mass of rock bursts forth, looking like some vast fortress in ruins. The rocks stand out so abruptly, and you come up to them along the ridge for some half-mile or so on a level, that the sudden thrust through the general rocks is very singular. No wonder these stones gave a name to the mountain, so remarkable is the bold manner in which they stand forth, to furnish a beacon and landmark for many miles round.

We pass to notice another old stone, also like the one just considered, of pleasing appearance, apart from any value as a lithological specimen. Looking down upon its surface, we see a number of cavities, separated by a reticulated network of stone, like the links of a chain. Hence this fossil is called *Catenipora*, or chain-coral. It was found on the Wenlock rocks of Silurian limestone, which abounds with various forms of coral in a fossil state, associated with a vast number of shells. No wonder fossil corals are well preserved, being chiefly lime in earliest stage of formation. But the beauty of some of such fossils is surprising, as we come across certain of the usual kinds. Here at hand is a small slab from the same Wenlock rocks; on it are many remains of old life: shells of three or four kinds; a few bits of coral; a multitude of the remains of those *Enerinites*, or lily-like animals, so very abundant in this formation, and which must have formed a remarkable sight, as they were attached by their long, jointed stems to the sea bottom, and waved their delicate tentacles in the water; then also we have a heterogeneous mixture of multitudinous fragmentary remains, one on another, and all showing the abundance of life at the old sea bottom in that far time.

Here we come to a dainty old stone indeed: a wee Trilobite, not more than half-an-inch across in any direction, but beautifully perfect, and exhibiting the form and

position of the animal when rolled up like a wood-louse. From the tail (*pygidium*), through the several jointed segments of the body to the head (*cephalic* shield or plate), with the truly wonderful eyes, all is sharply defined. The eyes in this specimen are marvellously perfect, standing out on each side the head, and composed of *facets* arranged perfectly in regular lines, much like the facets in the eye of the common house-fly. We have carefully counted the facets in *one* of the eyes of this specimen, and made them *one hundred and thirty-seven*. Verily there was light which penetrated the waters of the greatly remote period when this creature lived. Observe economy of structure: the eyes are not continued round in the direction of each other, where they would manifestly be of no use. Herein is design, and that of the highest order. The more we examine this specimen, the more are we struck with its perfection and beauty. It is astonishing how the eye of so small and delicate an animal could thus be struck to stone.

One summer's day we went from Church Stretton, Shropshire, with a member of the Caradoc Field Club, as far as the Craven Arms Station; thence had a long walk to a certain point near the celebrated Roman camp at Norton, where in a narrow country lane the "Ludlow Bone Bed" crops out. Here we secured several good pieces of this rock. One lies now near our hand as we write, a perfect *mass* of the remains of fish-teeth and scales and spines; out of one side of our specimen is seen projecting a small black shell, not common in this rock. The bulk of the stone consists of thousands of teeth and bone remains, broken and blended one with another. Their name is legion. The rock *in situ* whence these specimens were taken is but two feet or so thick, but a trifle more or less here and there; it, however, can be traced for a distance of thirty or forty miles across the country. What a vast quantity of animals must have lived and died in the space of time represented by this famous Ludlow Bone Bed! We value these our specimens, both

from their connection with the life history of our globe and the pleasant excursion enjoyed when seeking them.

As not locally removed far from this, we have by us several hard clinking stones, which verily look as though they had stood fire from the neighbourhood of some fierce igneous rocks. Such is the character of several strata of the Long Mynd, or Lower Silurian rocks; they seem early stratified rocks, disrupted and altered by near action of volcanic upheaval. Doubtless, when that rugged hill of Caradoc (south-west Shropshire) was thrust up as a trappean out-break, the neighbouring rocks of the Long Mynd across the valley had their "baptism of fire." Diversified in colour are they, as anyone may see by simply wending his way up any of the picturesque valleys of that Long Mynd, and observing the rich appearance of the stones in the streams; greys, purples, and even crimsons are there, in charming variety.

From a number of stones before us, we take in our hands a fractured piece of syenite, picked up from a roadside heap of stones near Penkridge, Staffordshire. It formed part of a great boulder-stone taken from some adjoining field for purposes of road-mending. This piece of syenite carries the mind back into the remote age of ice, when our loftiest hills only were elevated above the sea; and, when icebergs thronged the seas, brought from high lands in the north, whence they started as glaciers detached from the mountains, and bearing with them rocks and stones, to be detached in warmer seas. This piece of syenite, most probably, was thus borne from some lofty Scotch mountain, or the highlands of Scandinavia, and dropped upon the plain of middle England. Many such blocks and boulders lie scattered on the surface of central England, all of them most probably brought from the far north. What a contrast, then, must this land of ours have presented! An archipelago of islands, formed of tops of present mountains, down whose slopes and precipices the avalanche thun-

dered, while glaciers filled the ravines; out at sea floated many white icebergs drifting from the north. Verily an age of ice.

Strange are the accounts told us of superstition and fanaticism, in the early times of our Island history, grafted upon the credulity of the ignorant. About eleven centuries ago, a certain saintly Abbess Hilda had the charge of at least the nuns' portion of the ancient Abbey of Streoneshall, now called Whitby. She was doubtless a worthy abbess, and was renowned for her saintly character. Many were the miracles recorded of her; of one of such miracles Scott speaks:—

"They told, how in their convent cell  
A Saxon princess once did dwell,  
The lovely Edelfied;  
And how, of thousand snakes, each one  
Was changed into a coil of stone,  
When holy Hilda prayed."

The Ammonites of the lias at Whitby are to this day called "*snake-stones*" by the poorer and ignorant, who often find them, probably without the least reference to the so-called miraculous power of St. Hilda. Several of these ammonites are by us as we write; some remarkably perfect, with every undulation and rugosity so to speak) shown as on the original shell. How intricate the wavy lines on one or two of them, evidently *ornamental*, and intended so to be, thus exhibiting the clearest *design* and forethought; no chance-work, forsooth, but plan and distinct intention. Here is one of such old stones cut by a lapidary, exhibiting an internal arrangement of cells and chambers, separated by partition walls, formed in really beautiful curved lines; said walls differing mineralogically from the rest of the fossil, and wearing a bright metallic appearance. One such section is valuable as showing the inner structure of the shell; but the geologist prefers the fossil as found. There are more than a *hundred* species of these ammonites in the lias alone: what profusion of forms, many of them being truly pleasing! what wealth of variety! Strange that such multitudes of old life-forms should be given



up to death and destruction, nor have been retained down to the present period. They, however, served their purpose, and gave way to other shapes of multitudinous life. This cessation of so many life-forms—the great *ichthyosaurus*, the mighty *megatherium*, the curious *trilobite*, the whorled *ammonite*—points to the unbounded fertility of design shown by the Almighty in thus creating life on the globe. Forms of existence suitable to every condition of the earth, sprang into being at the fiat of Him whose power, wisdom, and goodness are alike.

It chanced one day, while we were engaged seeking fossils among a mass of argillaceous iron-stone, piled on a pit-bank in Shropshire, that we broke open a larger nodule than usual; when, lo, a prize! Within lay the remains of an ancient tree-branch, some inch in thickness, and some six inches long. The bark, or outer coating, remained as carbon, infiltrated with earthy matter, so as to retain many of its cells unbroken. Small portions broken off, and subjected to the microscope, exhibited distinctly the vegetable origin and conformation of vascular tissue of the original plant. But the main substance of the branch was gone; and where it once lay was a cavity in the stone, into which cavity projected the sharp edges and bright facets of numerous crystals. Across this hollow space, however, one or two thin carbonaceous membranes extended; clearly fibrous remains of the plant, the bulk of which was displaced. It often happens among coal-measure fossils, that we find vegetable remains having their carbon only retained as an external film or bark; as though the inner portion of such plants (probably *acrogenous*) had perished before the exterior, and its position been replaced by infiltration or deposit of earthy matter.

This dark, compact stone, slightly oxidised on one exposed surface, came from the high ridge of land that extends from Dudley, beyond Rowley Regis, adjoining the "black country" of South Staffordshire. You may see its like in many a roadside heap of stones, placed for

road repairs, and also in the coping stones, of most of the ways in the aforesaid black country. This stone belonged to a volcanic outburst in the form of a *basaltic dyke*, which extends for greater part along the said ridge, which has doubtless been formed by the upheaval. In several features this black stone is interesting. First, as regards the outbreak where it occurs, which clearly shews itself to have broken through the crust of the globe subsequently to the formation of coal, which it has tilted up at a steep angle on coming through; again, what is a more remarkable and interesting feature, the coal has been won, by actually sinking through this overlying trap or basaltic rock, which, after coming to the surface, has overspread itself upon the measures around. This only at one or two places, we believe: and it would be manifestly impossible to bore through the main pipe or outbreak of basalt, which comes up from the fundamental regions, or from the centre itself of the earth. This old stone, again, is interesting as being geologically allied to all volcanic, trappean, or granitic outbursts, which have ever occurred from the earliest eras of the globe down to the active volcanoes of to-day. However remote in time or place, such eruptions were probably greatly governed by similar or identical laws, following alike certain conditions of the inner state of the globe. Such eruptions, whether as volcanic under air or ocean, or as dykes of long narrow form, were not unlikely more frequent on the first cooling of the crust of the globe; but have been continued on to the present, through every successive stage, in the mineral formation and life history of the earth. Here, then, in this dark piece of basaltic trap rock, are we brought into connection with a phase of earth modification which has been going on from the very earliest times, probably without cessation.

Another interesting old stone, intimately connected with the one just alluded to, comes now to our hand, being a piece of altered coal from the the small Shatterford coal-field (borders of Shropshire), taken from a

point of junction with a basaltic out-break, somewhat resembling the one just mentioned. This coal, you see, greatly resembles *coke*, and is clearly so altered by the action of great heat, such as would occur on the eruption of the basaltic rock. This specimen carries weight of argument to reflective minds, as affording undoubted proof of the once fiery nature of its neighbour of to-day. The sandstones adjoining are changed into a compact quartzose rock, thus adding *their* testimony also to the state of things at that remote period. It was a pretty spot where this charred piece of coal was found, the beauty of the country greatly caused by the basaltic out-break, in giving a pleasing variety of hill and dale. A dark pile of basalt rose amid a luxuriant wood, like some ruined fortress; trees clung in profusion about its scars and cracks; while below, in the wood, was seen a pretty vesture of ferns, the living representatives of those many ferns which once grew on the same spot in all the profusion of a tropical vegetation. From the top of the rock was a fair prospect of wooded vales beneath; while, if we rightly remember, we could descry in the distance the soaring Cleve Hills of South Shropshire, each bearing a crown of basaltic trap-rock, similar to that we stood upon.

But we must turn to consider a few other old stones. This black one, polished to an exceeding smoothness on one side, is a piece of jet, a kind of *lignite*, found associated with alum shale among the lias rocks of Whitby. This specimen was cut, and in part polished, to exhibit its capabilities in the hands of a good workman. The substance is well known as yielding those clean and very light ornaments so sought after by the ladies. It clearly is to be attributed to a vegetable origin; and we find no scanty traces of plants in the rocks of this formation, as anyone may see under the east cliff at Whitby. But by what means it became so consolidated, and of so even a grain, is more difficult to say. The tribe of plants mainly contributing to it may have partly caused its fine quality, so superior even to the cannel coal of the carboniferous era. It is well known what pretty

objects are made from it: some carved ornaments cut from it being real works of art.

We have on the table before us now a box full of grey stones, which a chance observer would reckon of no value. Tinted with faint shade of green, there are only a few scintillations from some particles of *mica* to attract attention, and they might pass for stones out of any sandstone quarry. But they have a history of their own. It cost *twelve thousand pounds* to reach those stones. When found, they were of no commercial value. It came about thus:—

If you were to pass across the farming country just outside a certain nobleman's estate, in a certain midland county, you might by chance meet with a strange-looking mound or two of grey dark refuse, mingled with ruin of brickwork, as though some decent residence had gone to smash on a railway embankment! But not so. Though weeds and grass are seen there (through nature's effort, in time successful, to clothe with the grace of useful herbage any waste places of the earth), the appearance of the mounds shews that they consist not of the soil of the fields adjoining, which are formed of red marl and clay. If you ascended one of the heaps you would probably find traces of coal lying about in the form of black dust, and might even yet light upon a portion of a fossil tree. This is the clue to the presence of these unsightly mounds lying in the midst of cultivation. Not many years ago, an energetic company of contractors prosecuted here the search (started about ten years previously) for profitable coal. Now we should remark that this spot lies in a hollow, or basin, between two upheavals caused by trap-rocks below, such elevations forming tolerable hills. The presumed probability of valuable coal existing below the surface at this spot arose from the neighbourhood of good mines, only a few miles distant. Alas! for the praiseworthy efforts of the contractors, no coal was found worth getting. It was a very spirited undertaking, and there was a probability, at the most, of finding the valuable "black diamonds." A shaft was sunk to no less than 262 yards of perpendicular depth, and

at 165 yards, twenty feet or so of thin layers of coal were passed through, carbonaceous shales, and the like, but there was no good workable seam. Thinking such a seam might set in towards the coalfields actually being worked a few miles away, the enterprising company drove a passage or headway for no less a distance than *five hundred yards!* Then they sank the shaft below, to the depth mentioned above, where they arrived at grey micaceous beds of sandstone, alternating with bands of impure limestone. The box of grey stones on the table is full of specimens of these beds. Now, no fact in geology is more certain than that formations of corresponding times, taken in any part of the world, yield corresponding remains of life; that is to say, similar and nearly identical fossils. By such fossils can the geological position of rocks be determined. Applying this test to the greenish-grey stones on the table (just as the mining agents did to the rocks brought from the mine), we find them yielding many small narrow shells, called *Lingula cornea*, and other remains, which point at once to such stones belonging to the upper silurian rocks, far removed, geologically speaking, from the true coal measures. Hence it was manifestly useless to go any lower in the search for coal, for you might as well seek the basement of a cathedral by ascending the tower! So the trial was ended, to the great loss of the spirited capitalists, who expended about twelve thousand pounds in the search. If we examine one of these grey old stones a little closer with a microscope, we shall find it contains, in addition to the *Lingula* shells, a number of small dark remains as of broken fish scales and teeth, with here and there a larger piece of a spine, ribbed lengthways. The stone altogether bears a resemblance to the rock called the Ludlow Bone Bed, of which we have spoken above; except that shells are more frequent, and the fish remains less abundant. But that it is an allied rock there is no doubt. Hence the folly of further search for coal *below*. We have got into measures anterior to the formation of true coal: have reached as it were a lower storey. So the undertaking was reluctantly abandoned.

And here is one instance of the power of science, and the great use of a co-relation of geological facts. In older times, if such a pit had been sunk at all, the proprietors would have been just as likely to have gone lower, as to have paused at these *Lingula* beds. But modern discovery puts a check on utterly useless mining. These plain, greenish-grey stones say emphatically "No; go no further in your search for coal *below us*; we date back longer."

Among these stones just considered are several large portions of brown *fibrous* mineral, so to speak, being portions of a very large tree, which had become converted into a sort of silicified wood, the fibres and bark of the plant being yet very strikingly shown. Some such specimens of mineralised wood retain in a wonderful degree some of their living features, with fibrous structure and cellular tissue open to inspection under the microscope. Here we are carried back into the tropical forests of the remote past, where enormous tree-ferns spread their ample fronds, and gigantic araucarias and conifers flourished amid other forms of a curious and profuse vegetation, which was probably augmented by an excess of carbonic acid in the atmosphere of the time. We have some minute fibrous portions of such vegetable origin, and very beautifully do they exhibit certain features of the plants. But this silicified wood, taken from the trial pits just considered, joins us on to carboniferous fossils previously mentioned. So we pass on to other old stones.

One summer evening, not long ago, we were seated on a large wayside stone, and hammering away with a will at a long, oval, water-worn stone, which had taken its colour from neighbouring marly fields. Presently a market-woman passed, and eyed us wonderingly for some time, with her head leaning on one side. Such queer ways people have, to be sure! She must have fancied we were demented, or had taken compassion on the stone-breaker, and were throwing him in a stroke or two. Without a word she passed on. By-and-bye a fat farmer rode past on a broken-winded horse: sorry for us, no doubt. Then two country lads



came up. "What be un at, Jack, lad?" said the younger. "How'st think *I* know?" replied the other. Silence, beyond the blows of the canny hammer. Presently one ventures to remark: "I reckon he's after *whetstons*!" "What, like that blue un our Ned's got?" says his companion. At last the temptation is too strong, so one asks: "What's got in them *stewons*, gaffer?" So we enlighten him, though with but a feeble ray. More watching, more hammering; at length they proceed on their way, one exclaiming: "Well, *sirrah* lad, what's think o' that!"

Here before us are several fossils in the old stones brought in as spoils on that occasion. Curious rings abound therein, and fragments of shells. Much resembling stone *screws* imbedded in the rock are several of these organisms, and are, in fact, disjointed remains of *Encrinites*, those strange Echinoderms with cup-shaped body, furnished with numerous arms or branches, and attached to the sea bottom by a jointed and flexible stalk, which abounded in the seas at the time of the formation of the carboniferous or mountain limestone, of which these old stones are fragments. Now, no such limestone is to be found *in situ* nearer the place where these stones were picked up than forty or fifty miles. Whence, then, came they to that roadside of a midland county? They were probably carried thither by the glacial drift from North Welsh hills, or from the high lands of Derbyshire, or points further north, at a time when greater part of England and Wales was submerged beneath an icy sea, and only the tops of our loftiest hills stood out as islands in an ocean of icebergs and floes from the north, round which islands the ice would collect, and down whose ravines the glacier move. Greatly must the earth-surface have been modified at this ice epoch, when these islands were covered periodically with glaciers at such time as a gradual upheaval took place, and the hill tops and mountain ranges of the present time assumed gradually more importance, forming centres of operation for *ice power*, which, with

glaciers and icebergs, carried far to sea fragments drawn from the heights, and deposited them on the fields and plains of the present surface. Abundant evidence is afforded that such a time really existed in the shells found in several *drift* beds, being of boreal or northern character; also in the grooves to be seen yet on the rocky sides of some narrow ravines leading down from the mountains, as in the passes of Pont Aberglaslyn and Nant Francon in Wales; as well also in the *moraines* left by retreating glaciers. At such a time would our old stones last mentioned be probably brought from some limestone mountain somewhere in the north.

The mention of mountain limestone points to another old stone hard by: a plain grey and hard bit of rock it is, but out of it boldly stands a sharply-defined shell, erecting itself as if it diademed being thought merely rock like the rest, and raising itself to challenge observation as an *organism* of the past. As we look upon it, we seem again to inhale of the freshness of the sea breeze, and scan the far level expanse, and stay our eyes admiringly on the rugged elevation of mountain, banded with fleecy cloudlets, leisurely moving along on the other side of a beautiful bay—at least beautiful then, when air and ocean, and cloud and mountain, wore a vesture of magical sheen and a robe of purple colouring—distinct from ordinary effects of landscape as the scenes of some distant planet; for we enjoyed one of the effects of transparent freshness of sky, and deep colouring of earth and sea and cloud, which are rare even at that romantic spot. We gathered this fossil on Great Orme's Head.

Here we come across a few bold shells from near Northampton, stones comparatively *younger* than the last; yet very *old* as compared with the centuries now winging their way on. *Belemnites*, too, are here, the sharp conical shape of which may have led the rustics to call them "thunderbolts." In several of these the structure is seen, in a tranverse section, as a series of concentric rings. Such *belemnites* are the remains of the internal

skeleton of great cuttle-fishes, which swarmed the seas of the period, and had the remarkable faculty of ejecting a black fluid ink, to darken the waters around them at will, and so baffle the pursuit of their enemies; among whom were the great *Ichthyosauri* of the time, for in their fossil skeletons have been found the indigested remains of cuttle-fishes.

Strange life, that which thronged the seas of the liassic period, when gigantic fish-lizards, of enormous bulk and ponderous jaws, preyed upon the countless number of shell-fish then abounding; possibly including *nautilus* and *ammonite*, so plentiful, which were thus in some measure kept in check. Verily there were dragons in the earth in those days, and marvellous great bat-like creatures with huge heads, which must have been the terror of many small fry. Such great beasts mark the close of one epoch, and usher on the stage of earth's life-history other and contrasted forms of existence. The liassic seems to have been specially the age of great reptiles, preparing the way for higher forms of life.

Taking up another old stone from our group, purposely considered without reference to the order of position in the structure of the earth, we come to a bright specimen, such as might tempt the fingers of a child. Upon a greenish-grey surface of stone stand out a number of sparkling crystals, reflecting the light in bright hues of gold, and purple, and green. The stone is heavy, and valuable to commerce; being, in fact, a specimen of copper ore. We well remember the morning on which this stone was obtained, and the grand light bathing earth in freshness of colouring, as we paused a moment on our sharp early walk, to gaze about us on the grey old bridge at Llanelltyd; around us the beauty of near foliage, dressed in newest vesture of the spring; on one hand a glorious vista between the mountains receding in curves of telling undulation for miles beyond Cymmer Abbey, resting in ruin beside the fleet Mawddach; on another side that marvellously fine estuary, the like of which, for wood, water, and mountain, can

scarcely be surpassed; while above these, touched now and then with cloud, rose the mighty Cader Idris; supreme, aspiring, huge, lifting himself as in disdain of lesser heights. It was truly a delightful prospect, combining well-nigh all the elements of beauty in scenery. So reached it our admiration, that a strong desire lingers with us still again to rest on that old bridge of Llanelltyd. But on we soon had to advance, along a road enchaining our eyes at every step, to the side of a lofty hill, part way up which we ascended until we came to the copper mines, among the heaps of which we found this pretty stone among others. How this copper stone reminds us of the bright light, bracing atmosphere, fine scenery and sense of freedom, enjoyed during that memorable morning's walk, ere we got back to the "Golden Lion," at Dolgelly, and did justice to the ample breakfast provided!

Iron, that most useful of metals, has played an important part in the structure of the globe from the earliest times; very few formations existing without some traces of its presence in one or other forms. Here, from our group of old stones, comes to hand a weighty piece of iron ore, from Cader Idris, that store-house of many minerals. If we subject it to a strong lens, we shall find the iron existing as minute crystals imbedded in the general mass of the rock. When this stone was received, during a visit in that neighbourhood, a gentleman was endeavouring to open out workings on the north side of the mountain in such a way as to make it a profitable undertaking, if such it might turn out as regards per centage of iron and carriage; the latter being an important item in such a place as North Wales. The explorations were being then carried on along galleries driven on the face of an ugly precipice, where clouds had a fondness for lingering in rather an unpleasant way, when only a foot or so intervened between yourself and dissolution. We have just tried this old stone, and find it contains iron enough considerably to deflect the magnet.

What have we here so carefully enclosed? A few grey pebbles only;

you would not *find* them, or care to look at them under your feet, to judge by externals. They seem a rough-used lot, had stress of weather, been in the thick of the fight. One sunny afternoon, a few travellers found themselves on the shore of a remote lake, up in the heart of a great barren mountain; a lake spread out in blue beauty beneath brown and frowning rocks. Wind-ripples brought the pure water breaking in waves upon a pebbly shore, where silence reigns, save *soughing* of the wind, and cry of sheep or solitary bird. That mountain was the great Arenig, and among those pebbles lay those now before us. They have a message, these water-worn stones, could we interpret all their meaning. This is porous, as it we *inflated*, and light as pumice, which it greatly resembles. This is evidently rounded quartz. This has the appearance of slate. All show signs of conflict with wind and water. We should like to know how long these pebbles had chafed on the shore of that Llyn Arenig, and what the condition of this mountain and earth in general when they first took their place as pebbles. We were about to say *fell*; and so they appear to us, as though, at some vastly remote era, ejected from the mountain. We should like to know the real depth of that lonely lake, and the nature of all the minerals sunk beneath its surface. Long slopes of *detritus* passed into the water on the opposite to where we stood—the work of untold centuries. Perfectly pure the water seemed, gathered as in a goblet directly from the clouds. We should like to know how long that lake lay filled with ice, and over-piled with glaciers, during the great ice age; and what great beasts have drunk of its waters in the far-gone time, when considerably deeper than now. We should like to know the exact varieties of the human race that have there gazed on the wondrous scene, down to the coming of us three travellers. So, water-worn pebbles of Llyn Arenig, we dismiss you for a while.

We come now to one simple stone, of a pure white, and of an oval form. There is an attractive purity about this rounded crystal from the sea-beach, which leads us to stoop over such wherever found. Smooth, and white, and clean, it is emblematical of all that is good. For centuries ere we saw the light may this stone have been tossed and chafed among its fellows on the margin of the “rude imperious surge.” Whence came it? From some *primitive* rocks, most likely far from its place when found. This white pebble hath a mute antiquity. In its present form, even, may it have seen the progress of all human dynasties, if its white roundness were not *so* ages on ages long before. Yet it may have been rounded and worn of water in comparatively recent times. However, here it is in its pure smoothness, separated from its brethren of the sea; the symbol of conquest, too, for we know to whom, in the best of books, is promised a “*white stone*.” So, rest you there, old stone of beautiful purity.

With this white pebble we close our gossip about this group of ancient stones, taken promiscuously as they came to hand, but embracing rock-specimens from the Metamorphic, Silurian, Carboniferous, and Oolitic systems; and from the Granitic and Trappean series,—stones of many ages and manifold diversity of condition in the history of the globe; stones separated in some cases far in time, yet all relatively *old*; some with faint, others with distinct tracings of former life, and that in some cases strange and unlike present forms. During such gossip, with one or two exceptions, we have purposely avoided technical and scientific descriptions, preferring to chat in an easy way, and possibly draw the interest of some to following us in our brief-sketches; if furthermore anyone is led to the study of old stones, and induced to gather the teaching and testimony of the rocks, our words will not have been uselessly penned.

H. P., F.G.S.



## MRS. GREVILLE ; OR, TWICE HER AGE.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

YES, poor Bob Greville was dead ! He had been carried down the oak-walk with much pomp and ceremony to his last home in Fair Oaks Church, there to lie under his grand monumental slab, with its gilt letters, recording his many virtues, and the grief of his sorrowing widow.

Eva and he had parted company for many a long day. He had died quite unconscious of the mesh of intrigue she had woven round him ; his hand lay in hers at the last, and his eyes rested with loving confidence on her false face ; and who shall say if, in the better land to which he went, a merciful Providence may not still spare him the pang of knowing his wife's unworthiness ? Who shall say ?

Mrs. Greville was now free and independent. No fear of the Streatham Grevilles,—they got nothing but some strictly entailed portions of the property, which could not be kept from them ; the rest, with Fair Oaks and the house in Grosvenor Street, were all devised to Eva, for her use and benefit, and only chargeable with a small legacy for Renée Cardillan and a proper provision for Fred.

She had succeeded more fully than even she had calculated on, and the anonymous letters, in place of injuring, had done her good service ; but in the midst of all her triumph, an uneasy fear pursued her. She was constantly tormented with a feeling—it could hardly be called remorse—that her sin against Renée would find her out.

“ If I only succeed in this,” she thought, “ how good I will be,—how kind and how grateful ! She and Fred will never want for anything ; and, after all, she would never have been happy with Ralph.” And so she made a compromise with her conscience.

It was noticed that at this time she took to frequenting the village church, and, much to the astonishment of the neighbourhood, she came

out in a new character of Lady Bountiful, heading subscriptions largely. She even took to visiting the cottages, greatly to the discomfort of the inhabitants, to whom her funereal skirts, heavy with jet and bugles, her extraordinary apologies for widow's caps, and her long fair curls, were matters of unceasing astonishment. But, by degrees, she grew tired of these good deeds, and time grew heavy on the hands of the disconsolate widow. The log had been removed that hung round her neck ; but society demanded that some time should be spent in seclusion. She was too wary not to obey ; but mentally she chafed that there should be any delay in grasping the happiness that had been laying up at interest for her for so long. But time goes by for the most miserable as well as for the happy ; and although to our friend Eva it seemed to move on leaden wings, still *it went*. Spring came at last. The bunches of *immortelles* that Mrs. Greville had placed ostentatiously on her husband's grand monumental slab were the admiration of all the visitors to the church ; but Mrs. Greville herself had flown to more congenial scenes. Her health had given way under the solitude of her life ; the doctors had ordered change of air, and so she had come to Paris,—dear, delightful Paris ! the best tonic for low spirits,—and there she had fallen in with Windham. It does not do to look too closely into a lady's tactics ; but as Luigi and Louise kept up a constant correspondence, it is probable it was not quite so much a surprise to Mrs. Greville as she would have had Colonel Windham believe.

The first meeting between them had been somewhat awkward, for Ralph could not but remember his letter to her ; but, with her consummate tact, Mrs. Greville put it aside.

“ Let us be friends,” she said, “ and forget all else. There is no use in giving the gossips more food

for their tongues, by letting them have a quarrel between us to talk over."

And so it came to pass that Windham fell very much into his old ways. After having gone through all she had, it was not very likely that Eva would allow herself to be daunted by the listless indifference with which Ralph met all her advances: the listlessness she ascribed to his recent illness; the indifference she chose to fancy assumed. When one wishes a thing very earnestly, one is apt to view all that bears upon it through a rose-coloured lens; and Mrs. Greville had for so long built up a castle, with Ralph and herself as its inhabitants, that she could not bear it to crumble away.

"Anything but that—anything but that!" she thought, and redoubled her efforts to please, well content if Ralph repaid her exertions with a languid smile. She had lost her power to interest him, although he tried hard to resume something of the lively manner of bygone days; but there was one certain bond of sympathy between them,—Eva was the only person who knew anything of his short-lived engagement with Renée, and he felt grateful to her for keeping his secret so well; for Colonel Windham was one of those who cannot bear that any of the outer world should put foot in their inner sanctum, and make themselves free with those places marked "No thoroughfare;" and he was thankful that it was not in any man's power to rake up the ashes of his "lost love."

One day he surprised Mrs. Greville by approaching the subject of Renée, which, up to this time, she had cautiously avoided.

"Is Miss Cardillan married?" He said it carelessly, for he had schooled himself to ask the question without flinching; but Eva's heart gave a great bound. She had been waiting many days for this question; but now that the moment had come for striking the final blow, her agitation was so genuine, that Colonel Windham could not but feel a certain amount of gratitude for what he thought was sympathy with his pain. His heart was so dead to any sensation, that

this proof of her continued regard for him rather annoyed him. "Don't mind telling me," he said; "I can bear it."

"You must think no more of her," she answered, in a low voice; "she never was worthy of love like yours."

"Then she *is* married?" persisted Ralph.

Mrs. Greville bowed her head, and then, going to her desk, she took from it a newspaper-cutting, in which the marriage of Julian Leprelle and Mdlle. Renée Cardillon was set forth.

"Within one month of poor Robert's death," she said. "You know, there was no further necessity for the consent of any guardian; he left her a nice little fortune—"

There was silence in the room—a long silence; and then, leaning forward and letting her eyes rest upon him with a world of love and sympathy in them, she said:—

"You will never know how I sorrowed for your *sorrow*—how I would have spared you if I could. You believe me! don't you Ralph?"

His name slipped out as if inadvertently, and there was a tremulous cadence in her voice.

"You are very good," he answered mechanically, and the hand she had laid in his met no answering pressure. "We will talk no more of me and my troubles," he said, his proud nature in arms at even the most delicate approach to sympathy. "I am not such an egotist as to fancy they can have an interest for you;" and then he left her.

She lay awake half the night, thinking she had been too abrupt, and that perhaps she would never see him again; but he came the next day, dropping in at the usual hour, and so it went on.

"I wonder why I care so much for him!" she would sometimes think to herself. "Surely one of these men who pay me such court would be a better match for me. I should be a duchess if I could make up my mind to take that little Gramont; but it is like a fate. I must have him and no other.—Ada Summers and her clique shall *never* have it to say that *he* deserted me.

And in these last words lay much of the feverish eagerness with which our Eva pursued her design—the passion of love and of pride were so strong and unchecked in her that they had overstepped all boundaries; she had dwelt so long upon this one idea that it had become with her a positive mania. She watched her prey as a cat would a mouse, thinking each day that the moment was coming at last, and that the spells she had woven round him would prove their strength by not allowing him to escape.

This intimacy—sad flirtation, or whatever it might be—could not go on without attracting the attention of that world of which the two principal actors were such distinguished members; and for once the world gave its hearty approval to the approaching alliance, all but Lady Lou Dering. She had grown very fond of her handsome cousin during the days of convalescence, and she could not bear the idea of his marrying “*that woman*,” as she always called Eva. (There is always something peculiarly offensive in this term, when applied by one member of the fair sex to the other.)

Lou had formed one or two little matrimonial schemes for Ralph, which she thought would be more suited to him than Mrs. Greville. Happy herself, she had the true feminine desire to have a finger in the domestic pie of her cousin's felicity; she was too discreet to speak to him about it, but she acted, she thought, with the most perfect diplomacy—she surrounded herself with a perfect fleet of prettily-mounted little frigates, all well armed and willing to capture the Windham prize, but they returned to port without firing a shot. No one could now accuse our hero of any attempt at stealing hearts for the mere amusement of the passing hour. Flirtation with that grave, melancholy man, would have seemed impracticable to the best-trained of fair besiegers, and even a forlorn hope of over thirty would have retreated from before his cold cynical smile.

For all that, great interest was excited by the *bel Anglais*, as

he was called. Ralph was truly handsomer than ever; he had really suffered, and what he had gone through had left its mark upon his face, giving to it an earnestness that perhaps it had in a certain degree always wanted. A fond mother, or a sympathetic sister, would have mourned to see how deep the blow must have been which had crushed the very heart and spirit out of Windham, changing his very nature, and strengthening the worst point in his character—his cynical unbelief in all goodness, but unblest with any such tender ties. Spoilt by the world, and soured by his disappointment, Ralph wrapped himself up in an impenetrable reserve. He was ashamed lest any one should see the inroads this unfortunate attachment had made on his mental as well as his bodily health; he considered it unworthy of himself to grieve any more for Renée; but although he strove hard to banish her from his memory, he could not shut out from him the recollection of the one face that had ever charmed him—the only woman he had ever fondly loved.

Lady Lou's little efforts at match-making were highly amusing to Chum; he watched them with unflinching interest.

“You had just as well let Windham alone,” he said one day; “it is like ‘my aunt the spider’ in the old song. Madame Eva will have him at last—mark my words!”

“But I can't bear it!” Lou said tearfully; “it will be too bad, if that nasty woman gets round him—he ought to have such a nice wife. Now, Virginie de Noaille's would just suit him.”

“Oh, it's Virginie *now*, is it?” laughed Chum. “I thought that Frank Lennox's tidy little filly was the one last entered. Eh, Lou?”

“Now Chum, darling, I wish you would not talk such stable slang,” Lady Lou said, a little pettishly. She was lying on the sofa in a newly-acquired matronly dignity that became her exceedingly. “The truth is,” she went on, looking a little confused, “that I *did* think Lily Lennox would have done; but poor Ralph is so sensitive



that I think she rather startled him: she is a little too loud."

"Virginie de Noaille is a little too slow," was Chum's answer. "Take my advice, little woman, and let '*le beau* Ralph' alone; there is no use striving against fate, and the widow will have him."

But women are very resolute in following their own ways, and Lady Lou, possessed with the idea that a few words from her matronly lips might be of infinite use, at the first opportunity introduced the subject of matrimony—a little nervously, it must be owned.

"You know, Ralph," she wound up, after rather a rambling discourse which her nervousness had made somewhat unintelligible, "Chum and I are so happy; we would wish all those we like to be the same."

"My dear Lou," answered Ralph, with his sad smile, "there is no use in worrying your kind little heart about me. Don't you know that your favourite, Long-fellow, says that all all men are divided into three classes,—happy men, lucky dogs, and miserable wretches? You and Chum belong to the first class, and I belong to the third,—the old bachelors."

"Then you don't intend to marry Eva Greville?" Lou asked quickly.

"Marry Eva Greville! what put such an idea into your head?" and Colonel Windham looked so stern that Lady Lou, frightened at her own hardihood, stammered out, "that the opinion of the general public was that it was all settled; but, indeed, Ralph," she went on, "I *never* believed it; but I do wish you would think seriously of becoming one of the 'happy men.' You have everything to make you liked, and what you want is a good wife, not a person like Mrs.

Greville, but a nice, fresh, innocent young girl, who would love you as you ought to be loved."

Colonel Windham's lip curled scornfully, and to his face came the cynical look so habitual to it.

"My dear cousin," he said, with a mocking laugh that jarred on his listener, "you are talking of what doesn't exist; there are *no* fresh young girls; there's *no* such thing as love and innocence. I grant you there are a few with faces so angelic that they tempt on their victims to believe in them; they are decoys—their innocence is assumed, and they are as hollow as the rest. When you live as long as I have, you will find that all is a sham and a mockery, and love and innocence the greatest *ignis fatuus*."

"But, Ralph!" and Loo's eyes opened wide in their horror, "you don't think that Chum's love for *me* is a sham?"

"I don't know," answered Colonel Windham wearily, "I hope not; but this much I do know, that we all waste the best days of our lives looking for what is but the vaguest shadow. Wait a few years, and to you yourself, my dear Lou, who now think that love is all things, will come the awakening. A few years more, and you will become like your mother,—hard upon the follies of young people. A little more, and you'll come out—

"With *your* little hoard of maxims, Preaching down a daughter's heart."

So it is, nothing repays—nothing satisfies."

Lady Loo repeated this conversation to Chum, who pronounced the whole thing to be very fishy. "He is getting into the right frame of mind for the widow," he said. "You may shut up, Lou. She is playing her cards well."

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHUM DERING was right. Mrs. Greville was playing her cards well. She knew the man she had to deal with; she had gauged the height and the depth of his mind, and no miner could have proceeded with more caution. She made no claim

upon Ralph from what had passed between them, but she made herself so necessary to him that she filled up a void in his existence.

Her success in Parisian society was something quite wonderful. She had been known to a *few* of her

present circle of friends as the Hon. Eva Kerr, but they tacitly agreed to drop a discreet veil over any little shortcomings that might recur to their memories, and received her in her rehabilitated position of a widow, with a handsome fortune and no incumbrances, *à bras ouverts*.

When she began to emerge from her retirement she became quite the fashion—her box at the opera or theatre was crowded nightly by *décorés* of all kinds, the first men in Paris not thinking it beneath them to exchange *bon mots* with "*la charmante Madame Gréville*." Even the first personage in the empire, always quick in picking out a handsome woman, had noticed our Eva, who at this stage of her career could well afford to triumph in the recollection that her rival had been thoroughly beaten by a woman "twice her age;" but there was one thing still wanting to her, without which all else was incomplete. As she had said herself, she could have had her pick and choice of the tight-waisted gentlemen, military and civilian, who paid their court daily in her *salon*.

Truth to confess, little De Gramont loved her with an honest affection, for which the *propriété* of Fair Oaks was in nowise accountable; but that did not avail him much. From the beginning she made no disguise that Windham was first favourite. She would turn away from a prince, *pur sang* though he might be, if she saw Ralph's dark face looming in the distance, and break off a *tête-à-tête* with the *Ministre de l'Intérieur*, if there were a chance of Windham's addressing her a word. Anyone might have been touched by her silent devotion to him; but Ralph was not, I think, even aware of it. All her little silent proofs of love fell on him unheeded. He was encased in his own sad recollections, and it never occurred to him that gossip might be busy about him and the lady. *She*, he knew, was fully aware of his sentiments, and they had not changed in her favour since he had written to her that letter, so unfortunate for himself. When, therefore, Lady Lou made him aware that the public voice had

coupled his name with that of Mrs. Greville, his first idea was that flight would be his best plan, and the only one, to put an end to such reports. His mind was soon made up; he was tired of Paris, and he had a wish to go to the East. He made his arrangements quickly, reserving the leave-taking with Mrs. Greville to the last. He had a morbid dread of his own weakness, and so he thought it would be better to acquaint her with his departure by letter. Accordingly, the evening before he left, he sat down to write his farewell. But Mrs. Greville was not minded to part from him so easily.

Luigi had gone on some message, and Colonel Windham, sitting at his writing-table, with his back to the door, heard a movement in his little ante-chamber.

"Luigi," he said, without looking round, "you are back soon. I want you to take this letter to the Champs Elysées; it will give you an opportunity of saying 'Good-bye' to Louise."

There was no answer, but a stifled sob; and, turning round, Ralph found himself, to his amazement, face to face with Eva.

With a quick movement she seized his hand. "Oh, Ralph!" she said, "it is not true what I hear? You are not going to desert me? Tell me you are not going away!"

"I was just writing to tell you that my plans are definitely settled, and that to-morrow I set out for the East. It will be many years before we meet again, Eva."

It was the force of old habit made him call her by her name, but it sent a thrill of joy through the miserable woman's heart. False in all else, she was true in her love for him.

"And your friends," she said: "will you leave them all—your prospects in life—will you give them all up? This very morning I had letters from home. You used to be ambitious of being in the House. There is a vacancy in our county. The Greville interest is great: your return would be certain."

She spoke eagerly, but there was no response from Ralph.

"It is good of you to interest yourself so much in me," he answered, coldly; "but my ambition is quite gone; if I have any left, it is to be forgotten."

"And all this," burst out Mrs. Greville, excitedly, "for the sake of a girl utterly unworthy of you, who from the very first deceived you—a girl who at this moment is as utterly forgetful of all the passionate love you expended on her as if it never had been, who prefers one word of love, one caress from her husband, Julian Laprelle."

"Stop!" interrupted Windham, hurriedly; "for God's sake, don't name *her*."

"Forgive me, Ralph," Mrs. Greville said, in a tremulous voice; "let us not part in anger; say one kind word to me before you go—one word that I may live on the recollection of it for the short time that will be left to me."

Bowing down her head on her hands, the tears came slowly trickling through her fingers—tears that were genuine, for she began to feel hopeless was her chance of success. She was one of those women who do not spoil their appearance by tears, and when she raised her head at last, and looked at Ralph, he could not but own that she looked marvelously handsome; her voice, too, when she spoke, was broken and uncertain, but full of music still.

"Ralph," she said, "during the years that I have known you, have I ever done anything that was in any way unbecoming. The world has been hard upon me, but I make you my judge, and to you I appeal from my calumniators. As you wrote to me yourself, there was nothing in our friendship that either of us could look back upon with shame or remorse."

"My dear Mrs. Greville, why do you distress yourself and me with such painful recollections? Has anybody been doing or saying anything they shouldn't; only tell me, and I'll find the means to——"

"Ah!" interrupted Mr. Greville tearfully, "the world takes its opinion of *me* from *you*."

"That would be indeed hard," answered Colonel Windham, coldly; "what can I, a recluse—a hermit, I

may say—have to do with one so brilliant and admired as you are?"

"As if this admiration were anything to *me*," Eva said, excitedly. "I try to find in it some forgetfulness from the pain ever gnawing at my heart. Ah, Ralph, you never did know me; you think me vain, worldly, heartless; you little know what I would be in the hands of one I loved as I *can* love, for my nature is a passionate and a loving one. I could give up everything for him—follow him to a solitude—live only for him. I know well how despised we women are for making the confession I now am making, but from the first time I ever saw you I loved you. Don't answer me," she went on, as Windham was about to speak. "I know what you would say, but don't tell it to me. You have no love to give me, but you had once. You did love me till she came; and oh, Ralph, I loved *you* so long, so dearly."

Her voice died away almost to a murmur, and she sank on her knees beside him, hiding her face, as if in very shame.

I don't believe that there is a man in the world who can hear from the lips of a handsome woman, like Eva Greville, such an avowal of attachment without feeling flattered and affected. Windham's voice was low and tremulous as he hung over the recumbent fair one, but his attentions were cold and uncaressing.

"My dear Eva," he said, "don't mistake me, or think I am ungrateful. I am touched—deeply touched by your preference for one so unworthy as I am; but—my heart is dead. My capacity for love is exhausted. I have loved—I know it now—but once in my life, and that love is over—past away; but it has unfitted me for even feeling the counterfeit that often passes current for the real thing. It would be a disrespect, a dishonour to offer *you*, so loving and passionate in your nature, a dead, cold liking, which is all that now remains in me for any woman. As for the world, and the stories it may tell, you can afford to despise them."

"And do you for one moment think," said Eva, with flashing eyes and heightened colour, "that I will live and endure the insult of being



despised? What would life be to me if you leave me? I have told you all—offered you all that a woman can, and you reject me. Well, then, the world shall never have it to say that the man I loved left me—left me to the malice of my enemies when he could have protected me—left me with my good name gone—my self-respect gone—my happiness gone for ever! You do not love me, that is enough; life has no further charm for me.”

And, to Windham's utter horror and amazement, she quickly took a small bottle from her pocket and raised it to her lips. The label was very conspicuous, and marked “poison.” It was her *last card*, and it is difficult to say would she have played it in real good faith; but *that* can only be known to herself, for Ralph hastily snatched it from her grasp, and emptied the contents into the fireplace.

There was a long pause, while Mrs. Greville—her excitement died out—sat cowering in a corner, and then Colonel Windham spoke coldly and calmly.

“If,” he said, “it is as you say, and that the world has made free with your good name on my account, what protection my name can give

you I am bound to offer. Mind, I do not deceive you, Eva! I have, as I said before, no love to offer; but if I have done you harm, as you say I have, I will make what reparation I can, by asking you to be my wife.”

Eva made a movement as though she would have thrown herself into his arms, but Windham drew back. Taking her hand in his, he said,

“Ours is no ordinary engagement, Eva, and you will remember the terms of it. It has begun with the shadow of a great crime, from which, thank God, you have been preserved; but now you are tired, and want some rest. I will come to you early to-morrow.”

“And you will not go to the East?” she said, timidly—she could hardly believe that what she had so much wished was actually hers, and she longed for more certainty.

“My place is from this time by your side,” he answered, and courteously offered her his arm, to lead her to her carriage. She had no choice but to obey; but as she drove home she set her lips, and murmured to herself,—

“So far the victory is mine—I will soon make him love me!”

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

MRS. GREVILLE had now attained the summit of her wishes; all she had schemed for and plotted for was hers; she was triumphant. Her rival utterly crushed, and Colonel Windham her affianced husband, she could hardly herself believe in the perfect success of her own artifices; and yet she was not quite satisfied. Mordecai still sat at her gate; she could not breathe quite freely until the knot was firmly tied. Colonel Windham showed no anxiety to complete the sacrifice he had so generously made. In truth, he made no pretence of being an ardent lover, but he fulfilled his part of their engagement to the letter of their bargain, appearing every day for a certain time in the company of his *fiancée*, and paying her a grave attention, which but ill-satisfied the void in Eva's undisciplined heart. Once irritated beyond all endurance

by his coldness to her, she broke out into tears and reproaches; but she soon found she was beating against an iron wall. Ralph, without making an attempt at excuse or consolation, quietly left the room and the house; and it was with infinite pain and much humiliation to herself that she could entice him back again.

“My dear Eva,” he said, on their reconciliation, “consider well the step you are going to take—think how *you*, who all your life have been accustomed to devoted attentions, will, in your marriage with me, miss all this. Remember, I have never made the slightest pretence to love or tenderness; I tell you honestly I have it not, to give to you or any other woman. I speak to you openly now, before it is *too late*—you can retract still; but recollect that you can make no claim on me for an affection I have never pretended to

feel. I shall never be a tender husband, and often I shall be an exacting one; for I will know how to make my wife respect *my* name and *my* wishes."

He waited for her answer, hoping, poor fellow, that this explicit declaration of his feelings might rouse her pride; and so it might have done, only that in the last words she thought she detected a lurking jealousy.

"He is thinking of all my admirers," she said to herself, "and that I will flirt, as I did in poor Robert's time."

"I feel," she went on aloud, in a low, uncertain tone, "that I ought to give you your freedom as you say you do not love me. For me, I would rather be the most unhappy of women with you than the most blessed with another; to see you, to be near you, is all that I ask; but do not think of me—I release you, and there still remains for me death."

Ralph was affected; who could not but be flattered at such devoted, humble love?

"No, Eva," he said; and for the first time he took her hand in a tender clasp; "I am not so ungrateful; you have borne with me most patiently. If you can be happy with such an ungenial creature as I have grown, let us try our fate together."

To say the truth of Eva, she never showed to such advantage as she did at this juncture. Her whole soul was so engrossed by her love that she was all gentleness and humility to everyone; even Lady Lou Dering was obliged to own that she bore her triumph meekly. The news of her cousin's engagement had come upon Lou like a thunder-clap. She remembered what Colonel Windham had so lately said to her, and she was convinced that there was something behind the scenes. She spent a whole day in tears over the poor fellow's sad fate.

"It's no use talking, Chum," she said. "I know he does not care for her, and it is through some mistaken feeling of generosity that he is marrying her."

She never spoke to Ralph on the subject, and he was grateful to her for her silence. One little incident that happened confirmed her in her

suspicious, and made her feel more compassionate than ever.

Mrs. Greville, who never was easy unless she could parade her handsome lover before the eyes of the world, was indefatigable in organising little parties here and there. One day the usual circle were sauntering through the gallery of the Luxembourg, looking at the exhibition of modern artists. Everyone had broken up into little groups, and gay discussions and disputes were carrying on in different parts of the room. Lady Lou noticed that Ralph was no longer in attendance upon his intended bride, who had for the moment forgotten him in a gay, sparkling conversation with one of her broken-hearted adorers. Dropping behind, she glided gently back to the room in which she fancied she had left her cousin. She found him standing, lost in thought, before a picture; she looked from it to him, and saw that his face was strangely agitated—it was the mere study of a girl's head. Renée Cardillan slightly altered. There was a more thoughtful expression in the eyes than there had been, and the mouth wore a patient, suffering look, that took from the childishness that was one of Renée's marked peculiarities. This was not the face of a child, all innocence and gracefulness, but a thinking, suffering woman.

"Dear me!" said Lady Lou, quickly, "that reminds me of some one. How like it is to that little Miss Cardillan who was at Fair Oaks. I must call Chum to look at it; he had rather a *penchant* for her."

She was turning away to fulfil her intention, when Colonel Windham caught her dress. One look at his face showed her how it was with him, and with a woman's tact she quietly left him to his silent contemplation, and kept the rest of the party from intruding on him. There is a reward for all good actions, and Lou reaped hers: that night, for the first time since it had happened, Ralph opened his heart, and told his cousin his story. She was immensely affected by it, and a misgiving came over her that there had been foul play somewhere; but she was not equal to unravelling such an intrigue as our Eva's, and the proofs of Renée's falseness seemed very clear.

She could only pity and condemn; but at the first word of condemnation Ralph stopped her.

"I have never blamed her," he said, "and I never shall. She has spoilt my happiness in this world—taken from me all faith and trust in goodness, for if ever an angel's soul looked out of human eyes, it has in Renée's, and yet she was false! but it was my own fault. She was so young, and I frightened her—frightened her with my vehement passions, and my sneers, and my sternness. I drove her back to *him*, and so lost her."

"And this marriage," returned Lou, a little timidly, "do you think that it will be for your happiness?—a loveless marriage is such a terrible thing."

"A hell upon earth, some people say," said Windham, with a short laugh. "Well, Eva goes into it with her eyes open, and I daresay we will get on as well as a great many others. I don't hope for a long life, Lou—that would be something too terrible; and perhaps on the other side of the grave my darling will come to me, and will tell me why it was she left me."

At this beautiful sentiment Lady Lou dissolved into tears. Ralph had always been a hero of hers, connected in her mind with Lancelot and the idylls of the king. For a worldly young woman brought up in the ranks of fashionable life, she was singular in having kept alive a heart which an education of this kind generally succeeds in killing.

#### CHAPTER XXX.

THE wedding-day was fixed—the marriage was to be in Paris, and as both parties were so well known, it caused no little sensation; everyone was on tiptoe to be present at the ceremony; but Colonel Windham was firm that there should be no parade of him as a victim led to the altar, and Eva, although she would have liked it, was fain to agree.

I don't suppose that any man approaches the term of his bachelor existence without some misgivings, some hankerings after that page of his life that is about to close upon him for ever. Truth to say, one cannot help wondering how two people ever come to start on the long journey of married life together, it is such an uncertain voyage, and so many of those that we have seen going on board the matrimonial ship, fresh and gay, founder and go down before reaching port. This too often where Love sits at the helm and guides the boat; but when the two passengers are like our friends, Eva and Ralph, what chance *can* there be for a prosperous voyage? Ralph felt this; but of late there had come over him an apathy from which nothing seemed to rouse him—all and everything was indifferent to him; he had grown to look so ill that Mrs. Greville often thought with a shudder that a cruel fate might still step in and take the cup from her lips;

but he complained of nothing, and so she looked forward to change of climate to work wonders. They were to go to Italy, and then to the East, for Mrs. Greville liked travelling, and Ralph shrank with aversion from sitting down in his own home with *her*; he had looked for something so different.

The time drew nearer, and one night, when only a few days intervened, Mrs. Greville sat in her opera box to see a new piece. She sat *modestly* shrouded from the vulgar gaze behind the curtain. She was looking her very best; for the first time she had laid aside the conventional mourning she had worn for poor Robert. Her half-high dress of white satin became her admirably, the rich lace trimming giving it an almost regal look. Her eyes were bright, so was her colouring, but not too much so, *blanc de perle* was judiciously blended with other appliances of the toilette; her golden hair twined in and out with ivy leaves and diamond stars was a *chef d'œuvre* of Louise's skill; while on her round, white throat sparkled and scintillated, giving out a hundred lights, a beautiful diamond ornament. She was altogether the picture of luxuriant beauty, of triumphant happiness, and as such pre-eminently displeasing in the eyes of her future husband. Her laugh jarred



upon his ears, and the coquettish looks she gave him met no response. By-and-bye the box began to fill; dark little Frenchmen, with crush hats under their arms and irreproachable toilettes, came crowding in. The usual clatter began, "*Mais, Madame, que vous etes belle;*" "*ravissante;*" "*quelle charmante toilette!*" and all those pretty nothings that really are nothing on the lips of a Frenchman. Glances of great disgust were levelled at the sad, sullen Guardsman, who was so soon to be the fortunate possessor of such loveliness and such a perfect toilette; but Windham was quite unconscious alike of their disdain and their envy. Sitting far back in the box, he seemed absorbed in the music: he was actually lost in reverie. Patti's sweet notes and delicate witcheries fell unheeded on his eyes and ears. His mind had wandered back to that time at Fair Oaks, and Renée's soft, childish face rose before him, as in a dream; it seemed to him as if the soft brown eyes looked at him with the old pleading, loving look in them; the low voice murmured in his ear, "Forgive me, Ralph, forgive me." He looked up with a start, and saw the empty fools bowing before his future wife, their senseless chatter filling the space round him—it was only a dream, and he was back in the dull reality.

Eva bent forward and spoke to him, but he hardly answered her. She bit her rosy lips, while her heart swelled with mortification at this open neglect of her; but she knew well she could not venture on the usual rights of one in her position, and that the "dark mood" of her *soi-disant* lover should pass away without either questionings or chidings from her. She was too much a woman of the world to pretend to even noticing it, but nevertheless, she felt it most keenly.

"I can't think what has come over the man," Colonel Kinglake said, a few hours later, at a little supper at the Palais Royal. "I remember Windham such a handsome, jolly fellow; now, he seems all pins and needles; one can't venture on a joke, and the hint of a congratulation on his happy prospects sets him off. I believe he is hard up, and marries the widow for tin."

"That's not the case!" said another; "he has lots of it himself. His man of business is my governor's man, and I heard him say he's all right and on the square."

"Well, I don't know; he is the most hang-dog looking fellow I have seen this age; but of course all the women rave of him." [It was little Schartz, of the Legation, that was speaking now.] "There was Mdlle de Noailles looking *doux yeux* at him to-night, and Lily Lennox openly says she'll wear mourning the day he is married."

"I say, Ferrers," struck in another, "aren't you to be best man? I say, you'll have the deuce of a business to pull him through. Keep him up to the mark with constant brandies and soda—that's the only thing to do."

"I knew a fellow once," remarked a very gloomy-looking individual, "who had just the look of Windham. He had been paying attention to a very rum sort of girl—the whole family were broke—and he was hooked by the mother, an infernal old trapper, and although he tried every known dodge to get free, by Jove, they wouldn't let him off. He hated the whole thing; he sat up the night before the wedding playing cards and drinking, and when his servant came in the morning, he was nowhere to be seen: he had bolted to America. Windham has just the look of him."

"Are you talking of Colonel Windham, of the Grenadiers?" inquired a gentleman, who sat at the end of the table. He was a new-comer, and had been brought as the guest of the gloomy man. He spoke very slowly, rubbing his beard the while with his napkin; and there was no glimmer of light in the dark, heavy features. To ask the question, he had broken off a conversation of apparently great interest with his neighbour, a young officer, who, to his surprise, found he had been led on to tell this stranger all about himself and his most private affairs. Having sifted him thoroughly, Dyke—for of course it was our friend in his sacerdotal character—next proceeded to make himself *au fait* with the gossip about Ralph and his marriage.

He listened attentively, while a great deal was said by the different members of the party. His hand caressed his long beard perpetually, and his eyes turned from one to the other as each one gave his opinion. He took it all in, saying nothing.

Presently the conversation drifted away to other subjects, but Dyke pondered on what he had heard. "I will call on Lady Lou Dering to-morrow," was his silent determination. "She will know something about it, and they will expect me to know the details when I go back."

Mrs. Greville was no favourite of Dyke's, and, strange to say, this *reverence* had very strong dislikes and likings. Poor man, he had to keep the latter under pretty severe control. The Belgravian mammas who allowed their pretty young daughters such free and unlimited intercourse with this solemn *confidante*, would have ordered him out of the house had he dared to step one inch beyond his appointed rôle of introducer and bringer together of eligible young men. He was, indeed, as much sworn to celibacy as any priest of the Catholic faith; but he could sometimes give a little indulgence to his dislikes, and he had the satisfaction of paying back some of the slights that seemed to have glanced off him unheeded. He shrank from Eva's sharp, sarcastic manner, and he felt that she read him pretty accurately, and not over favourably. His slow way of talking fretted her beyond all endurance, and she would cut short his lengthened periods in a sharp, irreverent fashion he pretended not to see. She had not the delicacy of mind which would spare a man in his position the knowledge that she saw through his little game. She let him know that she despised him, and in so doing made a silent, smiling, but implacable enemy.

In the meantime Mrs. Greville and her lover had gone home to the Champs Elysées, to one of those little entertainments for which she had already acquired a reputation. There were only eight guests—the number that, if all the company be well assorted, and gifted with the give-and-take that makes society

enjoyable, is the limit for all prandial feasts. Go beyond that, and you break up into *tele-à-tetes*, or, worse again, into solitary Selkirks, at the social board, consuming their victuals, and contributing nothing to the general hilarity.

Our Eva prided herself on her little suppers; she made them up of a couple of pretty women, a clever man or so, a good laughter and general listener, and a comic celebrity. All these materials put together made a pleasant whole, and usually a most successful one; but to-night everything went wrong. The women were put out at their hostess's elaborate toilette; the clever man wanted to shine, and could not do it; and the listener and laughter had nothing to laugh at, because the comic man did not come. There was a pall over the whole thing, and Mrs. Greville chose to ascribe it to Ralph's ill-humour.

When the company had gone away, and the distressed lady who officiated as sheep-dog had retired, Eva was beginning to pout, when Ralph suddenly came and stood before her.

"Eva," he said, "I want to ask you one thing, and will you answer me truly and faithfully?"

She saw that he was serious, and with infinite tact she at once laid aside the aggrieved manner in which she had been indulging.

"I will tell you anything you wish," she said, "but not to-night, Ralph. You are ill and suffering. Come to-morrow, and we will talk over anything you like."

"No," he said; "I must ask you this to-night, or she will come and haunt me in my dreams again. Have you heard anything lately from Renée Cardillan? Is she ill? Does anything vex or annoy her?"

"I hold no communication with Renée Le Noir," Mrs. Greville answered, coldly. "What are you fancying now, Ralph?"

Colonel Windham gave a deep sigh. "True," he said, "her health is in her husband's keeping; but still," he added, "I should like to know her well and happy. I could not bear to think that she wanted for anything, so young and frail as she is. I wonder if those

sisters could tell us anything about her? Don't think me foolish," he added. "I know it is an unusual thing for a man in my position to care so much for a woman who has treated him as—*as*—Madame Le Noir has treated me."

Mrs. Greville was startled. She did not like the notion of writing to the sisters; *that* would be destruction.

"What has put this idea into your head?" she said, as gently as she could.

"Her face has been haunting me," Colonel Windham said. "I cannot shut my eyes but I see hers looking at me in that way she had, like a child who has done wrong and asks for pardon. I think I was perhaps wrong not to have seen her."

Mrs. Greville positively trembled; but there was necessity for great command. If she had betrayed herself now, all would have been over.

"My poor Ralph!" she said, kindly, "you are feverish to-night. Don't distress yourself. Nothing could have changed her. When such a young girl could fly from her guardian's house to meet her lover, and brave everything to marry him, as she did, she must have loved him very deeply."

"True," said Colonel Windham, wearily; "she did it all herself. Forgive me, Eva, I am a brute to you; but when all this is over I will make it up to you."

"Only try and love me a little," she said, her firmness giving way; "I don't ask for much, Ralph, but give me a little kindness—just a little."

She burst into tears as she spoke, and laying her head upon his shoulder, burst into such passionate sobbings that in pity he had to soothe and caress her a little.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

It was a couple of days before Dyke could pay his intended visit to Lady Lou. He came about the hour of afternoon tea, an English habit that she always religiously adhered to. Dyke and Lou had been particularly good friends; as a matter of course he had been the mutual confidant of both Chum and herself, and had received into his faithful bosom, as into a tomb, all their hopes and fears. He had done a great deal of work, too, silently and unobtrusively, in the way of keeping Lady Rosemary occupied, and in procuring the little *tete-à-tetes* for the pair; so altogether, Lou had what she called an affection for poor Dyke. She made him welcome on this afternoon, and the shadows in the room began to deepen as he went on in his long-winded fashion, his monotonous voice reciting, in a sort of solemn chant, some story that might have been dismissed in ten words. Lou, who always said that dear Dyke was a good soporific, felt her eyelids beginning to droop, when suddenly he mentioned a name that roused her flagging interest.

"So," he said, slowly sipping his tea, "our friend Windham has made up his mind at last. What do you think of the marriage?—were you surprised? There are curious stories going; I don't fancy there's any truth in them."

Lou, accustomed all her life to go into Dyke's confessional, at once poured out all her grievances against Eva—her strong suspicions that she had entrapped Ralph into marrying her by some clever appeal to his generosity, and ended by hinting her idea that he liked somebody else.

Dyke was listening gravely; his head was a little on one side, and his hand was wandering through the mazes of his beard in pursuit of an offending hair: he nodded slightly.

"Miss Cardillan?" he said.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Lou. She knew she had no right to confess her cousin's private affairs.

"Yes," said Dyke, "Windham had a great fancy for her, and I don't wonder—she was a pretty creature! She was stopping at



Fairoaks that time that you and Chum——”

“Oh, I recollect her perfectly,” interrupted Lou. “Don’t you know that she is——” married, she was going to say, but Dyke waved his hand; he never could bear to have his say cut short.

“There is no doubt,” he went on, “that Windham was in love with her—desperately so; he proposed for her, but she would not have him—preferred that French artist, who was also at Fairoaks.”

“My goodness!” said Lou, in amazement, “how did you hear all this? did Eva tell you?”

“That wouldn’t be very likely! No,” said Dyke, with a little pride; “it was poor Greville himself. I went to sit with him pretty frequently when he was dying, and I managed to get it all out of him—that is, he told me,” he went on, correcting himself. “I inquired for the young lady, for she interested me—she was so peculiarly situated and so young, and really very beautiful. It was very odd, for the man had not a halfpenny—no family—nothing!”

“Well,” said Lou, “love is a thing no fellow can understand; I suppose she liked the artist. I must say she had very bad taste, and she must have been a hasty coquette; for why she accepted Ralph is what I cannot make out. I often wonder was Mrs. Greville at the bottom of it; but it does not much matter now she is married to the man, and poor Ralph is going to be married to-morrow; so there is no use in talking about it.”

“Pardon me,” said Dyke, “*there* is the curious part of the story. She is not married, nor is she going to be married.”

Lady Lou gave a little scream, and a hot flush came into her face.

“Not married!” she cried; “how do you know? Tell me—tell at once!”

“When I was at Morehampton,” Dyke began, “about a month ago—it was just about the time that the Duchess was trying to arrange Lady Agnes’s marriage with young De Tabley, and I went down. The De Tableys are old friends of mine, and so the Duchess was very anxious. ‘Mr. Dyke,’ she said——

“Oh, my dear Mr. Dyke, don’t mind about the Duchess; please, go on. Oh, if she is only not married!”

Dyke looked at her with some astonishment; he was accustomed to queer scenes; no one ever dreamt of putting a restraint on themselves before him; but still he didn’t understand the meaning of all this excitement.

“I don’t follow it exactly,” he said, a little stiffly. “You forget the marriage makes very little difference. The young lady refused Windham——”

“Oh, it makes *every* difference,” said Lou, impatiently; “don’t you see, this odious Mrs. Greville *said* she was married.”

“Ah——!” said Dyke; and he sat up and went on quicker and more energetically. (It *is* pleasant to put a spoke in your enemy’s wheel.)

“Well, I met this Le Noir at Morehampton; he was finishing a picture, and had his own studio and all that, and I used to go and talk to him. He was a reticent fellow enough, and I never could get much out of him; but one day I was looking over his sketches, and I saw a beautiful little head of this girl, Miss Cardillan, and then Greville’s story came back on me. I felt my way, speaking admiringly of her; and at last I ventured on a little more familiarity, and I said: ‘I don’t know if the happy event has taken place or not; if it has, and Miss Cardillan is already Madame Le Noir, I must congratulate you on your choice, for a more lovely girl I never saw.’” He looked at me, and he went on painting.

“You are either very ignorant or very impertinent,” he said.

“Very rude of him, wasn’t it? but I know these kind of geniuses are always touchy, so I didn’t mind.”

“‘Excuse me,’ I said, ‘I meant no offence. I really do admire the lady immensely, and I admire the character and constancy she has shown. Poor Bob Greville, a great friend of mine, told me how she refused a really first-rate *parti* for your sake, and a nice fellow into the bargain. I think you have every reason to be proud.’”

"His eyes lit up with a strange light in them."

"What was the name of the man she refused?" he said; "tell me, for the love of Heaven, that you hope one day to see!"

"I am really not at liberty to mention," I began."

"Was it Windham?" he said eagerly.

"He was so piteous in his entreaties that I was obliged to say it was so, and then he cried out—"

"Thank God for that! Sir, you will think me, no doubt, a jealous husband, or lover; but it is no such thing. Miss Cardillan is not my wife, nor will she ever be the wife of any man. As soon as she gets a little stronger she is to enter the order of the sisters at St. Etienne, as one of their number, that is, if she lives; but ever since she came to your cursed climate she has drooped and faded away. I fancied it was an attachment to that worthless man you have named that was preying upon her young life; but thanks to you, I am relieved of that suspicion; and now, sir, I will beg of you never to revert to this topic again."

"I need not tell you," Dyke went on, "that I did not; I saw pretty well what was the matter with the poor fellow; but I confess it seemed to me altogether an enigmatical story."

"Not a bit of it!" said Lady Lou, excitedly; "I see it all clearly; but, thank goodness, we will defeat all this miserable intrigue yet." She was going to the door as she spoke, but came quickly back. "Dear, darling Mr. Dyke!" she said; "you won't desert us; you'll stand by your story—you'll help us to punish and circumvent this wretched Eva?"

"Oh, you think," said Dyke, slowly and deliberately, "that she is at the bottom of it."

"I do!" said Lou, trembling with excitement; there's not a moment to be lost. Come with me to Ralph Windham, and let him know the truth."

"Well," said Mr. Dyke, after a moment's deliberation, "if you'll promise me that my name never appears in the business, I will give any assistance in my power;" and in a

few minutes, the two conspirators were driving rapidly to Ralph's lodgings.

It was Sunday, and there was a great stir in the little town of St. Etienne. It was a fête day, and the saint going to be done honour to was a favourite patroness of the sailors, who made up such a large portion of the population. The whole place had quite a gala look. Banners waved from the windows, and scarlet cloth hung over the balconies; the children who were to walk in the procession, with their white veils over their heads and garlands of flowers in their hands, were mustering at the corner of the street, and people were already standing at the shop-doors, for at twelve o'clock precisely the procession was to pass up the hilly little street. A gentleman, evidently a stranger, stopping to ask the cause of all this excitement, was told all about the saint and the procession, and that it was a very grand one, for that the Bishop of the diocese, Monsigneur Dufour, himself, was on a visit at the convent on the Hill, and was to officiate. He had come down to profess two sisters, and to receive some novices.

Poor Ralph, for it was he, gave a convulsive start, "Do you know their names?" he said quickly.

Of a certainty they did; everyone knew everything that happened in that little place. "There was Madame Constance and Madame Hermana—they were to be professed, and such saints as they were—"

"But the novices?" interrupted Windham, with a gasp—a great fear was over him that *she* might be among them.

"There were four of them, La Sœur Felice, la Sœur Clémence, la Sœur Thomasine, la Sœur—*mais Dieu!*" said the woman, turning to her neighbour, "which is the fourth?"

"There is the Sœur Clémence," said this one, the woman addressed beginning again, and checking them off on her fingers, while Ralph groaned audibly. "La Sœur Thomasine, la Sœur Felice, la—*tiens il n'y a que trois,*" and she looked as if she were going to count over again.

Windham broke away from them,



and hurried on to the convent; up the hilly steep he clambered—his eyes fixed, his whole soul centred on the large white building that stood out on the top of the hill and which had been pointed out to him as the Convent of the Good Sisters of St. Etienne.

Now that the moment was coming near that he should again see Renée, his agitation was becoming uncontrollable. Now he should hear from her own lips *why* it was she had caused him so much suffering. He had lost no time in acting upon the news communicated by Dyke and Lady Lou. He had left Paris that very night, giving no clue as to where he had gone, leaving a line for Mrs. Greville to say that he was obliged to leave town for a day or two. His wedding-day was not a week off, but he cared nothing for that—"That hideous dream was over for ever. Eva has told me one lie," he thought, "and she may have told me twenty. She can expect nothing at my hands. Fool that I was not to have looked into the whole thing months ago!" The wound which his pride had suffered so much was healed; she had not deserted him for another, and he felt now that, as a criminal pleads for his life, so he would plead to Renée that she would give him back her love.

If only he were not too late! He remembered how she had always struck him to have a holy Madonna look, and how her beauty was of that spiritual cast that belongs not to earth, and how the bent of her mind lay to over-zeal in religious matters. He recalled, too, with a groan, her submission to her early friends and teachers, and how likely it would be, deserted by him, she should have turned to her only consolation.

"It was all the influence of those horrible sisters," he said to himself; "they must have worked upon her young mind, filling her head with scruples, and persuading her that earthly love was a sin—that was the whole thing! She fled away from what she thought was wrong—my simple darling!—I might have known she would never have been so false as to give her love to another—oh, *if only* I am not too late!"

There came back on him the day

when he had laughed with Renée about the "flyaway caps," and how to her face had come a look of inspiration as she spoke of the beauty and the holiness of their lives—poor Ralph, he was so full of love and romance—he felt that he could do like the true knight in Schiller's beautiful little ballad,—build himself a hut near his love, watch her each day go to matins and complin, and when she died, be found a corpse on her tomb.

It is a common saying that "the days of romance and chivalry are gone by," but I do not think that any of us quite believe it. Colonel Windham, in these prosaic days, could not actually have done like poor Foggenburg, but he was not less a man because he had no chain armour nor visor on, to hide his handsome, melancholy face.

Well, here he is at last at the convent-gate. Clang!—clang!—went the great big bell, and out came the neat, trim little portress.

There was evidently a great commotion going on in these quiet halls. There was a most appetising smell of baked meats, only, of course, our lover never perceived it. It is not every day Monsigneur comes, and even the simple nuns were a little flurried.

Ralph propounded his request: Could he see Mdle. Cardillan?

"Impossible!"

"Well, then, Madame la Supérieure."

"Impossible! The procession was forming. Couldn't be thought of."

"Would she tell him the names of the novices?"

The little portress stared at him. Was he mad? "No; that was quite against the rule." And she tried to shut the door in his face. But Ralph pleaded so hard, that at last she said he might come back again in three hours, and perhaps Madame Mère might see him.

Oh, those miserable three hours while Colonel Windham wandered about the hills, coming back at intervals to look at the inhospitable white house, whose portals were shut against him! Going down again into the town, he heard the tinkling of bells, and saw the procession defiling through the narrow streets of the little sea-port town.



The procession of young girls, with their baskets of flowers, was pretty, contrasting with the weather-beaten, half-theatrical look of the sailors, who, hat in hand, came first, in honour of their patroness.

"Not bonne mère,  
Protège nos pères,  
Qui sur la mer  
En danger sont."

So ran the simple little *cantique* they sang, the sweet voices of the children taking each alternate verse, the other being played by the band, the bassoon blown by its performer with a hearty good will. Altogether there was a charming air of innocence and piety pervading the little solemnity; and Ralph raised his hat and bent his knee reverently with the rest of the spectators, as Mon-sieur, supported by our old friend the Curé, came last. I will not be even certain that a little prayer on his own account did not go up to the Great Maker of all. One thing is quite sure, that that evening a munificent offering was found in the box in the church set specially apart for the widows and orphans of the Mat'lots who had perished, in spite of their patron saint, and that popular opinion ascribed it to the handsome stranger.

Three o'clock saw Colonel Windham in the *salon* of the convent, in a fever of expectancy. Madame Mère made herself waited for, and Ralph walked about the well-polished floor, and looked at the pictures of St. Cecilia at her organ, and St. John in the desert, without knowing what they were. He also inspected closely the rules for visitors, that, neatly transcribed in the text peculiarly cultivated in French convents, hung in a carved leather frame over the chimney-piece; but the letters danced before his eyes. He might have paid this specimen of calligraphy more attention had he known that both it and the leather frame were performances of Renée's; but of course he was ignorant of this. Still, no one came, and Ralph went to the window, and looked out at the garden walks, so neatly kept, where the autumn wind was driving about a few irregular leaves that had

taken the liberty of falling, and pictured to himself his bright-eyed Renée pacing those dull walks in her sombre dress, telling her beads, until he felt almost mad. Then he turned back into the quiet room, which had that peaceful look that always strikes one in monastic institutions, and to his ear there came the solemn sound of the convent-bell chiming the half-hour. In such a place all human passion seemed singularly at variance with the holy surroundings, but poor Ralph was not in a state of mind to appreciate them. There was coming to him a certainty that Renée was lost to him, and by degrees he worked himself into a fury of anger—a fever of anxiety.

"They will persuade her, of course, to remain with them; they will influence her to shut herself up in this living tomb; they are persuading her now not to see me; they will sacrifice her—my angel, my darling!—to their mistaken views. But I will protest against it. I will go to the Bishop, to the Pope, if necessary! I will——"

The door opened, and a black-robed, kindly-looking woman, came in. Ralph started forward, and entered brusquely upon his subject.

"I must see Mademoiselle Cardillan," he said. "It is of the greatest importance that I should speak a few words to her. She must not be influenced to take a step that she will repent all her life. I will speak to your Bishop, madame. I am sure that he is a just man, and that he will see that it is not fit that so young a girl as Miss Cardillan should not have every fair play."

"Sir," said the superioress, in a tone of rebuke, "I know not who or what you are, nor by what right you interfere in this matter; but you must be singularly ignorant of the rules of our Church, if you imagine that anyone would be permitted to take our vows under coercion or influence of any kind. So far as Renée is concerned, she is our own child. She has grown up under our care, and she has already——"

"Oh!" interrupted Windham, in an agony, "then I am too late! But, madame, vows that are not

your last vows can be dispensed,—is it not so?"

Madame Mère looked at him, and into her face there came a sort of wistful pity. So far removed from all worldly suffering, she could still compassionate the agony she saw in another.

"You are under some great mistake," she said, gently. "Renée does not belong to us, although she wished it herself; nay, does wish it still. Monsigneur Dufour, our holy father, had a long conversation with her, and thinks she has no vocation, poor child. She was bitterly disappointed."

The revulsion in Ralph's mind was so great that, for a few minutes, he could not speak. He raised the veil of the Superioress to his lips, and kissed it reverently.

"Madame," he said, humbly, "will you forgive me? But I have suffered so much!" And then, in a few words, he told her his story.

The good nun's eyes were dimmed by tears when he finished. We have all our memories, and perchance there rose to her mind a time, now long past away, when love such as this had been hers. At all events, Colonel Windham did a very judicious thing in making her his confidant.

"Renée told me nothing of this," she said; "but, poor child, I fancied there was something preying on her mind. Her coming back to us so suddenly was curious. 'Ma Mère,' she said, 'the world is as you told me—hollow and deceitful. Take me back, and I will never leave your care again.' I began to think that, perhaps, her late guardian's wife had not been good to her; for when I wrote to her lately to tell her of Renée's illness, she wrote back to say that her husband's death absolved her from all charge of her, and to beg that she should be no further troubled about her. She must be a hard woman."

"She is a cruel one!" answered Windham, emphatically. "But you said Renée was ill."

"She has been fading away gradually since she came from England; but she has complained of nothing till quite lately. You would like to see her?" she added. "I will send for her; but I fear that

you will see a great change in her. The few minutes that elapsed seemed ages—centuries—to poor Windham; but at last a door opened gently, and the soft, musical voice Ralph had never forgotten sounded in his ear.

"Ma Mère," she said, "did you want me?" Then, not seeing the good nun, who had charitably withdrawn into the embrasure of the window, she came a few steps forward, and caught sight of Windham. She gave a low, frightened cry, and putting both her hands before her face, sank down on a chair. Ralph was at her side in a moment.

"Renée," he said, "will you forgive me? Look at me, and say you pardon me."

Renée looked up, and he saw again the dear face he loved so well, but so changed! The brightness had faded out of it—the childish innocence was gone for ever. It was the face of the woman in the picture—pale, careworn, but lovely, with a look of holy thought, as if suffering had only touched to purify.

Ralph was deeply moved. He felt as if he looked upon an angel, and that he must fall at her feet and worship her.

"My own darling! you have been ill—suffering!" and he tried to take her hand in his; but she drew away from him.

"Why did you come, Colonel Windham?" she said, in a voice she vainly tried to make steady. "My forgiveness is fully yours. May you be happy! It is my prayer each day for you and for *her*," she added, in an inarticulate whisper. She tried to rise up, and go away; but Ralph caught her dress.

"Listen to me—you must hear me!" he went on, in great agitation. "There has been some strange mistake in all this. I have come all this way to hear one word from your lips. Why did you leave me? Why did you reject me? What had I done? I am, so help me God! innocent of everything but loving you. As I was the first day you accepted me, I am to-day. I loved you from the first moment I saw you. I love you still, and will

continue to love you to my dying day."

Renée trembled violently, and down her pale cheeks the tears came slowly down.

"You wrote me that cruel letter," she said; then, with sudden excitement: "Why did you make me love you, if you cared so much for *her*? I have prayed hard to forgive you—to forget you; and now why do you come and trouble me in my peaceful home, where I was trying to be content?"

A light was breaking in upon Ralph.

"You say I wrote you a letter," he said; "I did—several letters, in which I poured out all the love of my fond, foolish heart to you—and you never answered them. It is I who have a right to say, Renée, why did you make me love you—you, who accepted my love, and then cast me off without a word—fled from your guardian's house, lest you should be forced to marry me! Don't deny it—he told me himself, and I read it in your writing."

Renée looked at him with a puzzled look, and then drew from her dress a small bag, where had lain concealed *the* letter. It was very much torn and ragged now, and a river of tears must have been shed over it, it was so blotched and discoloured. Even now Renée's sobs came thick and fast as she held it out to him.

"It was so very, very cruel!" she murmured, "when I had learned to love you so well!"

For which little speech the presence of the Mother Superioress alone prevented Colonel Windham from clasping her to his heart, and kissing away the tears from her sad, wistful face. One glance at the letter showed him the trick that had been resorted to to destroy his happiness, and all the demon within him was roused as he thought how nearly the artifice had succeeded. He poured out a torrent of words, telling how he had been imposed on, how he had suffered, and how, through it all, he had never for one moment been shaken in his deep, true love for her. He told her everything, not sparing himself, and only hinting at the means by which Eva had inveigled him into a pro-

posal. When he came to this part of his story, Renée's colour deepened, and an angry light came into her eyes; but it died out again, and with her old childish, confiding manner, she slipped her hand into Windham's. He held it in a warm clasp.

"Renée," he said, "you know all now. Absence and time have only strengthened the chain that your innocence and goodness, far more than your beauty, had wound round me. Here again, in your own old home, and in the presence of your best friend, I implore of you to accept my love,—to forget all you have suffered through my means, and to be the angel of my home, the comfort of my life. In many things I am a changed man, and more worthy now to possess such a treasure."

"Hush!" said Renée; and the old shy look of happiness came back to her face. "You must not say such things. It is I who am unworthy; but if I can be a comfort—" She did not finish the sentence; but Colonel Windham was quite satisfied.

It was rather a singular wooing, carried on under the eyes of the good sister; but kind Madame Le Noir stepped in and carried off Renée to her house, where Ralph had more opportunities of seeing her, and indulging in lover-like demonstrations. But he had only two days to stay—days that passed like so many hours to the two who had entered on their fool's paradise. Colonel Windham should go back to Paris,—he had a good deal to do there, as the reader may imagine.

There is a pretty old legend told somewhere, which ends by the hero marrying both the heroines. Ralph was somewhat in his position. Poor little Renée showed a great disinclination to let her newly-regained lover come within range of the fair Eva's machinations. Little wonder in that, when already she had done her so much injury.

"I hope it is not very wrong of me," she said; "but I do own I am afraid of her—she is such a wicked woman; and—I know it is very dreadful—but I am jealous of her, Ralph!"



"My own love!" and Windham caressed her fondly, "you don't doubt me, do you? I must see her once more, and after that I will never look upon her face again. For every tear she has made my darling

shed, she shall pay a heavy reckoning!"

Renée clung to him tenderly.

"Ralph," she whispered, "don't be too hard on her. It was through love of you she sinned."

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

MRS. GREVILLE was not the least uneasy at Ralph's absence from town. She fancied he had gone with Chum Dering to a shooting-box of little De Gramont's, an expedition she had heard them planning some nights previously; and the absence of the two last made this idea probable. At all events, it did not trouble her. "Those the gods mean to ruin they blind;" and certain it is that at this time Eva enjoyed the most thorough security from all alarms.

It had now come to only the day but one before the wedding. Mrs. Greville's hands were full—the marriage of a widow at all times differs very essentially from that of a young girl entering on her first venture. The bloom seems quite off the whole thing; there is no need for kind fathers or tender mothers to see to everything—having interviews with dilatory dressmakers, and fighting impracticable attorneys. And Eva was in a very peculiar position, but she did all herself. Her love for Ralph did not interfere with her driving a very hard bargain as to settlements, although, indeed, that was made easy by Colonel Windham's generosity. He was lavish in his arrangements. "She shall have my money if she have nothing else, poor Eva!" He felt really sorry that he could make no better return for her affection—unconscious as he was of the deep injury she had done him. From something of the same motive, he had agreed to her wishes about the wedding. She had managed to have her own way, and already the number of the guests had swelled to over seventy of the most distinguished people in Paris, both English and French. The English Ambassador and his wife had promised to come, out of old friendship to Windham—Mrs. Greville was not much to their taste—and there were to be no end of no-

tables of every description. The presents, too, had been most magnificent and numerous, testifying to the popularity of the bride. Everything, in fact, had prospered, and Eva was very happy. If only Lady Sumner could have been there to see her triumph, but next best she should hear of it, and while the death-blow was given to her well-laid structure, Mrs. Greville was long at her writing-table, composing the little paragraph which was to carry to all the breakfast-tables of England the news that the Hon. Mrs. Greville had become the Hon. Mrs. Windham, future Countess of Ailesfort.

This done to her satisfaction, she next proceeded to execute a task that she had been some time intending. Drawing near to the fire, she unlocked her despatch-box, and sorted her papers carefully, an *auto de fé* being made of these that were in any way compromising or dangerous. First amongst these was a packet marked R., and tied with red cord—these were all the letters belonging to Renée, and written by Ralph to her from Florence. Why Mrs. Greville had kept them it would be hard to say; but now she dropped them one by one into the fire. Last came poor Renée's love letter, and the nun's communication about her fading health. As these two burned before her, the old evil smile came to Eva's face; it was pleasant to think how well she had managed. By the time they came back to England the girl would be a nun, or more probably she would be dead, and, from what the nun had said, that would be the most likely. It had gone a little against Eva to write the letter of which Madame Mère had made mention, but she had felt herself obliged to take every precaution, and if one of the stupid woman's letters fell into Colonel Windham's hands—no; it was best

to break off all communication. She was so lost in thought that she did not hear the sound of wheels driving under the *porte cochère*, and she was only roused by a loud ringing at the door of her *appartement*.

"Can that be Ralph, I wonder?" she thought; and with a hurried glance at herself in the looking-glass, and a sharp snap to the despatch-box, she ran into the ante-chamber, and encountered Ralph.

With a glad cry of joy, she would have thrown herself into his arms; but he pushed her from him, and strode on into the sitting-room, followed by Eva. One look at his face showed her that something had happened, and that in some way he had come to know the truth.

False and guilty as she had been, in that moment she was deserving of pity. She saw that the edifice she had toiled, plotted, and risked so much to build up, was crumbling away, and she crouched down on her sofa, sinking away from the cold scorn in Ralph's eyes. He stood looking at her in her abasement for a few moments, and then he said, speaking more sorrowfully than angrily:

"Why did you lie to me, and tell me that Renée was married? You must have known it to be false!"

Mrs. Greville looked up, and the blood, that had receded from her face, leaving it a ghastly sight, with its mottled spots of false colouring, came back again. After all, he might not know all.

"I don't know what you are saying. Why do you look at me like that, Ralph? I believed she was—I believe it still."

"It's a black lie!" thundered Ralph. Then, remembering Renée's words, he commanded himself.

"There is no use in steeping your soul in more sin. Renée is not married; she never was going to be married. My darling! I knew she never could have been false to me"—and his voice took such a strange softness as maddened Mrs. Greville to hear.

"Your darling, indeed!" she said with a scoffing laugh. "I wonder

at you, Ralph Windham, that at your age you can be content to play second fiddle to a man like Le Noir. I suppose he has got tired of his pretty model, and flings her back to you."

The hot blood rushed to Windham's face.

"I will show you mercy no longer," he said; "false and deceitful as you are, all is over between us; you may invent what lie you choose to account for the breaking off our engagement. I will spare you as much as I can to the world; but take care you say nothing to injure my innocent Renée,—if you do, I will be silent no longer."

She tried still to deny.

"I have not the least idea what you mean—why do you go on like this?"

Windham's lip curled with ineffable scorn.

"I should like to know," he said, "by what right you interfered with my correspondence," and taking from his pocket the letter Renée had given him, he laid it before her. "This letter was written to you," he said: "where is the one I wrote to Miss Cardillan?—where are the many ones I wrote her from Florence?—all and every one of which you laid hands on."

Eva saw it was hopeless; the game had slipped out of her hands. She rose up, and her eyes fell with withering scorn upon Windham.

"Look into the ashes of that grate," she said, "for your love-letters, if you like, you poor, contemptible, weak fool, whose great, manly intellect could have been so thoroughly hoodwinked by a woman! You will spare me to the world, will you? What proof have you that I had anything to do with your foolish correspondence? If, in the excitement of your noble amusement of getting rid of the old love before you began with the new, you put the letters into wrong envelopes—what then?—am I accountable for your silly mistake? Go sir—leave me! return to the girl who has bewitched you. I release you from your engagement to me; and may the curse of the heart you have outraged and broken light upon her and upon you!"

There was something Spartan-

like about the woman, after all, that called for some admiration. She waited until Ralph's receding footsteps had died away, and then, falling back on the sofa, gave way to a passion of tears, in which mortification, disappointed love, and rage were all blended. The sorrows of the guilty do not merit much pity, and Eva had certainly deserved a severe punishment; but it was a little hard that the chastisement should have come from the hand of the man who had excited the only one genuine feeling of that false, worldly heart.

It is needless to say that the breaking off a marriage so near a conclusion caused a great deal of gossip and excitement in the fashionable world; but nothing lasts longer than the conventional nine days, and Dyke and Lady Lou kept their own counsel; so the talking about it gradually died away; and Mrs. Greville, when she recovered her health and spirits sufficiently, went to Italy, and nothing was heard of her for some time.

Colonel Windham was lost sight of also, until he suddenly reappeared on the surface of society with such a beautiful wife, that all the world was anxious to know where he had picked up such a charming flower. Yes; my hero and heroine are married at last! It was quite a gala in the little town of St. Etienne; there everyone was so fond of Renée, and there, indeed, Ralph had also won golden opinions. I don't think that he would have been quite such a favourite had it been generally known that he had been the successful rival of their gifted townsman, Julian Le Noir. Gifted, indeed! He has been chosen to go on an expedition to India, to paint some frescoes for the house of the Governor-General, and every one was very proud of him. They will be still prouder of him when, some years later, he comes back with money and honours to his native town; but of course nobody knows anything about that: it is only an author's privilege to see what *will* happen. Using this privilege still more, I see another little scene, which I will present to my readers before dropping the curtain for ever.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is the height of the season; the time is about one o'clock, and Rotten Row is crowded—the white parasols and the airy fabrics all glittered and shimmered in the sunlight. A motley crowd, a strange mixture it was—vice-jostling with austerest propriety—youth and innocence seated side-by-side with world-worn depravity. Just opposite the Albert Gate, a little knot of intimate friends had got chairs together, and were discussing the latest news. The centre figure is an old acquaintance of ours, Lady Sumner; she is looking very well, but aged a little, and seems in excellent spirits. My lord, they say, is beginning to appreciate the little woman at last; there is no harm in her; her worst sins are on the surface. Deermouth, sucking his cane, and his glass stuck in his eye, is lounging near her.

"It is a fact, upon my honour!" he says; "I met her last night at Covent Garden, and such a wreck as she is, quite an old woman."

"There was something very odd about her to break off with Ralph Windham," Lady Sumner said. "I am sure I am glad he escaped her; his wife is the dearest little thing——"

"Lou Dering knows the whole story," struck in Deermouth; "but she won't tell, and here's Dyke, he could give us a hint, if he chose; I say, Dyke, have a chair!"

Mr. Dyke, looking as sleek and as solemn as ever, stops as required. He has grown a little stouter and fatter, and is, perhaps, a shade more prosy. Interrogated as to the subject of conversation, he shakes his head, and caresses his beard; he conveys that he could reveal a great deal, if he would.

"By-the-bye," he says, "I met Mrs. Greville just now—I mean *la Marquise d'Asuntas*. What an awful-looking man the Marquis looks. He'll keep her to her trumps—no little tricks, my friend Eva, now! Ha! here she comes!"

There is a little movement among the circle, and a pony carriage drives by.

Good heavens! can that worn, wretched-looking woman be Eva? Her cheeks are sunk in, and the rouge stands out like a sign-post of sharp cheek bones. That horrid, dissi-



pated-looking man is her husband—a notorious gambler; he is spending poor Bob Greville's money, and Eva is too weak and too afraid of him to resist.

Just as they pass, they come face to face with a party of riders. The lady in front, who indeed attracts all eyes, from her fair young beauty, is Renée. Happiness and goodness is in her face, and although she is the belle of the season, she is so unspoilt and unaffected, that all the women like her. Lou Dering is with Chum and Ralph.

As they pass Mrs. Greville, she sinks back to avoid their recognition; but *le Marquis* has spotted Renée, and bursts into admiration of her beauty.

"Faugh!" he says to his wife, "I wish you would rub the paint off your face! You make me sick."

"Mrs. Greville felt sick at heart; she left London the next day, and that was the last meeting between Renée and the woman twice her age.

#### CONCLUSION.

### THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF MONACHISM IN IRELAND.

MONACHISM, a faithful transcript from an Egyptian original, was early cultivated in this isle. When Athanasius retreated from the fury of the Arians, in 347, he carried with him to Rome the praises and institutions of the Egyptian monks, and exhausted his zeal and eloquence in proclaiming the celestial felicity of the ascetic life. With its progress on the continent, I am but little concerned: it might be expected that countries evangelised by Greek missionaries, would eagerly embrace a discipline so earnestly recommended by a Greek father. Accordingly in Gaul we find it made so rapid a progress, that in the year of Christ 400, two thousand monks from the vicinity of Tours attended the funeral of Saint Martin. Egypt poured out her swarms to preach a new doctrine to the Christian world: they particularly settled in the small isle of Lerins, on the southern coast of Gaul, and from thence propagated their institutes over western Europe. There were monasteries among the Britons, wherein human learning was well understood. At Glastonbury the Egyptian plan was followed. The Bangorian monks adopted the rule of St. Basil, as did the seminaries of Dubricius, Congel, and Columba. The abbé Mac-Geoghegan thinks our rules were Oriental. "Il y a apparence que les moines d'Irlande

s'étoient choisi des regles particulieres qu'ils avoient apportées du Levant des regles de S. Pachome ou de S. Basile, ou peut-être celles de ces fameux solitaires du mont Carmel ou de la Thebaide, ce qui n'est pas sans quelque vraisemblance." In the last century it had been asserted, that all our ancient English monks were of the order of St. EQUITIUS. Sir Robert Cotton, Sir Henry Spelman, William Camden, and John Selden were appealed to, who drew up a certificate, wherein they declared, that previous to the coming of Augustine, in 597, the Egyptian rule was only in use.

As we and the Britons received our faith from the East, so we did Monachism. The latter must have taken deep root in this isle in the 5th, for it flourished greatly in the 6th century in the persons and monasteries of Columba, Congel, and Carthag. In Cumineus's and Adamnan's lives of the first, we in vain look for his monastic rule, the names and situations of his numerous foundations, the peculiarities which distinguished his from other orders, and many other interesting particulars which would enable us to ascertain the state of monkery at this time. Instead of these, we are presented in Adamnan's three books, with nothing but the common legendary and irreligious absurdities. In the first are Co-

lumba's prophecies, in the second his miracles, and in the third his angelical apparitions. If ever he wrote a life of our Cœnobiarch, it has been worked up by some of the infamous forgers of such things in the twelfth century, an era fruitful of such impostures. The present has many internal proofs of being supposititious. He never mentions the sentiments of Columba or his Culdees on the points disputed between them and Rome, as Bede does, nor his dying command to his disciples to continue Quartadecimans. It is an heap of credulity and superstition.

The oriental monks were divided into three classes, the Cœnobites, Anachorets, and Sarabaites. The first constituted a community, attended study and spiritual exercises, laboured for their support, and were ruled by a president named Abbat. Imitating the pattern of the Jewish discipline, by which all synagogues had schools, and in which our Redeemer disputed at twelve years of age, so our Abbeys or Monasteries were places of devotion and letters. Their heads, as among the Jews, were styled Abbats. Thus in Samuel it is asked, Who is their Abba or Father? This the Targum of Jonathan interprets by, Who is their Doctor or Teacher? Hence most of our ancient Prelates are called Abbats and Doctors. After a monk had proved his sincerity, obedience, and prudence, he was permitted to be an Anachoret, to abstract himself from his society to a separate cell and remote solitude. Furseus, says Bede, had a brother named Ultan, who after a long monastical probation arrived at an anachoretical life. These hermits retreated to desert islands, wild and bleak mountains, and, as at Glendaloch, hollowed living rocks for cells. The fame of their austerities and miracles attracted numbers, villages were formed in improbable and unlikely places, and buildings and civility were promoted. The Sarabaites were, as to exterior, monks, but confined to no rules, nor attached to any community. They are

noticed in our Canons.<sup>1</sup> If St. Patrick lived at the time it is pretended, and if he founded monasteries as is asserted, would not the "monks of the order of St. Patrick" have been mentioned by some ancient writer, and would not his rule have been universal throughout the isle? The inferior orders of Columba, Congel, and Carthag would never have swallowed up and annihilated every remembrance of that given by our great apostle had it ever existed.

Very little is recorded of Carthag. It is said he was abbat of Ratheny in Westmeath, where he governed more than eight hundred monks, who led a life of great severity and mortification. He died in 637. Congel was one of Columba's disciples, and had a monastery and flourishing school at Bangor, on the south side of Carricfergus bay, in the county of Down. "This was a noble foundation," says St. Bernard, "containing many thousand monks. So fruitful was it in holy men, and multiplying so greatly to the Lord, that Luanus alone, a scholar of this house, founded not less than a hundred monasteries." Columbanus was an eleve of this school. His rule has been published by Holstein, and is divided into ten titles.

1. "Of Obedience." It is asked, what are the bounds of obedience? The answer is, it extends even to death. The true disciples of Christ are to refuse nothing, let it be ever so arduous or difficult. It is evident mental and corporeal bondage was coeval with monachism, and this is the language of Basil, Palladius, and Cassian.

"2. "Of Silence." The Egyptians, and from them the Pythagoreans enjoined five years, silence to those who were admitted into their sacred mysteries. This was their celebrated Echemythia, which the Christian ascetics zealously imitated.

3. "Of Meat and Drink." He allows herbs, pulse, meal, bread baked under embers, in a word, food barely sufficient for sustenance. The strict fasts of the Irish were on

<sup>1</sup> Can. S. Pat. c. 21. Synod. c. 3. Opuse. S. Patr. p. 36—42.

Wednesday and Friday, and in this they conformed rather to the Greek than the Roman custom; and on these days, Bede testifies, the Culdees did not eat till three in the afternoon. In severe abstinence they kept close to the Egyptian original, and that to the time of the Norman invasion.

4. "Of Poverty and subduing Concupiscence." The monks, bidding adieu to the world and all its concerns, gave themselves up to an holy life, and the contemplation of divine things, and embraced a voluntary poverty. But as it was impossible to eradicate the human passions, and entirely to take away a languishing for the desirable things of this world, which is here termed Concupiscence, they are directed to attend to inward emotions and subdue them. To be always intent, say the Egyptian priests, on the knowledge and inspiration of God is the certain way to place a man beyond immoderate cupidity, to restrain mental passions, and to make him intuitive. Nakedness and a contempt of wealth, says our rule, are the excellencies of a monk. The second is the purgation of vices; and the last and most perfect is the continued love of God.

5. "Of conquering our Vanity."

6. "Of Chastity." The Egyptian priests would not bear the intercourse of their nearest friends during the time of their purification, nor did they ever associate with females. The rigid chastity of the Egyptian ascetics was introduced into Ireland; let Archbishop Comyn speak for us, in 1186: "Since the clergy of Ireland: among other virtues, have been always eminent for their chastity, and it would be ignominious if they should be corrupted through our negligence, by the foul contagion of strangers." The strangers here were the debauched Normans, his countrymen.

7. "Of the course of the Psalms." In those times each Abbat gave particular offices of prayers, psalms, and hymns to the religious of his monastery. Those in the West were called *Curfus*, by the Greeks *Liturgiæ*. Columbanus prescribes, that his monks shall meet together three times in

the night, and as often in the day: and in the office in the day, they shall say three psalms and other prayers: that the night-office is to be shortened or lengthened according to the season of the year: that from October to February they must say, in the ordinary office of the night, thirty-six psalms and twelve anthems at three several times; and in the rest of the year twenty-four psalms only, with eight anthems; but for Saturday and Sunday nights the office is to be made up of seventy-five psalms and twenty-five anthems in the winter, which number is to be augmented or lessened as the nights increase or decrease.

In Psalmody-isle, in the diocese of Nismes, was a monastery founded by Corbella, a Syrian monk, about the end of the 4th century, where was observed a "*Laus perennis*," a perpetual psalmody. The great promoters of monkery are quite rapturous and bombastic in their praises of singing. A psalm, says St. Basil, banishes demons, procures angelic protection, is a shield amid nightly terrors, a security to infants, the ornament of youth, the comfort of old age; and much more to the same purpose. Thus powerfully recommended, it was warmly cultivated by our ascetics.

8. "Of Discretion."

9. "Of Mortification."

10. "Of the Diversity of Faults." This is a code of monastic crimes and punishments; and called Penitential. This specimen of our ancient monkish discipline will be sufficient to gratify the reader's curiosity. Of Columbanus I must observe, that when Theoderic or Theodobert II. king of the Franks, Bertefrid Bishop of Amiens, Hildulph Bishop of Triers, and Leodobod Abbot of St. Anian, erected their different abbeys, they inserted in their charters that their monks should follow the rules of Columbanus and Benedict; not that they were the same, but as from both an excellent body of monastic discipline might be framed.

There were in Ireland other celebrated Cœnobiarchs, from whose schools issued incredible numbers of monks and hermits; these dispersed themselves over the country, nor



was there an isle on our surrounding coasts where an ascetic might not be found. This phrenzy in favour of monkery equally affected the laity, who thought they could perform no acts more meritorious than bestowing on those religious orders large possessions. Bede, in his epistle to Eggbriht, laments the profuseness of kings and others in these endowments, and wisely foresaw the ill consequences of it. He knew that when the fervour of piety, which prompted to this generosity, subsided, less liberal motives would induce their descendants to repossess themselves of estates thus inconsiderately alienated. This was in the 8th century. He spoke from experience; for it appears by the 5th of Wihtréd's laws, in 692, by the 7th answer of Eggbriht, in 734, and by the 5th of Cuthbert's canons—that many opulent monasteries were in the hands of laymen, as being heirs to the donors, or by direct temporal right, as being founded out of their estates. About the year 730, Charles Martel converted ecclesiastical into lay fiefs, on which the new possessors took the style of Abbacomites. The Ostmen did the same in Ireland, a few years after. These lay-abbots were common in Ireland and Wales in the 12th century.

The monks, the faithful satellites of Rome, first betrayed our ancient religion, and finally subjected our church to a foreign Bishop. The success of the Roman missionaries in the 7th century, in establishing papal doctrines among the Anglo-Saxons, and the repeated victories of the latter over the Britons, seemed to countenance an opinion zealously propagated, that the religion they had embraced was the favourite one of heaven. Similar notions found their way into Ireland. The addresses of Bishop Laurence of Canterbury, of Pope Honorias, and others, with a fondness for innovation always consequent on refinement in learning, with perhaps many unknown causes, operated strongly on our ancient monks, and made them too easily relinquish their old doctrines. Adamnan, Abbot of Hy, as Bede tells us, by his preaching brought over most of the southern monks to Rome, except

those under the dominion of Hy. If the latter were, as Cumman confesses, the heads and eyes of the nation, the most enlightened ecclesiastics in the kingdom, Adamnan's conquest over the ignorant and bigoted was not much to be boasted of or envied.

Among other superstitions we see that of reliques was introduced; but corruption was powerfully retarded by the firmness of the hierarchy and the Culdees. The latter were looked up to as the depositories of the original national faith, and were most highly respected by the people for their sanctity and learning. Add to this the impenetrable barrier in the alliance between the church and state to Roman machinations. The Irish princes and their great lords would not surrender willingly to any earthly power the patronage of sees or benefices endowed out of their estates; nor would any clan submit to the innovation. But the Ostman power, and in consequence the debilitated state of the Irish monarchy, opened new and flattering prospects to the sovereign pontiff and his watchful emisaries. As they were not able, by reasoning, to reclaim the dissident Irish, they quickly resorted to stronger arguments. Augustine showed how far his papal injunctions extended, when he excited Ethelbert, King of Kent, to slaughter the British bishops, who stood up for their ancient liberties. In 684, the same party urged Egfrid, King of Northumberland, to send his General Beohrt into Ireland, "who miserably wasted that harmless nation," says Bede, "which had always been most friendly to the English; inasmuch that their hostile rage spared not even the churches or monasteries. To the utmost of their power they repelled force with force, and implored the assistance of the divine mercy, and prayed continually to be revenged. Nor did they pray in vain, for Egfrid fell the next year by the hands of the Picts." Bede, as a man of virtue and humanity, does not attempt to apologise for or palliate this bloody outrage, and as a man of letters he abhorred it, well remembering the hospitable asylum Ireland afforded to the great numbers of English who flocked thither for instruction. At the same time,

Aldehelm prevailed on Ina to make war on Gerontius, King of Cornwall, because his British subjects would not embrace the Romish doctrines. When the Ostmen received the faith in the 9th century, it was not that professed by the Irish, but by the Anglo-Saxons. If they did not arrive here Christians, which I think probable, they listened to our apostate monks alone; for all others they massacred or put to flight and erased the foundations of their religious structures. This cruel conduct of these bigotted semi-pagans has never been observed, though the fact is indisputable; for these same Ostmen would not suffer their Bishops to be ordained by the Irish, but sent them to Canterbury. It was these Ostmen who first introduced a foreign order, the Benedictine, into this isle; they first erected stone-roofed crypts and round towers for superstitious uses, and forced on a reluctant people all the corruptions of Rome. Their submission to Canterbury first suggested to the English princes the acquisition of Ireland through the donation of the Pope, an event, which however human wisdom might then and for ages after deplore, the inscrutable providence of God designed for the final happiness of the Isle. Crowded as she is at this day with inhabitants, enjoying all the comforts and security of just laws and mild government, and advancing rapidly in wealth and civil improvement, she has great reason to adore the Author of such blessings, and by steady virtue and loyalty endeavour to preserve them.

Another proof of the furious rage of the Ostmen against our ancient national religion, is the thick cloud of ignorance which immediately followed. We have before seen that the most enlightened clergy were those who adhered to their original faith; when such bright stars as Claudius, Sedulius, and Johannes Scotus Erigena disappeared, it is no wonder darkness succeeded. There were none to oppose the worship of images, or transubstantiation, or to give the genuine meaning of Holy Writ, to teach the learned languages, or to cultivate philosophy. Our renegade monks

found out other and more profitable employment in proclaiming the virtues of reliques, of litanies and processions, in prayers for the dead, and in composing the lives of saints, in deifying miserable mortals, and dedicating sacred edifices to them. The Culdees never placed their churches under the invocation of the Virgin Mary, or any saint, but of the holy Trinity. Spelman mentions his having a Psalter, written about 754, with a prayer annexed to the end of many of the psalms; that there were 171 such prayers, yet not one of them addressed to the Virgin Mary, the Apostles, or other inferior saints. This evinces how late it was before saint-worship was received in England. St. Austin uses very strong expressions against such dedications, thereby declaring the sentiments of the Christian Church in his age. For the present I must omit many particulars respecting the monastic state of Ireland, to lay before the readers a curious old catalogue of Irish Saints preserved by Usher. It is an epitome of our ancient history, and extremely valuable. It is to be lamented that he did not take more pains in illustrating it.

"The first order of catholic saints," says the writer, "began in the time of St. Patrick; all of them illustrious and holy, and filled with the Holy Spirit, the founders of many Churches, and in number 350. They had one head, who was Christ; one leader, who was St. Patrick; and one tonsure, from ear to ear. They had one mass, one celebration, and one Easter, the 14th of the month after the vernal equinox. Whoever was anathematised by one Church was so by all. They did not reject the attendance and company of women, because they founded on Christ their rock; they did not fear the wind of temptation; all these were Roman, French, British, and Irish Bishops. They continued for four reigns, from the years 433 to 534; this order was the holiest."

1. "They had one head, who was Christ, and one leader who was St. Patrick." These words prove the writer of this catalogue lived about the 12th century, when the legend of St. Patrick was implicitly acquiesced in, and when critical



examinations of hagiography were so far from being common, that the lives of saints were the favourite compositions of the age. The writer was one of the old religion; this I infer with certainty by his placing Christ as the head, and St. Patrick as the leader of the Irish Church; whereas, had he been devoted to Rome, the Pope would have been preferred to either.

2. "All the saints of this class were bishops; their number 350." This, though it alludes to the bishops consecrated by St. Patrick, confirms what was before advanced of the primitive state of the hierarchy. There can be no doubt but these first bishops were French, British, and Irish; but I know of no Roman.

3. "They had one tonsure, from ear to ear." This rite, like the other monkish ones, was derived from Egypt, the fruitful land of superstition and idolatry. St. Jerome, who flourished in 380, severely censures those whose heads were shaven like the ministers of Isis and Serapis. Herodotus tells us, the Egyptian priests every third day shaved themselves as part of their religion. From them the Jews adopted the custom. The form and efficacy of tonsure as a sacred rite was received but a few years prior to the age of Gregory of Tours, who lived A.D. 570. Gregory Nazienzen, about 363, writes thus: "All I have seen brings to my remembrance your watchings, your fastings, your prayers, your hair cut short and neglected." Directions for trimming the long hair of ecclesiastics are to be found in the early fathers; but this was merely regard of decency, though after, under the sanction of the Nazarites, this regulation came to be considered as an indispensable characteristic of the priesthood. St. Jerome never dreamed of its divinity, and his words are very remarkable. Even Bede, though an advocate for papal ceremonies and rites, acknowledges all were not shorn alike; that form adds he, was preferred which it is reported St. Peter used, resembling a crown of thorns. The British and Irish tonsure (for these nations were weak enough to adopt this silly custom) was by their enemies styled Simon Magus's tonsure; it, as may be collected from Ceolfrid's letter in

Bede, took in the front half orb of the head, going from ear to ear. This was the eastern mode, as is evident by Theodore's waiting four months to let his hair grow for making the Roman circular tonsure; coming from Cilicia in Asia, it was the oriental tonsure he had.

4. "They had one Mass, one Celebration, and one Easter." By mass is meant the liturgy, before spoken of, delivered by the disciples of the Apostles to the Gallic converts, and by them to the Britons and Irish. Our orthodox author saw and lamented the corruptions of popery in her numberless masses for saints, the dead, and such-like. The scriptural simplicity of our first Cursus, or Liturgy, and the blessed Trinity, the great objects adored therein, formed a contrast with the Romish Masses very painful to a religious mind.

Celebration, or rather celebrity, may either refer to the festivals, in which sense celebration is used by Cicero, or to the manner of administering the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which I rather think. For in this there was great diversity among Christians; some received the Eucharist twice a-day, at sunrise and in the evening. At sunrise they took water instead of wine. Some tasted, others did not. In many churches the communicants took the bread from the priest in their hands; in others it was put into their mouths. Formerly, says Rupertus Tuitensis, writing in 1135, Mass was not celebrated with so much external pomp and ceremony; nor was it holier than before, when the words of Christ and the Lord's prayer were only used. So late as 1076, ale and water were given in England, instead of wine. Usher has shown that the Irish manner of administering the Eucharist was scriptural.

5. "Whoever was anathemised by one Church was so by all." This was the custom of the purest ages. Let the excommunicated, says Tertullian, be banished from the communion of prayers, from assemblies, and all holy converse. And in the excerpts of Ecgbriht, in 740, is a canon of St. Basil, which makes it unlawful to pray, eat, or speak with the excommunicated; a practice followed by our Church.



6. "They did not reject the attendance and company of women." In other words, they were married, and not subject to temptation. Ware will not allow the authority of this catalogue, because an old canon of an uncertain age, and Joceline, intimate that St. Patrick separated the sexes. Joceline's idea of religion in the 12th, was very different from what it was in the 5th century.

The second class was that of the catholic presbyters; in this were few bishops, but the presbyters 300. They had one head, who was our Lord; they celebrated divers masses and had various rules; they rejected the society of women, separating them from their monasteries. They received the mass from Gilla, David, and Docus, Britons; they kept Easter on the 14th of the month, and had one tonsure from ear to ear; this class continued four reigns, from 543 to 598, and was less holy.

1. In this interval the eastern tonsure and Easter were still preserved.

2. "In this class were few bishops, but 300 presbyters." Here the writer clearly marks the progress of monachism in the isle under Columba and the other celebrated Coenobiarchs. There were but few bishops—that is, the secular were yielding to the regular clergy in sanctity, riches, and reputation; the title of bishop was less honourable than that of abbot, to whom the bishop was sometimes subordinate.

3. "They celebrated divers masses and had various rules." Christ, and not the Pope, was still their head; but they had new leaders, these were the founders of monasteries, who gave new rules to their monks and new offices for their performance. Innovations were admitted; the ancient liturgy was interpolated, and new ones were introduced.

4. "They rejected the company of women, separating them from their monasteries." That manly religion founded on Scripture and reason wanted not meretricious decoration to catch the vulgar, nor did it, under the show of superior sanctity, fly from those temptations it was unable to resist. When matrimony was interdicted the clergy, to secure

their reputation, it was found necessary to have distinct dwellings for the sexes. Our author did not entertain great ideas of celibacy, otherwise this and the following class would have been exalted to the skies. No, he thought them very inferior in holiness to the first. Among us no female was to enter into the isle of Iniscatty, nor into the larger one at Monaincha, nor into the monasteries of Clonfert, Lismore, or that of St. Cuthbert, nor into St. Fechin's mill. This ridiculous affectation of purity extended even to the grave: at Clonenagh, near Montrath, are cemeteries for men and women distinct from each other: such were the orders of St. Finian. It had been a breach of charity for monks and nuns to lie interred within the same enclosure. So firmly did they believe the axiom, *Locus semper pudor absit in arctis*.

All this is copied from Egyptian originals and adopted by paganism,<sup>1</sup>

*Sacra bonæ maribus non adeunda Deæ.*

It is very extraordinary our rigid ascetics did not carry their practice as far as their exemplars, for the latter had the masculine pictures in their temples covered with vails, as Juvenal records:

"Ubi velari pictura jubetur,  
Quæcunque alterius sexus imitata figuram."

In the third class were holy presbyters and few bishops, in number one hundred: they inhabited deserts, feed on herbs, water, and alms: possessed nothing of their own: had different rules, masses and tonsures, some with their crowns shaven, others with long hair. They celebrated the paschal feast, some on the 14th, others on the 16th of the month with great severity. This class continued for four reigns, from 598 to 658, and was holy. In this order we may trace the austerities of the monkish life so zealously cultivated in this period; corruptions are noticed, but as yet no direct acknowledgment of Rome or her doctrines. The composer of this catalogue, with singular impartiality and judgment, affixes to each class an expressive epithet. The first was the holiest, it shone like

<sup>1</sup> Tibull. l. 1. eleg. 6. Propert. l. 4. eleg. 16. Ovid. etc.

the brightness of the sun. Like the great luminary, the pure religion of our missionaries illuminated the darkness of heathenism, and convinced the ignorant and incredulous of its divinity by the lives of its preachers. The second class was less holy, it shone as the moon. Corruptions began to appear in the Church; the brilliant sun of Christianity was shorn of his beams, and possessed only the light of an inferior planet: when religion became clouded with superstition and human invention, the third class appeared; this resembled the faint glimmerings of a star. In the most degenerate times there were always a number of pious men and true believers to adorn the doctrine of Christ. If our author was a Culdee, as I suspect, he sacrificed much by placing Columba in the second class; but it had been a much greater sacrifice to have obscured the truth, and preferred the solitary to the social virtues. Here he acted agreeably to the characteristic uprightness of his order. If he were not a Culdee, it was scarcely possible to avoid betraying some fondness for Roman customs. In either case, we may observe, an admirable equilibrium

of temper, well becoming a sensible, candid, and learned man.

Thus we see, that the Irish who adhered to their ancient faith still preserved the doctrine and discipline delivered to them by the first preachers, and this abhorrence of Romish innovations made Archbishop Spottiswood, Hammond, Richardson, Macpherson, and others agree in deducing from the East the Christianity they professed. No one has been more explicit on this head than the learned bishop Godwyn: "It is very certain," says he, "that at the time Austin came here, most of the Churches, I might indeed say all, of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, differed in most things from the Roman practice and discipline. Even six hundred years after, as may be seen in Cambrensis, some Irish rites will be found to be more conformable to the Greek than the Latin Church." The learned Centuriators of Magdeburg tell us, Austin, the English Apostle, "obtruded on the British Churches the Romish rites and customs hitherto unknown to the Britons, who were contented with the Asiatic and Greek ceremonies."

---

## FAIRY-LAND.

I HAVE been in fairy-land. Fairy-land is not so far off as I used to think, when, as a boy, I was accustomed to retire far from the haunts of men, and sit in the hayloft all day, with my cat by my side, and the *Arabian Nights* on my knee. *En passant*, when those three dear little volumes were first given to me I flatly declined to read them, being disappointed in my childish conjectures that they told of Arabian knights, and their deeds with sword and spear. Fairy-land is in England. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that it is not *very* far from a railway-station. Perhaps I might state, without any departure from truth, that fairy-land is a trifle less than two hundred miles from our metropolis. Consequently, if we start

from London, with the intention of reaching fairy-land, we must direct our steps towards the north star. And I very much much doubt whether, if we reached the bright Polaris himself, we should meet with a spot more unlike the ordinary aspect of this work-a-day world,—certainly, with none more charming.

It is not a very large place. Thousands of travellers pass it every day, and never recognise it. You might walk within twenty yards of its boundaries and not discover that your twenty-first step (if you could take it, but you can't) would land you within a fairy's dominions. I who write have seen and passed it unheedingly, never to do so again, never to forget the enchanted scene within, where a fairy's hand works



wonders, and a potent magician directs her efforts.

Not long ago the magician in question waved his wand—a porcupine quill tipped with steel—and inscribed a charm, which drew me by its all-powerful influence from my suburban study, and delivered me over to fiery, snorting familiar, who straightway carried me to an enchanted lake. First he sank with me through the earth; then he swept me over a wide expanse of meadowland, and across many a winding river; then he hurled me high in air, and only loosened his grasp when we had well nigh reached fairy-land. I am not going to narrate all the wonders of that land, because the editor of this Magazine would immediately return the ponderous MS. by Parcels Delivery, but will merely describe my walk on the borders of the enchanted lake which lies in the centre of fairy-land.

Enchanted in truth! Only a few minutes ago I was in the midst of human industry, aided by every species of modern machinery that can clank, and roar, and rattle. Only a few minutes ago men were shouting, horses scuffling with iron-shod feet on stony-roads, cart-wheels were rumbling along, sacks were chasing each other in quick succession to the uppermost windows of lofty factories, leaving a white trail on the wall to mark their passage; barges were disgorging their cargo, and the bargees discharging their imprecations. Sights of unparalleled hideousness offended the eyes, sounds of horrible discordance grated upon the ear, and the nostrils were saluted with every imaginable variety of offensive odours. If the reader will substitute for the closing word of the last sentence the very strongest term which the English language can supply, he will be the better enabled to realise my meaning.

Even now, if I were disposed to draw upon myself the wrath of the enchanter, and to ascend a tree, I should see the tall factory chimneys vomiting forth their black eruptions, and the church steeples, once so white and comely, now begrimed as they too were chimneys, and shook and trembled at the measured beat of the engines at their base. In the

olden days of England, when sovereigns went a-maying, and fairies danced the green, the prefix of Merry was always attached to this country. But now-a-days nobody seems to go a-maying except the sweeps, and the merriment appears to have vanished together with the maypoles and the fairies.

Threefold thanks, then, to the enchanter who has caught one of the fairies ere she could escape, and has cherished her, and made much of her, and endowed her with a peaceful dominion. She has been a grateful fairy, and right well has she repaid her entertainer. If the reader should be curious to know her name, and that of the magician, he will find them at the end of this paper.

Only a few minutes ago, such sights, and sounds, and st—I mean, odours; and now what a change! As far as the eye can reach there is waving foliage, with all the sweet and varied scenery of the early year: the skylarks overhead bubble over with melody, and the branches are filled with the merry carols of the feathery songsters; while those who cannot sing do their best to imitate their more favoured species, and twitter forth their happiness in the fulness of their ecstasy. And in the far distance the ceaseless caw of the rooks loses its harshness, and acts as a running bass to the higher melodies around, softening and blending them together in one harmonious song of praise. Many an anthem have I heard in many a cathedral, enhanced by all the accessories of towered organ and surplined choir; but never yet did I hear songs of praise so melting, so rapturous, and so elevating as this spontaneous outburst of unalloyed happiness, without any accessories whatever, save those of the sunshine and the breeze. *Sursum corda.*

Yet there are sounds which in another place might seem harsh, but which here find their proper consonance. High over head the clangour of the heron's cry is heard, as she sails on vast pinions to the lake; or the loud, querulous clatter, from a neighbouring tree betrays the fact that she has brought home her prey, and is feeding her young. The short, rancous call of the car-



tion crow draws our attention to the sable bird as he soars in mid-air; and the ear-piercing scream of the wind-hover hawk heralds his rushing sweep upon his nest. Yet here these sounds seem no longer to be harsh, because they are in the right place; they give force and depth to nature's symphony, like judicious discords in a concerted piece, and are essential constituents of the universal diapason.

The soft, balmy air of approaching summer toys daintily with the trembling leaves; a thousand sweet odours from the flowers of spring greet the senses; and the hum of multitudinous bees falls soothingly on the ear. The sunbeams glitter on the rippling surface of the lake, the breeze sweeps over its waters, and the plashing wavelets fall with a pleasant monotony of sound upon its margin.

I *must* go and look at those herons, and watch them as they carry on the various affairs of life with so much composure, caring nothing for the presence of a spectator. There, in a snug corner, sheltered from the chilling blasts of the north wind, and formed so as to receive and retain the warmth of the genial sunbeams, several herons are clustered together, assuming the strange and varied attitudes which characterise those birds. One is standing on a single leg, with head and neck sunk in the plumage of the shoulders, and the beautiful tuft of dark-tipped breast feathers fluttering in the breeze. Another stalks with measured steps over the grass, lifting its feet as if the blades were bristling bayonets, over which it must carefully pick its way, and nodding its long neck in unison with its tread, precisely like a camel on the march.

A third is going to fish. Steadily and slowly it wades into the water, until the feathers of the breast just sweep the surface; and there it stands, motionless as a statue, with ear and eye alike vigilant, and watching for prey. What a beautiful bird the heron is! and what a wonderful effect is produced as the glittering wavelets of the lake are reflected on its soft, grey plumage, rippling in mimic chase along the feathers! Presently, with a quick,

sharp dart, like the stroke of a snake, the heron's beak is plunged among the rushes, and withdrawn again, bearing some captive which I cannot recognise. The prey is swallowed, and the heron then commences an examination of the dry twigs and sticks that fringe the lake. First, she picks up one by the middle, shakes it, seems to weigh it, and then throws it aside. A second, a third, and a fourth are subjected to the same ordeal, until at last the fastidious bird seems satisfied, takes up the selected twig, and, spreading her broad pinions, sails away with it to her nest. Thither I follow, and, leaning against the trunk of a fine elm-tree, find myself for the first time in a heronry.

It is a grand sight, and, in imagination, transports the observer to tropical climates. We have so few fine birds in England now-a-days; the stork has forsaken us for many a long year, the bustard may now be considered as extinct in this island, and the heron alone is left to us. Excepting sportsmen and practical naturalists, there are few who have seen half-a-dozen herons at liberty, and year by year this number decreases. Every one who can fire a gun will shoot at a heron when he sees it, though the bird would be totally useless to him when he had succeeded in killing it. Therefore, the herons are gradually ejected from the country, and those that still favour us with their presence are shy and wary, very seldom permitting a human being to come within gunshot. How charming, then, must it not be to meet with an enchanted lake, where herons are as plentiful as ducks in a farmyard pond, and where the noble birds are so confident, that they will permit themselves to be watched without betraying any alarm! It was very strange to be walking about under the trees of the heronry; to hear the wild, ringing cries of the parents, and the impatient clatter of the young; to pick up the delicately-tinted eggshells under the trees, and to see the birds alighting on the slender twigs, lapping their wings as they settled, so as to break the force of the descent!

Of course the carrion crow has its nest at hand. It always follows the heron, and builds in close proximity to its long-beaked ally. Sometimes it amuses itself by chasing the heron through the air, but it bears no malice, and inflicts no injury. Strange nests they are of the heron—great flat masses of sticks—each tree possessing from one to five of these structures. Within a stone's throw of the tree under which I was standing thirty-five nests were visible. The outer world that surrounds fairy-land has an idea that the herons make a hole in their nests for the accommodation of their legs; and though the nests are plainly visible, even to profane eyes—perfect, simple, without the least trace of a hole in them—the erratic world in question declines to alter its opinion.

I wander slowly along the water's edge. Splash! goes something into the lake close by my feet, flinging some drops of water in my face, and causing a series of concentric ripples to spread themselves in ever-widening circles, becoming fainter and fainter as they extend, until they lose themselves in the varied shadows that flit over the lake. It is only a water-rat,—a misnomer, by the way, the creature not being a rat, but a beaver,—and there he swims quietly along, his brown fur and flat-tipped head just appearing above the surface. In any other place but fairy-land he would have taken the alarm long ago, but here he has only two enemies—namely, the pike and the heron—and he fears no two-legged animal unless it be feathered as well as biped.

What is that strange cry that rings, trumpet-toned, over the water, and is followed by angry hisses and discordant croakings? The cry resounds from the opposite side of the lake; perhaps the mystery will be resolved when I reach the spot whence the strange sounds proceed.

I sit down with my back against a tree, and with a double glass scan everything within view. There is something under that simple stone bridge that crosses a rippling stream, which empties itself into the lake. These are two objects

that move about, backwards and forwards, this way and that, but they never leave the shadow of the stone above their heads. Their form is familiar, but their colours cannot be seen, owing to the darkness of their resting-place. I drop behind a little rising ground, crawl gently towards the spot, taking advantage of every tree-trunk to cover my advance, and gain some thirty yards on them. It is true, they really are teal, though I should hardly have believed any one who said that he had seen a pair of teal at this time of the year. I know that a few individuals stay in this country throughout the breeding season, but I never thought I should have seen them. Flattering their self-delusion, I pretend not to notice them; and, passing round at a respectful distance, cross the little streamlet with a jump, and return to the water's edge, leaving the teal quite satisfied that they have escaped observation.

Suddenly, from out of the rushes at my feet something brown flashes into the air, with a loud shriek, as in terror, and a fiery rush, as if it were going at least twenty miles without stopping. It is only *the* snipe. There is always a snipe just in that spot. Every one sees it, so it need not be frightened, and call "Murder!" in that ridiculous manner. Neither need it dash off at such a pace, for instead of going twenty miles, as its first rush seemed to portend, it satisfies itself with as many yards, and settles down quite easily on a turf of grass by the water-side.

I used to think that coots were shy birds, but verily this is an enchanted lake, and perhaps the birds are affected by the glamourie that is cast around it. Here are some coots within ten yards, and they take no more heed of me than if I were a tree or a post. How admirably they quarter their ground, like well-trained pointers, traversing every inch of space with conscientious care! How pretty they look, as they swim backwards and forwards, the white plate on their foreheads contrasting so well with the jetty head and neck! and how curiously the white front is reflected in the water, as the bird



paddles restlessly to and fro ! Then its cry, what a strange sound it is !—sometimes short, sweet, and musical, like a *staccato* note upon a clarionet ; and sometimes quick and metallic, as if you were to press a piece of watch-spring on the table, lift up one end, and let it fall smartly on the wood.

I am evidently nearing some special haunt of wild-fowl, for with a loud “quack,” up spring some ducks, make a short sweep in the air, and descends obliquely on the lake, at a little distance, their legs dangling in the water before they alight, and making a loud splashing noise as they plough through the water, dashing up a mimic spray before them. Then, when they settle, how oddly they look about them, and give their tails a self-satisfied wag, as if to say, “There, did we not do *that* well ?” On they go, with a long, steady progress, each duck leaving behind it a lengthening wake, like the letter V laid on the water, the bird forming the apex thereof. Overhead, high overhead, there is a loud clangour, softened by distance, and on looking up, a small flock of ducks is seen, indulging in an aerial excursion, their necks outstretched, and their wings appearing to be set where their tails ought to be, and altogether raising a feeling of wonder that they do not overbalance themselves, and topple over, like tumbler pigeons.

Fairy-land is rather swampy hereabouts, and I have to pick my steps from one rush tuft to another, to cross bridges of novel and ingenious construction, befitting the locality, and to distrust any patch of peculiarly green moss, knowing the black mud that underlies it. Here is a path at last, a pleasant path by the lake side, winding away into the distance, and quite refreshing after the wet and uncertain ground of the last four hundred yards. That path, however, I am not destined to take, for, from a clump of long grasses by its side, up springs a great feathered creature, and utters a trumpet-like cry, it has before resounded in my ears. The call is answered from the water, and almost before I can recognise the bird, a companion

comes dashing fiercely over the lake, scrambles hastily ashore, and straightway offers battle. An enchanted lake indeed ! These are no denizens of England or Ireland, and yet their wings are uncut, and their limbs are free ; they are Canadian geese on the border of an English lake. The goose retires to her nest, a mere depression in the grass, and the gander challenges me afresh. Advancing within six paces, the bellicose bird begins to utter the most extraordinary sounds, and to comfort himself into the most singular attitudes. The latter I succeeded in sketching ; the former are quite inexpressible by any musical symbols. The bird lowers his head to the ground, writhing his long neck like a snake's body, flaps his wings, sidles restlessly about, and gives vent to a series of sounds that very much resemble the incipient bray of a young donkey. Menace, however, is clearly expressed, and nothing I can do seems to please the bird. If I retreat a step, he thinks I am afraid of him, and comes hissing after me ; if I advance a step, he thinks I am about to invade the nest, and redoubles his clatter and wing-flapping. Not wishing to disturb the estimable mother who has retired to her nest, I made a compromise, and instead of directly retreating or advancing from or to the nest, I push my way through a thicket, and making a *detour*, come out again upon the shining waters, leaving the goose still standing by her large, pale eggs, the gander victorious and exultant, and a portion of my coat sleeve upon a bramble.

There is a problem yet to be solved. How came these black-necked, brown-backed, white-patched birds to be breeding in sober England, when they ought to have been sitting on their eggs in Northern America ? They are not detained here, except by moral bonds, for down the lake you may see quite a little flock of the birds flying with powerful wing, and perfectly capable of regaining their liberty if they wished to do so. The solution of this problem is simple enough. They came of their own accord, and have stayed



for the same good reason. During some migration they saw the lake, stopped upon it, and found that they were in good quarters, where they could obtain plenty of food, and where no one spoilt their amusement by powder and shot. The wiser among them, therefore, made up their minds to stay; the more foolish went away, to run the gauntlet of all the fowling-pieces on their road. Some of those who remained on the lake mated with each other, while others preferred to retain their state of single freedom.

By this time the sun has nearly achieved his westward journey, the shadows of all the trees stretch far over the fields, and I direct my steps homewards. Skirting the thick woods, the pheasants trip merrily along, the slanting rays gilding their glittering plumage as they run quickly past the little apertures through which the sunbeams shine. Here comes a squirrel along the hedge, and I stop to look at him. He sees me, pauses for a moment as if to consider, cocks up his bushy tail, runs forward a few paces, stops again, and then patters away for ten or twelve yards in the quick, jerking manner of his tribe.

A few steps farther, and all is changed; the lake is not visible, though a babbling brook, sunk deeply in its rocky bed, tells of its outlet. Mead, hill, and plain have disappeared, and I plunge into a thick mass of spruce-firs, which spread their dark boughs above, shut out the still blue sky, and cast a deep and sombre shadow upon the ground. "To-whoo, whoo, whoo!" cries an owl continuously overhead. Guided by the sound, I proceed towards the spot whence the weird-like cry proceeds, and soon detect the particular tree on which the owl is sitting. Not that I can see her, for the branches are far too thick to permit a bird to be seen through them; but upon the ground beneath the tree lie several masses, apparently of grey

felt, containing a skull—always one skull,—some bones, and the fur of mice. These are the famed "pellets" of the owl, on which she lays her eggs, which, in spite of their unpromising appearance when fresh, soon become dry, soft, and yielding, with a kind of elastic crispness to the touch, forming an admirable bed for the rough white eggs, and the downy puffs which issue from them, and think themselves owlets.

Sweeter sounds yet thrill upon the ear. Skipping from bush to bush, and resting himself for a few moments upon a dried-thorn spray, the wren carols forth his merry song, so like that of the hedge-sparrow, that the ear can scarcely distinguish between them, and so loud, that one can scarce conceive how such a volume of sound can issue from such a mite of a bird. In the distance the full, reedy notes of the blackbird are heard, as he sits by the nest which no one will disturb in this favoured region; and from the branches of a neighbouring tree the stormcock performs a merry flourish,—as well he may, considering that a part of the grounds were laid out expressly for his accommodation and service, trees planted for no other purpose than to give him food.

Who is the fairy that has founded this second Eden? and who is the magician that has cast his spells upon her? The name of the fairy is Benevolence, and when we address the enchanter, we call him "Squire." Is not this in truth a fairy-land? To me it is more than fairy-land—a little paradise on earth. Often, while wandering silently among its wonders, drinking in the varied beauties with which it teems, I have contrasted its peaceful repose with the rush, and the roar, and the strife of the outer world in which my days are unwillingly passed, and yearned to be the lord of some such happy valley.

---

## QUEEN BESS AT TILBURY :

A BALLAD SUNG NEAR THE CONDUIT AT WEST CHEAP, BY NICHOLAS STURDY,  
HALBERDIER OF TRAINBANDS,—A MESSENGER FROM THE CAMP.

THE citizens of London town, the first in war and peace,  
List to a soldier's simple song, and let your clamour cease ;  
For I am from the camp straightway, and I have news to tell  
Of her who holds her foes in scorn, but loves her people well.  
God grant her many years of life, and health and wealth no less,  
For citizens, your bonnets off, a cheer for good Queen Bess.  
At Tilbury our trainbands lay, equipped with bow and spear,  
(Where limbs may quake, with palsy's ache, but never twitch from fear).,  
Long time we waited for the foe, but waited long in vain,  
Or Essex' chalky soil were dyed with bluest blood of Spain.

\* \* \* \* \*

Soon as the mists had rolled away before the royal sun,  
From rank to rank of stalwart men we heard a whisper run :  
“ Step blithely forth, your pennons wave, your blades be bright and keen  
See at her post, 'fore England's host, our good and gracious Queen ! ”  
Then swam that smile in English eyes that boded sure success,  
For, strong in might, and firm in right, old England's darling Bess—  
She rode upon a goodly steed, girt round by such a train  
Of belted earls and gallant squires ye might not match in Spain.  
Here Essex, Raleigh, shone in steel,—there Leicester might ye see,—  
And there stout Norris strode on foot, whose merry men are we.  
From front to rear there burst the cheer no orders could repress,  
For Pallas, armed amidst the Gods—our truly royal Bess.  
“ My loving folk,” the Queen outspoke, in tone so proud and high,—  
Her gallant air, her lordly port, will haunt me till I die.  
“ We have not lacked of counsels sage within our very court,  
To warn us that where numbers throng we make not our resort.  
Let tyrants dread the stealthy blow, the tyrant's fitting end ;  
Such dread daunts not an English Queen—each subject is her friend.  
And, mark ye well, my loving folk, by God's free grace we reign,  
And think foul scorn to bend the knee to Parma or to Spain.  
Within a woman's feeble frame a kingly heart is mine,—  
A heart befitting e'en a King of England's royal line !  
The crown, the sceptre God hath given, in honour I'll maintain,  
Or fall in closest battle with this haughty lord of Spain !  
Meanwhile, my loving people, we give you greeting fair ;  
Our good Lord-General, in our name, will have you in his care.  
Such knights to lead, such men to serve, we look with proud disdain  
On shaveling monks and hireling churls that swell the ranks of Spain.  
Our eyes shall mark each doughty deed, our lips our thanks express,  
And guerdon more,”—here burst a roar for England's gallant Bess.  
A curse on those who crawl and slink, half reptile and half beast,  
Who plot against a native Queen to serve a foreign priest.  
A Queen, whose cause, triumphant long, shall triumph yet again  
O'er Bulls of Rome, o'er knaves at home, o'er steel-clad slaves of Spain !  
Saint George's cross, which freemen guard, may God for ever bless,  
And keep, as apple of His eye, our own true-hearted Bess !

RICHARD CHANDLER.

## QUEEN ZENOBIA.

"A VAST extent has been passed over since we left the banks of the Euphrates, and as yet not a single palm-tree relieves the monotonous and herbless desert! Oh, it is a weary, journeying over heavy sands, or among stones which the heat has vitrified, where not a sound is heard except the hollow boomings of hot winds, or the wild, melancholy cry of the untameable jackall."

Thus spoke a traveller to his guide, but the guide did not answer; he merely pointed with his wand to a speck in the far distance, and urged on his camels to their utmost speed. The traveller strained his sight in the direction noted by the guide, yet he saw nothing; for heretofore accustomed only to cities and cultivated fields, his visual organs did not possess that quick discernment of distant objects which pertains to the children of the desert. By degrees, however, a spot became perceptible to him on the horizon; and as the camels went on with increasing speed, as if they snuffed the scent of waters, and already felt the refreshing shade of palms flinging their broad shadows on the turf, that spot increased in magnitude, till the unrivalled glories of Palmyra burst on his astonished view.

Oh, the wondrous magnificence of that proud city! what pen can worthily describe it? A fertile space of some miles surrounded the ample suburbs, rising like an island out of a vast plain of sand, and in the centre were temples, porticoes, and aqueducts, colleges, and baths, which in magnificence and splendour, and some of them in elegance, were not unworthy of Athens or of Rome in their most prosperous state. That oasis of surpassing verdure had been resorted to by travellers journeying through the desert from the earliest periods of authentic history; and Solomon, when he turned his attention towards the extension of commerce among his subjects, built a fenced city there. The Syrian name of Tadmor in the Wilderness, and its Greek one of Palmyra, are both descriptive of its situation in a spot

adorned with palm-trees, and plentifully supplied with water in the midst of barren sands, and an inhospitable desert.

The day on which Demetrius reached Palmyra was one of no ordinary festivity. Forth from her palace gates proceeded Queen Zenobia, riding in an open chariot, drawn by four white horses of the purest blood; a beautiful boy, Vaballathus, sat by his mother, and right and left rode Timolaus and Herennius, mounted on Arab steeds, sons of the Queen, and equally distinguished for hereditary talents and manly beauty. Nobles and their ladies followed, and attended the sumptuous car; and surely Palmyra gave up her citizens that day, for crowding from all parts came groups of people with joyous children, carrying wreaths and garlands; and bouquets and flowers, white lutes, and harps, and mingled voices, told of a nation's gladness.

Zenobia was making the circuit of the city, for such was the custom of Palmyra's Queen on the anniversary of her natal day: And when all public buildings had been duly visited, she proceeded along the spacious road, which led beside fountains of clear water, and beneath the shade of palms, and oranges, and citrons, of spices and aromatic trees, while flowers of all hues and scents, such as Europe owns not, mingled their beauty and their fragrance along the banks. As a mother did that Queen dwell among her people; and when the melody of cornets, flutes, and harps, of psaltery and dulcimer, announced her approach, from many a wayside cottage, surrounded with rose-trees in full bloom, rushed forth rejoicing children, their young hands filled with flowers, and their soft voices uttering praises of the Queen; nor were the fathers and their mothers backward to do her homage, for each were conscious of the blessings conferred on them through her mild yet firm and judicious sway.

At that same time, the son of a peasant of Pannonia, a stern country



bounded to the north by the dark-flowing Danube, and who had enlisted as a common soldier in the Roman army, having gradually risen to the important office of commander of the cavalry, was being called by Flavius Claudius to the imperial dignity.

Rejoice, ye people of Palmyra, and laud your Queen while yet you may! The future is in mercy concealed from man.

Zenobia claimed her descent from the Macedonian kings of Egypt, and historians relate concerning her, that her beauty was only to be equalled by her understanding, her virtue by her valour; that she possessed in equal perfection the Greek, the Syriac, and the Egyptian languages, and had compared the merits of Homer and of Plato, under the tuition of the sublime Longinus. This distinguished woman had been left a widow in early life; her second husband, Odenathus, was chieftain of the desert tribes around Palmyra, and possessed extraordinary valour and boundless ambition. We read of him that he was a great hunter as well as warrior, and that in all his military and hunting expeditions he was accompanied by his wife Zenobia, with whom he reigned conjointly, and to whose enlarged understanding and enlightened views his successes are partly attributed.

Odenathus became an ally of the Romans in their wars against the King of Persia, over whom he gained several splendid victories, and obtained, as his reward, the high-sounding title of Augustus, and General of the East; but, in the midst of his success, he was assassinated at Emessa, by his nephew, Mæonius, during a hunting expedition, and with him his only son by a former marriage. No sooner, however, had Mæonius assumed the title of Augustus than he was justly sacrificed by Zenobia to the memory of her husband.

The authority granted to Odenathus by the senate expired with his life; a Roman army was even despatched against his widow; but the dauntless woman compelled the general to retreat; and shortly afterwards obtained a mastery over her enemies in Egypt, which she

subdued and annexed to her territories, together with a portion of Armenia and Asia Minor. Then it was that she became indeed a queen, and guarded well the regions over which she presided with consummate wisdom and prudence,—regions which extended from the Euphrates to the Mediterranean, vast and fertile countries once governed by Ptolemy and Seleucus. Among cities renowned in history were included Jerusalem, Antioch, and Damascus; but Zenobia preferred to fix her residence at Palmyra; and when peace was permanently established, the adornment of that noble city became one of her greatest pleasures. Many a stupendous fabric was erected, others were restored or embellished, fountains threw up at her command their jets of sparkling waters, and baths, built at her expense, conducted to the well-being of her people.

Such were the popular acts of Zenobia, and not less deserving of admiration was her conduct in domestic life. You might have thought that the Queen was solely engrossed with the education of her sons, so great was her assiduity in this respect. But it was not so; she conducted all public business with admirable policy and prudence, and with the strictest justice towards even the humblest of her subjects; and, as one of her historians has well observed, while she excelled her countrywomen in the qualities for which they were remarkable, in courage, fortitude, and prudence, in patient endurance of fatigue, and mental and personal activity, her understanding was more enlarged, and her habits more intellectual.

Hence it was that she drew up an epitome of history for her own use and that of her sons, and that the history, philosophy, and poetry of Greece were familiar to her mind. Longinus, one of the most elegant writers of antiquity, was invited to her court, and became her secretary and prime minister. His famous *Treatise on the Sublime* was composed for his royal mistress—a treatise not only admirable for its surpassing excellence, but invaluable for having transmitted to posterity beautiful fragments of ancient poets, espe-

cially those of Sappho, the poetess of Lesbos, who flourished six hundred years before the Christian era.

A stern man was seen one day seated on a couch in an apartment of his palace, which he preferred to all others, because of its privacy and seclusion. His eye was fixed, as if gazing on vacancy, and his thoughts recurred at one time to his once peasant lot, at another to the conquests he had achieved over the Goths and Germans. His mind was in that state which renders a man peculiarly susceptible to evil, which merges in the love of conquest all compunctious feelings, all pity for his kind; and one there was who looked on, and rejoiced in the certainty of coming woe. Aurelian saw him not, but he might have acknowledged his baneful presence, for battle-scenes flitted tumultuously before him, with desolated provinces, and the sad spectacle of families driven forth to perish from homes, round which were pleasant fields, where sheep and cattle had grazed in peace. The evil one drew near, a dark and restless spirit, whose aim it was to desolate and to destroy. He had looked scowlingly on Palmyra, and hated her queen and people; and he caused to pass before the mental view of Aurelian the wondrous glory of that great city, and the just renown of Zenobia, while he whispered to his mind—"What matters the conquests you have won? what glory is there in having subjected the hordes of Germany and Sarmatia? in having restored to the arms of Rome her ancient superiority over barbarians armed with bows and arrows, so long as a proud woman defies your prowess?"

Aurelian listened, and his inmost soul drank in the deadly spirit of the tempter. Rome opened her gates for the egress of armed hosts, and Zenobia prepared to resist the aggressions of the invader. She waited not for his approach, but having levied troops, and put herself at their head, she advanced within sight of Antioch. A fierce conflict immediately ensued, and though her men fought bravely, as those who battle for life and liberty, for families and homes, they were constrained to give way. Yet, no-

thing daunted, Zenobia retired upon Emessa, and waited the coming up of her remorseless enemy, inspiring her soldiers by her presence, and encouraging them to persevere. Antioch and Emessa heard that day the deafening shout which announced the onset of the Palmyrian troops, when, more like lions than like men, they rushed on the foe. But what could their valour avail against overwhelming numbers? Again were they defeated.

The high-spirited Queen retired within the walls of her capital; she prepared for a vigorous defence, and declared that the last moment of her reign should be that of her life. Aurelian pressed after her; but conscious of the difficulties that would attend the march of troops through burning deserts infested by clouds of Arabs, "who appeared and disappeared with the rapidity of whirlwinds," he offered advantageous terms of capitulation to the Queen: a splendid retreat, though far from her beloved city; the citizens were to have their ancient privileges. Zenobia nobly refused; she scorned to desert her people, to deprive her eldest son of the empire which his father committed to her guardianship as a sacred pledge, her younger of the inheritances which of right belonged to them.

The Queen naturally relied on her resources; she foresaw the difficulties that would attend the siege of a great city, well garrisoned, and amply stored with provisions, defended, too, by immense deserts, and mounted Arabs, who would continually harass the enemy. She expected, also, succours from the East, and trusted that famine would compel the Emperor to recross the desert. But Aurelian had taken his measures, though perfectly conscious of the dangers that might beset his march, and the determined energy of the Palmyrian Queen, in reference to which he thus wrote in one of his letters:—"Those who speak contemptuously of the war I am waging against a woman, know nothing of the character and the power of Zenobia. It is impossible to enumerate her warlike preparations, of stones and arrows, and of every species of



missile weapon and military engine."

Thus thinking, the Emperor again offered terms of peace; but Zenobia, aware that famine raged in the Roman camp, and daily expecting aid from the Persian monarch, rejected them. Her rejection was conveyed in a Greek epistle, written with equal elegance and defiance, and ended with again declaring that she preferred death to submission to the arms of Rome. The stern countenance of Aurelian grew darker, and he commanded his soldiers to proceed. Every military resource was put in requisition, means were found to subsist the troops, and convoys, headed by the victorious Probus, cut off the succours of the Persian monarch.

Palmyra was pressed on all sides, and the heroic queen took the road to the Euphrates, mounted on a swift dromedary, and attended by a small escort. She hoped to bring relief to her capital; but a company of Roman light infantry pursued her with incredible celerity, and, being taken prisoner, she was brought into the presence of Aurelian. The Emperor looked sternly on his captive.

"How dared you," he exclaimed, "set at defiance the arms of imperial Rome?"

"Because," replied the Queen, "I disdained to acknowledge such men as Aurelius and Gallienus. To Aurelian I submit as my conqueror and my sovereign."

Aurelian's dark countenance relaxed; but presently loud cries resounded on all sides, and an infuriated soldiery, pressing even to the royal tent, demanded vengeance on Zenobia. The Queen was saved, but she saw her counsellors and her friends fall around her, and with them Longinus, sacrificed by the ferocious and insolent soldiery. An historian, inimical to Zenobia, relates that, in a moment of exceeding terror, she exclaimed that Longinus and her counsellors had excited her to resist the Roman powers; but the accusation has never been substantiated, and is opposed to the whole tenor of her blameless and heroic life. Certain it is that Longinus met his fate as became a great and good man, and that his last

moments were spent in trying to console Zenobia.

Aurelian celebrated his triumph with nearly unprecedented pomp. A vast number of elephants and tigers, and hitherto unknown animals from conquered countries, were exhibited to the people; sixteen hundred gladiators also, innumerable captives, and a gorgeous display of gold and silver vessels, of Oriental luxuries and varieties, the rich plunder of Palmyra, with garments of surpassing beauty, all of which had pertained to the courtiers and friends of Zenobia. The greedy populace gazed upon them; but presently every eye was turned to the Syrian queen, still beautiful and majestic, who walked in front of her own sumptuous chariot, wearing her diadem and robes of state, blazing with jewels; her eyes were fixed on the ground, while she bent beneath the weight of golden fetters, although upheld by two slaves on either side. Demetrius, the traveller of whom we spoke, wept when he looked on Zenobia: he spoke in after years with execration of the shouts with which the Roman populace, at that time equally brutal and degraded, exulted at her fall.

But the Palmyrians, who could not brook their subjugation, revolted against the Roman governor, and terrible was the vengeance of Aurelian; men, women, and children were indiscriminately massacred, the magnificent edifices were set on fire, and the walls razed to the ground. A few months passed, and Aurelian, bitterly repentant, sought to repair the desolation; but he could not call back the dead to life, "nor raise from its ruins the stupendous city of the sun." Palmyra was deserted, her existence was even forgotten, till her remains attracted, after the lapse of centuries, the attention of an English traveller.

It is now a desolate place, inhabited by a few Arabs. The numerous ruins make a striking appearance as they are seen from the desert, but few of the remains possess great architectural merit, having been defaced by time and violence.



# DUBLIN

## UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCLVI.

DECEMBER, 1870.

VOL. LXXVI.

### ST. PAUL.

#### FIRST ATTACK ON PAGANISM.

WE left the Apostle in the bosom of the church at Antioch—a church already completely formed, and in full possession of its powers as exercised by certain individuals divinely ordained for their discharge.

The first information of a systematic order of church government is given us partly in the statement that in the church at Antioch there were prophets and teachers,<sup>1</sup> but more completely in the statement made by St. Paul when writing to the Corinthian Christians, to whom he declares that God had set in the church—first, apostles; secondly, prophets; thirdly, teachers; and beside that, power was given to some to work miracles, to heal the sick, to help, to govern, to speak with divers tongues. In the passage before us, however, which records the ~~public~~ ordination of St. Paul for the heathen mission, a distinction is made between prophets and teachers. In the New-Testament sense of the word the prophet is not only a predictor of coming events, as in the Old Testament, but more particularly one who, under the special influence of the Holy Spirit, reveals things before unknown.<sup>2</sup> The teachers, however, took care of the

converts, and instructed them more fully in Christian truth.

Amongst these teachers and prophets the following are named: Barnabas, Simeon Niger, Lucius of Cyrene (who is probably the same as the Lucius mentioned in Romans xvi. 21), Manaen (the foster-brother of Herod the Tetrarch), and Saul. The ritual followed by the early Christians was very simple. We are told they ministered to the Lord, prayed, and fasted; and during the course of this spiritual worship it was revealed to them that they should separate from the community Barnabas and Saul, to be missionaries to the heathen. Then, after fasting and prayer, these prophets and teachers *laid their hands* on the chosen ones, and sent them away.

This custom of laying on of hands was not a new one created especially for the Christian Church, but it existed far back to the very earliest history of the chosen people, in those sacrificial ceremonies which were revealed by the Lord to Moses as divine ordinations for the people of Israel: in that the animals about to be sacrificed were consecrated by the laying on of the priests' hands.<sup>3</sup> This ancient custom was also adopted by our Lord when he

<sup>1</sup> Acts xiii. 1.

<sup>2</sup> *προφ.*: dicitur in N. T. de viris qui sacro ardore abrepti verba faciunt spectantia ad alios divinis aut futuris edocendos atque hoc ipso ardore *προφητης* differt a *διδας-καλω*. Wahl Clavis N. T. ii. 416. See Myer Comment: über die Apostelgeschichte, p. 260. Lange, Bibelwerk Apostelg. p. 218, 219.

<sup>3</sup> Exod. xxix. 15; Levit. viii. 14, 15; xvi. 21.

healed the sick;<sup>1</sup> when he blessed little children;<sup>2</sup> when he endowed his disciples with the same power,<sup>3</sup> by virtue of which we find in later times the Apostles doing the same thing—Peter and John laying their hands upon the Samaritan converts, and Ananias upon the converted Saul; it was so used also by Paul himself, who laid his hands upon the converts at Ephesus; and so, also, later in his career, when he cured the father of Publius, the governor of the island of Melita. It was therefore in keeping with a pre-ordained custom that when the teachers and prophets of the Church at Antioch consecrated Barnabas and Saul as divinely-appointed missionaries to the heathen, it was done so by the act of laying on of hands. Nor was the power of this act limited to consecration or healing of the sick; but it had a still higher power, in that it was the medium through which the recipient might be brought into communion with the Holy Ghost.<sup>4</sup>

Nor were the supernatural gifts of the early Church confined to prophecy or teaching. They had also the gift of exhortation (*παρακλήσις*): of governing (*πρόστασις* or *κυβέρνησις*, 1 Cor. xii. 28); of speaking the word of wisdom (*λόγος σοφίας*); the word of knowledge (*λόγος γνώσεως*, 1 Cor. xii. 8); of faith (*πίστις*, 1 Cor. xii. 9); power of healing (*χαρίσμα ταΐαματων*); power to work miracles (*ἐνεργήματα δυνάμεων*, 1 Cor. xii. 10); discerning of spirits (*διάκρισις πνευμάτων*); divers kinds of tongues (*γένη γλωσσῶν*); and interpretation of tongues.

In these days it is a matter of impossibility with many to harmonise these extraordinary endowments bestowed upon the early Christian Church with their modern intuitions and that great discovery of modern times, that in this world, which had no positive creation, and is of eternal duration, there is no room for a miracle: nothing supernatural can possibly interfere with the unalterable laws of Nature.

But if these powers did not exist among the early Christians, then, the existence and development of Christianity—its ultimate victory over the two opposing elements of Judaism and Paganism—are inexplicable mysteries.

And so as regards this ordination of Saul to his great work amongst the pagans. It was no mere formal ceremony or rite, nor was it a thing done by any human foresight; but, as we are told, it was done by divine inspiration in answer to the prayers of that earliest Church amongst the pagans at Antioch. The whole life and work of Paul is a living, incontrovertible proof of this. That he conquered all Judaistic opposition, and overturned every phase of paganism in the countries through which he passed—in Syria, in Asia Minor, in Cyprus, Macedonia, Greece, and Rome—must compel us to believe that this great work was not a result of mere human energy, boldness, or zeal, but that these qualities, as they existed in the personality of Paul, were under the supreme guidance of a power mightier than he.

After their ordination the two apostles went from Antioch to Seleucia, at the mouth of the Orontes, where they took ship for Cyprus, which, being the native place of Barnabas, was naturally chosen as the first spot where these missionaries to the heathen would commence their attack on paganism. What the peculiar form of paganism was which prevailed at Cyprus we shall now examine.

In the remains of ancient art in the island there are confirmations of what we read in history—that many immigrations of different people passed over and settled in Cyprus, each exerting a certain influence upon its existing religion and customs. Long before any Hellenic settlement the island had been occupied by Phenicians,<sup>5</sup> Cilicians,<sup>6</sup> Ægyptians,<sup>7</sup> and Phrygians;<sup>8</sup> and from this latter connection, as Cyprus was rich in metal, especially brass,

<sup>1</sup> Matt. ix. 18. Luke iv. 40; xiii. 13. Mark v. 23; vi. 5.

<sup>2</sup> Matt. xix. 13, 15.

<sup>3</sup> Mark xvi. 18.

<sup>4</sup> Acts viii. 17-19; ix. 12-17.

<sup>5</sup> Joseph. Hist. i. 6. Herodot. vii. 90.

<sup>6</sup> Tacit. Hist. ii. 3.

<sup>7</sup> Porphyry, De Abstin. ii. 54; iv. 8. Euseb. Præp. Evan. iv. 16.

<sup>8</sup> Diodor. Sicul. iii. 58.

the Corybantes, the metal-working priests of the Phrygian, Cybele, Mother of the gods, came to this island, as did the Phenicians before them, to work its mines;<sup>1</sup> and one of their influences was, that they introduced into the peculiar Venus worship of Cyprus the flute-playing and orgiastic dances peculiar to the worship of Cybele. That box-wood flutes (*ἐλύμοι αὐλοί*) were in use with them, we know from Cratinus the younger,<sup>2</sup> and that the dance came from Phrygia, and was called by the Cyprians *Pyrichē*, we learn from the Scholiast on Pindar.<sup>3</sup> The Telchines, also connected with metal-seeking races, settled here;<sup>4</sup> and, finally, the Cretans and Carians. By the time of Herodotus the Greeks had settled there, in that amongst the races of which the Cyprians were a mixture, he enumerates people from Salamis, Athens, and Cythnus;<sup>5</sup> and we know from other sources that in addition to these the Dorian colonies of the Lacedemonians—the Secyonians and Argives, also settled there. The Persians, too, invaded it; but at the time of Alexander the Great it was divided into nine principalities. It was then subjected to the Macedonian power.<sup>6</sup> In the time of the Maccabees it belonged to the kingdom of the Ptolemies.<sup>7</sup> Cato the elder subjected it to the Roman domination.<sup>8</sup> Under Augustus Cæsar it became an Imperial province, governed by a Prætor;<sup>9</sup> but soon after he restored it to the people, and we henceforth read in the Acts (xiii. 7) of a Proconsul at Cyprus.

The apostles landed at the Port of Salamis, or, strictly speaking, at

Diaenutrition, as the spot where ships discharged their cargo was called.

This city is renowned in antiquity, being closely connected with the legends of the birth of Ajax, and those of Teucros, his brother. They were the sons of Telamon, king of the island of Salamis, off the shores of Attica: they were both at the Trojan war, and because Teucros did not avenge the death of his brother, his father banished him from the kingdom, and he settled at Cyprus, and built the city of Salamis, called so from his native country; so we find, as early as Æschylus, this city was famous, as he enumerates it, with Paphos and Soli, where he says Darius was lord of the cities of Venus, Paphos, Soli, and Salamis.

Κυπρίας τε πόλεις,  
Πάφον, ἡδὲ Σόλους  
Σαλαμῖνα τε.

One of the last tragedies of Æschylus was based upon the incidents of the lives and the fate of these brothers: it was called *Σαλαμῖναι*, the third of a trilogy which include the struggle for the arms of Ajax, the Thracian women, or the death of Ajax, and the Salamians, or the fate of Teucros, the brother of Ajax.<sup>10</sup>

At Salamis there was a form of Zeus worship of the worst kind, in that men were sacrificed to the god—a custom which was not abolished till Hadrian's time. Lactantius says that it was established there by Teucros, by whom it was handed down to posterity, and only abolished in the time of Hadrian.<sup>11</sup>

The apostles remained for some

<sup>1</sup> Servius ad Virg. *Æneas* iii. 311. Corybantes ab ære appellatos, quod apud Cyprium mons sit æris ferax quem Cyprii corium vocant.

<sup>2</sup> Athenæus *Deipnosoph.* iv. 177.

<sup>3</sup> Pindari *Carmina* Pyth. ii. 127, ed. Beck., ἢν παρὰ κυπριοῖς πρύλιν λέγεσθαι ὥστε παρὰ τὴν πυρὰν τῆς πυρρίχης τὸ ὄνομα θέσθαι.

<sup>4</sup> Strabo xiv. 654; Diod. Sic. v. 55.

<sup>5</sup> Herodot. vii. 90.

Diodor. Siculus, xvi. 42.

<sup>6</sup> Livy, xlv. 12. Joseph. *Antiq.* xiii. 10, 4.

<sup>7</sup> Strabo xiv. 684. Dio. Cassius, xxxviii. 31.

<sup>8</sup> Strabo, xiv. 685.

<sup>10</sup> See Welcker, *Die Æschylische Trilogie*, pp. 310, 438.

<sup>11</sup> Lactant. *De Falsa Religione*. Apud Cypri Salaminam humanam hostiam Jovi Theucrus immolavit idque sacrificium posteris tradidit, quod est nuper Hadriano imperante sublatum. See Tacitus *Annal.* . 62. Strabo xiv. 672.



time in this city, preaching the gospel in the synagogues of the Jews, of whom there were a great number settled in the island, as, indeed, all over the Roman empire. This dispersion of the Jews was one of the means preordained for the spread of Christianity amongst the heathen. Long before the coming of Christ the Jews in the Grecian and Roman empires had won proselytes from the heathen. At Antioch they were very numerous. Innumerable inscriptions taken from Grecian and Roman tombs prove that their occupants were "*metuentes religione judaicæ*." Ovid alludes to it by saying that in Rome the young nobles frequented Jewish synagogues, where many of the most beautiful women of the city were to be seen. Persius mocks the citizens who attended the Sabbath of the circumcised,<sup>1</sup> and Juvenal speaks of Romans who were circumcised and followed the Jewish religion, which had been handed down in the books of Moses.<sup>2</sup> Tacitus utters bitter words of scorn against the "*transgressi in morem Judæorum*;"<sup>3</sup> and Dio Cassius notices the vast spread of this religion in the Roman Empire;<sup>4</sup> Seneca also said that so great was the influence of the religion of this "*sceleratissima gentis*," that "*per omnes jam terras recepta sit: victi victoris leges dederunt*."<sup>5</sup> It was therefore quite natural that the Apostles should go first to the Jews at Salamis; and we may conclude that from their short stay there, they were not successful, and passed through the island to the high seat of paganism, at Paphos, where they found the heathen more receptive of the truth.

The most prominent form of worship in Cyprus was that of the goddess Aphrodite, or, as she was called by the Romans, Venus. This goddess Aphrodite belongs, as regards the religion of the Greeks, to its most ancient phase; she is mentioned amongst the earliest divinities of the Grecian theogony by its earliest

compiler, as belonging to that family which sprung from Chronos. Her name was based upon the most renowned legend, by which the Greeks accounted for her presence amongst them, to the effect that she arose out of the foam (*ἀφρος*) of the sea which washed the shores of Cyprus; or, as the poet states it, she was called Aphrodite, because she was born out of the foam.<sup>6</sup>

The historical kernel which is enclosed in this myth, is preserved by Herodotus, who tells us that there was a temple to this celestial Aphrodite at Ascalon, in Syria, which was the oldest of all her temples, that at Cyprus being only a branch of this;<sup>7</sup> but she was worshipped as a goddess of nature, and love, which generates nature, by other peoples before the Greeks: such a goddess was Mylitta, at Babylon, and Atergatis, of the Assyrians.

When this worship became naturalised at Cyprus, the physical phenomena of the island were attributed to her. As we have seen, she was called Aphrodite, from her having arisen out of the beautiful sea foam which rolled round Cyprus; and as that island was rich in flowers, so the goddess was also called "*Ἀφροδεία*;" as it was also rich in myrtles, roses, and every kind of flowers—in pomegranates and tamarisks, so these things were said to be her gifts; and these natural phenomena exerted a considerable influence upon the ritual of the Paphian goddess.

The temple at Paphos was renowned throughout antiquity. The original temple was known to Homer, who says it had a hundred altars.

"To the soft Cyrian shores the goddess  
moves,  
To visit Paphos and her blooming  
groves;  
Where to the Power a hundred altars  
rise,  
And breathing odours scent the balmy  
skies;

<sup>1</sup> Sat. v. 184, Labra moves tacitus, recutitaque sabbata palles.

<sup>2</sup> Sat. xiv. 96-102, Judaicum ediscunt, et servant ac metuunt jus, Tradidit arcano quodcunque volumine Moses.

<sup>3</sup> Hist. v. 5.

<sup>4</sup> Hist. Rom. xxxvii. 17.

<sup>5</sup> De Superstitione: see Augustine, De Civitate Dei, vi. 11.

<sup>6</sup> Hesiod. Theog. 195.

<sup>7</sup> Herodot. i. 105.

Concealed she bathes in consecrated  
bowers,  
The Graces' unguents shed ambrosial  
showers—  
Unguents which charm the gods: she  
last assumes  
Her wondrous robes, and full the god-  
dess blooms."

This temple was situated at what is called Palæpaphos—old Paphos, which was about ten miles from New Paphos. At Palæpaphos there was a spacious harbour, over which the statue of Aphrodite looked;<sup>1</sup> and Sappho sings of spacious-harboured Paphos. The harbour which then spread out before this city is now filled with mud, but the surrounding fields are studded with fragments of the ancient temple which stood there: large stone pillars and broad avenues betray the existence of this immense temple, to which crowds of pilgrims wandered; and the Paphian maidens went in procession to the nocturnal feasts of the great goddess, who was said to have landed at that spot when she emerged from the sea foam.

The figure of the goddess in the temple was decked out with collars, garlands of flowers, and metal rings; and in close connection with this worship, as she was essentially a goddess of the generative power of nature, was the attribute of the phallos (*virile membrum*) the universal sign of generation and fruition in the pelagic regions; so that, as at the temple of the Syrian goddess at Hierapolis there were two gigantic phalloi, here also before the Paphian temple of Aphrodite stood two phalloi. So closely was this symbol connected with the worship of the goddess, that every one who had been initiated into the mysteries of the goddess received a small phallos, and was obliged to offer to the goddess a piece of gold.<sup>2</sup> Small images of the goddess were sold largely, especially at Paphos, where Herostratus bought one a span long, which saved him from shipwreck.<sup>3</sup> Many of these images have since been discovered

in ruins, made of chalk and terra cotta.<sup>4</sup>

The priests and priestesses of the temple lived in its forecourts, and were called the "Slaves of the goddess:" they were consecrated to the devotion of their whole lives to the service of the goddess, and some of the most religious lived in cells.

Although in the early phases of this worship there are proofs that it was only a worship of a power of nature, so simple that even the figure or symbol of the goddess at Paphos was a meteoric stone, just as was Diana at Ephesus and the god Heliogabalus, which was brought to Rome from Syria by Basanius, who, when he succeeded to the throne, adopted the name of his god. But in the later periods of degeneracy, when men deified their own vices by attributing them to the gods, this nature-worship became like all other phases of paganism—corrupt. As we saw with the worship of Diana, so with that of this goddess, prostitution of the priestesses and female worshippers became a universal ceremony in the ritual of the Aphrodite and Venus temples.

In all probability this was not purely of Grecian origin: it must have come from the East, for it existed in the worship of the Babylonian Venus, Mylitta, in whose temple, at Babylon, every woman was compelled once in her life to offer herself to the first stranger who might accost her, and to deposit at the altar of the goddess the fee received. So common was this custom that there was a continual ebb and flow of women of all classes, going and returning to the temple for this purpose, which they regarded as a solemn rite, and once performed, kept themselves virtuous afterwards. Herodotus tells us that the rich ladies, to avoid associating themselves with the poorer classes, went to the temples to fulfil this duty in splendid carriages, attended by long

<sup>1</sup> Anthologia Graec. ed. Jacobs, vol. i. 131.

<sup>2</sup> Clemens Alexand. Prot. cap. ii. p. 13. Arnobius contra Gentes, v. 19, nec nos et Cypriae Veneris abstrusa illa initia præterimus in quibus sumentes ea certas stipes inferunt ut meretrici et referunt phallos propitii numinis signa donatos.

<sup>3</sup> Athen. Deipn. xv. 676.

<sup>4</sup> Clarke's Travels, i. 316. Burckhard, Lares et Penates.

retinues of servants; and the historian adds that this custom extended itself to Cyprus.<sup>1</sup> In Lydia, and amongst the Phenicians, and even in the services of other goddesses, this custom prevailed. St. Augustine attributes it to the services of Ceres and Vesta, and to the Phenicians, who, he said, offered to the goddess the proceeds of their daughters' prostitution, before they allowed them to marry.<sup>2</sup> The custom was so general, and continued to increase even down to the times of the Fathers, amongst whom Athanasius and Arnobius frequently denounce it.<sup>3</sup> From this cause is it that we find Aphrodite represented as goddess of prostitution and prostitutes (*Ἀφροδίτη ἑταίρα*), and even *Ἀφροδίτη πόρνη* (Aphrodite, the whore.)

So at Cyprus it was the custom for young girls, before marriage, to procure a dowry by yielding themselves up to strangers in the Paphian temple; and they were encouraged by their mothers, and were sent by them on certain days into the temples to do so.<sup>4</sup> And yet amongst these peoples a breach of marriage vow was punishable, by the public denunciation of the culprit as a whore (*πόρνη*), and was regarded as unpardonable. In all maritime cities the worship of Aphrodite was still more corrupt, for in the temples of these towns herds of girls were kept for the use of foreign sailors; and this custom was most especially in vogue at Corinth.

It was customary, also, when the prayers of a supplicant had been answered by the goddess, that he should consecrate to her a certain number of courtesans. Not only individuals did this, but whole cities. The most renowned instance of an individual is that of Xenophon, the Corinthian, who, before entering himself for the games at Olympia,

vowed that if he were victorious he would consecrate to this goddess a hundred courtesans. The thirteenth Olympiad of Pindar celebrates his victory; and in the fragments of the scolia of Pindar<sup>5</sup> we find that he had written a banquetting song upon Xenophon's fulfilment of this vow, the strain of which was to the effect that Xenophon had dedicated a hundred courtesans to the goddess, according to promise;<sup>6</sup> and at Corinth, when the city addressed any important supplication to the goddess, it first dedicated a number of courtesans to pray to the goddess for success.<sup>7</sup> Pindar justifies this custom with the words: "*σὺν δ' ἀναγκῇ πᾶν καλόν*" ("necessity makes everything just") which proves that in his time this ceremony was not regarded as inconsistent with religious intuitions.

Although there are traces of a worship of Apollo in Cyprus in the shape of prophecy, and the sacrifice of a sacred stag, still the ruling ceremonial was that of Aphrodite, whose annual feast, held in the month of April, was a national event. At this spring time, when nature is recreated, all the inhabitants of Cyprus bent their steps towards the celebrated temple at Paphos; and foreign peoples also sent embassies in honour of the goddess. This motley crowd, composed of old and young, men, women, youths, and girls, all met at the neighbouring city of New Paphos, and marched in procession to the city of old Paphos. Here the assembly crowned themselves with myrtles, and proceeded up the shadowy grove to the temple, where the altars were already smoking with incense—offered up their prayers, and made their sacrifices.

Before this feast the whole temple, altars, and priestesses had to be purified. When this was done, the

<sup>1</sup> Herodot. i. 199.

<sup>2</sup> August. De Civit. Dei, iv. 10. Eandem terram Cererem eandem etiam Vestam colunt. Et ideo illi virgines solere serviri . . . cui etiam Phœnices donum dabant de prostitutione filiarum antequam jungerent eas viris.

<sup>3</sup> Athanas. Orat de Gr.; Arnobius, Cont. Gentes, iv. & v.

<sup>4</sup> Justini Histor. lib. xviii. 5. Mos erat Cypriis virgines ante nuptias statutis diebus dotalem, pecuniam quasituras in quæstum ad litus maris mittere pro reliqua pudicitia libamenta venari soluturas.

<sup>5</sup> A scolium was a song composed for banquets, at which they were sung by the guests to the music of a lyre.

<sup>6</sup> Pindari, Carmina edid. Dissen. i. Fragmenta p. 225.

<sup>7</sup> Athenæus, xiii. p. 513.



altars and the various parts of the temple were decorated with flowers and crowns of cassia and myrrh. The image of the goddess was washed,<sup>1</sup> and then dressed and decorated. The attendant priestesses then had to bathe in the waters amidst the myrtle-trees, where, when drying their hair, they were to be surprised by a band of satyrs, who had been gazing at them through the trees; and perceiving this, they were to take shelter behind the myrtle-trees, which would conclude the ceremonial.

The offerings made to the goddess by the devotees included almost all the animals of the island, a stipulation being made that the animal offered must be of the male sex. These were young male goats, rams, calves: hares were most acceptable on account of their fruitfulness, partridges also for the same reason. Only amongst the Saracens was this worship tainted with human sacrifice.<sup>2</sup>

The time of the feasts was at night. The Noctuvigilia, as Plautus terms it, extended over three nights. The night was chosen as the most suitable time for these peculiar orgiastic ceremonies. During this period feasts were held, songs sung, wine drunk, and, in the height of the excitement, wild prayers were recited. The celebrants, too, were crowned with flowers, and danced with the most licentious liberty to the song of the nightingale. Then, when the moon shone, the young men and maidens gathered together, and danced by its light, as Horace records in his odes.

Jam Cytherea chorus ducit imminente  
Luna  
Junctæque nymphis Gratia decenses  
Alternò terram quatiant pede.<sup>3</sup>

They also danced by the sea-shore, as is sung in the Orphic hymns—

ἡ νύμφαις τέρπῃ κυανώπισιν ἐν χθονὶ  
Δία,  
θυιάς ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖς ψαμμάδεσσιν  
ἀρματι κουφῷ.<sup>4</sup>

There is a great affinity between

this ceremonial and that of Bacchus and Apollo, at which also sacred hymns were sung and dances used. The most celebrated Aphrodisiac hymns are the ancient ones by Homer—the Orphic hymn just cited, and in later times one called the Pervigilium Veneris, which was sung all through the Roman Empire. It is a well-known hymn, written in the septenarian trochaic metre, the cæsura being after the fourth foot. The chorus of this song, which was sung alternately by a choir of nine youths and maidens, runs thus:—

Cras amet qui nunqu' amavit, quiqu'  
amavit cras amet.

Its being written in the metre then in vogue with earliest Christian writers of the Catholic church, proves its late origin: these latter divide the verse into two parts, as—

Macte judex mortuorum  
Macte rex viventium,

The goddess had amongst her priests certain musicians who led the singing and music at her feasts. The groves and gardens in the neighbourhood of the temple were the favourite scenes of the feasts: in these groves apartments and bowers were erected, made of myrtle bushes, to receive the initiated, and hide them from the gaze of the uninitiated.<sup>5</sup>

In the times of the greatest degeneracy of this ceremonial a fair was held in the front of the temple, at which the young courtesans were sold to the travelling procurers at the highest price. No market was so celebrated as that of Paphos. The slave merchants of Athens bought girls at this fair; and in Plautus we have the picture of a professional procurer who was unwilling to sacrifice the six lambs necessary to the goddess, to the success of his sale, and he laments the covetousness of the goddess.

There are traces also of the mummery used in the Dionysiac ceremonies, in the custom which prevailed at Cyprus—that the women who offered sacrifices to the goddess

<sup>1</sup> Ovidii Fasti. iv. 136. Tota lavanda est Dea.

<sup>2</sup> Procop. Hist. i. 182.

<sup>3</sup> Horat. Ode i. 4, 5.

<sup>4</sup> Orph. Hym. lv. 22.

<sup>5</sup> Pervigil: Veneris, 6 and 43 verses. Suetonius Tiberius, cap. 43.

should appear in men's dress, and the men in the dress of women. The whole history of this form of paganism is a history of gradual degeneracy, as will be the case with every form of the great perversion of revealed religion, we shall have to examine.

That it was not originally Greek has been already shown; but it must have been introduced amongst the Greeks by those peoples of Semitic origin who spread from Babylon over Asia Minor and Arabia, through the medium of the Phœnician settlements, who obtained possession of its maritime ports.

In this way arose the myth of the Cyprian origin of Aphrodite: it was always a high seat of Phœnician commerce; and so was it the case with the island of Cythera, where there was another phase of this worship. From Cyprus this religion spread itself through Asia Minor, on the one hand, and on the other, to Lemnos Lesbos, Boetia, to the Attic Delos, and to Crete. Such was the phase of paganism which the apostles Barnabas and Paul came into contact with on their first missionary journey.

When they arrived at Paphos, we are told that the deputy (ἀνθύπατος) of the country called for<sup>1</sup> Barnabas and Saul to come to him, being desirous to hear the *word of God*; so that this Roman governor must have heard something of that "word of God" which was being announced; and with the curiosity peculiar to these representatives of the Roman power, who never failed to study the manners and customs of the various races they were sent to govern, he invited these men, who to him were only another phase of enthusiasm, and gave them a hearing. But how came Sergius Paulus to hear the "word of God" in his remote palace at Paphos? That "word of God" sped swiftly, as it were, from the foot of the cross, away from Jerusalem to Phœnicia, to the Syrian Antioch, to African Cyrene, to Rome, and afterwards to

Cyprus, carried by those fugitives who had been driven from their homes after the martyrdom of Stephen, and by those "strangers from Rome" who were present at the pentecostal sermon of Peter.

The teaching of Paul was opposed by a Jewish *Elim*, or sorcerer, Baresus by name, who had been adopted by the Proconsul, a custom not unfrequent amongst the Roman vice-regents in Asia Minor, which was full of sorcerers, diviners, miracle-workers, and false prophets. But the controversy ended with the blindness which came upon Baresus at the curse of the Apostle and the conversion of Sergius Paulus.

This conversion of the Roman Proconsul has been objected to by that school of criticism which eliminates from the New Testament anything which bears upon its surface evidence of the supernatural. Schneckenburger first started the theory that the book of the Acts of the Apostles was principally an apologetic parallel of the deeds of St. Paul with that of St. Peter, and that this contact with, and victory over, the magician at Paphos, was only a set-off against that of Peter with Simon in Samaria.<sup>2</sup> The whole theory of Baur's *Life of St. Paul* is a mere slavish reproduction in an extended form of this plan.<sup>3</sup> So he, too, regards this conversion from the same standpoint, and says: "The miracle which the apostle is supposed to have accomplished in this first mission journey, clearly bears upon the proof of being an apologetic parallel with Peter. The Acts makes Peter meet Simon Magus in Samaria as he arrived there on his first mission; and so here the compiler of the Acts makes Paul meet Elymus in Cyprus on his first journey" (vol. i. p. 105.) So also Baur's son-in-law and pupil, Zeller, the historian of philosophy, leaving his profession to defend the theological opinions of his father-in-law, outvies his master in his work on the Acts, and repeats the whole thing

<sup>1</sup> προσκαλῶ: called unto himself, see Xenophon de Repub. Lacædem. x. 5.

<sup>2</sup> Schneckenburger Ueber den Zweck der Apostelgeschichte: Bern. 1841.

<sup>3</sup> Baur, Paulus der Apostel: Leipzig. 1866 2te Aufg. I allude only to the *Life of the Apostle*. The latter part of the work, which sums up the teachings of Paul, atones for much of the destructiveness which characterises the first part.

with an additional note. "The attack of Paul on Elymas," he says, "has a great similarity with that of Peter on Simon. The blinding of Elymas reminds us of that of Paul (Acts ix. 8) and contains the same *symbolical meaning*. The corporeal blindness of the magician is the direct punishment and representation of his spiritual blindness.<sup>1</sup>

And the latest assailant of this book of the Acts, Renan, whose system is an eclecticism of all others, repeats the same dogma: "*Il semble qu'en plusieurs points on a cherché à modeler la légende de Paul sur celle de Pierre*," and adds that the writer of the Acts was carried away by his idea of converting as many pagans as possible, by the pleasure he took in showing that the Roman magistrates were favourable to the new worship, and by his desire to represent St. Paul as the special apostle of the Gentiles.<sup>2</sup>

But the whole narration has too much of the historical in its composition to leave any room for doubt: it is so thoroughly in keeping with what we know from other sources was the case, that the Romans were fond of diviners, conjurers, and magicians.

The influence which Alexander of Abonotichos exerted over Rutilianus, a distinguished Roman statesman, and upon Romans of the first rank,<sup>3</sup> prove the historical genuineness of this narrative, so also do the careers of Apollonius of Tyana, Peregrinus, Proteus, and Artemidorus of Ephesus. Even the oriental magi who were at Rome were consulted by the Roman emperors.<sup>4</sup> The incidents are too consecutive for any mythological or symbolical interpretation. The existence of a knowledge of Christian truth at Cyprus before the appearance of Barnabas and Paul; the correct historical statement that Cyprus was a Pro-consulate, which had only been a recent creation;

the custom of finding a pseudo diviner and prophet with the Roman magnates,—all lead us to believe that this blindness of Bar-jesus was a real, and not a symbolical blindness, and the conversion of Sergius Paulus was also real, and not an apologetical invention. The Christianity planted there by the two apostles is still there; but not a trace can be found of that Venus-worship which died out with the whole system of paganism, and which became, in its later phase, what St. Athanasius rightly defines it—a deification of lust.

After this conversion of the great pagan, and the confounding of the great sorcerer, the Apostles sailed from Paphos across the Pamphilian Sea to the mouth of the river Cestrus, up which they passed, and landed at Perga, near which, upon an elevated place, was a temple to a peculiar phase of Diana-worship,—the goddess being distinguished from that of Ephesus as rougher and more unformed: her worship was also distinguished for its oracle and numerous company of wandering mendicant priests. She was thus worshipped at Halicarnassus, where, as at Perga, there was an annual feast; and from her connexion with the latter city she was called *'Αρτεμὶς Πέργαια*.<sup>5</sup> At this city an incident took place which we shall presently see led to some difficulty between the two missionaries,—the abrupt departure of John Mark, a young convert, the nephew of Barnabas, who declined to accompany them further, and returned to Jerusalem.

We have no information as to whether the Apostles preached at Perga; but the narrative would imply that they did not, as it passes on to say, "But they, having departed from Perga, came to Antioch, in Pisidia." There were sixteen cities of this name in Western Asia,

<sup>1</sup> Zeller, *Die Apostelgeschichte nach ihrem Inhalt und Ursprung kritisch untersucht*; Stuttgart, 1851. The great difference between Zeller's excellent History of Philosophy of the Greeks and this wretched attempt to destroy the genuineness of the Acts, only proves how unwise and unphilosophical it is for a man to practise two professions, and calls up into our recollection the biting aphorism—"ne sutor ultra crepidam."

<sup>2</sup> Renan, *Saint Paul*, p. 15, 16.

<sup>3</sup> Luciani Opera, ed. Dindorf, vol. ii. p. 109.

<sup>4</sup> Sueton. Nero, 35.

<sup>5</sup> Strabo xiv. 5, 4.



founded by Sil'eucus Nicator. At this Pisidian Antioch there was a worship of a god of two sexes, which spread over nearly the whole of Asia Minor, under the name of Men, or, in its Latin form, Lunus, the masculine form of Luna. The earliest mention of the hermaphroditic form of this god is in the Orphic hymn on Selene, where the goddess is also said to be *Μνην* and "*θηλυο τε και αρσεν*," female and male;<sup>1</sup> and upon the extant coins of Antioch, in Pisidia, the representation of this god, Lunus, invariably appears on the reverse side, the front being the emperor of the period; it is represented as being decorated with a Phrygian bonnet on the coins of Antoninus Pius, holding a spear in the right hand.<sup>2</sup>

In this city there were many Jews, and the Apostles very naturally went first to the synagogue on the Sabbath-day, and sat amongst the listeners; and when the Parash or portion of the law, and the Hapthara or portion of the prophetic writings, had been read by the minister of the synagogue, the rulers sent to these strangers, according to the custom of the synagogal worship, which was open to free discussion, and begged them to exhort the people. Paul then stood up, and preached the first sermon recorded of him. He briefly reviewed the history of the Israelites, and pointed out that their exaltation in Egypt, where they were in bondage, their marvellous release, their victory over the Canaanites, their career under the judges and the monarchy, were nothing more than a gradual preparation of the nation for the advent of the promised Saviour, who came from the seed of the greatest king in their history, David. In the Saviour, Jesus, all the prophecies of the Messiah were fulfilled; and the rejection of Him by them (His people), His condemnation, crucifixion, and resurrection, were each a realisation and fulfilment of a prophecy. Great weight is laid upon the resurrection of Jesus, as

distinguishing him from all other prophets and kings of the old covenant, in that even David, the man after God's own heart, died, and was buried, and saw corruption; but He whom God raised again saw no corruption. So Paul, then, in keeping with the true apostolic teaching, connects the certainty of forgiveness of sins and complete justification of sinners, with the resurrection of Him whom God raised from the dead. St. Paul then concludes with a reiteration of the prophetic anticipation of this rejection by the Jews, and cautioned them, in the words of the prophets Isaiah and Habbakuk, "Beware, therefore, lest that come upon you which is spoken of in the prophets: Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and *perish*; for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall *in no wise believe*, though a man declare it to you."

The effect which this first address of the Apostle had upon the strict Jews, the Gentile proselytes, and Gentiles, who made up the congregation of the Antiochian synagogue, is distinctly and minutely described, and forms the key to St. Paul's peculiar relation to the Jewish people as regards their Messianic hopes, and to the Gentiles as to their surety of inheriting the blessings which the Jews rejected.

We are told that when this extraordinary and unexpected word of exhortation had been pronounced, the Jews left the synagogue, and the *Gentiles* who were present were so delighted, that they begged Paul to preach to them the same doctrine on the next Sabbath; and when the congregation had further broken up, many of the Jews and the Gentile proselytes followed Paul and Barnabas, who still further exhorted them. From this we may conclude that converts were made of Jews, Gentiles, and Gentile proselytes; but the more rigid Jews left the synagogue, and went their way.

The good news of this Gentile admission to the salvation rejected by the Jews must have spread from

<sup>1</sup> Orphei Hymni: ed. Gesner, Lips, 1764, p. 196.

<sup>2</sup> Mionnet, *Medailles Antiques*, tom. iii.; Antiochia Pisidia, p. 491-521, where many other specimens occur.

mouth to mouth during the week, for on the following Sabbath nearly the whole city came to the synagogue to hear Paul. When the Jews saw this, they were filled with envy, and no longer listened, but contradicted the Apostle's teaching, and blasphemed.

At this Paul and Barnabas spoke out still more clearly, and declared that they had done their duty by speaking first to the Jews; but as they refused to accept the proffered salvation, there was no other alternative but that they should turn to the Gentiles. At this the Gentiles rejoiced, and glorified the word of the Lord; but the Jews plotted against the Apostles, and by means of inciting the honourable women, and, through them, the chief men of the city, obtained the expulsion of the Apostles, who, in obedience to the command of their Lord (Luke ix. 5; x. 10-12), "shook off the dust of their feet against them," and departed to Iconium; not, however, before they had made many converts (xiii. 48), and had preached the Gospel throughout all the region.

The city of Iconium was a populous one—is also mentioned by Xenophon as the last city in Phrygia; but in later times it is reckoned as a Pisidian city. The legends of Perseus are connected with this city, as also with Tarsus. As he was regarded as the mythological founder of Tarsus, so here the city took its name from the legend of Perseus having visited Lycaonia and founded this city. The author of the *Fasti Siculi* says that Perseus entered into the regions of Lycaonia, and the inhabitants opposed him in battle array; but he subdued them by means of the Gorgon's (Medusa's) head, which he had with him, and then halted at a village called Amandræ, which he elevated into a city, placed a statue of himself, with the Gorgon's head, outside the gates, and called it after his own name, Persida; but the city afterwards became known as Iconium, from this image (*εἰκων*) of Perseus, with the Gorgon's head,

being before its walls. We have some traces of the fact that this legend existed at the time of the Apostle on the coins which have come down to us belonging to Iconium, upon which the figure of Perseus appears, with the head of Medusa in the left hand.<sup>1</sup> In the synagogue of this city the preaching of the Apostles was equally successful, and "a great multitude" of "*Jews and Greeks*" were gathered to the faith. But here, as at Iconium, the Jews who did not believe combined with the unbelieving Gentiles, until there was a division in the city: one portion took part with the Jews, the other against them. But the Apostles continued to preach the word of the Lord with the greater boldness, and their teaching was confirmed by signs and wonders, as a Divine testimony given to them by our Lord Himself (Acts xii. 3). These *σημεῖα καὶ τέρατα*, which were accorded to them by the Lord, are the same as those we are told accompanied the preaching of the very first disciples who were despatched by the Lord Himself shortly before his ascension, and they went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming their words with accompanying signs: "*καὶ τῶν λόγων βεβαιούντος διὰ τῶν ἐπακολουθούντων σημείων*"; and the power to work these signs and wonders came, as promised, from Him who said, "Tarry in Jerusalem until ye be endowed with power from on high" (Luke xxiv. 49).

But this preaching, accompanied, as it was, by signs and wonders, no more affected these unbelieving Jews than did the preaching of Christ and His miracles, when He was amongst them; but they allied themselves again to the Greeks, whom they hated, and persuaded the rulers of the city to stone Paul and Barnabas; but their intentions were frustrated by the flight of the Apostles to the Lycaonian cities of Lystra and Derbe, in which, and in the surrounding neighbourhood, they again preached the Gospel.

At this town an incident occurred

<sup>1</sup> Eckhel *Numi Veteres*, p. 271. Mionnet, *Medailles Ant.* iii. 532-538. Creuzer, *Symbolik und Mythologie*. Zu Ikonium sollte Perseus sein Bild gestiftet haben darum sollte sie die Bildstadt (*Εἰκονιον*) heissen, vol. iv. 53.

which brought Paul again into contact with the popular paganism of the neighbourhood. He was preaching to a mixed audience—probably in the open air, as we read of no Jews nor synagogue at Lystra—and amongst his hearers there was a man who had been a cripple from his birth. The attention of Paul was attracted to this man by his eagerness to hear what the Apostle had to say, and he noticed the expression of belief and conviction which gleamed from his countenance. Paul at once stopped in his discourse, and looking at the man, said, in a loud voice, “Stand up-right on thy feet.” And the man leaped up and walked.

That the majority of spectators who saw this miracle, were heathens appears probable from what followed, and from the style of the discourse by which Paul addressed them.

These people lifted up their voices and cried out in the speech of Lycaonia. “The gods are come down to us, in this likeness of men, and they called Barnabas, Jupiter, and Paul, Mercury, because he was chief speaker.”

The exact mode in which the surroundings of this miracle are narrated is so thoroughly consistent with what we know from pagan sources, was the prevalent idea in this country, that we are led to believe that this narration is no fiction, but a fact which had a real existence, and a deed which was really done.

From time immemorial the advent of gods in the shape of men in the world, was believed by Greeks and Romans. The Iliad and the Æneid are full of such incidents, and even as late as the time of Ovid, we find him representing Jupiter, as declaring that he had descended into the world, in shape of a human form to witness in person the degeneracy of humanity.

summo delabor Olympo  
Et dens humana lustro sub imagine terras.  
Signa dedi venisse Deum; vulgusque precari cœperat.<sup>1</sup>

So in the Fasti of Ovid, we hear

that Jupiter with Mercury, were on their travels and were invited by an old man, Hyrieus, who had a small farm, to come in and take refreshments which they did, and rewarded him before they left.<sup>2</sup> But especially in the very neighbourhood, there was a legend prevailing amongst the people that on one occasion Jupiter, attended by Mercury, visited this district in the form of men—“*specie mortali*” and that they knocked at a thousand doors, and asked for a lodging to rest themselves, but all refused save one pious couple, Philemon and Baucis who lived in a poor small house, covered with rushes; they invited them, kindled their fire for them, and gave them a repast for which Jupiter turned their house into a temple and appointed them to conduct the services, where they remained till old age—

Templi tutela fuere  
Donec vita data est.

And then they were turned into trees before the door of this Temple.

annis ævoque soluti  
Ante gradus cum starent forte locique  
Incipere casus; frondere Philemon  
Baucis  
Baucida conspexit senior frondere Philemon.<sup>3</sup>

So that we can understand how naturally the Lycaonians should immediately think of this well-known legend, and at once call Barnabas, Jupiter, and Paul, who was the chief speaker, Mercury.

There was also at the gates of the city, a temple to Jupiter, and the priests of Jupiter brought oxen and garlands, and would have sacrificed them to the Apostles. In the denunciation of this act, Paul speaks to them, just as he did in after times to the Athenians; he recalls them, not to God the Father of Jesus Christ the Messiah, but to the living God, who made the heaven and earth and sea, and all that are in them, and who manifested His goodness to even these heathens in the orderly phenomena of nature, sending rain from heaven and fruit in season, as evidence of His power and goodness.

<sup>1</sup> Ovid. Metamorph. lib. i. 212-14.  
<sup>3</sup> Ovid. Metam. viii. 712-716.

<sup>2</sup> Ovid. Fasti. lib. v. 495-535.



The form of sacrifice agrees also with what we know was usual : oxen were sacrificed to Jupiter. So in the *Fasti* of Ovid,<sup>1</sup> the rule is,—

“Immolat ex illis taurum tibi, Jupiter;”

and this was a most ancient custom, for we read in Homer of the golden garlands being placed on the horns of the Bull,<sup>2</sup> and Virgil also speaks of these garlands,—

Victori velatum auro vittisque juven-  
cum.<sup>3</sup>

Soon after this a change came over the Lycaonians at Lystra. The Jews at Iconium sent emissaries to the city to poison the minds of the people against Paul, who was seized by those who had before almost worshipped him, and stoned : they left him for dead, but the new disciples defended him, and he rose up and returned to the city,<sup>4</sup> and fled the next day, with Barnabas, to Derbe, a city about twenty miles distant, the capital of Isauria, which was under another jurisdiction.

These sudden flights from city to city can be explained by the peculiar way in which Asia Minor was continually being broken up and re-divided from time to time. Shortly before, Derbe was in the power of a noted freebooter, Antipator, who ravaged the whole plain of Lycaonia : he was slain by Amyntas, the King of Galatia, and Derbe, with Isauria, came into his possession. When he died, it was given to Antiochus, King of Commagene. In the same manner the flight from Antioch to Iconium was for the reason that the former city belonged to the province of Pamphylia, and Iconium to the *Proprætor* of Galatia. When obliged to abandon Iconium, they entered Lycaonia, and when ejected from Lystra they fled to Derbe, which belonged to Antiochus. In this city they preached and made many converts, and then resolved upon returning through the district they had travelled over, to strengthen and encourage the converts in the different cities in their resistance to the temptations which assailed them. They retraced their steps through Lystra, Iconium, and Antioch, not

only confirming their disciples in their faith, but establishing amongst them a set form of church discipline, which we must examine, for in this simple act we shall trace the origin of the later Episcopacy.

The words run thus : “*χαίρο-  
ντήσαντες δὲ αὐτοῖς, κατ’ ἐκκλησίαν  
πρεσβυτέρους, προσευξάμενοι μετὰ νη-  
στειῶν παρέθεντο αὐτοὺς τῷ κυρίῳ εἰς ὃν  
πεπιστεύκεισαν.*” And having, by show of hands, selected presbyters in every Church, and having prayed with fasting, they commended them to the Lord, on whom they had believed.

To the perfection of every community unity is absolutely necessary ; and this union implies a central object, around which the mass may gather. In the synagogue of the Jews we shall find the foreshadowing of the Christian ministry ; for over the worshippers in this popular institution there was a president, a “*rosh-hachneseth*,”—“head of the assembly,”—or, as the New Testament renders it, “*ἄρχων τῆς συνάγωγῆς.*” His duty was to conduct the services. There were also presbyters, called, also, in the New Testament, *πρεσβυτεροί*. So, also, Shepherds, and a minister (*ἐπιτέτης*), who handed the book to the person who was going to read ; who also looked after the cleansing opening, and shutting of the synagogue. In these we may find a hint of subsequent Christian officers.

As to the true meaning of *χαίρο-  
ντὸν* in this passage, we must examine first into the origin of the impulse which led the early Christians to make any distinction amongst their fellows. Such a distinction could not have been arbitrarily assumed, but must have arisen from that peculiar phenomena we have already adverted to, which characterised the first Christian assemblies,—the various *χαρίσματα*, or gifts, which developed themselves in the personality of certain individuals. This peculiar fitness, amounting to a divine ordination for a certain portion of church-work,—this definite *χάρισμα*,—was the only impulse which led

<sup>1</sup> *Fasti* i. 579.

<sup>2</sup> *Odyss.* iii. 475.

<sup>3</sup> *Æneid* v. 386.

<sup>4</sup> Stoning was always done outside the city.

the early Christians to make any distinction amongst the whole body of members—the ἐκκλησία; and they must have learned this from the teaching and procedure of the Apostle Paul, whose idea of Church government is developed throughout his epistles, and may be summed up thus: That the title of any one member to distinction rests upon the possession of some Divine “gift;” or, to use his own emphatic words, “God has set some in the Church as apostles, prophets, teachers, and governors:” to one man he gives the “word of wisdom;” to another “the gift of healing;” to others the power of governing.

And so we may conclude that when these manifestations of Divine gifts presented themselves, the individuals were at once set apart for the offices to which they were so divinely adapted; and we may also conclude that St. Paul, when he set apart the elders in the first churches of his planting, did it not by virtue of any positive authority of choosing in himself, nor of any arbitrary choosing by the people, but by virtue of these divinely manifested phenomena in the persons of some of the converts which presented them to the Apostle as fitting objects for ordination, and led the Church to sanction such election by the show of hands. Thus divinely set apart for the superintendence of the Church, these πρεσβύτεροι were consecrated to their office by prayer and fasting. We find later that these πρεσβύτεροι are also called ἐπίσκοποι (overseers), which is the true meaning of our Saxon-English word Bishop.<sup>2</sup> In fact, the word Bishop is applied by St. Peter to Christ himself in his pastoral character, in that passage where he says, “For ye were a sheep going astray, but are now returned to the shepherd (ποιμήν) and bishop (ἐπίσκοπος) of your souls.” Hence we conclude that (ποιμήν) shepherd, and (ἐπίσκοπος) bishop, were synonymous terms for the pastoral office with St. Peter. We pass to

St. Paul, and we find the identity of the two titles, still more emphatically confirmed in his address to the elders of the Ephesian Church. We are told that on his journey to Jerusalem, to be present at the Pentecost, when they arrived at Miletus, he sent for the elders (πρεσβύτεροι) of the Church at Ephesus to take leave of them for ever; and in the course of his address we find that these elders are called overseers: bishops (ἐπίσκοποι). “Take heed, therefore, unto yourselves, and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers (ἐπίσκοποι) to feed the Church of God. So that the elders (πρεσβύτεροι) and bishops (ἐπίσκοποι) were also shepherds (ποιμένες), and their duty was to “feed the Church of the Lord” (ποιμένειν τὴν ἐκκλησίαν τοῦ κυρίου); and the pastoral idea is maintained throughout the whole sentence, in that the Church of the Lord “is called” all the flock.<sup>3</sup>

This form of election, too, by show of hands, was not confined to the Apostolic Church, but was in existence, and can be traced in actual use, for three centuries afterwards. Ignatius, writing to the Church at Philadelphia, tells them that it would become them as a Church of God to select, by show of hands, a deacon to congratulate the Syrian Church at Antioch, and uses this same expression, “χειροτονῆσαι διάκονον.”<sup>4</sup> So to the Church at Smyrna he asks them to do the same, to send some one to congratulate the Syrian Church on its rest.<sup>5</sup>

The Council of Neocæsarea directed that a Presbyter should not be chosen (μὴ χειροτονεῖσθαι —) before he was thirty years of age;<sup>6</sup> and in a Greek version of the Apostolical Canons it says that an ἐπίσκοπος could not be chosen χειροτονεῖσθαι but by the multitude (ἀπό πολλῶν).

The question as to how the Bishop gradually acquired the sole dominion over the Church does not come into our investigation; we only point out the apostolical usage in the ordination of the holders of the office.

<sup>1</sup> 1 Cor. xii. 28-31; 1 Cor. xii. 8-11; Romans xii. 3-8.

<sup>2</sup> Biscop, from the Saxon verb bisceopan, to oversee.

<sup>3</sup> The passage runs thus: “προσέχετε οὖν ἑαυτοῖς καὶ παντὶ τῷ ποιμνί, ἐν ᾧ ἡμεῖς τὸ πνεῦμα τὸ ἅγιον ἔθετο ἐπισκόπους.”

<sup>4</sup> Epist. ad Philad. cap 10, ed. Hefele.

<sup>5</sup> Epist. ad Smyr. cap 11.

<sup>6</sup> Epis. ad Neoc. cap 11.

Our narrative of the first missionary journey of Barnabas and Paul terminates with this act of the Apostles during their return journey through Pisidia to Pamphylia, their final work being to preach the Gospel at Perga; they then sailed from Attalia to Antioch, the city from which they had been sent; and the main point they laid before the Church of Antioch, who had assembled to welcome them, was that God, who had preserved them through all the dangers of their journey, "had opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles." The Jews had persecuted them, stoned them, and rejected them, as they had rejected the Lord Jesus when on earth; but the Gentiles received them gladly, believed their report, and were now glorifying with gladness the word of the Lord.

One or two points in this first mission journey we must notice, as it will help us in our further development of the work of Paul. When the missionaries arrived at Salamis, we are told that in their ministration to the Jews in the synagogues of that city they were assisted by a certain John whose surname was Mark, whom they had brought with them to Antioch when they returned from Jerusalem. The reason of their taking him was that he was the son of Barnabas' sister (Coloss. iv. 10). Paul's introduction to him at Jerusalem must have occurred through the medium of Barnabas when they were there together, for John Mark's mother was that *Mary* in whose house Peter took shelter after his release from prison. This house was a meeting-place for persecuted Christians, where they assembled to pray, evidently in secret, for when Peter knocked at the door we are told that a damsel, whose name was Rhoda, came to *harken* (προσήλθεν ἰπακουσαι), and did not open the door till she recognised the voice of *Peter*. From this incident we may conclude that Peter must have often frequented the house of this

pious *Mary*, and that her son Mark had often listened to Peter here, and was in all probability converted by him, and we can then understand how Peter might afterwards allude to him as "*my son*."<sup>1</sup>

Why Mark should suddenly change his mind and forsake the Apostles at the very point where their dangers commenced, we have no positive information; but from the fact that when Paul afterwards proposed to Barnabas to visit the converts, and Barnabas proposed to take Mark again, Paul refused on account of his desertion, we may conclude that it was such that he could not take him again on this second journey; but that he must have been reconciled to him afterwards, appears from our finding him in close connection with Paul, who speaks well of him, and says that he was profitable to him for the ministry (Coloss. iv 10, Philem. 24, 2 Titus, iv. 11).

From the time of this dissension between Paul and Barnabas, which terminated in the latter taking Mark with him to Cyprus, while Paul adopted Silas as a companion, we hear no more of Barnabas; we have a distinct impression of him as a zealous active Christian Apostle, and can only venture upon the vague supposition that as Cyprus was his native land, he might have spent the remainder of his life there in preaching the Gospel. We may note, too, that we have no account of any subsequent visit of Paul to Cyprus, but that Christianity flourished there and displaced the licentious Venus' worship, we know from the existence of a Christian Church at Paphos in the fifth century, that Salamis was the chief seat of the bishop of the island, nor has it ever been eradicated by the many vicissitudes the island has undergone, but still exists there under the protection of the Greek Church.

We must conclude with a brief summary of the result of this first vigorous attack upon paganism.

<sup>1</sup> Neander regards this Mark as another person, simply upon the ground that Peter was married; but the identity of the two Marks cannot be abolished when we compare all the passages together without prejudice. See Meyer's Introduction to his "Commentary upon Mark." "Nach Peter 1 v. 13, war er (Mark) von Petrus bekehrt (υἱός μου.)"



The cross of Christ had already been planted in two cities of Cyprus, an island permeated with one of the most vicious and licentious forms of heathen worship. At Paphos, under the shadow of the renowned temple of Venus, where every species of debauchery was practised, there arose a community of Christians, and from that island the Christian religion passed over to a country famous throughout antiquity for a manifold paganism, whose cities were full of magicians, conjurers, soothsayers, false prophets, and diviners,<sup>1</sup> the birthplace of the greatest impostors who ever deluded humanity, such as Apollonius of Tyana; Alexander the false Prophet of Abonitichos in Paphlagonia; Peregrinus Proteus; Artemidorus of Ephesus and Ælius Aristides; where also the Roman emperors and their wives were worshipped and had temples in

every city. Into this country, whose passes were overrun by robbers, the two Apostles came from their mission work at Cyprus, and before they returned to Syria they travelled across Pamphylia into Pisidia, Phrygia, and Lycaonia, planting communities of Christians at Antioch in Pisidia, at Iconium in Lycaonia, at Lystra, Derbe, and at Perga, besides others in the regions round about Pisidia and Lycaonia, a journey from and to their starting-point in Syria of nearly two thousand miles. This work of early evangelisation was, however, attended with many perils, the Apostles were expelled from Pisidian Antioch, were stoned at Iconium; Paul also was stoned at Lystra; and all these evils were brought upon them by the hard-hearted Jews who, as we shall see, persecuted Paul from the first to the last days of his career.

## SOME OF THE KING'S IDYLS UNVARNISHED.

IN former numbers of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, we entered into detail on subjects connected with the Arthurian Legends, as related by Chretien de Troyes and other French writers. We also remarked on the neglect of the legends of their Scandinavian forefathers, by the Norman Trouveres, and their adoption of such as they found existing in Brittany, and which were the common property of Wales, Cornwall, and Armorica. These in their original form were only sparingly imbued with the chivalric spirit so prevalent in all the Norman and Anglo-Norman fiction of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. We have not in the early Gaelic or Cymric fictions, lists set up, and knights charging each other with levelled spears in mere peaceful trial of skill. The

description of their battles resemble those left by Homer. Lances and javelins are flung overhand, and generally with deadly effect, and the bronze leaf or other shaped swords are brought into use when the warriors come to close quarters. The nearest Welsh term for knight is *Marchog*, the nearest Gaelic, *Riddhair*, both meaning Chevalier or Rider. The other Gaelic term is *Curadh* companion. No doubt of there being a strong *esprit de corps* between the Celtic champions who fought together, but its manifestation differed from what we find amongst the knights of Charlemagne or King Arthur, as celebrated by the Norman Poets. If the Ossianic legends, which we possess, are altered and improved (P) versions of ruder lays dating from Pagan times, the Christian emendations

<sup>1</sup> Cicero, in his celebrated work, "De Divinatione," points out Cilicia, Pisidia, Pamphylia, and Lycia, as the high seats of this art, which spread even to Rome. *Cilicem autem et Pisidarum genus et his finitima Pamphylia, quibus nationibus præfuius ipsi volatibus avium cantibusque ut certissimis signis declarari res futuras patant*, I. cap i. sec. 2. See also I. cap 15, sec. 1.

infused into them a portion of the chivalric animus. Still they are not pure chivalric stories. The three Arthurian tales given here in abstract, are to be found in the RED BOOK OF HERGEST, copied at different times from 1318 to 1454 from older MSS., and preserved at Oxford, were evidently what the copiers of the eleventh or later centuries, considered improvements on the naked Welsh fictions. Still they departed much less from their originals than the Norman Trouveres. There is no trace in them of the Round Table, nor of the *extreme* deference paid to the ladies, and there are in them occasional extravagances and rough behaviour, which would be misplaced in the *Mort d'Arthur* or the *Quest of the San Graal*. The original pagan framework suffered alterations at the hands of the Christian copyists, but still they did not trace the spear up to the Passion, nor the basin with its gory head up to the Last Supper.

We take no notice of the daily change in a human being, commencing with the boy of five years old, and ending with the young man of twenty-one; but when we compare the man just come of age, with his portrait of five, what a contrast, and what a subject afforded for reflection! In the form of these fictions here presented, we are enabled, not indeed to compare the individual at five, but at twelve, with what he is at twenty-one, when they are set side by side with Tennyson's *Idyls of the King*. Yet an ordinary reader cannot fail to be struck with the wonderful differences in their outward semblance. In one we have the statue roughly chiselled out, the features exhibiting a rude beauty and dignity, the limbs well proportioned, but all encumbered with excrescences, and marked by want of finish. In the other we have all minor errors corrected, deficiencies supplied, all roughness and superfluities removed. In short, we have the finished statue, the *Mort* or the *San Graal* of the Poet Laureate. But if we enlarge on this tempting theme, the inexorable printer will crush out, mayhap, some of the happiest bits in our comparatively unsophisticated stories. So we pro-

ceed to lay before the readers in an abridged shape what he will find at length in the "*Llyfr Coch*," the "*Mabinogion*" of Lady Guest, and the "*Romans de la Table Ronde*" of Le Viscomte Hersart de la Villemarqué.

#### PEREDUR, OR THE MAGIC BASIN.

"The chief Evrok owned a county in the North, but he gained more in jousts and battles than in managing his lands. He and six of his sons were all slain in a battle, and his wife then went to live in a solitary house in a forest, and would never let her youngest son, the only one left her, ride a horse, or get a sight of arms or armour.

"One day he saw a couple of does near his mother's herd of goats; and thinking they were two of these which had gone astray and lost their horns, he thought to drive them home with the herd, but they fled away. He pursued and overtook them by speed of foot, and drove them before him to the goat stable. 'Mother,' said he, 'I have caught two of your goats, which have lost their horns in their wandering.' All went to the stable and, were wonderstruck at the sight of the does.

"One day Peredur and his mother, being in the forest, saw three warriors ride by. These were Gualchmai son of Guiar, Gheneier Gwestel, and Owen son of Urien; and Peredur asked his mother what they were. 'They are Angels,' said she. 'I would like much to be an angel,' said Peredur.

"He approached the warriors, and laying his hand on Owen's saddle, shield, sword, and spear, he asked what were the name and uses of each. He informed him; and Peredur, after thanking him, returned and said to his mother, 'These are not angels, but honourable cavaliers.' The lady fainted away.

"He went to the stable, clapped a sack on the back of the horse for a saddle, and imitated the other trappings of a war horse, as well as he could with what he found at hand. He then returned to his mother, and asked her blessing, and advice.

"Go, first of all,' said she, 'to King Arthur's court; for there,

good manners and the use of arms are learned in perfection. Never pass a church without saying your prayers. If you find food and drink in a house, and when you are hungry and thirsty, and no one offers them, take them. If you find a jewel, take it up, and make a present of it. Pay a compliment to every beautiful woman you meet. If you hear a cry or lamentation, go in the direction, and relieve the sufferer to the best of your power.'

"After Peredur had wandered two days and two nights, without food or drink, he came to a clearing in the forest. In this clearing was a tent, and on a golden chair near its opening sat a young woman, beautiful and richly clad; round her head was a thin rim of gold. Peredur said his prayers at the entrance, supposing it was a church, and seeing a couple of wine flasks, a loaf of white bread, and a piece of cooked pork on a table, he said to the lady:—'My mother bade me take food and drink wherever I found them!' 'Take them and welcome,' said she. So he ate the meat, and he drank off one of the flasks, leaving the other for the lady. When he was going out, he knelt on one knee, and took her hand in his. There was a diamond ring on one finger, and he said;—'My mother advised me to take any jewel that came in my way.' 'Take it and welcome,' said she.

"The owner of the tent soon returned, and asked the lady,—'Who had been there?' He had seen the marks of the horses-shoes. 'A man of strange manners,' said she, and she related all he had done. Did he offer any insult to you?' said he. 'By no means.' 'You are not speaking the truth; and I shall not lie two nights on the same bed till I avenge this injury.'

"Peredur rode on to Caerleon, but just before he arrived at the court, a knight had entered the hall—snatched the goblet of wine that was being presented by an attendant to Queen Gwennivar, and flung it over her face and bosom. 'If anyone resents this,' said he, 'let him follow me into the park.'

"No one stirred: they feared he was a magician; a simple knight would not have the hardihood. Just

then Peredur entered, and rode his bay cart-horse through the entire length of the hall. 'Tell me, big man,' said he to Kai, 'where is Arthur? I want to be made a knight.' 'A light-armed one,' said Kai. There were in the court a dwarf and his wife, who had been under Arthur's protection for a year without addressing a single word to any one. Now the little man cried out, 'God guard you, Fair Peredur, son of Evrok, chief of warriors, and flower of cavaliers!'

"'What!' said Kai; 'you have not addressed a civil word to any of us for a year, and now you hail this unknown person. Let this drive some judgment into your head,' and he levelled the poor dwarf with a blow of his fist. But that did not prevent the little wife from crying, 'God guard you, fair Peredur, son of Evrok, chief of warriors, and flower of cavaliers!'

"'Ha!' said Kai, 'are you as impudent as your husband,' and he gave her such a kick as left her senseless.

"'Big man,' said Peredur, 'tell me, where is Arthur?'

"'Follow that man who went out just now; recover the cup; take his horse and arms, and then you will be created a cavalier.'

"'I will do that, big man,' said he; and he rode out.

"He and the uncourteous knight held but a short parley till he got a spear thrust in between shoulder and neck. He returned it by driving a javelin, hardened in the fire, through the eye of his enemy, and killing him on the spot.

"'You were unwise, Kai,' said Owen, son of Urien, 'to send that simpleton out to fight the arrogant man. Whether he is killed or vanquished, it will be a dishonour to us. I will go and see what has occurred.'

"He found Peredur striving in vain to loosen the armour of the insolent knight. He assisted him, and then helped to arm him at all points.

"'Come with me, now,' said he, 'and receive knighthood from Arthur's hands.'

"'Nay,' said he, 'I must do more worthy things yet. Give this cup to Queen Gwennivar; and tell the King, when I have done brave deeds



and punished the big man for his treatment of the dwarfs, I shall ask knighthood at his hand.'

"Owen delivered his message to the King and Queen, and Kai, but the last did not give welcome to his share.

"Peredur met on his route an armed knight, who asked him whence he came. 'From Arthur's Court.' 'I detest himself and his knights, and have killed as many of them as I have encountered.' 'Then I'll give you another opportunity.'

"But he was not able to use it, for at the first shock he was flung out of the saddle. 'Quarter!' cried he.

"'You shall have that,' cried Peredur, 'on your promise to appear before Arthur; and say I have vanquished you in his honour, and that I shall vanquish more, as well as the big man, before I return to his court.'

"The knight did as he was ordered, and Kai was again disturbed by the threat; and in the course of a week sixteen other defeated knights came to the court, and Arthur was much pleased with Peredur, but very wroth with Kai.

"In his wandering, Peredur came to a castle, with a lake on one side. On entering he found a venerable old chief, seated near the fire on a red silk cushion, and all the attendants stood up to disarm Peredur; and when dinner was ready they all sat down, and the stranger was well entertained.

"When it was over, the chief asked Peredur if he was skilful with the sword. 'I shall be,' said he, 'when I am taught.' Then two sons of the chief, one with fair, the other with brown hair, took basket-sticks and bucklers, and played at stroke and ward. 'Which of these is the abler swordsman?' said the chief. 'I think, if the fair youth put forth his strength, he would soon draw blood.' 'Take the arms of the darker boy, and try your skill.'

"He did so, and after a few strokes the eye-brow of the fair youth was spilling blood.'

"'You will,' said the chief, 'be in time the best swordsman in Britain. I, your uncle by the mother's side, declare it to you. I will confer

knighthood on you at the fit time. Observe this precept: if you see anything very extraordinary, ask no explanation. If it is not given to you, let the blame rest on me.'

"The next evening he was entertained at another castle by its venerable chief in the same way; and when dinner was done, he asked him was he able at sword play. 'I shall be,' said he, 'when I am taught.'

"'Take this sword, and strike that iron hook fastened to the pavement. He did so, and the thick hook was broken in two, as well as the sword. 'Weld the pieces now together;' he did so. 'Strike again;' he struck the hook asunder, and welded it and the sword again; but the third time he was unable to weld the pieces. 'You will,' said the chief, 'be in time the best swordsman in Britain.' I am the brother of the chief who entertained you last night, and of your mother.'

"While they were discoursing, two young men entered the hall, bearing a long lance, and from its point fell three drops of blood. All in the room began at the moment to sob and cry; but the chief continued to talk with Peredur, and as he gave no explanation, Peredur asked for none.

"When the lamentations ceased, two damsels entered, bearing a basin full of blood, in which floated a man's head. Hereon the cries and groans were redoubled; they ceased at last, and all retired to rest.

"Peredur took leave of his uncle next morning, and went on his way. Entering a forest, he heard dismal cries; and advancing a little, he found a woman endeavouring to lift the corpse of her husband to the saddle of his steed. He found she was his foster-sister, and that her husband had been just slain by a knight. He helped her to inter the body, and then sought out and defeated the knight.

"He asked his life, and Peredur granted it on condition that he marry the woman whom he had made a widow, and proceed to King Arthur's court, and give his compliments to King and Queen, and his promise to return, when he had punished the big man for his behaviour to the dwarfs. Renewed displeasure fell on Kai, and Arthur

said he would traverse all Britain, for the satisfaction of seeing the combat between Kai and Peredur.

"The hero went on, till at the fall of the day he approached a sad-looking castle with high weeds growing up to the very door. A tall, thin young man, with dark hair, opened the door, and in the hall he found eighteen other young men, all seeming the same age and size of the youth who had admitted him, but all had red hair.

"In a short time five damsels came in, and Peredur had never seen any lady to exceed their mistress in grace or beauty, but her clothing was old and faded.

"For dinner, they had only a couple of loaves, and a jar of wine, which a religious woman brought in and laid on the table. The lady would have served Peredur first, and given him the largest share; but he stood up, and divided the bread and wine equally among all.

"When the meal was over, Peredur asked for information about the state of things in the castle, and the lady gave it.

"Her father had owned the country round and the castle, and while he lived a neighbouring count would have her to be his wife, but she would not marry him—and her father left her to her own discretion. After his death the count took all her lands from her, because she would not consent to be his wife; and then besieged her in her castle—where the valour of her eighteen foster-brothers kept him still on the outside. But now their provisions were all exhausted, and they were only kept alive by the religious of the neighbouring convent; and the last bread and wine which the good sisters could procure had just been consumed, and the count and his people were expected to storm the castle to-morrow.

"'To-morrow may bring good fortune,' said Peredur.

"At dawn trumpets were heard from the outside; and the trampling of steeds, and the clank of arms, made the cheeks of those inside pale enough. But Peredur was soon riveted and braced in his arms, and across the draw-bridge, and before an hour went by he had the ground strewn with disabled and dead men.

No one but a most valiant man would at last meet him, till the count, taking courage, tried his chance. He was soon helpless on the earth, nor let rise till he had given up her lands to the lady, and provisions for three hundred men, and three hundred horses for a year.

"Great joy now reigned in the castle; and Peredur remained with the inmates three weeks. It was much to the lady's sorrow when he took his leave, promising assistance whenever it was needed.

"Peredur's next exploit was to defeat the knight of the clearing, to convince him that his wife was innocent, and oblige him to receive her again into favour. One morning, soon after, as he was riding along a snow-covered valley, he saw a raven feeding on a slain teal. The plumage of the bird, the white of the snow, and the red of the blood, reminded him of the hair, the skin, and the colour of the cheeks of the lady of the foster-brothers, and he stood in a waking dream.

"Arthur and his knights were on the search for Peredur, and were now within sight of him, as he leaned on his long lance and gazed on the ground. A knight was sent to find out who he was, and what he was meditating on.

"After accosting him and waiting for some time for an answer, he struck him with his lance; but was immediately flung out of his saddle, and well stunned. He returned to the king, lamenting his bruises, and twenty-four other knights, who had no better manners, were served in the same way. At last, Kai spurred on to correct the morose knight, and get a satisfactory answer; but he accosted the meditative man so arrogantly, that he put the point of his spear under his iron chinband, and tossed him up in the air; and when he was suffering on the ground, he rode over him three times.

"The frightened steed fled back to Arthur's camp, and the knights who came to see the result of the adventure thought Kai was dead. They bore him back, and Morganeh soon brought him to his senses.

"Gwalchmai then got permission to try the temper of the silent

knight. He courteously accosted Peredur, presented him King Arthur's request to visit him, and expressed his wonder that he had treated his former messengers so roughly.

"Ah! that was because they accosted me in arrogant guise, while I meditated on the darkness of my love's hair, the whiteness of her skin, and the beautiful red of her cheeks. What's your name?"

"I am called Gwalchmai."

"Ah, let me embrace you! I am Peredur of the long spear, and will wait on the King when I have chastised the big man for his treatment of my friends, the poor dwarfs."

"You have done that already; he is the last you have tried your hands on, and his collar-bone is broken and his shoulder out of joint."

"Well, then, all my resentment is dead, and now to the king!"

"By the king he was warmly received, and feasted, and knighted; but Kai bore him much ill-will. After a few days all returned to Caerleon-on-Usk."

"The first day they were in Arthur's city, Peredur met the beautiful Angarad with the Golden Hand. 'By my faith, sister,' said he, 'You are a beautiful and amiable damsel. I shall love you to the end of my life.'

"I don't love you, and shall never love you,' said she.

"I'll never open my lips to a Christian,' said he, 'till you do,' and he went forth to seek adventures.

"Many adventures he achieved; but through keeping silence, and enduring hopeless love, and absence from Arthur's court, he grew pale and melancholy, and at last set out on his return. He was met by Gwalchmai, and Kai, and others; and because he would not answer any questions, Kai struck him on the thigh with his spear.

"He showed no resentment, and Gwalchmai complained to Arthur of Kai's arrogance. A strange knight just then presented himself in the park, with a general challenge to the knights, and unhorsed every warrior that came before him. The mute knight, as he was called, then ran a course with him, and flung him a dozen yards from his horse. Great attention was then

paid him, and even the damsel of the Golden Hand said to him—'If you could only speak, I would love you above all men; and even though you are dumb, I love you the same.'

"Blessed be these words!" said Peredur; 'now I can speak to Christians again.'

"Arthur was holding court at Caerleon-on-Usk, and in the middle of the hall, sitting on a velvet carpet, were Owen son of Urien, and Gwalchmai son of Guiar, and Hoel son of the prince of Armorica, and Peredur of the long lance.

"A young girl, with black curled hair entered the hall, mounted on a tawny mule, and holding leather thongs in her hand by way of whip. Her face and hands, were of the colour of tarred iron, her cheeks hanging, her face very long, her nose small, her nostrils large, one eye light-gray, the other brown, her teeth long, and the colour of the broom-blossom, her breast up to her chin, her back bowed, her legs long and bony, and thin, but feet and knees wonderfully large.

"She courteously saluted Arthur and his knights, all except Peredur, and to him she spoke in bitter anger. 'Peredur, I salute you not, for you are not worthy of it. You came to the court of the lame king; and you saw the youth bearing a lance, from whose point fell the three drops of blood, and you saw the gory head in the dish, and you asked for no explanation. If you had, you could have cured your uncle, and he would not now have lost his lands, nor be besieged in his castle, nor the wives of his knights be widows, nor their daughters undowered; and all this owing to your want of thought.' And she went forth on her tawny mule.

"So Peredur went forth in quest of the ill-favoured maiden and his uncle; and he wandered a year without finding either, and at last met a priest, who reproved him for being found on the highway, in arms and armour, on Good Friday. He excused himself, giving for cause his anxious twelve months' search. He went with the priest to his cell, and confessed, and heard mass on Easter-day, and again rode forth on Easter Monday.

"Now occurred the most danger-



ous part of Peredur's career in accomplishing the adventures of the Castle of Wonders; the slaying of the magic stag, and the encounter with the black warrior, who came forth from under a menhir or dallan mounted on a skeleton steed, and horse and man covered with rusty armour.

"At last he arrived at a castle which he recognised, and within was his lame uncle, and the youth with the fair hair, who before had borne the lance shedding blood drops. He related to Peredur how he had been present in the different encounters he had since his entry into the Castle of Wonders, and how they were the sorcerers of Kerlou, who had slain his (Peredur's) first cousin, and that the spear was the one by which he had been slain; and the head in the basin his head, and that now Peredur had showed himself able to meet the sorcerers, and revenge his cousin's death, and get his uncle healed and his lands restored.

"Gwalchmai and many of Arthur's knights were engaged with Peredur in his encounter with the sorcerers. After the slaughter of three knights by the magicians, Peredur became encouraged—he charged on the enemy like a furious bull on a fierce lion, and when the fray was at an end not one was left alive.

"When he saw his uncle freed from his enemies, and his lands restored, he and Gwalchmai and the rest returned to Caerleon, and of further adventures of the peerless simpleton, no more is said in this place."

#### THE LADY OF THE FOUNTAIN.

"The Emperor Arthur was at Caerleon-on-Usk. He was one day sitting in his chamber, and with him were Owen son of Urien, and Kai son of Kener, and Kenon son of Kledno; and Gwennivar and her ladies were employed at needlework near the window.

"There was no porter at Arthur's door, Gleouloued, the warrior with the broad hands, did the duty when he was in the way. He received strangers, explained the usages of the court, and introduced all such as were entitled to the honour into the presence of Arthur. He enter-

tained all who needed hospitality. In the middle of the room, the king sat on a chair of green rushes covered with yellow drugget, and resting against a cushion of red silk."

"'With your permission, gentle sir,' said he, 'I shall take a nap while dinner is preparing. You may amuse each other with stories, and Kai will bring in a jar of mead and some roast meat. Thereon the Emperor fell asleep, and Kenon, son of Kledno, requested Kai to do as he was directed.

"'I would prefer,' said Kai, 'first of all, to hear one of these fine stories which Arthur spoke of.'

"'Obey Arthur's orders at once,' said Kenon, 'and afterwards you must hear some of the finest stories we know.'

"So Kai betook himself to the kitchen and the cellar; and soon returned with a jar of mead, and a golden goblet, and a handful of skewers with pieces of roast meat on them, and they fell to eating the meat, and drinking the mead.

"'Now,' said Kai, 'tell me a story.'

"'Kenon,' said Owen, 'tell a story to Kai.'

"'You are old,' said Kenon, 'and you have seen extraordinary things. You tell a story much better than I do; so tell it yourself.'

"'No,' said Owen, 'you are the man. Go on, and let us hear the most wonderful story you recollect.'

"'Here goes,' said Kenon. 'My father and mother had no other child but me. I was full of ambition and self-confidence, and thought that there was no labour, no feat above my powers. So having accomplished every deed of honour which presented itself at home, I set out for the strange and barren land (Brittany). After wandering about some time, I came into the most lovely valley in the world. All the trees were of the same height; a river flowed along, a path went by the river. I followed this path till noon; I followed it till evening, and then entered on a wide plain. At the end of this plain was a castle surrounded by a sheet of water, and to this I directed my

horse's steps. As I went I was aware of two youths, with gold circlets round their head, yellow satin tunics on their bodies, and sandals fastened at the instep with buckles of gold. They had flowing fair hair, bows of ivory in their hands, and gilded darts tipped with peacock's feathers; and they amused themselves flinging at each other daggers with gold blades.

"At a short distance I spied a tall man, in the flower of his strength and beauty. His fair hair was long and flowing, his mantle and tunic were of yellow satin, fringed with gold, and his shoes of chequered leather were fastened at the instep with buckles of gold.

"He gave me the first salutation, and politely asked me into his castle, where I found all the family in one room—that is, twenty-four damsels, all embroidering on satin in the window-bow. I tell you, Kai, that the ugliest was fairer than the most beautiful young girl you ever saw, and the least graceful was more graceful than Queen Gwennivar herself, when she is present at mass at Easter or Yuletide.

"They all arose when we entered, six unarm'd me, and led my horse to his stall; six more cleansed my arms in a basin till they shone like sun or moon. The next six laid the table, and the last changed my dusty clothes for fresh ones, viz., a shirt and hose of fine linen, a tunic, and a mantle of yellow satin with gold fringe. And they brought out carpets and cushions of red cloth, which they placed under and around me, and I sat down.

"Then my host took his place at table. I sat by him, and the young women below me, except those who waited. The table was of pure silver, the cloth of the finest linen, and there was no vessel used but what was made of gold, of silver, or of buffalo horn.

"I have got as good food elsewhere, but was never so nicely served. Till the meal was half over not a word was spoken. But when the master saw I was more inclined to talk than eat, he asked me my name and what I was seeking; I answered that I was happy to find

that it was not forbidden to speak in his palace, and explained that I was searching through the world to find a more powerful champion than myself.

"'Rest here to-night,' said my host; arise with the dawn, and take that road which runs along the brow of the hill. It will lead you into a thick wood, and the first path you find turning to the right, opens after a while into a large clearing. On a mound in the centre of that clearing you will see a large dark-visaged man, with only one eye and one leg. No two of the strongest men on earth could lift his iron club. You will see a thousand wild animals grazing round him; he is master of the wood and of them. Ask him to point out the path which conducts out of the opening; he will inform you in a voice resembling the sound of a mighty bell set a-ringing, and that path will conduct you to what you are in search of.'

"At the dawn I was on the hill-side road which led to the wood; in the wood was the path, and at the end of it was the opening. It was not a thousand, but many thousands of wild beasts, which were in the wood, and the size and appearance of the shepherd was fearful to look on. Four strong men would find it hard to lift his iron club.

"I asked him what power he had over the creatures round him, and his answer came as it were from a mighty bell set a-jangling. 'I will show you that, little man,' were the words that came in thunder from between his teeth.

"He struck a mighty stag with his iron club, and he belled out in a loud ringing tone; and in a few seconds the green enclosure was filled with dragons, serpents, and every kind of animals on earth. Then he bellowed out, 'You see, little man, the power I possess over these savage beasts.'

"I inquired of him the way out, but before he answered, he asked what I was in search of. When he heard it, he said, 'Enter yonder path, which will conduct you up the woody ascent, and at its summit you will find a long, clear valley. In the centre of that valley is a tree

whose leaves cannot be matched in the world for their bright green. Beneath the tree is a fountain, and at its edge, a cup of gold resting on a marble stone. You fill the goblet with water, and pour it on this block, and then shall be heard an awful roar of thunder; and after the roar there will descend a fearful shower of hail, such as no one could support and live. Every leaf on the tree will be destroyed. Next the sky will clear, and a flight of birds descend among the branches, and make such melody as has never yet fallen on your ears. After a while lamentations will be heard in the valley, and a knight appear mounted on a dark horse. His coat will be black satin, and he will bear a black banderolle at the end of his lance. He will at once charge you, lance in rest, and if you retreat he will soon overtake you. If you meet him on horseback, you shall soon find yourself on foot; and if you survive the encounter, your present search is at an end.

"I found the tree and the fountain, and after spilling the water on the slab, such a shower of hail fell on me as I thought I could not outlive. However, with my shield and my cloak, I sheltered my horse as well as I could. When the hail-storm ceased, and the birds made the melody among the branches, I thought I was in paradise; but soon a lamentable voice was heard, asking why I had brought on that storm, and what the speaker had done that all his men and beasts, who had met it uncovered, should now be stretched on the ground.

"There was the black knight, rushing on me at full speed. I spurred my horse and met him as I might; but at the first shock I was dismounted, and left helpless. The black knight put the end of his lance into the bridle of my steed, and rode away, without even casting a glance at me. I returned through the clearing, and wonder how I outlived the scornful gibing of the big man. I reached the castle of my late host, was hospitably entertained, and asked no questions. Next morning I was mounted on a deep-bay steed, whose nostrils were as red as scarlet. I

returned to the court, and since that time, I have been silent on my adventure. I further declare that I have found no one to say he had tried it.'

"Just as he had finished the narrative of his unsuccessful adventure, Arthur awoke, and asked if he had slept long. 'Tolerably long, sire,' said Owen.

"Is it time to dine?' said the king. 'It is time,' said Owen. The sound of the horn was heard, Arthur washed his hands, and he and his court took their places at the table.

"The next morning Owen arose betimes, armed himself, and mounted his war steed. He directed his route towards the distant land and the desert mountains, and found the valley described by Kenon. He rode along the path by the river, till it ended in the plain; and in the plain he recognised the chateau. As he advanced he encountered the children playing with the daggers, and near them the majestic man with fair hair,—the owner of the castle.

"He cordially saluted Owen and brought him in, and he found the twenty-four maidens still more lovely than Kenon had described, and they performed the same service for him. When dinner was half over the same discourse ensued, and the same things followed one another, from the directions of the gigantic man to the singing of the birds, the lamentations, and the assault by the black knight."

"Stern was the shock of the two warriors,—so stern that their spears went in splinters, and they glared at each other like two lions about to spring on each other. They drew their heavy glaives, but the first stroke given by Owen cut through the crest, the helm, and the mailhood of the dark man, and shored away to the very brain.

"Feeling himself hurt to death, he wheeled his charger and fled. After him pursued Owen, but within sword-stroke he could not come. Before them rose a strong castle, with the gate open and the portcullis raised. In rushed the dark man and his steed; in rushed Owen—but the portcullis descending at the moment, cut through his



destrier behind the saddle. Outside lay one half of the poor beast, and within were Owen and the other half, with 'the inner gate closed in front, and the portcullis let down behind.

"Through the inner gate he beheld a fair street and lofty houses on each side, and in a little while a fair damsel approached, and requested him to let her through. Her golden hair fell in rich waves and ringlets; a gold band encircled her head; her robe was yellow silk fringed with gold, and her buskins were of embroidered leather.

"'Alas, fair damsel!' said Owen, 'I can neither let you through, nor pass out myself.' 'They will be here on you immediately to slay you,' said she; 'but as you are the most valiant of knights, the truest of friends, and the most faithful of lovers, I shall befriend you. Place this ring on your finger, turn the signet inwards, and when the black knight's people come to slay you, you will be invisible to them and every one, even to me. Walk out through the open gate, and lay your hand on my arm, and follow me to my house.'

"It all turned out as she thus arranged. The Castellan's people opened the inner gate, and were filled with rage on not finding Owen. He slipped through, touched the maiden on the shoulder, and followed her to her home.

"She attended him, and let him to meat, even as they had done at the castle of the fair-haired lord. While he was yet at dinner he heard a great and mournful noise. 'What is that?' said he to the maiden.

"'They are bearing the Holy Viaticum to the dying lord,' said she.

"The bed prepared for Owen was worthy to receive King Arthur himself. At midnight he was awakened with groans and cries. 'What is the cause of these lamentations?' said he.

"'The lord of the castle has just expired,' said the youth who slept on the door-mat.

"At the dawn Owen was again awaked by cries and groans, and the tramp of horses, and the measured tread of men, and he asked the cause.

"Said the young maid, who was then entering, 'They are bearing the body of the lord to his tomb.'

"Owen went to the window, and gazed on the long convoy of warriors, of nobles, and of priests. In the centre was carried the body of the knight, and around it were borne torches, and no one of the bearers was of rank below a baron.

"Behind came a noble-looking dame, whose dishevelled hair fell in disorder round her shoulders. Her robe of yellow satin was torn in sundry places, her feet were encased in embroidered slippers, and it was wonderful that her fingers were not broken, so hard did she strike her hands together. Her cries were heard above the voices of the men, and the sound of the trumpets.

"'Who is that lady?' said Owen to the maiden. 'That,' said she, 'is my mistress and the most beautiful, the most chaste, the wisest and the most generous, under the sun. She is called the "Lady of the Fountain." She is the widow of the lord you have slain.'

"I vow,' said Owen, 'that I love her alone of womankind, and shall love her to death.'

"'It is of no use,' said the damsel, 'for she neither loves, nor will love you, little or much.'

"'The trial must be made,' said Owen.

"So the damsel kindled the fire, and heated water. She filled a silver basin with this water out of an ivory goblet. She then put a fine towel round Owen's neck, and shaved him with a gold-incrusted razor. She then wiped his head and neck with the towel, and he never enjoyed breakfast so much as the one she laid before him.

"'Take your rest now,' said she. 'I am going to break ground for you with my lady.'

"Luned, for that was the maiden's name, then entered the castle, and found every thing desolate. She went into her lady's chamber, but she continued her lamentations, and would not speak to her. She then went on her knees, and asked her why she treated her faithful handmaid so coldly. 'I am much displeased with you,' said she. 'Why have you stayed away from

me in my sorrow ? ' You are much to blame for your excessive grief, even for so brave a man ! ' ' Alas, where shall I ever find one equal to him in prowess ? ' ' There are some equal, if not superior. ' ' Begone from my presence. ' I would have your head from your shoulders, only that you have eaten my bread. ' ' I will never come before you again till I am sent for. '

' But she was not at the end of the passage when the lady was outside of her door. She coughed, and Luned returned.

' ' You are very froward to-day ; but if you know of any thing needful to be done, say on. '

' ' You are left with rough men to command, and need a tried warrior to keep them in order. If the adventure of the fountain be achieved, you will lose castle and lands. No one is equal to these two duties but one of the most renowned men living. These can only be found in Arthur's court, and thither go if you prevent me not. '

' ' I confide in your love and faith. Do what seems good in your eyes. '

' Luned returned to her house, and when sufficient time had passed for her journey to Caerleon and back, she again presented herself before her lady, and told her that the most renowned warrior in the isle of Britain was waiting her commands. ' Come with him to-morrow, ' said she, ' at mid-day. '

' So Owen arrayed himself in a robe and mantle of yellow satin, and his embroidered sandals were secured on his instep with lions' claws in gold. The lady gave both a courteous welcome. Then she looked steadfastly at the champion, and said, ' You have no marks about you of a long journey. You must be the knight that slew my late lord. '

' ' If he had not been a better warrior, ' said Luned, ' he could not have done it ; the past cannot be recalled. '

' ' I must hold a council on this matter, ' said the lady. ' Withdraw for the present. '

' So she called her warriors together, and said : ' A chief is needful to rule my castle and lands, and guard the fountain. If none of you find himself equal to the office,

I shall send for one of king Arthur's chiefs. '

' No one present felt himself equal to the dangers of the situation, and in proper time they were assembled again and Owen presented to them. Bishops and archbishops were summoned, and the marriage celebrated. Owen kept the knights and chiefs in order, and vanquished every one who essayed the adventure of the fountain. Of each he exacted a ransom proportioned to his state, and distributed it among his people and his fighting-men, and thus won honour and love. And so three years went by. '

' One day as Arthur was walking in the park with Gwalchmai (Sir Gavain) he appeared deeply dejected, and when asked by Gwalchmai wherefore, he answered.—' It is now three years since Owen departed, and I am grieved to heart for his loss. If another year go by without his return, I shall die of grief. It was the story of Kenon which brought this desolation on us ! ' ' What is to prevent us, ' said Gwalchmai, ' from going in quest of him ? Kenon can put us on the track. '

' Gwalchmai's advice was taken. Arthur and three hundred of his warriors, guided by Kenon, found the valley, and were entertained by the Chief of the Fair Hair at his castle, and the twenty-four maidens were as attentive to the new visitors as they had been to Kenon and Owen, and the giant on the mound as mighty and fierce-looking ; and at last all were camped round the magic fountain. Kai, the seneschal, asked for the encounter with the black knight, and it was granted. He spilled water on the marble block, and the hailstorm that followed killed several of the company. '

' But while they were enjoying the sunshine that came after the pelting hail, and the heavenly songs of the birds, they became aware of the black knight rushing on at full speed. Kai met him with spear in rest, but was hurled to the ground at the first shock. The knight then entered his tent, and Arthur and his warriors entered theirs, and the night went by and morning came.

' Kai asked for another trial, and it was granted ; but this time the

spear's point pierced his helmet, and ploughed his head, leaving the scull bare the breadth of the spear head. Every knight in Arthur's company was dismounted, one after the other, by the black knight, except the King himself and Gwalchmai.

"Then Arthur was arming himself for the combat, but Gwalchmai begged permission to try his chance before him, and it was granted."

"Owen and Gwalchmai fought the length of a whole day, and neither prevailed over the other. They took stronger lances on the next day; and neither at the lance's brunt nor the glaive-stroke was either able to gain advantage. The sparks struck from their arms would have made day of the darkest night. At last a stroke from Owen loosed Gwalchmai's visor, and he recognised his dear companion."

"'Alas, I knew you not, dear comrade,' said Owen. 'Here, take my arms and armour.' 'By no means, dear Owen,' answered Gwalchmai. 'Here I surrender my sword as a vanquished man.' 'But here Arthur, who had heard them conversing, drew near, and Gwalchmai cried to him, 'Behold Owen, whom we have sought! he has vanquished me, and yet will not accept my arms.' 'Nay,' said Owen, 'he has overcome me, and yet will not take my sword.'"

"'Give me your weapons,' said Arthur. 'Neither is the victor, neither is the vanquished.'"

"Owen flung his arms round the King, then round his brother in arms, and such was the rush to embrace him that he was in danger of his life."

"That night they rested in their tents; the next morning Owen said to Arthur, 'Sir, I expected this visit, and have been for three years preparing a feast for you and my brother knights. Come to my castle, and let us make good cheer. Arthur consented; the Lady of the Fountain gave all a hearty welcome; and the provisions held out for three months."

"At the end of that time, Arthur requested the dame of the castle to allow her husband to return with him into the isle of Britain for three months. She allowed him to do so, but with a heavy heart; and Owen

when he found himself among his companions in his old home, forgot fountain, castle, estate, and wife, and the three months lengthened to three years."

"One day, as Owen was sitting at table in Caerleon on the Usk, a damsel clad in yellow, and mounted on a bay steed, with waving mane besprinkled with foam, approached. The part of the saddle that was visible was of pure gold. She came nigh to Owen, and snatched the wedding-ring from his finger, and said, 'Thus should it be done to a deceiver, an infidel, a varlet, a man without beard!' She then turned her steed, and rode out of the hall."

"His memory returned in a moment to Owen, and he fell into a mortal sadness. After dinner he returned to his lodgings, and early next morning he set out for the strange land, and began to wander among the deserts and the hills."

"And while he strayed at random, his clothes became torn and used out, his body meagre and covered with hair; and at last he was so weak that he lay down by the edge of a lake in a park, and hoped death would come to his relief."

"This park belonged to a widow lady, who happened to walk that way with her maids soon after. They thought the man was dead, but when the lady saw he was still in life, she went home, got a steed saddled in all haste, and sent her most faithful attendant with a flask of precious balsam, which she was to rub over the heart of the dying man. She also carried with her clothes in which he might array himself if he revived. The damsel, in her flurry, did not content herself with rubbing Owen's breast; she spilled it all over his body, and withdrew to a little distance, first laying the clothes on the saddle."

"After a little while Owen stretched out his arms, opened his eyes, and got into a sitting posture. He asked the damsel where he was, and learend that it was the park of a widow lady, from whom two estates had been taken by a neighbouring baron, and nothing left her but her castle and park. 'It is a sad story!' said Owen."



‘He put on the clothes, and proceeded to the castle with the damsel, who brought him into a fine room and gave him a good dinner. She then went to the lady, and returned the flask. ‘What have you done with all the balsam?’ said she. ‘Poured it on the body of the dying man.’ ‘Oh, extravagant girl, to waste a hundred and forty livres’ worth of balsam, when a small quantity would have done. However, take care of him as he is under my roof till his strength returns.’

“In three months Owen’s strength returned, and the long black hair fell from his body and limbs. One day he heard outcries, and the clash of arms and armour. ‘What is that?’ said he to the damsel. ‘The baron who has come to take the very castle from my lady.’ ‘Do you think you could provide me with a war-horse and suitable armour?’ ‘I shall try,’ said she.

“She comes to the lady: ‘Could you provide the strange knight with a good battle-steed and arms and armour?’ ‘Certainly; but what can he do with them?’ ‘However, he must get them; if he did not, the baron would have them to-morrow.’

“Owen armed himself, mounted, ordered the drawbridge to be lowered, and left instructions with the guard. With spear set upright, he rode quietly towards the spot where the baron had taken his stand. No one barred his passage till he was beside the chief, as he gave out that he was come to treat of the surrender of the castle. He had not, however, spoken twenty words, when, seizing the baron round the body, he flung him on the saddle before him, and urging his horse to the utmost speed, he was on the drawbridge, and into the court, and had the portcullis lowered before anything could be done to prevent the exploit. ‘There, lady,’ said he, ‘is the worth of your flask of precious balsam.’

“Before Owen left the castle, he saw the lands of the lady restored, much gold and silver paid for the baron’s ransom, and hostages delivered. The lady and her atten-

dants lamented his departure, but he determined to punish himself by labours and fasting for his three years’ sins.

“As he rode through a wood he heard mighty roars, and coming near the spot whence they proceeded, he saw a lion endeavouring to rush out of a cave; but a huge serpent darted at him from a crevice in the side of the entrance, every time he attempted to pass. Owen drew his sword, and smote the serpent’s head from his body, the next time he darted out, and the lion sprung forth in joy and gambolled about the horse and his rider.

“In the evening, when Owen made his night fire, the lion brought him much dry wood, and soon after a fat roebuck, the greater part of which was given to himself for his supper by his new master. While Owen was roasting his own portion on wooden spits, he heard a horse’s tramp, and looking up he beheld a damsel ready to drop from the saddle with fatigue.

“He carefully lifted her down, placed a block for her to sit on, and when the venison was roasted invited her to share his meal. She showed much gratitude, and when supper was over she told him about herself and her business.

“I am the most trusted of all the damsels who attend on the ‘Lady of the Fountain,’ whom I suppose you have heard mentioned. (Owen started). Her husband has now been away for more than three years, and her warriors have insisted on her wedding the chief among them, in order that the lands and the fountain may be guarded. She consented, provided that Owen her husband could not be found, or would not appear a quarter of a year thence. I left her on that same day, and am now returning from Arthur’s court, where no one has seen Owen for many months. The day after to-morrow is the one appointed for his appearance, and I am returning with sorrow at my heart.’ ‘What thank you will the lady do, as Owen is not likely to appear?’ ‘She will suffer banishment or any evil, rather than marry another.’ ‘Well, I am curious to see what will take place; and if

you allow, I will accompany you to the castle.'

"The next day they rode on, but were still some leagues short of the castle when dark night came round them. They were entertained at a castle, which happened to be at hand, and the lion was admitted on Owen engaging for his harmlessness. The lord and lady, and their young daughter seemed sunk in grief, and the visitors found that a dreadful giant had captured the two sons of the family, and would put them to death outside the moat next morning, if their sister was not given up to him. 'And what will you do?' said Owen. 'Defend my child's honour, while I can wield sword or cast spear,' said the castellan. 'Your resolve is just,' said Owen.

"At early morn the monster was outside the moat, roaring in tones of hell for his prey to be delivered to him. The two young men were lying bound on the grass. Owen ordered the gates to be opened, and drawbridge lowered, and he and the giant were soon engaged in fierce conflict. Alas, his full prowess had not returned to the knight, and he would soon have sunk under the giant's blows. But the lion had found his way to the parapet of the court-yard wall, and seeing his master's danger, he made a mighty bound, and falling on the giant's shoulder, he tore his body open from his neck to his hip, and with a roar that shook the castle wall, he tumbled headlong into the moat.

"Great beyond description was the joy with all the inmates of the castle, and earnest were the entreaties that Owen and his company would remain with them, but they could not stay. After a hasty breakfast, the three set off to the castle of the 'Lady of the Fountain,' and arrived in the great courtyard, just as she had refused to wed the rebel knight, and was preparing to quit her possessions.

"Great amaze were on all at the view of the knight, the damsel, and the lion, pushing on into the middle of the assembly. A large space was indeed left on either side. Luned sprung from her steed, embraced her lady, and cried out, 'Here is a noble knight prepared to defend the cause of Owen, and the

'Lady of the Fountain' against all gainsayers.' 'We yield to Owen in person,' said the false knight, 'and to none other.' 'Then lower your arms, and do homage to the Lady of the Fountain and her Lord,' said the knight, raising his visor; and joy or terror seized on every one, for all recognised the noble features of Owen. 'An impostor!' cried the felon knight. 'To my aid, my friends!' but he had scarcely advanced two paces when the lion with a spring dashed him on the ground. Those who would have aided him were overawed by the sight of the furious animal and the terrible knight whom he served. Shouts of joy arose from all as the lady was pressed to the heart of her penitent lord. She never more had cause to complain of forgetfulness or neglect. After a while, Owen and his lady, and the most valued of their followers, Luned in chief, repaired to Arthur's court, and rejoicings were held in their honour for three months."

#### THE KNIGHT OF THE FALCON.

"This is how they relate the history of Gherent, son of Erbin.

"Arthur held open court at Caerleon-on-Usk, seven times at Easter, and five times at Christmas.

"And while the court was held thirteen churches were open, and in the first, mass was attended by Arthur and the kings, his guests; in the second by the Queen Gwennivar and her ladies; in the third by the Major-domo and his people; in the fourth &c., &c."

"Gleoloued of the Large Hand, acted as porter when kings or great chiefs made their entrance. But neither he nor his helpers ever kept any one outside when feasting was going on within.

"One day Madoc, son of Tourgadarn the Chief, presented himself before Arthur. 'What's your news?' said the king. 'Sire, a strange stag of milk-white colour, has appeared in the forest. He consorts not with his fellows. I come to learn your will with regard to him.' 'Let the court assemble at sunrise tomorrow,' said the king, 'and chase be given to the white stag.' 'Is it your pleasure,' said Gwalchmai,

'that whoever brings the stag to bay, may cut off his head, and present it to his own love, or the love of any other whom he desires to honour?' 'It is my pleasure,' said the king. So the evening passed away in gaiety, the hour for rest arrived, and at dawn every one was ready but the queen. She did not awake, and Arthur would not let her be disturbed.

"When all were on the move the sound of the bugles awoke her. She got herself dressed, and she and a damsel attendant mounted on their steeds and followed the party.

"They crossed the Usk, and were on the traces of their people, when they heard a horse's tramp, and looking in the direction, they saw a noble-looking youth approaching. His hair was long, his mantle of satin, his shoes were of fine leather, and his blue scarf bore at each end an apple of gold. 'Good day, Gherent,' said the queen. 'Why are you not at the chase with your lord? I overslept myself.' 'And I,' said he, 'did not know the hour of commencing.'

"As they spoke they saw approaching a large bodied knight, whose horse as well as himself was covered with heavy armour. Near him rode a dame on a white palfrey, and after them came a dwarf, mounted on a strong horse covered with foam.

"'Go,' said Gwennivar to her damsel, 'and inquire the names of the knight and the lady.' She did so, but he would not tell her. 'I shall then ask the knight himself,' said she. 'You are of too low a rank to accost him,' said he standing in her way, and as she still moved towards the knight, he struck her across the face with his whip. She returned to her company, uttering bitter cries, and Gherent rode forward in anger to find out the information for the queen. The same thing took place, and Gherent put his hand to his sword, but recollected in time that it would be a disgrace to touch the creature with it. Being unarmed, he did not question the knight, but returned to the queen and the damsel.

"'You showed proper caution in this matter,' said the queen. 'Give me your opinion, lady,' said he,

to-morrow after noon. And now excuse my attendance. I follow the knight, and lady, and dwarf.'

"These passed the Usk and up an ascent, and into a city, and the inhabitants received them with acclamations, and they entered the castle at the upper end of the long street, and the crowd of welcomers was so great that some were nearly killed in the press. Every one in the long street was preparing or cleaning arms. Gherent did not see a face which he had ever looked on before, and no one would lend or give him a strong suit of armour.

"He left the city in the evening, and was received in a ruinous palace, on a neighbouring hill, by a noble chief in ragged clothes. His noble-looking and once-beautiful wife was in threadbare clothing, and the veil of their daughter Enit was frayed in more than one place. The damsel looked after Gherent's steed, and then went into the city to purchase food and liquor for his supper.

"When they had supped, Gherent begged the old knight to tell him who had built that castle, and whatever he pleased about himself. 'I built it,' said Enioul (that was the chief's name). 'That city and its castle, and two other cantons, belonged to me. I was guardian to a nephew, and when he came of age I would not deliver him his inheritance. He made war on me, and not only recovered his own, but deprived me of my estates. This ruin is all I own at present.' 'Thanks! and now can you tell me who are the knight, the dame, and the dwarf, who entered the city and the castle to-day?'

"'The young count, my nephew, to whom now belongs the city and castle, has established games held in the city park, which are thus played out. Two forks are set upright bearing a rod of silver between them. On this rod is perched a falcon, and the successful knight in the jousts obtains him for prize. The knight you saw pass through the city, and on to the castle, has won it the last year, and the year before. If he wins it to-morrow, it is to be sent to his castle every year. Every knight entering the lists must have a lady, into whose hands



he delivers the falcon when won. To-morrow, this knight's lady-love will lay her hand on the falcon, and he will thus address her. 'Last year, and the year before, you gained the falcon. You shall gain it this year, let my opponent be who he may.' 'Allow your fair daughter, oh gentle knight, to be my lady to-morrow at the games. I must needs punish this knight for an offence given to Queen Gwennivar's damsel and to myself. If I conquer, she shall have my love while life lasts. If I fail, I shall give her no further trouble.' The young lady trembled and blushed, but the request was granted. The four proceeded to the meadow next day. Gherent in a suit of armour belonging to his host, strong, but rusty and old-fashioned.

"When all was ready, the unknown knight requested his lady to lay her hand on the falcon, and began to pronounce her its mistress, but Gherent broke in. 'Here is a lady more fair, more noble, and more virtuous than thine. I desire the combat with thee in her honour.' Then began the splintering of lances, and the rage of the knight at finding any one able to stand before him. Several lances were broken, and he at last cried out to the dwarf to hand him his weapon of power. At the same time Enioul presented Gherent a strong lance, which had never failed himself.

"In the next course Gherent put forth all his power, and in the terrible shock down went his foeman, and down went his horse. Then sprung Gherent from his steed, and with sword and buckler a deadly strife went on. The old chief fancying he saw a weakness coming over Gherent, shouted to him, 'Remember the insult offered to your queen.' The words gave him the strength of two knights, and one ponderous blow of his heavy sword cut the crest and helm of his enemy asunder, and nearly to the brain itself, and he lay helpless on the sod. 'Do you prefer death,' said Gherent, 'rather than appear at Arthur's Court, and crave pardon of Queen Gwennivar and her damsels?' 'I prefer to offer an apology.' 'Next reveal your name and parentage?' 'I am Edeirn, son of Nuz, unconquered to this day.'

"'Edeirn, son of Nuz, go and loyally perform what I have desired,' and Edeirn, and his lady, and his dwarf, went sorrowfully on their journey.

"That night there was high festival in the ruined castle of Count Enioul, and thither came the count, his nephew, now lord of the city and the castle. He sent rich suits to his relatives, but Gherent would not hear of Enit's change of raiment till she would be attired by the hands of Queen Gwennivar herself. He also said that it would not be his fault if Count Enioul were not reinstated once more in his lands and castles. Then said the young count, 'I am so well disposed towards you, O Gherent, that I here appoint you arbitrator between my uncle and myself.' 'Then' said Gherent, 'keep all the lands and other property which are really your own, and restore to Count Enioul all of which you have deprived him.' 'I agree,' said he.

"The rest of that evening was full of joy and gladness, the next day Gherent and Enit proceeded to Caerleon. We return to Arthur.

"The dogs of the king excelled in speed and strength the dogs of the other kings and chiefs that day, and Arthur was next the stag when brought to bay, and took off his head; and great were the disputes among the company on their return about the lady to whom he would make the offering.

"Gwennivar met the hunters as they were returning, and when she and Arthur heard of the disputes about the head of the stag, she begged him to do nothing till the return of Gherent, son of Erbin, and she told him the adventure on which the hero had gone. 'Nothing more just,' said Arthur.

"Next day the sentinels placed on the walls by the queen to watch the return of Gherent, beheld approaching a miserable dwarf perched on a high steed, a dame or damsel on another, and that followed by a third bearing a tall knight, almost bent in two by suffering. Shortly the porter presented himself to the queen, and announced the arrival of a knight in a miserable condition. This knight

prays leave to come into your presence,' said he.

"Gwennivar went to the door, and there stood the knight, his armour broken to pieces, and all about him covered with blood. 'Gherent salutes you by me, noble dame,' said he. 'He has worsted me in combat, and ordered me to place myself at your disposal, for the insult offered to your damsel.'

"Just then Arthur entered the room, and looked steadily on him. 'Art thou not,' said he, 'Edeirn, son of Nuz?' He bowed, and the king, after hearing the story, said to the queen, 'I think you had better pardon the offender; he is already well punished. Let Morganheed, our physician, use his skill on him. If he die, all claims are discharged; if he live, he will recompense you by loyal services. I will be his surety.' 'And I,' said Caradoc, son of Lear; 'And I,' said Gwalloc, son of Lennoc; 'And I,' said Owen; 'And I,' said Gwalchmai.

"The next day the sentinels beheld Gherent approaching the palace, and with him a damsel, clad in a simple white robe. The sentinels acquainted Gleouloued of the Broad Hand, and he announced the glad news to the king and queen, and it was a strife among the knights and dames who should show most love and honour. And Gwennivar assisted her damsels in attiring Enit in courtly garments, and there was little delay till she was given to Gherent as his wife, and Arthur presented her next day with the trophy he had won in the chase, and Gherent ever after valued more the stag than any beast of the field or the forest.

"After some time spent in feasting, in tournaments, and in the chase, a summons came to Gherent from his father Erbin, King of Cornwall, pressing his return home. He was becoming old and feeble, and his barons discontented, and a young and strong hand was required to rule them.

"So Gherent got unwilling permission from Arthur, and he and his bride were accompanied by Gwalchmai, son of Guiar; William, son of the King of France; Peredur (*Percival*), son of Evrok; *Riogonez*, son of the King of Ireland; and Edeirn,

son of Nuz, who was now restored to health; and many others.

"The father showed great joy on seeing him, and the barons and all the people were in delight for having so renowned a warrior for their king. One day was spent in bestowing gifts, another in receiving homage, and at three months' end, Gherent and Enit accompanied Arthur's knights as far as Deganvy, and there took a sorrowful leave of them.

"So for a time Gherent kept court as he had seen it in Caerleon, and warriors came from all parts, and jousting and feasting went on. Among all the heroes who presented themselves none could keep his seat before Owen's lance, nor his feet under his sword thrust.

"At last, finding that no knight would venture to meet him with sharp or blunted weapons, he fell into an idle way of life, and the greater part of the day was spent in the society of his wife, whom he tenderly loved. But his people began to murmur at being ruled by one who loved his ease so much, and they complained to his father. He spoke to Enit, and asked was it her will that her husband should be leading such an inactive life. 'It is entirely disagreeable to me,' said she, 'on account of the contempt it may bring on him. But how can I ask him to quit my love and my cares?'

"One summer's morning, as Gherent was in slumber at the edge of their bed, with his shoulders and breast uncovered, Enit looked admiringly on him, and said with tears in her eyes, 'Alas! am I the cause that these arms and that heart have lost the warlike renown which they had so well acquired!' and her tears fell on his breast.

"Between sleeping and waking he had heard her words, but he seized not the true sense. He fancied that she spoke of some other man whom she preferred to him. So he rose in anger, called his squire, bade him bring him his armour and saddle his horse. 'And thou, Enit,' said he, 'put on your best clothing, and accompany me, and thou shalt know before I return whether my old prowess has departed. If so, you will be at liberty to enjoy the society of the knight you feel so much concern about.' 'I do not understand your

speech, my lord,' said Enit. 'You do not choose to understand it,' said he.

"He went into his father, and said, 'I am going on a journey, and know not when I can return. Take care of thy kingdom till you see me again.' 'Why do you set forth so unexpectedly, and who accompanies you?' It is not prudent to traverse the lands of the Loegrians by yourself.' 'I take one companion only,' said Gherent.

"He mounted a strong horse, having first put on a suit of strange, heavy armour, bade Enit proceed before him, mounted on a palfrey, and never turn about to speak to him, whatever she might see or hear, unless he first addressed her; and in this guise they went on their way, which led through rough ground and by the haunts of robbers.

"As they went on, Enit saw four brigands approach, and heard one of them say, 'Here is a prize,—two steeds, a suit of armour, and a woman. Let us fall on' She thought to herself, 'I will not be silent; better die by his hand than see him slain, and myself a captive. Lord,' said she, turning round, 'do you not hear and see these wretches?' 'I ordered you to keep silence,' he said; 'but will not gratify you by my death.'

"So saying, he met the first assailant, broke his shield and armour, and passed his spear a cubit beyond his back. Even so he treated the second, the third, and the fourth. Then he coupled their steeds, fastened the suits of armour on the saddles, and bade Enit drive them before her, and not break silence again. 'I shall obey you as I may,' said she.

"Next they passed a wood, and out on a plain, where they met three armed cavaliers, who used words like those uttered by the four, and Enit warned her husband, and was ill thanked for her care. But he overthrew and slew the three brigands, and secured the armour, and directed Enit to drive on the seven steeds. He repeated his orders more angrily than before, but she disobeyed them when they were approached by five other marauders, and when these were slain she had in charge to follow a dozen beasts, and tremble for her disobedience.

"When night came, Gherent dis-

mounted, and slept on the ground in his armour, and Enit watched over him till the summer dawn came.

"A young boy, carrying breakfast to mowers, met them in the morning, and seeing their faint and wearied appearance, asked them to alight and refresh themselves. This they did, and next Gherent bade the young man go into the next town, and provide a lodging for himself and his wife, and a stable for his fourteen horses. 'Take for your own trouble,' said he, 'your choice, horse and suit of armour, among the lot.'

"The young man did so, and returned to his master the count, and told him how his morning had been employed. 'He must be a noble and generous knight,' said the count. 'Return and say to him I shall call and see him this afternoon.'

"Enit was lodged in the farthest part of the hostelry from her husband's chamber. He ordered her not to come nearer unless she was asked. When the count came in the evening he found a large company feasting at Gherent's expense. Having conversed with Gherent, and paid him compliments, he asked his permission to speak to his handmaid, whom he saw waiting among the other attendants. He got permission, and used it by requesting Enit to leave her lord and master, and come and live with him, not in servitude as he saw her then, but as mistress of his castle and all in it.

"She angrily refused. 'Well,' said he, 'it is an easy matter to me to slay your lord, and obtain you by force, and send you away when I please. Consent freely, and you shall be my companion for life.' She paused, and then answered, 'You must appear to take me against my will, and he returned gladly to table.

"In the still hours of the night she approached her husband's bed against his orders, and cried, 'The count will come and slay you, and make me his slave. Arise, and arm yourself, and let us be gone. Here is your armour.' 'You have disobeyed me,' said he; nevertheless he did her bidding. He called the master of the house and said, 'Put us on the high-road hence, and take the eleven horses and suits of armour



for the trouble I have given.' 'One horse and one suit of armour would sufficiently requite me,' said he.

"He brought forth their steeds, and thankfully put them on their way. They were not out of hearing, when they heard a clash of arms round the house, and saw the flashing of many torches; for the count and many of his armed followers had come to slay and make captive. Enit was still riding in advance, when the clatter of galloping horses was heard in the rear; but the wicked count and his followers were one by one hurled to the ground, where they were left dead or dying, and Gherent and Enit went on.

"The next remarkable things which lay in their way were a noble city on the side of a beautiful valley, a river, and a bridge by which the city was approached. This city belonged to *Yr Brenin Bychan* (Gaelic, *Au Righ beag*), "The Small King," who let no one pass through his lands without homage or a trial of skill in arms. Gherent found him the most dangerous foe he had ever encountered; but after the breaking of several lances on both sides, and dismounting, he brought the small champion to the ground by a furious blow, which broke his helmet and cut to the bone. He gave him quarter on receiving a promise of future assistance in every adventure where needed. The Little King, pitying the plight of Enit and the wearied and wounded knight, invited them to refreshment and repose in his palace; but Gherent refused. They rode on, and he was obliged to alight, as they passed through a forest, and take his rest under a tree. Enit rested at some distance under another. The armour of Gherent was all stained with his blood, and his limbs were stiff.

"In this state the sound of horns was heard, and soon there came by the major-domo of Arthur, the uncourteous Kai. Gherent, in answer to his inquiries, told him he was seeking adventures, and because he would not rise, and go with him into the king's presence, Kai challenged him to a course with spears. In this he was flung to earth, but Gherent knowing his opponent, did not proceed to do him further harm.

"Kai returned and incited Gwalch-

mai to pay a visit to the uncourteous knight of the forest, without telling his own mishap. But Gwalchmai, the true-souled, recognised his dear brother in arms, and besought him to come to the king, and take repose, and get his wounds healed. He also spoke kindly to the sorrowful lady. Gherent would not comply, but a messenger, privately sent by Gwalchmai, related his state to Arthur. The king came, and the unhappy knight did not dare to refuse him. He was unarmed, washed, and had his wounds dressed, and Morganheud attended him till he was perfectly healed. Enit was tended and soothed all the time by Gwennivar and her ladies.

"In a month Gherent took horse and arms again, and would not stay longer for any persuasion, and he made Enit precede him as before.

"As they rode on they heard sorrowful outcries, and coming to the spot whence they came, they found a noble-looking lady lamenting over the body of her dead lord. Gherent asked the cause of his death, and learned that he had been just slain by three brutal giants. He inquired which way they had taken, and ordering Enit to abide there till his return, he went on their traces. He came up with them, and slew two after a severe struggle, but was sorely bruised and wounded by the fierce blows of the third. He returned to Enit, but as he drew nigh he fell senseless from his steed.

"The lord of Limour came just then riding by, and found two women bitterly bewailing the loss of their lifeless husbands. He thought that the body of Gherent still showed signs of life, and had him conveyed to his castle on a litter. He took no care to preserve his life, and had the body laid out on a funeral bed in the hall, ordered meat to be served, and invited Enit to join him at the meal. This she refused, and continued to weep. He asked her to take some refreshment, but she said she would never touch food till Gherent would take it with her. He asked her to drink wine, but she said she would never again taste wine unless it were handed to her by Gherent. 'I see,' said he, 'that mildness has no effect; I'll try roughness,' and he gave her a violent

slap in the face. At this she uttered a piercing scream, and Gherent who had been gradually recovering his senses, sprung up at the sound, and collecting his force, he clove the lord to the hips with one blow of his sword. The guests at table fled in every direction.

"Now Gherent looked on the faded countenance of Enit, and was seized with remorse for his suspicions and harsh treatment of her. 'Where are our steeds, Enit?' said he. 'Yours is in the stable,' said she. 'I know not where mine is.' No matter," said he. He mounted and gently raised Enit, and placed her before him; and while she felt herself supported by his left arm she shed tears of joy. They found themselves followed by a body of men as evening approached, and they were proceeding between two hedges. Gherent placed Enit behind one of these hedges for safety; but as the foremost knight was rushing on her husband with spear in rest, she cried out, 'What glory can you get by conquering a dead man?' 'Oh!' cried the Little King, for it was he, 'this is my master, Gherent, the unconquerable. I have been on your traces, hearing of your danger. You two must come with me to the castle of a relation of mine which is at hand, and there you shall be well taken care of.'

"Gherent and Enit remained there for six weeks; happy time for both, as no shade hung between them. When Gherent had quite recovered, they proceeded to the city of the 'Little King,' Enit's palfrey stepping out between the war horses of the two chiefs. On their way Gherent tried the adventure of the enchanted enclosure, surrounded by thick fogs and a palisade as high as the sight could reach, and each surmounted by a human head. Within sat a lady on an enchanted chair, and when Gherent took his seat on a vacant chair opposite her, Count Owen challenged him to combat. Having unhorsed the magic Count, he obliged him to disperse the fog, and try the prowess of no other knight.

"After a sojourn with the Little King, Gherent and Enit returned to Cornwall, and since then his and her name have been rendered glorious by the peerless deeds which are here related."

From Chretien de Troyes, who lived in the second half of the 12th century, we have the French Chivalric versions of these three stories, under the titles of *Percival le Gallois*, *Le Chevalier au Lion*, and *Eric et Enide*. He also wrote *Guillaume d'Angleterre*, *Lancelot du Lac*, and *Cliget*.

## LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS OF IRELAND.

FROM A.D. 1189 TO 1870.

(86.) A.D. 1567.—ROBERT WESTON, DEAN OF THE ARCHES, was Fellow and Professor of All Souls' College, Oxford. His great abilities soon brought him under the notice of Queen Elizabeth, who after the passing of the Act of Uniformity, appointed him Commissioner for administering the required oaths to ecclesiastics. He was also consulted on the propriety of the Queen's Commission, granted on the 6th December, 1559, for the confirmation of Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, of whose court he was immediately appointed judge, with the title

of Dean of the Arches. In 1564, disputes having arisen between the subjects of the King of Spain and Queen of England, commissioners were appointed to consider the several matters in controversy. Dr. Weston was on that commission, and owing to his sagacity and prudence, many of the difficulties were smoothed, and a peaceful solution at length arrived at. In 1567, when the country was torn by the civil wars of Shane O'Neil, in the north, and of the Earl of Desmond in the south, Archbishop Curwen was Lord Chancellor, and

a more useless adviser in such a state of things the Lord Deputy, Sir Henry Sidney, could not well have; wearied by endless complaints, he applied to the Queen, and prayed of Her Majesty that a proper person might be sent over, one on whose advice he might depend. No other seemed better fitted for the office than Weston: he was accordingly selected, and sent to Dublin as Lord Chancellor. In order that the place might be more dignified, though a layman, he was appointed Dean of St. Patrick's, and the emoluments which the piety of a former age had attached to that sacred office were bestowed upon him. Her Majesty thus wrote on the subject to the Lord Deputy:—"We are further pleased for some increase of his livinge, whilst he (Dr. Weston) remaineth in our service, there to give unto hym the deanery of St. Patrick's, whereof the Archebushoppe of Ardmagle (Dr. Loftus) is now deane, and yet is to leave it at our order, as wee know he will—and therefore wee will that you move the said Archebushoppe to surrender the same, and thereupon cause Dr. Weston, our chancellor, to be fully admitted, under such forme as other deans of that place have heretofore obtained and held the same, nevertheless for that our especiall meaninge is that he shall yield over that deanery againe unto our disposition, whensoever he shall leave the office to be our chancellor—you shall, before his acceptation thereof, take bonds of hym to our use in such summe as shall be fit for such a case, that he shall duly accomplish our intent and pleasure, for the surrender of it in forme aforesaid."

It would appear that the emoluments of the office of Chancellor were about this time £500 a year—and that sum was considered insufficient without some other appointment therewith, "whoever shall be Chancellor here," writes the Lord Deputy to Cecil, secretary of state, "and have no other living here but 500 pounds yearly for his office, shall either live here

like a miser or come home a beggar, as I am like to do." On the 8th of August 1567, Weston was sworn into office—His character was thus delineated by Hooker. "He was a notable and singular man, by profession a lawyer, but in life a divine. A man so bent to the execution of justice, and so severe therein, that by no means would he be seduced or averted from the same; and so much good in the end ensued by his upright, diligent, and dutiful service, as that the whole realme found themselves most happy and blessed to have him serve amongst them."<sup>1</sup> He had not long been Chancellor, when he was appointed one of the Lord Justices, during the temporary absence of the Lord Deputy in England. In 1568 Sir Henry Sidney returned to his post, and immediately called a parliament, which was opened with great ceremony. On the Lords being seated, the Chancellor addressed them in an eloquent speech, "declaring what law was, the great effect and value thereof, and how the common society of men was thereby maintained. After this preface he pointed out the vigilant care exercised by her Majesty over the welfare of her subjects, and informed them that she had caused the present parliament to be assembled, that by their advice such good laws might be decreed as would tend to the honour of God, the preservation of her Majesty's person and crown, and safety of the commonwealth." He then addressed himself to the knights and burgesses, members of the Lower House, "whom for the avoiding of confusion he desired to assemble in an house appointed for themselves, and there to make choice of some wise and sufficient man to be their speaker;" he then closed his speech with an exhortation to obedience and dutifullness; after which the house adjourned till Thursday the 20th of January."<sup>2</sup>

The Lord Chancellor, then taking his seat, presided in this parliament, the first act of the third session of which was passed for the attainder of Shane O'Neil, which we have, in

<sup>1</sup> Hollingshead's Chron. vol. p. 336.

<sup>2</sup> Hollingshead's Chron. vol. vi. p. 341.



the life of Sir Thomas Cusack, in part set forth. The very use of the name of O'Neil was thereby rendered illegal and the reasons stated for its abolition shew the mighty influence of that ancient race. The second section enacts "that forasmuch as the name of O'Neil in the judgment of the uncivil people of the realm, doth carry in itself so great a sovereignty, as they suppose that all the lords and people of Ulster should rather live in servitude to that name than in subjection to the crown of England;" and that "the same name of O'Neil with the manner and ceremonies of his creation," "shall from henceforth cease and determine."<sup>1</sup> Of this ceremonial of institution we shall speak at another time.

Tho Queen found in Dean Weston a faithful servant, and one devoted to her interests. The better to reward him for his loyalty she, in 1570, bestowed upon him the deanery of Wells. It is right, however, to add that he was not the only layman thrust into ecclesiastical offices. It is a matter of record that the chapter of St. Patrick was filled with many; and to this day it is doubted by some whether Adam Loftus, though Archbishop of Armagh, was ever in holy orders at all. Be that as it may, Dean Weston, the constant and sincere adviser of the Lord Deputy, was never ordained and was yet dean of St. Patrick's. He had entered upon the cares of office of Chancellor at the death of Shane O'Neil. Peace might be then expected, but other troubles thickened in the south. The catholic powers of Europe, threatened to invade the country, and save this catholic land, which was desolated by the fire and sword of the reforming Queen. In the West the royal troops were routed, in 1570, at the battle of the bridge of Shruel. Day and night the Chancellor was employed in protecting the Pale and other English colonies; his watchful eye never closed. But his constitution was not made for trials like these, and his health at last be-

gan to fail. Early in 1573, he became entirely unfitted for business, and sinking slowly, he died on the 23rd May in the same year, deeply regretted, not alone by his sovereign, but by all sorts and conditions of men within the realm. His death is thus noticed by Hooker, a contemporary writer: "Besides these universal troubles, it pleased God to call out of this miserable life Dr. Weston, Lord Chancellor,—a man in his life-time, most godlie, upright, and vertuous, and such a one as that place was not possessed of the like for many currents of yeares; in his life most vertuous and godlie, in matters of council most sound and perfect, in justice most upright and uncorrupted, his hospitalities were bounteous, and liberal, and his manners and conversation most courteous and gentle." He was buried under the communion table, in his cathedral. At his death he left one son, who died in 1590, and a daughter, Alice, who was married to Dr. Brady, Protestant Bishop of Meath, and secondly to Sir Geoffry Fenton, secretary of State, whose only daughter Eat-ham, was married to Richard, first Earl of Cork. Weston could not have amassed much wealth during his term of office, for it appears that on the 10th of June, 1573, the Lords of the Council, memorialised the Queen on behalf of his widow, "who hath borne herself as commendably as be seemed the wife of so good a man." A great monument to Lord Chancellor Weston, and to his grandson, the Earl of Cork, was erected in the choir, on the epistle side of the altar of St. Patrick's. During the late alterations it was removed, and is now placed on the right hand of the great door of the cathedral.

Though entirely out of character with the pointed arches, and the heavy massive columns of St. Patrick's, the semicircular and elliptical arches, the tinted figures, and the light Ionic and Corinthian columns on different stages with flat entablatures, produce a pleasing effect to the untutored eye. The

<sup>1</sup> Irish Statutes, vol. i. p. 133.

<sup>2</sup> State Papers.

upper stage of the monument is appropriated to Dr. Weston. On two slabs of black marble, placed under his effigies, arrayed in his Chancellor's robes, are the following lines—"Here lyeth interred the body of that reverend, honourable gentleman, Robert Weston, Esquire, doctor of civil and canon laws, grandfather of the Ladie Catherine, Countess of Corke, being sometime one of the Lord Justices of Ireland, and for six yeares Chancellor of the realme, who was so learned, judicious, and upright in the course of judicature, as in all the time of that employment, he never made order or decree that was questioned or reversed. He changed his mortal for an eternal life, the 20th May, 1573, whose honourable memory no time shall extinguish." On the entablature on the second stage, and under the recumbent figures of the Earl and Countess of Cork, is another inscription, stating to whom this monument is erected.<sup>1</sup>

(87.) A.D. 1577.—WILLIAM GERRARD, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.—From the death of Dean Weston, in 1573, to the appointment of Gerrard, in 1577, the country was left without a Chancellor. The Great Seals were, however, entrusted to the care of the Lord Keeper, Adam Loftus, Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, who "though he never sat in court, or did anything incident to the office, but only to keep the seal," had £300. a-year.<sup>2</sup> The never-ending tyranny of the English Government had at this time caused great disturbances within the Pale. The Lord Deputy, by the sole authority of the Privy Council, and without any authority of Parliament, levied a cess on all the subjects of the Crown resident in Ireland. The Lords of the Pale insisted that the imposition of a tax without the aid of Parliament was unconstitutional and illegal. The Queen, on the contrary, determined to carry things with a high hand, and supported her prerogative. It was at this time that Gerrard, who had been previously Attorney-General for England, came over, and was imme-

diately appointed, though a layman, Dean of St. Patrick's. A petition was presented to him on his arrival in Dublin, setting forth the intolerable burden sought to be imposed, amounting to upwards of twelve pounds on each plough land. The Chancellor replied that the right of imposing the tax was a part of the royal prerogative, and was exercised by the Crown ever since the time of Edward III.; that the money was required, but as to the amount "it should be reduced to five marks the plough land." Dissatisfied with the Lord Chancellor's reply, the petitioners appealed to the Queen, and instructed counsel, Messrs. Sherlock, Netterville, and Burnell, to appear in support of the appeal. The matter came on to be heard. Her Majesty was indignant at her royal prerogative being questioned. She rejected the petition, and "Sherlock and his two companions were committed"<sup>3</sup> on the spot to prison, for their presumptuous and disloyal behaviour. The Lord Deputy, Sydney, desired that they might be punished "for their undecent and undutiful speech. This Sherlock," he writes to the Queen, "hath purchased more and builded more than his father, grandfather, or all his sons ever did, and his chief means and credit to get this was by being attorney [general] to your sister." (Queen Mary)<sup>4</sup>

Hollingshead, taking the side of the Crown, amusingly enough says, "That being well acquainted with Littleton's tenures, they thought themselves so well fraughted in the knowledge of the lawe, as they were able to trade in all matters of the deepest points of the lawes; but if they had first looked into the Booke of God, they would have found it written there that it was God himself who first made kings, and established their thrones"—"that all inferiors and subjects should and ought in all humblenesse, and in dutifulnesse, submit themselves to the obedience of them for their Lord's sake, because it is the will of God, without sifting of his authority or

<sup>1</sup> Mason's St. Patrick's Cathedral.

<sup>2</sup> Carew MSS., vol. ii. 92.

<sup>3</sup> Carew MSS. p. 89; Cox, vol. i. 349; and Hollingshead's Chron. vol. vi. 389.

<sup>4</sup> Collins' Sydney Papers, vol. i. p. 179.



examining his government, for there is no power but of God, and they are ordained of God; wherefore, who so resisteth them resisteth God. If this be the infallible truth, how far were these men overshot that thus would dispute the prince's prerogative with their Littleton's tenures?<sup>1</sup>

The Lord Chancellor then made many suggestions (which are still preserved in the Lambeth Library) on the reformation of this country. Then, as now, the Government of Ireland was the great problem for English statesmen to solve—religious animosities deepened the ancient feuds that prevailed between the two countries; while in Ireland the people clung with tenacity to the ancient faith, in England they adopted the varying doctrines of the Reformers.<sup>2</sup> In the middle of the reign of Elizabeth, Protestantism was established by the sword in both countries. Avarice was a weed of prolific growth in those infant churches; Catholic livings were coveted, seized upon, and confiscated to the reformed clergy. Altars were thrown down, and cathedrals passed into Protestant hands. Such a state of things appeared—with what shadow of justice it is not for us to decide—to be more than a sentimental grievance. In 1577, the Lord Chancellor was sent over to England to inform Elizabeth on the real state of things in Ireland. So pleased was the Queen with the account he had given, and with his conduct in relation to the Government, that she granted him a license to export yarn, notwithstanding the statute which prevented it. Having returned in the same year to Dublin, Gerrard resumed the duties of his office. In 1579, he received the honour of knighthood from the hands of the Lord Deputy, in consideration of his services, and in token of her Majesty's approbation.<sup>3</sup> In 1580, he was appointed chief commissioner for ecclesiastical causes in Ireland.<sup>4</sup> His health, however, failing, "he obtained license to go to England as often as he pleased, and to remain there until he should re-

cover." He died at Chester, in 1591, and was buried at St. Werburgh's Church in that city.<sup>5</sup> The Carew Manuscripts state that he was one of the most popular Chancellors, and "the best beliked man that ever sat in his place."<sup>6</sup> The violent opposition, however, which he gave to those who called in question the legality of the cess would appear to throw much doubt on the truth of that statement.

(88.) A.D. 1573.—ADAM LOFTUS, PROTESTANT ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, a native of Yorkshire, was educated in the University of Cambridge. During his undergraduate course he so distinguished himself at a public exhibition in the presence of the Queen, that he won her royal favour, and she graciously encouraged him to proceed with his studies, with a promise of early promotion. Whether Loftus had ever taken holy orders or not is a disputed question. It is said that no record whatever of his ordination is in existence.<sup>7</sup> Whether in orders or not, he was sent over to Ireland as chaplain to the Earl of Essex on his appointment to the government of that country. In 1561 he was presented to the rectory of Pains-town in the diocese of Meath; and at the early age of twenty-eight years was appointed, by Queen Elizabeth, her Archbishop of Armagh, having been consecrated thereto by Hugh Curwen, Archbishop of Dublin, who, it will be remembered, had been himself consecrated according to the forms of the Roman Pontifical; and thus it is that the Irish Protestant bishops trace back their line in an unbroken succession to the early founders of the Church in Ireland. In 1564 he was elected Dean of St. Patrick's. In 1566, when Shane O'Neil destroyed the city and cathedral of Armagh, Loftus excommunicated him; but an excommunication by a Protestant Archbishop was received by Shane, we may well suppose, with scorn and derision. In the same year Loftus

<sup>1</sup> Holingshead's Chronicles.

<sup>2</sup> Holingshead, vi. 421.

<sup>3</sup> Mason's St. Patrick's Cathedral, p. 174.

<sup>7</sup> Moran's Archbishops of Dublin, p. 63.

<sup>2</sup> Vid. Bossuet's Variations.

<sup>4</sup> *Infra*, page 646.

<sup>6</sup> 11. Carew MSS., 69.



took his degree of Doctor of Divinity at Cambridge; and in 1567 was made Archbishop of Dublin; he then resigned the Deanery of St. Patrick's, for the purpose of allowing Dr. Weston, the newly-appointed though unordained Chancellor, to enjoy that dignity. In 1568, Archbishop Loftus consecrated Dr. Lancaster as his successor to the see of Armagh.

In 1572, Her Majesty granted to Loftus a dispensation to hold with his Archbishopric other "comfortable sinecures" not exceeding £100 a year in value, a license of which this avaricious man fully availed himself. In 1573, he became Lord Chancellor. Harris<sup>1</sup> says he was remarkable for his "excessive avarice and ambition," by which his better qualities were tarnished: "For, besides his promotion in the Church and his public employments in the State, he grasped at everything that became void, either for himself or family, insomuch that the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church were so wearied with his importunities, that, on the 27th of August, 1578, upon granting him some request, they obliged him to promise not to petition or become a suitor to them for any advowson of any prebend or living, nor for any lease of any benefice, nor for any fee-farm. But when an entry of this promise came to be made in the chapter-books in his presence, he would have thrust in an exception of one petition more, and no more, which the Dean and Chapter would not consent to, being, as they alleged in that entry, contrary to his lordship's promise made in the chapter-house. However, this his disposition was afterwards of service in preserving the ancient Cathedral of St. Patrick from being dissolved and converted into an University; for being greatly interested in the livings of that church, by long leases and other estates thereof granted either to himself, his children or kinsmen, he opposed Sir John Perrot, Lord Deputy, in his attempt to convert the reve-

nues thereof to the uses aforesaid."<sup>2</sup>

In 1583, Loftus, who was then one of the Lord Justices, is said to have offered the Earl of Desmond, of whose lengthened contests the Queen was then weary, terms of peace, with a promise of restoring him to his estates if he surrendered into his hands the papal nuncio. But the chief, who had fought for the Catholic faith, declined to entertain the proposition, and the war was continued with unflagging energy. The following year, however, after a series of reverses, the Earl was assassinated and the hopes of the Catholic party seemed crushed for ever. We may here observe, that the fidelity of the peasantry is said to have been one of the most interesting features of that desolating war; great rewards were offered for the capture of the Geraldine, but not even one of the humblest was found to be unfaithful; and now, after the lapse of three centuries, the memory of this great Catholic Earl is still fresh in the minds of the peasantry of the south of Ireland. Amongst the many legends that have come down to our time, there is one in which they most implicitly believe: "And when, in tedious winter nights, with good old folks *they* sit up late—

"To hear 'em tell the dismal tales

Of times long past, e'en with woe remember'd,"<sup>3</sup>

the old men send their hearers "weeping to their beds," telling the lamentable fall of Gerald, Earl of Desmond, who is, as they say, still living in an enchanted cavern beneath the waters of the lake that wash the ruined walls of his Castle of Lough-Gur. They believe, too, that every seventh year he is seen riding on a snow-white charger upon the rippling surface of those waters, and that when his horse's shoes, which are of beaten silver, shall have been worn out, the melancholy enchantment which now holds him will be at an end, and the earl will return to conscious life and power.

<sup>1</sup> Vide Sir James Ware's *Archbishops of Dublin*.

<sup>2</sup> Harris's *Archbishops of Dublin*.

<sup>3</sup> Vickers' *Acting Shakspeare*, Richard III. scene 1; and Pope's *Shakspeare*, Richard II. act v. scene 1.

That the ancient faith is then to be re-established, and the forfeited lands (which amounted to five hundred and seventy-five thousand acres) shall be restored to the descendants of the ancient families.<sup>1</sup> To return, however, from our digression. In 1583. Loftus was one of the unjust judges who imbrued their hands in the blood of Dermot O'Hurley, Catholic Archbishop of Cashel, who had been but a short time in this country, having been appointed to his see by the Pope. To evade the bloodhounds that were on his track, O'Hurley found a retreat in the castle of Lord Fleming, a Catholic nobleman, near Slane; he continued to reside there until a circumstance occurred which soon brought about his tragic end.<sup>2</sup> It so happened that Mr. Justice Dillon, one of the judges of the superior courts had arrived at the Castle on a visit. It was late on an evening when the conversation turned on the great question of that day — the struggle between the Catholic Church and the Anglican Establishment. In every argument that was urged by the admirers of the Reformation, the amateur theologians proved that they were no match for the accomplished, but disguised, Doctor of Louvain. Suspicions were awakened, and Dillon, forgetful of the laws of hospitality, at once communicated with the Lord Chancellor. Orders came down directed to Lord Fleming to arrest him that was beneath his roof-tree, and to bring him up a prisoner to Dublin. To harbour a priest of the fallen Church, was then an unpardonable crime, and one sure to bring down ruin on the offender. The nobleman (if he can be so called) prepared to arrest the Archbishop, who, however, got secret intelligence of the fact; flying from that accursed abode he directed his uncertain steps to Carrick on Suir. But Fleming followed him, and coming on his footstep, arrested him forthwith, put him in irons, and, regardless of the supplications of the Protestant Earl of Ormond, brought him in chains to Dublin. In Octo-

ber, 1583, the unhappy prelate was flung into a damp and cold dungeon in Dublin Castle, and there detained under hard re-trait until the month of July following. The charge upon which he was arrested was alleged treason in foreign parts, and the crown lawyers were consulted; and they, having doubts whether he could be put on his trial for an offence committed beyond the seas, advised against the prosecution. The law in this particular, not stretching as far in Ireland as it did in England, Loftus suggested that he should be tried by martial law, rather than by the ordinary courts.<sup>3</sup> Several of the citizens of Dublin, twenty-four in number, taking advantage of a statute passed in the reign of Edward IV., memorialised the Crown that he should be delivered to them on bail, in order that he might be tried by the common law. The memorial was refused, and Dr. Loftus and Sir H. Wallop, both being then Lords Justices, in the absence of the Lord Deputy Perrot, wrote to London for instruments of torture to force the Archbishop into a confession of his guilt, though no certain crime was laid to his charge. The only evidence against him was that of an informer named Barnewell, who had been with him in Rome, and who had, the better to make his own peace, adopted the reformed religion. Loftus's letter to the Secretary of State is as follows. "We made commissions to Mr. Waterhouse and Secretary Fenton to put him (O'Hurley) to the torture, such as your honour advised us, which was to toast his feet against the fire with hot boots." This expedient was tried and proved unsuccessful; the Archbishop was then tried by martial law, before the Lord Chancellor and others, was found guilty, and dragged on a hurdle to Oxmanstown Green, where, tied to a trunk of a tree, his boots were filled with butter and pitch, and he was set on fire and burnt to death, just two days before Loftus had vacated the office of Lord Justice; for he was apprehensive that if the

<sup>1</sup> Vide Fitzgerald's and McGregor's History of Limerick. Willes' Illustrious and Distinguished Irishmen.

<sup>2</sup> Vid. Froude's History of England.

<sup>3</sup> Ib.



Lord Deputy Perrot should return to the deputyship, his victim would escape.<sup>1</sup> The following is the Lord Chancellor's report of this dreadful martyrdom to Sir Francis Walsingham, Secretary of State:—"We thought meet, according to our direction, to proceed with him by court martial, and for our farewell, two days before we delivered over the sword, being the 19th of June, we gave warrant to the knight marshal in her Majesty's name, to do execution on him O'Hurley, which accordingly was performed, and thereby the realm well rid of a most pestilent member, who was in an assured expectation of some means to be wrought for his enlargement, if he might have found that favour to have had his time prolonged to the end of our Government." Such was the trial and death of Archbishop O'Hurley—a subject not even alluded to by Hume, but pronounced by Froude to be an act of barbarity.<sup>2</sup> There are amongst us men who even now would wish to draw a veil over those times and to forget the torments which the Catholic clergy endured in the reign of Elizabeth, but those very men have no hesitation in reading, in the pages of Tacitus, the history of other and lesser persecutions in the early days of Christianity. Loftus does not appear to have reddened his hands in the blood of Archbishop Creigh or Bishop Healy. The spot on which O'Hurley was executed was near the site of the present Four Courts. It was then covered with wood; and it is not unworthy of remark that it was in that Oxmanstown Green, that William Rufus in 1098 "cut the timbers which made the roof of Westminster Hall, where no English Spider webbeth or breedeth to this day."<sup>3</sup>

In 1585, Loftus was again Lord Justice, Sir John Perrot having been engaged in making a tour in the north of Ireland. No sooner had he

left his post than the Chancellor wrote letters of complaint against him to Sir Francis Walsingham, Secretary of State. The Lord Deputy and the Lord Chancellor were now deadly foes, in consequence of the former endeavouring, according to his instructions, to convert St. Patrick's Cathedral into a University, while the latter struggled violently against the change. He had made long leases to his children and his relations of the deanery lands, "and therefore did he by all means withstand the alienation of these revenues; and being a man of high spirit, and used to bear sway in the government, he grew into contradiction, and from contradiction to contention, with the Deputy, who, on the other side, brooking no opposition, it grew to some heat between them, whereof the Queen taking notice, she wrote to them both to reconcile them together. But the Archbishop stuck to him to the last, and was a main instrument in bringing him to his condemnation; and Perrot, in his last will, solemnly testified that the Archbishop falsely belied him in his declaration against him."<sup>4</sup> In 1589, Loftus obtained a grant of the office of Prerogative, jointly with Dr. Ambrose Forth.<sup>5</sup>

The year 1588 was remarkable for the unfortunate failure of one of the greatest armaments that were ever put to sea—the Spanish Armada. Wrecked off the northern coast, the Spaniards that escaped the perils of the deep were treated as enemies on the Irish shores; and the only Irish chieftain who received them as friends, Bryan Ne Murtha O'Rorke, was sent in chains to London, tried for high treason, and hanged. Forth with Loftus ordered the Te Deum and public thanksgivings in all the churches for the manifest interposition of Providence, as he said, in the scattering of the Spanish host.

We have now arrived at an important epoch in the life of the Chancellor Archbishop—the foundation

<sup>1</sup> Vide Dalton's Archbishops of Dublin, 244; Dalton's Co. Dublin, 518, Ware's Archbishops of Dublin; Dr. Kenneham's Irish Church History; Analecta; Moran's Archbishops of Cashel; Dr. Brady's Alleged Conversion of the Irish Bishops; Routh's *In Processu Martyriali*; O'Sullivan's *Historia Catholica*; Mehan's Irish Hierarchy of the Seventeenth Century, 187; Mehan's *Geraldines*, 141; State Papers.

<sup>2</sup> Froude's History of England, vol. xi. p. 266, Ed. 1870.

<sup>3</sup> Hammer.

<sup>4</sup> Perrot's Life. State trials, vol. i.

<sup>5</sup> Patent Rolls.



of Trinity College, in 1591. The city of Dublin, at that time, extended no farther on the east than the church of Notre Dame, where the City Hall now stands. A causeway over a marsh (now Dame-street) led to the monastery of All Hallows, in Hoggin Green (College Green). Founded by Dermot Mac Morough, King of Leinster, for the regular canons of St. Augustin, it stood for nearly four hundred years, one of the noblest monuments of the piety of former generations. Its early charter was witnessed by Strongbow, by St. Lawrence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, and by others, the great men of those days.<sup>1</sup> Its prior was Lord of Parliament, Admiral of Baldowel (Baldoyle), and entitled to all wrecks on the shores of that manor.<sup>2</sup> The regular canons, whose lonely lives were spent within its walls, employed their days, some in the scriptorium, illuminating the heavy mass books, and transcribing the Scriptures, whilst others were softening the pillow of death, and receiving, with the last gasp of the dying parent, the charge of his helpless orphan children. The scriptorium is thus described by Bishop Tanner, Protestant Bishop of St. Asaph's, in the reign of George II. :—

"In every great abbey there was a large room called the Scriptorium, where several writers made it their whole business to transcribe books for the use of the library. They sometimes, indeed, wrote the leiger books of the house, and the missals, and other books used in Divine Service, but they were generally upon other works, viz. ; the fathers, classics, histories, &c. &c. John Whet- hamsted, abbot of St. Alban's, caused above eighty books to be thus transcribed then (there was then no printing) during his abbacy. Fifty-eight were transcribed by the care of one Abbot of Glastonbury ; and so zealous were the monks in general for this work, that they often got lands given and churches appropriated for the carrying of it on. In all the greater abbeys, there were also persons appointed to take notice of

the principal occurrences of the kingdom, and at the end of every year to digest them into annals. In these records they particularly preserved the memoirs of their founders and benefactors, the years and days of their births and deaths, their marriages, children and successors ; so that recourse was sometimes had to them for proving persons' ages and genealogies ; though it is to be feared that some of those pedigrees were drawn up from tradition only ; and that in most of their accounts they were favourable to their friends, and severe upon their enemies. The constitutions of the clergy in their national and provincial synods, and (after the Conquest) even Acts of Parliament, were sent to the abbeys to be recorded."

In the reign of Henry VIII., this suppressed monastery, after the rebellion of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, was granted to the citizens of Dublin, in return for their unaccountable loyalty, and for their exertions at that time for the throne of that detestable monarch. And it was to the citizens that the most reverend Lord Chancellor now addressed himself : he spared no pains to obtain a grant from them of the monastery. He told them, in the language of hypocrisy, that the founding of a university would be "of good acceptance with God, and of great reward hereafter, and of honour and advantage to yourselves, and more to your learned offspring in times to come, when, by the help of learning, they may build your families some storeys higher than they are, by their advancement either in the church or the commonwealth." Persuaded by his eloquent appeals, the citizens made the required grant. Loftus then employed Henry Usher, afterwards Protestant Archbishop of Armagh, to obtain a royal charter. In this he was successful. Immediately the old building was taken down, with the exception of the steeple ; and on the 13th March, 1591, Thomas Smyth, Mayor of Dublin, laid the first stone of Trinity College.<sup>3</sup> The object of the foundation, as expressed

<sup>1</sup> Dugdale's *Monasticon Anglicorum*, vol. ii. 1039.

<sup>2</sup> Vide Acts of Parliament, 1472 and 1478 (not printed.)

<sup>3</sup> Vide article, in the *Fortnightly Review* on Trinity College, Dublin, Oct. 1870 ; and Heron's *History of Trinity College—Patent Rolls*.

in the Queen's letter to the Lord Deputy was, that by the foundation of the college, "knowledge, learning, and civility may be increased amongst the Irish, and their children's children, especially those that be poor, that they may have their learning and education given to them with much more ease, and lesser charge, than in other universities they can obtain it." From its foundation to the present time the university has been enriched by many grants and confiscated estates. The great object of the college was the spread of the Protestant faith in Ireland, and in this her mission may be said to have been comparatively fruitless. While fellowships and scholarships have attracted many converts to Protestantism, and while many a Catholic youth has had his faith shaken within those walls where "No Popery" is chalked at every step, the great mission of the university has failed, and the people whom it sought to win over to the Reformation still worship at the same altars, and kneel before the same shrines, that their ancestors did in the old times before All Hallows was suppressed.

The condition of the reformed Church in Ireland, of which Loftus was then the most active prelate, was melancholy in the extreme. The scandalous lives of some of the prelates of that Church, brought contempt on the body. Loftus thus writes of Dixon, Protestant Bishop of Cork<sup>1</sup> to the Secretary of State; that prelate, "notwithstanding that he hath married a wife, did under the cloak of matrimony, take and retain another woman of suspected life in the city of Cork as his wife." Froude thus speaks of that gloomy period, "whatever might be the faults of the Irish people they had at least been eminent for their piety."<sup>2</sup> The multitude of churches and monasteries, which in their ruins meet every where the stranger's eye, bear witness conclusively to their possession of this single virtue; but the religious houses were gone, and the prohibition of the crown had closed the churches, except in districts in open rebellion. For many years over the greater part

of the country, public worship was at an end." "The Clergy of the reformed Church could not venture beyond the coast towns, and in them they were far from welcome; the priests continued to confess and administer the sacraments, but it was in the chiefs' castles, or in the mountain glens." "The bridges, the special charges of the religious houses, were broken down; the chiefs took possession of the church lands, the churches fell into ruins, and the unfortunate country seemed relapsing into total savagery." Spencer, a contemporary, thus wrote: "Whatsoever disorder you see in the Church of England, you may find there," in Ireland, "many more; namely, gross simony, greedy covetousness, fleshly incontinency, careless sloth, and generally all disordered life in the common clergyman; and besides all these they have their particular enormities; for all Irish priests which now enjoy Church livings are in a manner mere laymen, saving that they have taken holy orders, but otherwise they do go and live like laymen, follow all kinds of husbandry, and other worldly affairs, as other Irishmen do, they neither read the Scriptures nor preach to the people, nor administer the communion; but baptism they do, for they christen yet after the Popish fashion. They take the tithes and offerings, and gather whatever fruit else they may of their livings, which they convert as badly, and some of them (they say) pay as due tributes and shares of their livings to their Bishops, for the Irish Bishops have their clergy in such awe and subjection under them, that they dare not complain of them, so as they may do to them what they please; for they, knowing their own unworthiness and incapacity, and that they are therefore still, and he taketh what he listeth—yea, and some of them whose diocese are in remote parts, somewhat out of the world's eye, do not at all bestow the benefices, which are in their own donation, upon any, but keep them in their own hands, and set their own servants, and horse-boys, to take up the tithes and fruits of them, with

<sup>1</sup> Froude's *History of England*, vol. x. p. 534.

<sup>2</sup> *Ib.* p. 532-533.



the which some of them purchase great lands, and build fair castles upon the same." He then compares the zeal of the Catholic clergy with the lethargic indifference of the ministers of his own Church. He expresses "great wonder to see the odds, which is between the zeal of Popish priests, and the ministers of the Gospel; for they spare not to come out of Spain, from Rome, and from Remes by long toil and dangerous travelling hither—where they know *peril of death* awaiteth them, and *no reward or riches is to be found*; only to draw people unto the Church of Rome, whereas some of our idle ministers, having a way for credit and estimation thereby opened unto them, and having the livings of the country opened to them, without pains and without peril, will neither for same, nor for the love of God, nor zeal for religion, be drawn forth from their warm nests to look out into God's harvest."<sup>1</sup>

In 1597, Archbishop Loftus was again one of the Lords Justices. Many years had passed since the death of Shane O'Neill. We have told how his illegitimate brother, Matthew, the Baron of Dungannon, was created, by Henry VIII., next in remainder after the death of Con O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone. We have seen how that Baron was murdered by Shane's adherents, and now, nevertheless, was Hugh, the son of that very baron, Earl of Tyrone, and one of the deadliest foes of the throne of Queen Elizabeth—of the attachment of that Earl to a lovely English maiden, divided from him by religion, by fortune, and by race, we shall read of in another page, and in the life of the next Chancellor Archbishop. We shall not now anticipate the many joys and the many sorrows of that ill-assorted union, whose history is more associated with the visions of fancy and of romance than with realities of everyday life. On the 11th of April 1598, Hugh O'Neil's pardon was drawn up and sealed by Lord Chancellor Loftus with the Great Seal of Ireland<sup>2</sup>

In 1599, the Chancellor was for the

last time Lord Justice, and in this year the Earl of Essex arrived with a force of two-and-twenty thousand men, to subdue the province of Ulster. O'Donnell was then in command of the Irish troops in Connaught. On the 15th of August, 1599, the two armies, the English under Clifford, and the Irish under O'Donnell, met near Boyle. A battle ensued, the English were routed, and Clifford was numbered amongst the dead. Bryan Oge O'Rorke, the son of the unfortunate Bryan Ne Murthe, came up and joined in the struggle with the Queen's army. The result is known to every reader of English history. The Earl of Essex, without permission, left Ireland, and presented himself before the Queen in her dressing-chamber. He was tried, and executed on the 25th February, 1601. It was in this year that the See of Dublin was once again filled by a Catholic Archbishop. Forty-two years had elapsed since Hugh Curwen, Archbishop of Dublin, had abjured the Catholic faith; and now, from a Franciscan convent, in Old Castile, came MATHEW DE OVI-EDO, Archbishop of Dublin, in the fleet of the King of Spain, and under the command of Don Juan del Aguila. They landed at Kinsale, and in the following year were defeated. The English rapidly repaired the disasters they met with at Boyle. Bryan Oge O'Rorke, son of Bryan Ne Murthe, heart-broken, retired to Galway, where he died, in 1604. His last wish was, that his remains might be interred in the Abbey of Ross, near the shores of Lough Corrib; and there, on the north walk of the cloisters,<sup>3</sup> may still be seen the last resting-place of the great Irish hero, Bryan Oge O'Rorke.

In 1603, Loftus was named one of the assistant councillors of the President of Munster. In that year Elizabeth had gone to her long account, and James I. had ascended the throne. The belief was universal that he would permit the free exercise of the religion to which his mother belonged. In this they were deceived, and that monarch<sup>4</sup> added fuel to the fire that was lighted by

<sup>1</sup> Spencer's State of Ireland in 1596, p. 139.

<sup>2</sup> Haverty's Ireland, pp. 437, 438, 461.

<sup>3</sup> Burgundian Manuscripts.

<sup>4</sup> For an account of James's vices *non nomenanda inter Christianos*, vide Somers' Tracts, and Dr. Vaughan's Revolutions of History, vol. iii.



Elizabeth. One of the first acts of his reign was to continue Loftus as Chancellor, and he, begging for additional powers to enforce the observance of the Protestant faith, thus wrote to the Secretary of State:—"Your lordship hath wisely considered that the *sword* alone without the *word* is not sufficient to bring the people of this realm from popery—a thing whereto they are misled over from their cradles. But I assure your lordship, that unless they be *forced*, they will not ever come to hear the word preached; as by experience we observed at the time appointed by the Lord Deputy, for a general assembly of all the noblemen and gentlemen of every county, after her Majesty's good success against the Spaniard, to give God thanks for the same: at which time, although the sheriffs of every county did their duties with all diligence, and warned all men to repair to the principal church, where order was taken for public prayers and thanksgiving unto God, together with a sermon to be preached by choice men in every diocese, yet very few or none almost resorted thereto; but even in Dublin itself, *the lawyers* in *term time* took occasion to leave the town on purpose to absent themselves from that godly exercise. It is bootless labour for any man to preach in the country out of Dublin, for want of hearers; but in mine opinion this may be easily remedied, if the ecclesiastical commission be put in force, and if liberty be left to myself to *imprison* and *fine* all such

as are obstinate in Popery. The sooner this course of reformation is begun the better it will prosper, and the longer it is deferred the more dangerous it shall be." What that Protestant Ecclesiastical Commission was which Loftus so sought to be enforced is thus explained by Hume,<sup>1</sup> under date of 23rd November, 1584:—"She," the Queen, "appointed forty-four commissioners, twelve of whom were ecclesiastics, three commissioners made a quorum, and all its methods of proceeding were contrary to the clearest principles of law and natural equity. The commissioners were empowered to visit and reform all errors, heresies, schisms—in a word, to regulate all opinions, as well as to punish all breaches of uniformity in the exercise of public worship. They were directed to make inquiry not only by the legal method of juries and witnesses, but by the rack, by torture, by inquisition, and by imprisonment."

Early in March, 1605, the Chancellor Archbishop was seized with his death sickness, and on the 5th of April following, having held the seals for two-and-thirty years, he closed a life remarkable for bigotry, avarice, and cruelty. His remains were interred in St. Patrick's Cathedral, on the right hand of the communion-table. Leaving at his death several children, his second daughter Anne, was married to Sir Henry Colley, of Castle Carbery, ancestor of the great Duke of Wellington.

OLIVER J. BURKE.

## FRENCH DEFEATS AND FRENCH VICTORIES.

WE have witnessed the performance of the first two acts of the grand drama of the war; and we are now watching anxiously for the progress of the third, and its culmination in the final catastrophe. An Emperor and an army of 90,000 men, have been surrounded and taken prisoners at Sedan; three Marshals of France, and 150,000 soldiers, with their arms and baggage have surrendered at discretion, and Metz the

strongest fortress in France, with an immense and incalculable quantity of military stores and material, has yielded without even so much as a handful of earth having been shaken from its fortifications. To say that any one who had predicted these portentous events three months ago would have been deemed a fit inmate for Colney Hatch Asylum, would be to use a mild expression. And it only

<sup>1</sup> Hume's History of England, chap. xli.

remains now for proud Paris, the capital of civilisation, the arbitress of Europe, to give herself up with her garrison of half-a-million of men to an invading host of something like two-thirds of that number. Unless the minds of the ruling powers in France should become unexpectedly imbued with an improbable amount of wisdom, it is difficult to foresee how otherwise by force of arms the fate of Paris could be averted. Nearly the whole of the regular forces of France will be transferred into the interior of Germany, and henceforth raw recruits, Gardes Mobiles and Franc-tireurs, will form the only defence against the King of Prussia's apparently invincible troops.

The military renown of the once greatest military empire in Europe, has crumbled like a house of cards. The empire evidently lived on its reputation, which was based on a sham and a delusion. The collapse resembles that of a commercial-house, which on the faith of the possession of large capitals already lost, commands extensive credit until the crash comes, and the hopeless insolvency of years stands fully exposed. When the cry of "*a Berlin*" was raised on the Boulevards, the London press nearly unanimously predicted, at least temporarily, a course of French successes. A severe French reverse was as unlooked for as a snow-storm in June. After Weisseburg, Spicheren, and Woerth, Europe began to perceive that the swords of Ney, Massena, Kleber, Kellerman, Soult, Angereau, Marmont, Moreau, Hoche, Jourdan, Macdonald, Lannes, Victor, and the other generals of the First Empire had fallen to a Lebœuf, a Frossard, a De Failly or at best to a MacMahon, or a Bazaine; whilst it was soon realised that the soldiers of Valmey, Arcole, Marengo, Hohenlinden, Austerlitz, Jena and Auerstadt, Wagram, Eylau, Friedland, the Moskowa, Borodino, Dresden, Montmirail, Ligny, Quatre-Bras, and even Waterloo, were succeeded by the men of Beaumont of Carignan and of Sedan. The French apparently had deteriorated in their *physique* and in their *morale*; they proved inferior to their enemies in numbers, organisa-

tion, discipline, training, artillery, and, above all, in officers, in generals, and in strategy. The vaunted Zouave, proud and erect, bronzed with exposure to the African sun, with a firm yet springy step, in spite of the eighty pounds he carried across his shoulders, who appeared an unconquerable hero when marching, at the beginning of the campaign, to the inspiring strains of the bugle, has now become a shambling, cowed, dirty fugitive. Those soldiers *d'élite*, of whom it is related that at the opening of the Italian war, in 1857, a whole company being reprimanded for having purposely mislaid the ammunition distributed to them, they exclaimed—"Never mind, capitaine, the Austrians will have enough and to spare; one would fancy they carried no cartridges with them,"—those irresistible warriors, whose ambition was to cross bayonets with the Austrians (if only allowed the opportunity), are now shot by court-martial for fleeing from, and even for refusing to be led before the Prussians. Disorder and insubordination have reigned throughout in the French camps, and whilst the men have shown an unusual amount of confiding trustfulness in the presence of a real enemy, by whom they have continually been caught napping, they have demonstrated an extraordinary activity against imaginary foes, by frantically branding as spies and traitors those unfortunate individuals who either were unknown to them, or who happened to speak an unpalatable truth.

The honour of the French soldier has unfortunately, in too many instances, been regarded as an old-fashioned prejudice. Many of the privates and non-commissioned officers who were made prisoners at Strasburg were disgracefully intoxicated, and they danced, shouted, and threw themselves on the ground on that occasion, offering a deplorable sight to those who had hitherto sympathised with the French nation. A similar discreditable spectacle occurred at the marching past of the Roman garrison before General Cadorna and the Italian army after the capture of Rome, when the conduct of the French men and officers of the legion of Antibes was so



offensive that General Cadorna himself reprimanded, in severe terms, an officer who threw smoke upon him in an insulting manner. The same French Zouaves committed an unpardonable outrage at the entry of the Italian troops in Rome; for having hoisted a white flag on the top of a barricade, the Italians advanced unsuspectingly close to it, only to receive a point blank volley, which killed a major and several soldiers. As it happened, the murderers were summarily punished, an Italian bersagliere literally splitting open with his bayonet the body of the man who had slain his officer.

General demoralisation appears to prevail among the whole French army, excepting perhaps the Imperial Guard and one or two other corps. Doubtless there are hundreds of honourable and able men in the upper ranks of that body, but the bad leaven has corrupted the whole mass. The field officers are careless, luxurious, indolent, and selfish. The regimental officers are indolent, inefficient, and frequently ludicrously ill-informed; Absinthe and tobacco have stupefied their brains. The men say they are ill-commanded; they have no confidence in their chiefs. The leaders state they are ill-obeyed; they place no reliance on their soldiers. De Failly playing at billiards whilst Macmahon was being crushed by the Crown Prince; Frossard whiffing his cigar and sipping his coffee whilst Von Steinmetz was driving back disastrously his corps; Macmahon travelling about with the boudoirs of his fair friends,—form companion-pictures worthy of the warriors who refuse to perform outpost duty because it is more pleasant to lie down under shelter than to march about in the cold. When Frenchmen cease to be soldiers, and become merely members of undisciplined, noisy mobs; when they roar like lions before their peaceful countrymen, and run like hares in the presence of the enemy,—it is indeed time for France to seek peace on any terms the conqueror may dictate. Should General Trochu one day be called upon to reconstruct the French army, it is to be hoped that he will dismiss the whole of the existing unsound materials,

retaining only the Imperial Guard, the only corps which has not forgotten the ancient glories of its title, and create an entirely new body, with new discipline, new training, and entirely new and much stricter military laws.

When the Emperor Napoleon proceeded to Metz, during the middle of last July, the whole of Europe was anxiously awaiting the performance of the first scene of the grandest military spectacle of modern times. The French were going to strike a heavy blow, it was commonly said. They would invade the Palatinate, they would seize Landau; they would capture Sarrelouis; they would be before Mayence in a week, where the remnants of the defeated Prussian army would in vain seek for shelter. Day after day passed, and a singular quietness reigned. The French extended their forces in a long and weak line, bow-shaped between Thionville and Strasburg, and apparently waited only to allow the enemy before them to concentrate overwhelming forces. At length the curtain rose before the impatient spectators. Germany was invaded, and poor little Louis received his baptism of fire. The battle of Sarrebruck was won, at least according to the Imperial bulletin, and it was the first and the last Gallic triumph. The French, who, like the often-quoted ostrich, closed their eyes, thinking the Prussians would not see them, were surprised at Weissemburg by the Crown Prince, and to their intense astonishment were thoroughly beaten. General Abel Douay's division was dispersed, with the loss of many prisoners and many killed and wounded. It was expected that Marshal Macmahon's corps would quickly revenge the defeat of one of their divisions; the hero of Magenta, indeed, marched forward, and unquestionably disposed his army ably between Froeschwiller and Reichshoffen, taking advantage of the strongest positions. But the Crown Prince's hundred thousand men were not to be checked by any obstacle, and De Failly being too much engaged over his billiard-table to attend to Macmahon's urgent request for assistance, the latter general's 45,000 soldiers, after a struggle bravely commenced, brilliantly continued, and



indifferently ended, were utterly routed, with the loss of 20,000 men, in dead, wounded, and prisoners. A division of De Failly's corps coming up at last, succeeded in covering the retreat of the broken remnants of Macmahon's. Had the whole of the former corps arrived in time the issue of the battle might have been different. The African troops fought with great valour; the Turcos were agile and tiger-like; the mitrailleuse whirled with deadly effect; but the numbers and the superior artillery of the Germans prevailed. Macmahon committed the great mistake at the close of the day of throwing away his cavalry in useless charges, instead of preserving it to protect his retreat. Henceforth it is evident that cavalry charges against troops armed with breech-loaders can only end in the destruction of the horsemen. On the same day, the 4th of August, General Frossard allowed his corps to be destroyed piecemeal by an inferior force belonging to the army of General Von Steinmetz.

The late governor of the Prince Imperial, indignant at being disturbed during breakfast by urgent messages for reinforcements from his advanced divisions, which were being attacked with extraordinary vigour by the Germans at Spicheren, declined to entertain the matter until his coffee-cup had been emptied and his cigar reduced to a stump, and then he only ordered his remaining divisions to the front in time for them to participate in the utter defeat. The corps of General Ladmirault, quartered within easy reach, near St. Avold, where the booming of the cannon could be distinctly heard, was never brought forward to the scene of action, although its presence would probably have changed the fortunes of the day. Indeed, it seems to have been the special duty of the French generals, throughout this war, to render the victory of the Germans certain and complete. A greater amount of total incapacity, of complete ignorance of the rudiments of the art of war, of lack of energy, of enterprise, of forethought, and of judgment, has, perhaps, never been displayed before by any set of commanding officers, including even the old Austrian generals in the palmiest days of routine and red tape.

On the 11th of August, there were assembled at Metz, under Marshal Bazaine, the corps of Marshal Canrobert and of Generals Decaen, Ladmirault, the remains of that of Frossard, and the Imperial Guard under Bourbaki. These corps were estimated to represent a total of 160 to 180,000 men, and they consisted of the best soldiers France possessed. Three precious days were lost in inactivity; and this delay cost Napoleon his throne, and France its army. Had Bazaine marched at once on Verdun, the camp at Chalons would duly have been reached, with, perhaps, a little skirmishing of the rear-guard with the German light horse. At Chalons, Bazaine would have found Macmahon with 100,000 men; and at the head of upwards of a quarter of a million of trained soldiers the former marshal could have shown a bold front to the army of the Crown Prince, or to that of Von Steinmetz and Prince Frederick Charles combined. He might have struck a heavy blow against either of these bodies separately, being, as he must have been, superior in numbers to each of them individually. An able general would have attacked singly, and defeated both the advancing armies, one after the other, or at least would have prevented their effecting their junction for some time, inflicting upon them very heavy losses. If eventually overpowered by the German hosts, he could have fallen back on the line of the Marne, contesting every inch of ground, renewing the campaign of 1814, under immeasurably more favourable conditions, for reinforcements would continually have poured down to him, and, instead of being one to six against the invaders, he would have been only two to three. Moreover, France, possessing then the bulk of her army intact, possessing one strong government, and not as many governments as she has important towns, with her immense resources unimpaired, with her population animated by martial ardour, instead of cowed by repeated and crushing defeats, would have raised, armed, and equipped armies in the north, south, and west. The Emperor would still have reigned in the Tuilleries; Metz la Pucelle would not have forfeited her maidenhood; Strasburg would have

been saved; the capital of France would have been spared the horrors of starvation, or the humiliation of a surrender; and the tide of war would have been rolled back to the other side of the Moselle, and would probably be surging now on the banks of the Saar, or of the Rhine.

Fate, or rather divided councils and timid hesitation, have decreed otherwise. Marshal Bazaine lost three days, and on the afternoon of the 14th crossed the Moselle, when he was attacked and stopped by a portion of the army of Prince Frederick Charles. After a combat of two hours with doubtful result, the French Marshal, who appears still to have been free to move, halted for the night near Metz. Priceless time again was lost. Even then a safe retreat might have been effected, but the next day was wasted in total inactivity. Indeed, the object of Marshal Bazaine seems to have been to allow the first and second German armies to surround him in overpowering numbers. And he fully succeeded. On the 16th, on resuming his march on the road to Verdun, he was attacked between Mars la Tour and Vionville by the enemy, who, though much inferior numerically, at first resolutely barred the way. Repeated charges by the cavalry of the 10th corps of the German army against the flanks of the French threw the latter into confusion, especially the corps of General Frossard, which had not recovered yet from the shock of its former defeat, and delayed thus the progress of the French until the arrival of the greater part of Prince Frederick Charles' army. It may here be observed that a similar service, of course on a considerably smaller scale, was rendered during the Italian campaign, in 1859, at the battle of Montebello, by a small body of Piedmontese Light Cavalry consisting of six squadrons of Lancers of the regiments of Novara and of Montferrat. A division of six regiments of Austrian infantry with two batteries of artillery, advancing against Montebello, the Piedmontese cavalry, which formed its only garrison, having been ordered to oppose the enemy at all risks, with great daring they charged the Austrians six times

successively, each time throwing the heads of the columns into confusion. For a whole hour the Kaiserlicks were kept in check, though the Lancers lost one half their number, until the division of General Forey arriving, after an obstinate fight, the Austrians were totally overthrown. So the German cavalry sacrificed themselves, and they equally attained their object. The Imperial Guard fought with great spirit, and strenuous efforts were made to break the German line, and at one time with a chance of success. The extraordinary firmness of the Germans, however, wearied out the French, whose furious onslaughts they successfully resisted, though, had these been persevered in much longer, even Teutonic steadiness must have succumbed. At the end of the day each side claimed the victory, and the respective positions of the two armies seem to have been maintained, the French losing 2000 prisoners, though probably having fewer dead and wounded than their enemies. According to some of the newspaper correspondents, the Germans were much nearer being beaten than they chose to admit. It is not unlikely that had the Imperial Guard been ordered forward *coûte qui coûte* at the finish, the Germans would have been driven back, and the road to Verdun secured to the French.

It was only on the 17th that Marshal Bazaine appears to have realised fully his position; and after allowing breathing time to his army, he prepared himself to renew the struggle. The details of the battle of Gravelotte are well known. The position occupied by Bazaine on the 18th was doubtless strong and well chosen; but he committed the mistake that has so fatally prevailed during the campaign (among French commanders), he fortified his ground and preserved the defensive, instead of assuming the offensive. He thus deprived himself of the advantage of the dash and fierce impetuosity which distinguishes the Gauls in common with the Celtic races; and, indeed, he so placed his men that had they obtained a victory they could not have profited by it. Nevertheless, they fought like the soldiers of Inkerman and of the



Malakoff. In spite of the arrival of the army of Von Steinmetz, and of the numerical superiority of the assailants, they hurled back time after time with hail of fire the dense Teutonic columns, which hastily retired to reform, leaving the hill-side strewn with dead and wounded. Well might the King of Prussia sigh and Count Bismark knit his brows, as charge after charge failed to make any impression on the French line, and the blood of the children of the "Fatherland" was being poured out like water. It was only when the French right was turned, and their line enfiladed, that they gave way, and after a desperate struggle gradually retired in good order towards Metz with the loss of 18,000 to 20,000 men, whilst that of their enemies was even larger, being estimated at 24,000 to 25,000. This was the most honourable action during the war, and the only one which throws no discredit on the French arms, and sheds great lustre on those of Germany. It was glorious to the conquered, and still more glorious to the conquerors.

After Gravelotte, Marshal Bazaine allowed the attacking forces to surround him, and to entrench themselves in formidable lines around him. Again the opportunity of marching to Chalons, and perhaps under more favourable conditions than at Gravelotte, was afforded to him, as the 250,000 investing Germans were spread over a vast circuit, and he could have brought 120,000 men against perhaps half that number, at least for some hours, at any given point. Then came the waiting for Macmahon, and the sorties of the 31st August, of 1st September, and of the 7th October, weakly planned and insufficiently supported, with many minor attempts at releasing his army from the inexorable steel bars that imprisoned it. The hour at length was passed, though the French fought valiantly, and at every combat more or less severely punished the enemy. They soon became convinced that liberation must come from outside; and dejection and indifferent diet gradually began to demoralise the French troops.

The expedition of Marshal Macmahon appears to have been schemed

and conducted so as to insure disastrous failure. Instead of moving a select corps of moderate dimensions, say of 80,000 well-disciplined soldiers, and leading them in silent and swift marches towards Metz, leaving the Crown Prince's army to the right, and that of the King to the left, dashing away the Saxon troops from before Verdun, and falling unexpectedly on the army of Prince Frederick Charles, whilst Bazaine with his whole force attacked the Germans in front, we have seen how Macmahon proceeded hesitatingly to Rheims, and there halted. After a couple of days of further indecision, he commenced floundering and counter-marching about with his unwieldy body of 150,000 ill-organised, ill-trained men, towards the north-east. At Beaumont, De Failly's corps, with that especial aptitude which the French have manifested in this war for allowing themselves to be surprised, were caught over their soup—their arms, Heaven knows where; and as the hero of Mentana discovered at the last moment that he had forgotten his artillery somewhere else, his men were badly mauled, dispersed, and thousands of them captured. Macmahon in larger force was beaten at Carignan; and after two days of incessant fighting he was driven to the neighbourhood of Sedan. On the morning of the 1st of September, the French army was posted around Sedan, about as badly disposed as it could well be. Important points were left but weakly defended, and troops were massed where they could be of no earthly service, except to form a target for the German artillery. Marshal Macmahon was wounded early in the morning; and whilst General Ducrot, the senior general, wished to retire on Mezieres, which might yet have saved the army, General de Wimpffen, by desire of the Emperor assumed chief command, and ordered a forward movement. In spite of the faulty arrangements of the French generals, 130,000 men could not so easily be reduced. The Germans, to the number of about 200,000, men gradually encircled them, placing powerful batteries on the surrounding eminences, and causing fearful havoc among the French ranks. The German line, however,



was thin and widely spread, and they possessed no reserves. With a determined foe, this disposition ought to have led to a German disaster; for the French, by massing superior forces, ought to have broken the enemy's line, and cut off the Germans in detail. But the French, ill-led, ill-disciplined, driven literally in a corner, shot down by an artillery which to them was invisible, with whole divisions in nooks without officers to bring them into action, with whole regiments destroyed without having fired a single rifle in return, after really contesting only one point, the now celebrated village of Bazeilles, instead of making well-combined charges against the Germans, so as to force their way through, became terror-stricken, and rushed to find refuge in the town of Sedan, fleeing precipitously in all directions, throwing down their arms, and seeking only personal safety. In vain a few officers endeavoured to rally the fugitives, and to induce them to return to the front. Zouaves and linesmen resolutely refused to face the enemy; and the animal instinct of self-preservation over-rode all considerations of military honour, of discipline, and of patriotism. The capitulation at Sedan of an Emperor of France, and a complete army of 90,000 men, with a large park of artillery, was the most astounding and discreditable calamity that had ever befallen that unhappy country, until a still more astounding and discreditable calamity—the capitulation of Metz—eclipsed altogether the former. The surrender of 67 regiments of the line, 13 battalions of *chasseurs-à-pied*, 18 fourth and *dépôt* battalions, 36 regiments of cavalry, 115 batteries of field-guns, and 17 batteries of *mitrailleuses*—in all forming an army of 173,000 men, with 6,000 officers, 50 generals, and 3 marshals, occupying an impregnable position; and the delivering up of the strongest fortress in the east of France to an investing force of 168,000 effectives, is an irreparable blow to the military reputation of France, that might well cause the first Napoleon to rise indignantly from his grave. To discuss the charge of treachery against Marshal Bazaine here would require more space than could be spared for the purpose.

Nor is it likely that a calm and fair judgment could be arrived at at present on this question; and it is only when the war shall have ended, when partisanship shall give way to an impartial spirit of investigation, when popular clamour for a victim shall have subsided, and when personal and documentary evidence shall have been carefully examined, that a correct estimate of his conduct will be formed. It cannot, however, be denied that certain circumstances point unpleasantly against him; and the report which Count de Valcour, a former officer of the staff at Metz, is now preparing, confirmed by the declarations of General Bisson, contains many statements that Bazaine will find hard to refute. It is admitted that a tissue of misrepresentations were proclaimed to the troops, in order to induce them to accept the capitulation. The Germans were said to have occupied the whole of Normandy and Picardy; it was affirmed that a legitimist insurrection had spread over Brittany; that the Reds were murdering and plundering without check at Tours, Marseilles, Lyons, and Bordeaux; that no Government of any description existed in France; that Paris was negotiating for a surrender; that Italy was about to attack France to recover Nice, Savoy, and Corsica; and, finally, that a convention would be entered into with the Germans to liberate the army of Metz, whose duty it would be to restore the rule of the Emperor in France. Time will show what is true and what is not true; but were the Marshal's reputation for political honour to come out of the ordeal as unsullied as the snow of the Jungfrau, it cannot be denied that his military operations are liable to serious animadversion. He alleges that famine was the cause of the fall of Metz, forgetting that it is the duty of a general to protect his army against famine, as it is to protect it against the enemy. As we have already observed, the delay in effecting the retreat lost him the opportunity; and everything now tends to show that by greater energy and skill he might have saved France. Even when he was beleaguered in Metz—though undoubtedly, after locating his cavalry and artillery, he could not have

escaped, and if he had escaped, he could not have lived with his army any where, during the first week or ten days—he might, and he ought to have cut his way through. His own officers laugh to scorn at the idea of any serious attempts at so doing having been made. The sorties are described as mere reconnaissances, feebly supported; and even in the engagement of the 7th October, at the Grand Etapes, there are said to have been present only three French regiments. It has been our opinion that a powerful effort of the whole army at the commencement of the blockade, with a fixed determination to crush through at any cost and any sacrifice, must have succeeded. Perhaps the French marshal could not trust his men. Whether it was the generals that betrayed the soldiers, or the soldiers that betrayed the generals, we cannot say; but it is certain that the army, as a body, betrayed the country, which for years had spent millions to create it, maintain it, foster it, and pamper it; and when the time of need came, France discovered that it only possessed a rotten reed to rest upon.

We are not of those who believe in the imaginary decay of imaginary Latin races. There are certain countries where languages derived from the Latin are spoken; but ethnologically speaking, it is difficult to point out any other representatives of the ancient Latin races than the peasants in the Roman Campagna, who, moreover, form one of the finest and most martial peoples in Europe. Nor can we say that the nation composed of Normans, Armoricans, Franks, Gauls, Basques, Burgundians, Teutons, and Catalonians, and known as the French nation, has in itself degenerated. The hardy peasants of every part of France are as brave, as obedient, and as steady as ever. Witness the Mobiles, and occasionally the *Francs-tireurs*. It is only the army, as a machine, that has deteriorated, to our thinking, and not the raw material whence it is recruited. The causes have been pointed out by General Trochu in 1867, and the consequences he predicted have been verified. The subject is too large to be entered into here, but we hope to treat it fully in a separate article.

Meanwhile, in justice to the French, it must be borne in mind that the soldiers of Woerth and of Gravelotte would be no disgrace to any country, and that the Germans themselves have been for many years as terror-stricken at the sight of the French as the French are now at the sight of the Germans. If our memory serves us, no German army between Jena and Leipsig met the French in the field, particularly when led by Napoleon, without being utterly discomfited. After Jena, whole brigades of Prussians, and strongly-fortified towns, surrendered to a few squadrons of French horse; and at Leitzen and Bautzen, the oldest and best regiments under Blücher, absolutely fled before the new French levies as discreditably as the recruits of the army of the Loire fled latterly before the victorious Prussians. It was only at Leipsig that the French, overpowered by the numbers of the Russians, Prussians, and Austrians, and taken aback by the treason of the Saxons, who, in the middle of the conflict, went over to their enemies, were first broken by the Germans after many years of triumphs, and then only they lost their prestige of invincibility. Probably, even in this campaign of 1870, in spite of the great inferiority of the French in numbers, strategy, and discipline, had they struck the first great blow, and won at starting a showy success, the result of the war might have been different. In the pamphlet now published at Brussels, and said to emanate from the pen of the ex-Emperor Napoleon, it is recorded that he was perfectly aware of the disadvantages under which he laboured when he declared war, but that he relied on speedily gaining a brilliant victory in South Germany, which would have detached the Southern states from North Germany, and which would have secured him the alliance of Italy and of Austria. Unfortunately for him, the hare was never caught, and so it could not be cooked. The brilliant victory was not obtained, and Napoleon is a prisoner at *Wilhelms-höhe*.

Marshal Bazaine, in his proclamation to the army of the Rhine, previous to his capitulation, points out to his men that it is no dishonour



for a soldier, in certain cases, to yield to an enemy; and he quotes the names of Massena, Kleber, and Gouvion St. Cyr as having been constrained to pass through that ordeal. In comparing himself to those generals, the marshal displays that modesty which has always characterised him. The historical knowledge of the marshal must, however, have been at fault, if he considers those instances as at all parallel to his own. Let us examine the episode in the career of Massena, to which, probably, Bazaine alludes.

Let us turn back to the year 1800. General Macdonald, after three days of severe fighting on the banks of the Trebbia, had been compelled to retire hastily to the south; and a series of defeats, to which the Republicans had been subjected, had driven them beyond the Appenines. Neither Moreau, nor Suchet, nor Sault, nor Massena, had been able to stem the torrent of the Russo-Austrian invasion; neither the cautious strategy, the skilful tactics, the indomitable valour, and the dashing bravery of these chiefs, could check the advance of the northern hordes, led by Souwarow and Melas; and Italy was fast slipping from French servitude to fall under Russo-Austrian serfdom.

Gradually Genoa and its surroundings became one of the few oases in the peninsular desert over which still floated the Tricolor. By degrees the remnants of Massena's slender forces were reduced to seek refuge in Genoa the Magnificent, which city was besieged by land by the Austrians under Otti, and by a number of Italian irregulars; whilst by sea it was vigorously blockaded by a fleet consisting of English and of Neapolitan ships, under Admiral Keith. The dead defences of Genoa consisted of two lines of fortifications and of several outer forts, the strongest two of which, called *dei Due Fratelli* and *del Diamante*, commanded both the city and the surrounding hills, which were further protected by earth-works thrown over them. The living defences of Genoa were ten thousand French soldiers under Massena, with whom were Soult, Gazan, Clauzel, Miollis, Darnand, two thousand Italian regulars under Rossignoli, and the Genoese National

Guard. This garrison was far too small to man properly the vast extent of the works. Moreover, the city was badly provisioned, and the want of food soon began to make itself felt. A partial attack was repulsed on the 23rd of April, but a general assault on the whole line was made on the 30th of April by the besiegers, who at first succeeded everywhere. They carried the earth-works on Mount Ratti; they stormed the forts of *i due Fratelli* and of *Tecla*; they threatened and surrounded forts *Richelieu* and *del Diamante*; and they partially occupied *San Martino*. Had the Germans maintained their positions, Genoa would have been lost. But after a hot fight, Soult, with the Italians, reconquered the fort of *i due Diamante*; and the French, under Darnand and Miollis, drove away the Austrians with the bayonet from all the positions they had won, except that on *Monte delle Fascie*. Against that hill Massena, indefatigable, energetic, and daring as ever, directed personally a sortie on the 11th of May. After a fiercely-contended struggle, the Republicans were successful, and Massena sent forward two detachments, the one led by Soult, the other by Gazan, to attack Monte Creto, an important point occupied by the enemy, whilst he scoured the country in search of victuals. The French were about to triumph over the obstinate resistance of the Austrians, when a thunderstorm arose of such violence that the air became darkened; and the combatants, maddened with the thirst of blood, were constrained to suspend the work of death, being no longer able to see to slay each other. The elements proved the friends of the Austrians; for, on the skies clearing up, strong reinforcements arrived on their side, under Prince Hohenzollern; and the Republicans, after a sanguinary hand-to-hand struggle, were finally hurled back, mangled and broken, to within the fortifications; whilst Soult, badly wounded in the leg, fell a prisoner.

This unfortunate affair put a stop altogether to any offensive operations on the part of Massena, his forces being now far too weak for the purpose. But though the lion could not attempt to break through



the steel bars that caged him, his enemies still entertained too much respect for him to beard him in his den. So they determined to starve him out; not an ounce of food was permitted to enter the city by land or sea. At first short allowances of provisions were distributed, then these were adulterated; afterwards not only horses and dogs were devoured, but even cats, rats, bats, worms, were eaten with avidity, and happy was he considered who could get any. The neighbouring mills had all been seized by the Austrians, so hand-mills had to be used as long as there was anything to grind. New machinery was invented to facilitate the process; and in all houses, in all shops, hand-mills were being turned. In society, fine ladies were grinding, dandies were grinding, children were grinding. When wheat had all been consumed, other seeds were sought for. Linseed, millet, cocoa, and almonds, all had their turn; barley and rice existed no longer. Strange unpalatable seeds were mixed with honey; and any one possessing a few grains of bird-seed was looked upon with envy. A small handful of bran made into a paste with honey, was considered a luxurious repast. When all these substances had disappeared, nettles, mallow, chicory, briars, thistles, and every description of wild plant that grew on the rocky Apennines, were diligently looked for and munched with relish. Long processions of men and women of all conditions, and all ages, were seen seeking along the fertile kitchen gardens of Bisagno and the pleasant hill-sides of Alvaro, for every blade of grass, that the cattle, when there had been any, had spared. Sugar was prepared into every description of comfit and of candy, which were set out in small baskets, elegantly trimmed with flowers and ribbons. Strange spectacles amidst those gaunt and ghastly faces. Refined and highly-bred gentlewomen were known to dine off an unclean rat in the day, and to swallow daintily-perfumed lozenges in the evening. When flour existed it was mixed with chalk, to eke it out, and frequently sickness resulted therefrom.

In those days when the value of

money was much greater than now, flour during the siege was worth seven francs a pound, rice ten to twelve francs, and bran a franc and half. Afterwards one bean would sell for two sous, and a small biscuit for twelve francs; and lucky was the individual who could find either. Massena and his generals fed, or rather starved, like the meanest soldier, the same pretence of ration was served to all. The sick and the wounded were allowed a morsel of cheese and a scanty 'portion of vegetables. Living ghosts of those who had once been men and women wandered in the streets, giving way to the most terrible cries of despair—to the most fearful imprecations. Occasionally in their frantic madness, they would tear themselves to pieces and drop down dead. Others fell never to rise again, exhausted by sheer famine, and expired uttering the most heart-rending shrieks. But no one noticed them; each thought only of him self. Miserable children, bereft of parents, in vain besought assistance from the wayfarers. They were pushed away, and nobody felt pity for them, for the pangs of hunger deadened all feeling of human sympathy. Those wretched little creatures wandered in gutters, in cesspools, in dunghills, in quest of some dead worm, some stray bone spared by the dogs. Often people perished suddenly at night. Men, unable to bear their sufferings, killed themselves, whilst a few of the garrison threw down their arms disdainfully, declaring they could no longer carry them; and others asked from the English and the Austrians that sustenance which their compatriots could no longer furnish them. The spectacle of the Austrian prisoners confined in pontoons in the port was cruel beyond measure; for, for several days at the end, nothing whatever had been given to them to eat. They devoured their shoes, they devoured the leather of their knapsacks; and with fierce, glaring eyes they appeared ready to devour each other. The French sentinels were taken away for fear the prisoners should tear them to pieces, like wild beasts, to satisfy the fierce craving of our animal human nature with their blood and

flesh. Pestilence, moreover, accompanied famine. Putrid fevers carried off equally the rich in their palaces, the poor in their hovels, and the wounded in the hospitals. Under the same roof lay dying, one raving with hunger, another insensible with fever, a third worn out by exhaustion, and a fourth livid with the spots of petechial typhus. All this Genoa endured, and only that the French masters should rule instead of the German masters.

Massena alone bore up, and animated with his indomitable spirit the discouraged soldiers and the despairing citizens. He knew that the First Consul was hastening over the Alps, and that every day he held out was a gain to France. At last, when the rats, and the worms, and the seeds, and the nettles, and the briars, and the comfits, and the grass, had all been exhausted, he accepted the honourable proposals of Admiral Keith. He did not surrender, as did Bazaine, with his forts full of provisions for months, which had been kept back from his starving soldiers. Massena made no capitulation; he entered into a convention with the English admiral by means of which he, his officers, and his soldiers, reduced to eight thousand, were allowed to march out entirely free, with their arms and their persons. Ample food was furnished them, and some returned to France by land; the rest were conveyed to Antibes by the English ships. On the 4th of June, 1810, Genoa was delivered up to the allies, in whose possession it did not remain long.

General Bonaparte at this time was making his famous crossing of Mount St. Bernard, whilst he sent General Thurean, with four thousand men, over Mount Cenis; and General Moncey over the St. Gothard with twelve thousand. That wonderful Italian campaign, that extraordinary march over eternal snows, was planned by different generals, and executed by different soldiers, than those which France possesses now. Cannons, caissons, howitzers, ambulances, waggons, carts, horses, mules, baggages, ammunition, litters, and impedimenta of every description, were dragged, or dragged themselves, over rocky

heights where not a vestige of road existed. Artillery was placed on trunks of trees, which, in their turn, were set over sledges, and drawn by mules, and even by the men, who were indefatigable, never tired, never dispirited, never insubordinate, and who lightened their labours with snatches of song. Apparently inaccessible peaks were ringing with the sound of arms, and the republican uniforms shone, and their bayonets glittered, in the midst of snows, of mists, and of clouds. The First Consul encouraged his soldiers, and they pleasantly would rejoin—"Never mind, general; never fear for the artillery; take care of yourself, and leave the rest to us." The highest pinnacle was reached, and shouts of joy echoed through those wild solitudes. Bread, cheese, and wine were distributed to the Republicans by the kind fathers of Mount St. Bernard—General Bonaparte having beforehand provided them with funds for the purpose; and surrounded by eternal ice and snow, and sitting over scattered guns and waggons, the French rested, laughed, and feasted, as if they were concluding, and not commencing, a career of dangers.

Contrary to what generally occurs in this world, the descent from that lofty spot was slower and more difficult than the ascent. The incline was steeper, and the partially-thawed ice more slippery on the southern side. Men and animals maintained their footing with incredible labour; every step in advance was the result of hard work, and the forerunner of considerable danger. Occasionally soldiers and horses were precipitated down unfathomable abysses, and were buried for ever before they were dead. Impatient of the tardy progress, officers, troops, and the Consul himself, would glide down along the sloping fields of snow; and numberless falls, when not fatal, only occasioned increased laughter.

French soldiers were made of sterner stuff then. What would not France give now for such an army, led by such a general! When they finally arrived at Etrioles, and re-formed, and looked up to the



frozen peaks they had crossed, they could hardly conceive it possible that a whole corps, with artillery and baggage, had passed over them. Boundless confidence was inspired by the fact; for soldiers who could conquer nature, and mount St. Bernard, could easily conquer ordinary men and obstacles. Events justified this belief;—and yet a small fort in the valley of Aosta, named Bard, garrisoned by only four hundred men, stopped the advance of the French, and threatened to ruin the Consul's plans. In vain repeated assaults were given by them: Bard defied all their efforts. That insignificant piece of rock proved more difficult to overcome than the huge mass of gigantic St. Bernard, for it commanded the high road; and the French, to save loss of time, had to cut out another road from the hard rock beyond the reach of the guns of the fort.

The Republicans, breaking into Piedmont, drove, in several partial engagements, the Imperialists before them, and occupied Vercelli and Novara; and on the 2nd of June the Consul entered Milan triumphantly, all his generals advancing successfully in every direction. Casteggio and Montebello were the scene of a hot struggle between French and Austrians, as they have since been in 1859, and with the same result, although in the latter engagement the respective positions occupied were precisely reversed. General Melas, the Austrian commander-in-chief, to protect Genoa and Turin, and to contest resolutely the possession of Italy with the French, gathered together an excellent army of forty thousand men, with powerful artillery and numerous and splendid cavalry, and occupied a well-chosen position on the plains of Marengo, behind the river Bormida. The French were inferior in numbers in cavalry and in artillery, and the Consul had further weakened his forces by scattering them unnecessarily, instead of concentrating them. He had sent General Desaix to Rivalta with his left wing, a portion of which had been pushed on as far as Acqui, it being the opinion of the Consul that Melas

would retire towards Genoa. When his scouts reported to him that the Austrians intended to hold their ground before Alessandria, Bonaparte ordered the left wing to join the main body; but it might have arrived too late.

On the 14th of June, at five in the morning, the Imperialists crossed the Bormida, and advanced against the Republicans in three columns, headed respectively by Esnitz, Keim, and Haddick. The French, who were commanded by Victor, Gardanne, and Lannes, after a valorous resistance, lost Marengo, which was the key of the position, and gradually their whole line was driven back. Champeaux, with his horse, attacked Keim to save Lannes, but was repulsed, and himself grievously wounded. Kellerman directed charge after charge against the Austrians in support of Victor's division, which, badly mauled, had to give way. Lannes, deprived on his left of the assistance of Victor, was constrained also to fall back. So Keim believed he grasped the victory, whilst Esnitz was pressing forward with his light infantry and his numerous cavalry.

The Consul's only reserve consisted of Murat's horse and nine hundred troopers of the republican guard. The nine hundred troopers were ordered forward, and Esnitz, though he surrounded them on all sides, could never break them. With indomitable courage they struggled against overwhelming odds, and maintained themselves intact and threatening. Instead of sending his powerful squadrons to complete the defeat of the enemy, the Austrian wasted them in vain efforts to crush the republican guard. Meanwhile arrived Monnier, leading the van of Desaix's division, and, cutting his way through Esnitz's troops, for some time held his ground, but had also to give way eventually. But General Cara St. Cyr, having driven the Tyrolese from Castel Cerialo, strongly fortified himself therein, and Esnitz again lost valuable time in trying unsuccessfully to carry that village, instead of rapidly pushing forward, and finally routing the French.

At this juncture, General Melas,



to secure the victory, ordered forward his right wing, the van of which was composed of Hungarian grenadiers—a body of magnificent and picked men.

It was five o'clock in the evening ; the battle had already lasted ten hours. The Austrians were rejoicing—the French desponding. The Consul himself was nervous and fidgetty; he was sighing for Desaix even more than Wellington, at Waterloo, was wishing for Blücher. And Desaix did arrive, and on meeting Napoleon, and rapidly surveying the field of battle, exclaimed, “General, the battle is lost, but we have yet time to win another to-day.” Bonaparte’s spirits had risen at the sight of the advancing troops, and his confidence returned. He reformed the whole of his line. On the extreme right he placed *Cara St. Cyr*, and on the left were *Monnier*, *Lannes*, and *Desaix* ; *Kellerman’s* horse were placed in front. Then it was that the 5000 Hungarian grenadiers advanced against the left wing, and the fate of the day seemed to hang on their fortunes. When they approached close to the French line, *Marmont’s* artillery opened upon them, and then *Desaix* led his men against them. The Hungarians, somewhat staggered, soon resumed their onward movement. The French, being lighter in weight, could effect no impression on the bulky mass, who swept everything before it. *Desaix*, when encouraging his men, fell, his head pierced by a bullet, and *Boudet* assumed his place. His soldiers, to revenge the death of their chief, threw themselves with fury on the Hungarians, who made no sign of wavering ; on the contrary, they pressed forward much as the Prussians do now, driving all before them. The Republicans were beginning to yield, and the star of France appeared to wane, when *Kellerman* headed a charge of his horse against the left flank of the Grenadiers, throwing them into confusion. Once more *Boudet* attacked them in front, and once more *Kellerman* charged them in flank. The cavalry penetrated between the files, and the Hungarians were gradually broken, surrounded, beaten, and, to escape

complete destruction, the entire column was compelled to surrender. Reanimated, the Republicans discouraged the Imperialists : the issue of the conflict was no longer doubtful. The Austrians, after a further short resistance, retired, with the loss of 4000 dead, 5000 wounded, and 8000 prisoners, most of them tried veterans. The French had 3000 men killed and 4000 wounded. This battle, which was won rather by the bravery of the soldiers, and the skill and firmness of *Victor*, *Saint Cyr*, *Lannes*, *Desaix*, *Boudet*, and the dash of *Kellerman*, than by the strategy of *Bonaparte*, opened to the French the uninterrupted series of successes which astonished Europe for thirteen years.

We have caught a glimpse of what French generals and soldiers could effect under the first Republic ; we all know what French generals and soldiers can not effect under the second. The fact appears established that a considerable amount of provisions have been discovered at *Metz*, in the forts, sufficient, it is said, to support the garrison for months. Divided among the army and inhabitants they might have served for weeks. To urge that a surrender must in the end have ensued is no excuse, since it is the duty of a commander to prolong the defence of a beleaguered fortress to the utmost limit. It is impossible to say what benefit *Bazaine* might have conferred upon France by keeping employed the army of *Prince Frederick Charles* for another month ; nor is there the absolute assurance that during that period an important movement to release him might not have been carried out successfully. It was singularly ill-timed on the part of *Marshal Bazaine* to invoke the name of *Massena*, who will ever live in the memory of Frenchmen as the gallant defender of *Genoa*, and the heroic conqueror of a score of battle-fields. The only title, on the other hand, by which *Bazaine* can expect to be remembered by posterity, will be his instrumentality in inflicting upon France the greatest humiliation and the severest military disaster ever recorded of any nation in modern times.

J. P.

## THE PHILOSOPHER.

A Nobel.

## CHAPTER VI.

## COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SUNBEAMS BEFORE.

I WAS twelve years of age.

It was a beautiful day in June. Again the sun shone brightly, the flowers bloomed sweetly, and the feathered choir carolled merrily. The brook, too, which skirted the grounds of Rumbleton Hall, rippled by in such a musical manner that I was fain to believe there was some meaning in its melody, and I often looked up from the pages before me to listen earnestly in the hope that perchance I might become the repository of some water nymph's secret. My station was on the rivulet's mossy bank, beneath the wide-spreading branches of a mighty oak: my occupation was the study of Shakespeare. I lay at mine ease, my head supported on one hand, while with the other I held the book open at the "Tempest." I never was a very voracious reader, and even at that early age I had become accustomed to treat the books read in much the same manner as a connoisseur does the wines he tastes. Accordingly, I paused here and there in a mood of proper appreciation; though I cannot say very much for the quality of my criticism, for at that period of my life I need hardly say I had no knowledge of *Æsthetics*. But be this as it may, I thoroughly enjoyed my acquaintance with the creations of our noble poet; and the charms of Miranda beginning presently to affect me, I fell to musing upon the lovely spectacle which she must have presented. I imagined myself on the island, and planned numberless schemes for gaining her goodwill in case I should be so fortunate as to meet with her. At length I resolved that upon seeing her approach from a distance I would hide myself behind a tree until she should be near enough to hear me speak,

and then I would step gracefully forth, and falling on one knee, would say, "Adored being, I am overcome by thy charms. I will not rise until I have declared my love." She, being much prepossessed by my personal appearance, in spite of my torn habiliments, scratched legs, and generally unwashed condition—I having slept all night in the forest—would immediately reply—"Speak, gentle stranger, speak;"—an act of condescension which would embolden me to exclaim—"Princess of this lovely isle, I resign myself to thee, and here declare my devoted and undying attachment. All that I possess is thine: my books, my dog,—his name's Pluto, and if you will hold up your hand so, he'll sit upon his hind legs and beg—my new boxer,—a pegtop, you know, made of boxwood—my knuckle-bones, my jew's-harp, my knife and my money-box like a Church, with two golden guineas inside it." Overcome by this generous offer, she would extend her hand for me to kiss, and then raising me from the ground, would lead me away to introduce me to her father. Then at every step we should take, Ariel would hover over us, and sing so sweetly that—

Hush! what sounds do I hear? The wind, perhaps, sighing through the branches overhead. No; I hear them again—the melodious tones of some sweet voice. Is it possible—can it be Ariel—or Miranda? They approach me: I'll hide behind this tree and ascertain from what source, whether mortal or immortal, this music proceeds.

I accordingly put my design into execution, and peeping from my hiding-place, I beheld at a short distance off upon the greensward, a charming little maiden of some nine

summers gently tripping along in the direction of the brook. She was slightly but gracefully made, with dark brown hair and eyebrows. Her features, although not regular, were very pleasing, and the glance which I obtained of her dark lustrous eyes revealed a soul of no common mould. In short, there was something about her—an evidence of so much depth of feeling and sweetness of disposition, that no one could see her without feeling irresistibly attracted. Such at least were my thoughts as I watched her progress, and hung enchanted upon the sweet notes which fell from her lips.

She at length reached the bank of the rivulet, and stopped to look around her. Soon my book, lying open upon the grass, attracted her attention, and she stooped to pick it up, half afraid to do so, but yet overcome by curiosity. As, however, she glanced at the words upon the page which first met her eye, she exclaimed, "The Tempest! Why, that's what mamma reads, and what she promised to show me when I got old enough. Oh!"—and then she commenced to read aloud—

"Full fathom five thy father lies

Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes;

Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:  
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong-  
bell."

"How funny! I wonder whether it's true. Were his eyes really turned into pearls? Perhaps that's the reason why mamma's pearl shines so. But I don't understand all those hard words; so I suppose I must wait, as mamma says, until I grow older."

Having arrived at this very sensible conclusion, she laid the book down again, and was preparing to walk by the side of the stream when Pluto, who had strayed to some distance in his rambles, suddenly came rushing back, bounding and barking in a most astounding manner, and, not seeing me, ran up to the little stranger with the view of inviting her to gambol with him. She, misunderstanding his purpose, screamed with affright,

and stepping hastily backwards would have fallen into the brook, had I not at that moment rushed from my place of concealment and caught her by the skirt of her dress.

"Down, you tempestuous ruffian!" [for I liked big words] cried I. "Don't be frightened: it's only his play." This latter sentence to the little lady as I aided her in regaining her feet.

"Oh, I'm so glad you're come," returned she; "I was very nearly falling into the water; but who are you, please?"

"I'm Dick."

"Why they've always told me that Dick's such a funny boy; and I'm sure *you* don't look funny."

I felt flattered by this, and immediately gave her a kiss, inviting her at the same time to sit down on the bank so that we might have a quiet chat together. She did so, and then asked—

"But is Mr. Arcles really your papa?"

"Yes, and my *real* name's the same as his. It's Richard Arcles." This in the mouthful style.

"Then why do they call you Dick?"

"Oh, it's only a short name which they use because they like me."

"Then I'll call you Dick, too," she exclaimed, putting one arm round my neck, a procedure to which I offered no opposition.

"But you haven't told me your name yet," said I.

"It's Lily."

"Lily what?"

"Lily Trevor."

"And who is your papa?"

At this question her gentle eyes filled with tears, and in a broken voice she replied, "I haven't got any papa now. He went away such a long time ago, and mamma says he won't ever come back again, because he's dead. Poor papa—you would have loved him so—he was so kind. Please, don't look at me. I can't help it when I think about him."

And saying this she covered her face with her hands, while I sat by her side, sympathising acutely with her sorrow, but not knowing what to say in order to relieve it. Presently, however, she raised her head and drying her eyes, said—

"But mamma says I oughtn't to



cry for poor papa ; because, you know, he's happy now. Tell me, did anybody you ever knew die ?”

“ I haven't got any mamma,” I replied ; “ and what's worse, I can't remember her, because she died when I was so young. But I've seen the picture that papa is so fond

of, and Betty say, it's the picture of mamma.”

I felt the little arm steal round my neck as I said this, and when I had finished Lily murmured—“ Poor Dick, I am so sorry for you ”—and putting her face up to mine, softly touched my cheek with her lips.

## CHAPTER VII.

### EXPLANATORY.

I HERE pause for a moment to explain the episodes which I have narrated in the last two chapters.

The gentleman, then, who had so nearly killed Elsie was a Mr. Charles Viking, the son of my father's only sister, and beside him and his family, my father had no other relations. For many years previous to his marriage, my father had always led the Vikings to believe that he looked upon Charles as his heir, and had, indeed, at one time executed a will, bequeathing to him Rumbleton Hall and the bulk of his property. This became known to Charles, who thereupon indulged in corresponding dreams of future wealth, these being further fostered by the fact that my father paid the whole of his expenses at school and college. It will, of course, seem strange that he had never become aware of my existence until we accidentally met as already recounted ; but the truth is, that my father's marriage being a secret one, and followed, on the death of my mother, by a life of complete seclusion at Rumbleton Hall, the Vikings, who resided in a distant part of the country, and communicated with my father merely by letter, had no opportunity of learning the facts of the case. They considered my father, indeed, as a species of eccentric recluse, who was by no means to be crossed in his whim of living alone ; and when, at length, Charles, on leaving Oxford, was invited to visit Rumbleton Hall, in order that his uncle might observe whether his learning and abilities were such as to secure his advancement in the church—a profession which he had always desired to embrace,—it was thought that the hopes of the Viking family

were on the point of ripening into fulfilment. They had, however, omitted me from their calculations, as Charles discovered before even he reached Rumbleton Hall.

The companion of Charles on this visit was Mr. Thomas Littlemore, a young barrister of but two years standing, and yet who had already achieved no inconsiderable reputation as a skilful and eloquent pleader. He was a thorough devotee of enjoyment, a lover of wit and merriment, an enemy of all care and anxiety, and possessed of an inexhaustible fund of good humour. His chief fault was an utter absence of all consideration and benevolence : not because he was unaffected by emotions of a kindly nature, but because he could never put himself to any discomfort or uneasiness for the sake of goodwill or generosity. His was not so much a strictly selfish character as an easy-going one : that is to say, he would not, on any account, do a mean or base action for the purpose of acquiring some benefit for himself, yet would often refrain from some benevolent deed, simply that he might be spared a little trouble.

And now to deal with my fair little friend, Lily Trevor. Her mother was the step-sister of Mr. Viking, and resided in his immediate neighbourhood. Her father, a merchant engaged in the African trade, had, three years previous to my first making Lily's acquaintance, been forced to visit the Gold Coast, in order to avert an impending loss. A fever, however, put an end both to his designs and to his life ; and, simultaneously with the news of his death, came the tidings of his fortune being wrecked. Nothing

was left to his widow save a small annuity which had been settled upon her when she was married, and with this she retired into the country, there, if possible, to assuage her sorrow by an unremitting attention to the training of her daughter. The reason of her visiting my father was, since he and Mr. Trevor had been firm friends in early life, to ask

his advice respecting the disposal of a ship and its cargo, which, although long reported to have been lost, had just arrived in London, and which, since three-fourths of it had belonged to Mr. Trevor, would, it was estimated, not only suffice for the discharge of all remaining debts, but would leave a surplus of at least two thousand pounds.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### MY EDUCATION.

RUMBLETON Hall proved a good school for both body and mind. My father proved an excellent teacher in all matters of erudition, and Ned Horner one in nowise inferior as respected all matters of muscular exertion and agility. John Millow, too, had no slight hand in making me a proficient in all bodily exercises, more especially in that of single-stick, for which he had a great liking. And when, in course of time, I was allowed to have a pony, I showed that I had not failed to profit by the lessons of my friends, for the whole country-side rang with stories of my frequent mishaps and narrow escapes, not to mention sundry feats in the way of practical jokes, for which I had a special proclivity.

To school I went not, my father making it the main business of his life to teach me; and under his able tuition I soon made rapid progress. Surely no teacher was ever better qualified to clear away difficulties or to reveal the most intricate truths in a manner at once dexterous and fascinating. I have sat beside him for hours at a time, while, with a glowing and enthusiastic eloquence, he descanted upon the philosophy of Greece, and made my bosom throb with impatience to unravel the mysteries which had occupied the attention of a Socrates and a Plato. I listened, with enchanted ear, to the strains of Virgil, and burned with ardour as the noble song of Homer sank in all its majesty upon my brain. I eagerly traced the varying fortunes of Athens and of Rome; I studied the campaigns of Cæsar and Alexander with fierce

delight; and I was swayed to and fro by the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero.

And when I plunged into the depths of modern literature, my enjoyment was boundless. The reasoning of Hobbes, the acute disquisitions of Hume, the lofty speculations of Malebranche, of Leibnitz, and of Spinoza, all ministered to my keen liking for metaphysics; the glorious discoveries of Newton, of D'Alembert, of Boyle, of Cuvier, of Muschenbrock, roused my enthusiasm in the cause of science; the exquisite writings of Shakspeare, of Milton, of Dante, of Sterne, of Johnson, of Pascal, of Rousseau, conducted to my love of beauty. Each fresh day that I lived would develop some new phase of learning to attract and please me; each new author whose acquaintance I made would supply me with some new idea, or would cause me to regard my already acquired notions in a new light; each new truth of science which I grasped laid bare some further mystery of the universe.

Nor did I relinquish my habit of wandering amongst the most secluded portions of the house. I strayed, some favourite author in my hand, through the old corridors, and visited the old chambers as of yore, ever peopling them with fresh creations of my brain, and discovering new sources of interest. Purposely, when thus engaged, I allowed my imagination full licence, and endeavoured to invest every object with some association, either terrible, beautiful, or grotesque. The actor's room was the chief home of the terrible, and it was there that



I studied Defoe's "History of the Devil," Waldron's account of the "Manx Superstitions," and other similar works. I inured myself to the locality by degrees, and at last came to regard the two chairs—as ill-looking, though, as ever—with something like favour. Indeed, I one day went so far as to write a ghost story when seated on the bed; and certainly it proved very effective on being read late at night to Betty Pritter. She dared not rest by herself, and was obliged to sleep with Nancy Gliston.

One spot was a favourite haunt of mine. It was the grassy bank where I had sat with Lily Trevor by my side, and where I had told her all about the "Tempest;" where she had laughed with delight upon hearing of Ariel, and had shuddered with horror at the doings and sayings of Caliban. Shakspeare, Sterne, and the ever-charming Vicar of Wakefield, were the books which I perused on this hallowed spot; but more frequently I contented myself with basking in the sun and framing magnificent schemes for my future life, in which, somehow or another, everything seemed to be arranged with a view to Lily's grandeur. It would be absurd to say that I loved the little maiden, and this for two reasons; first, I was far too young—being only twelve years old—when I saw her, for any feeling of that description to have arisen; and, secondly, I had never seen her since that day, so pleasant to remember. No; the fact was that my æsthetical tendencies forbade me to pursue any train of thought which should be greatly wanting in the elements of beauty; and, therefore, when building my castles in the air, I felt the need of having some charming object as their garrison, so to speak. Now, Lily's appearance had certainly charmed me more than anything else that I had ever seen, and the inevitable fading of my boyish remembrance was amply compensated for by the imagined graces with which my fancy decked her memory; so that nothing was more natural than for me to select her as the pivot about which all my fortunes must turn. And this being so, it is, of course, evident that an interview

with Lily as she really was, would, in all probability, dispel my dreams for ever, as I should scarcely find her the counterpart of my phantasy. Love, or even affection, therefore, had very little to do in the matter.

It must not, however, be imagined that during these years I heard nothing at all of Lily. On the contrary, I was frequently in receipt of intelligence respecting my little friend, either through the letters which my father occasionally received from Mrs. Trevor, or by means of Charles Viking—now a clergyman—who frequently paid a visit to Rumbleton Hall. From both these sources, and more especially from the latter, I gathered tidings of Lily's growing charms and abilities; tidings which were all the more welcome, inasmuch as they seemed to lend an air of reality to my day-dreams. I learned that she was fast becoming an accomplished musician and linguist; and that, as she gradually ripened into womanhood, she was beginning to receive no inconsiderable amount of attention from the gentlemen of the neighbourhood in which she resided. Her mother, though, it appeared, had in nowise encouraged these advances, but seemed desirous of living more secluded than ever.

I have mentioned Charles Viking as being a visitor at our house. He had made his way in the church, having succeeded, principally by my father's influence, in obtaining the living of Rickerston, a small parish in our county, and situated at some twenty miles' distance from Rumbleton Hall. This position, however, was not altogether satisfactory to him, for its income barely sufficed to defray the expenses of his somewhat extravagant mode of life; and, in addition, he was frequently heard to declare that he could never be content to vegetate all his life in the condition of a country parson. "No," said he, "I feel that my abilities would ornament a higher sphere, and, therefore, I am determined to aspire. Some prize I'll obtain; whether by hook or by crook, I care not." This was pleasing to my father, who always endeavoured to rouse any feelings of honest ambition; and his reverend nephew became a



great favourite. I, too, should have liked my cousin well enough, but I never could feel certain as to his real disposition. At times he would allow himself to be hurried by his feelings into the utterance of some sentiment characterised by noble enthusiasm, but the next moment he would sink into heartless commonplace. At first he had been accustomed to converse with me upon topics connected with my favourite sciences and authors, and had seemed to enter into the discussion *con amore*; but as years rolled by, he gradually became more reserved, and when he spoke upon the same subjects, it was no longer with the zeal and energy of old. His attention, in fact, became more and more devoted to the furtherance of his own fortunes, and as I could not regard this matter in the same light with himself, I at last came to look upon him as nothing more than an acquaintance, towards whom I entertained the customary feelings of a slight general liking and friendship.

His expectations respecting my father's intentions towards him continued unabated. He did not, of course, openly express them, but I gathered enough from time to time, and from different sources, to show me that he anticipated a succession to at least half of the property. Not that, thank God, he had any reason to doubt my father's affection for myself; but he was always received at Rumbleton Hall with so warm a welcome from its owner, and his views of and prospects for the future were so kindly canvassed by my father, that he naturally expected this affection to manifest itself in some solid manner. As, likewise, he had received no intimation of the will which bequeathed Rumbleton Hall to him having been set aside, he felt an additional confidence in the tangibility of his expectations.

During this period of my life I was never solitary except by choice. Although I was educated at home, yet many of my leisure hours were spent in rambling about the country. I was well known in the village and at the farmhouses round about; and many were the acquaintances that I made amongst the youthful

population of the neighbourhood. I joined in many a bird-nesting and nutting expedition, and, to tell the truth, shared in not a few hauls of the sweetest of fruit. Nor did I lose any portion of my friendship for Martin Dawes and his daughter Elsie. The latter was quite as pretty as she had ever been; in fact, she had become a tall, graceful, and extremely good-looking country girl, neither remarkably simple, nor remarkably clever. She had, besides, retained all her amiability of disposition, and was the mainstay of her father's happiness. He, I doubt not, saw in her pleasant features and comely form, all the charms of Venus and the graces of Hebe. It pleased me to visit the shop and see the honest little barber's face lighten up as he expatiated to me upon the many virtues and talents of his Elsie; upon the grand fortunes which were evidently in store for her; and upon the jealous care with which he would guard her interests. And when the clergyman's wife had presented Elsie with a guitar, and had taught her to play a few simple tunes upon the instrument, her father's pride and delight reached a climax. Nothing would serve him but that all his regular customers must hear the whole of her songs, and even a casual dropper in would sometimes be shaved to the tune of some favourite strain. Indeed, poor Martin had one day a very narrow escape from cutting the throat of an excitable Highlander, who, on hearing "The Campbells are coming" played so far away from his native north, sprang out of his chair for the purpose of executing a reel upon the spot, but was soon made aware of his rashness by receiving a severe gash from the operating razor.

Such is a rapid *résumé* of the manner in which my boyhood was spent. I have not thought it worth while to expatiate at any great length upon its scenes and incidents: my aim being merely to give a tolerably correct idea of the influences at work in the formation of my career, I am content to accomplish that object with as little detail as possible.

I cannot, however, quit this por-

tion of my history without some feelings of regret. Past are all the quiet memories of my life, and in the future I shall meet with naught but scenes of strife and action. No longer shall I roam amidst the peaceful academic groves, listening but to the eloquent discourse of sages and

the melodious singing of poets. I shall, on the contrary, rush sternly midst the busy throng of active life, and there grasp at fortune while exposed to disaster. I sigh, therefore, sweet home of philosophy, as I bid thee adieu.

## CHAPTER IX.

## AN INEFFECTABLE PENCILLING BY A FIRM HAND.

So the quiet current of my life rippled on until I was nineteen years of age. Then, without any preliminary rapid, it suddenly became a roaring cataract.

One fine summer's morning my father mounted his horse, and rode off to enjoy the beauties of the pleasant landscapes which were to be viewed in every direction around Rumbleton Hall. I, feeling disinclined for any active exercise, sauntered leisurely down the garden to my favourite reading place, and reclining on the bank of the rivulet, was soon deeply occupied in the perusal of Tristram Shandy's enchanting memoirs. I conned each familiar passage with a pleasure that increased by repetition, and had been so engaged for the space of an hour or two when my reveries were hastily interrupted by the sound of a voice, exclaiming, in a breathless tone, "Master Richard!" Looking up, I saw Ned Horner approaching, all pale and agitated, and with his face lengthened in a manner indicative of much distress.

"Well, Ned, what's the matter?" I cried out.

"Oh, sir!—your father!" he returned, gasping for breath.

"My father!" I repeated, leaping at once to my feet. "Speak!—what of him?"

"He's met—with—an accident," stammered Ned; "and—they say——"

I waited to hear no more, but ran towards the house as fast as my legs would bear me. Upon arriving at the Hall I found the front door open and three men standing in the avenue, talking together. These I knew to be labourers employed on the neighbouring farm, and interro-

gating them as to what had happened, I learnt that my father was riding near the farmyard, when, his horse taking fright at the sudden discharge of a gun in the neighbouring field, he had been thrown from his saddle, and his head coming in contact with a gate, he had been rendered insensible. The labourers had immediately carried him to the Hall, and John Millow had been despatched to the village in search of a surgeon.

Having gathered these particulars, I hastily entered the house again, and made my way to my father's chamber. There, stretched upon the bed, he lay, giving no token of life, while Betty Pritter and Nancy Gliston were busily engaged in applying restoratives to his nose and temples. My heart bled at the sight of him who had ever looked upon me with the gentlest and most kindly affection, now lying so pale and still. I immediately examined his pulse and heart, to ascertain if there were any signs of life; but no—I could distinguish nothing. Just at this moment there was a slight stir at the door, and turning round to ascertain the cause, I found myself confronted by little Martin Dawes, whose countenance presented what at any other time I should have thought an odd combination of sorrow and importance. He immediately gave me to understand that he had been summoned by John Millow to attend upon my father, and that his anxiety to be of service was such that he had consented to mount the crupper of the gardener's horse, although, as he informed me, it was the first occasion in his life on which any person had ever seen him occupying so second-rate a position.

I was rather nettled at this example of Millow's propensity for blundering, and my annoyance being in nowise diminished by poor Martin's busily-tedious explanation, I somewhat testily exclaimed—

“Now, what could that long idiot have been thinking of, to fetch a barber instead of a surgeon?”

At this the little man drew himself up with an air of offended dignity, and said—

“Pardon me, Master Richard, but John Millow has brought both. You may search the whole country round, and you will not find one who can trim a chin or breathe a vein with greater dexterity than your humble servant, the *surgeon-barber*, Martin Dawes.”

And so saying, he made me a low salute in his haughty style; but I, too much agitated to feel amused at his choleric sententiousness, rushed from the room, and gave directions that Ned Horner should instantly set off to fetch the principal doctor of the parish. Then, returning to my father, I found Martin Dawes at his side, who, upon seeing me, exclaimed—

“There's no time to lose; and I should advise that the poor gentleman be immediately bled.” But, observing the look of mistrust which flashed across my face, he added, in a gentler tone, “You will remember how, by the exercise of my skill, I preserved that dear image of my lost wife, darling Elsie. *She* has no reason to think that her father overrates his ability.”

Racked by the thought that each moment lost might be the turning-point of my father's life, and reflecting that, in all probability, the course proposed by Martin was the best that could be pursued, I gave a sign of acquiescence; and, sinking into a chair, I buried my face in my hands, not daring to gaze upon the fruition of my hopes or the confirmation of my fears.

With what terrible slowness the next few moments passed! I could see nothing, but my hearing was preternaturally acute. I distinguished, or fancied I could distinguish, the baring of my father's arm, and the opening of the lancet. Then the rustle of Betty's and

Nancy's dresses ceased, the whispered directions of the little barber were no longer heard, and a horrid pause ensued. With every nerve alert, I listened to what was taking place. For a moment I could hear that the spectators did not so much as venture to breathe; all remained in the most rapt suspense. Then a sigh of relief broke the silence, and ere a word could be uttered, I sprang from my seat, crying, “Thank God!” just as my father's eyelids were slowly raised, and his first glance of restored life fell upon me.

He seemed instantaneously to comprehend the whole scene, feebly attempted to smile in reply to my anxious glance, and then, a momentary shade flitting across his countenance, he moved his lips as if desiring to speak. I at once drew near, and, bending down, could just distinguish these words—

“Dick—son—die—lawyer!”

Conjecturing, therefore, that he wished a lawyer to be sent for, in case he might die,—so, in merely the light of a possibility, I endeavoured, against the forebodings of my heart, to regard that fearful word!—I asked him if such were the case, and receiving the feebly-uttered answer, “Yes,” I hastened from the room to instruct John Millow in such a manner that he might execute his mission correctly. When I returned, I found that the doctor had arrived, and was examining the injury which my father had received. This done, the wound was properly dressed, and then my father, who appeared to be much relieved, fell into a light slumber.

While this sleep continued, the doctor informed me that my father's condition was one of great, nay, imminent danger. He could not, he said, disguise from me the fact that such injuries were mostly fatal; and, therefore, I must endeavour to prepare myself for the worst. During the present slumber, in all probability, the final struggle would take place, and upon my father awakening, he should be able to tell whether nature had conquered or succumbed. At the same time, he *had* known of cases resulting favourably which were apparently worse than the present



one ; and as Mr. Arcles enjoyed the blessing of a sound constitution, and had always lived temperately, the chances might possibly be in his favour, and much more to the same effect ; while I, half mad with anxiety, paid but little attention to this calm balancing of probabilities.

Martin Dawes, too, was little disposed to remain silent. He felt extremely happy, he informed me, in the reflection that his skill should have been exercised, and he might say successfully exercised, in the service of one whom he had known and esteemed from childhood. It would, indeed, be curious if he (Martin), who had so often regaled my ears with strange tales of fairies and witchcraft, should now succeed, by a touch of his wand (the lancet), in preserving from danger the dearest object of my affections. He was sure that she, who had left him to battle through the world alone, would have wept with joy to know that he had been instrumental in preserving so valuable a life ; and he was equally certain that Elsie would do the same.

In the course of an hour's time the lawyer arrived, having fortunately been in attendance upon a meeting which had been held at the "Lion and Lamb" to discuss some matters connected with the county elections. He had known my father from childhood, and was in fact one of the most valued friends which the latter possessed. It may easily, therefore, be imagined that the intelligence of my father's critical position affected him deeply ; and it was with an air of heartfelt sorrow and genuine sympathy that he silently wrung my hand and took a seat beside me. Scarcely, however, had he done so when my father awoke, and feebly turning his head, recognised the lawyer. A faint smile immediately played over his countenance, and he said in a weak voice, "George, I wish to speak with you—directly, if you please."

"Come, come, Richard !" replied the lawyer, summoning up as cheerful a voice as possible ; "you mustn't be downhearted, for we mean to bring you completely round, before you well know where you are. Don't we doctor ?"

The doctor, thus appealed to, answered that quiet and careful nursing would do wonders ; but I, who watched his face narrowly while he said so, felt a mournful presentiment in my heart that prevented me from being in anywise comforted by his words.

At the lawyer's kindly expressions my father again smiled mournfully, and gently shaking his head, said, "Thank you, George ! You are very kind, but—I should like to speak with you."

"Certainly, my dear fellow !—why, so you shall !" answered the other ; and then turning round, he requested the doctor, Martin Dawes, and myself, to withdraw, so that he might be left alone with his client.

We accordingly proceeded to an adjacent chamber, and then I asked the doctor his opinion of my father's condition. My worst anticipations were confirmed by his reply : he informed me that my father had certainly not another day to live, and that, in fact, he might die in a few hours' time. Deeply, however, as this news affected me, it impressed Martin Dawes much more strongly, from his never having conceived the possibility of such a result. Upon first hearing the doctor pronounce the foregoing opinion, he stood for a moment quite bewildered, and unable, as it were, to realise the facts of the case ; and in another moment, having at length fully comprehended the extent of my calamity, the honest little man's eyes became suffused with tears, and, rushing forward, he seized both my hands in his own, exclaiming—

"Oh, Mr. Richard ! how little I thought, whilst boasting of my skill in surgery, that it would all end thus ! I feel for you, sir, with my whole heart, which, Heaven knows, has had too hard a trial itself not to sympathise with the sufferings of another. Mr. Arcles is such a good, worthy gentleman, too. He'll be sorely missed ; for many's the kind turn he's done. Ah ! what a sad thing it is when a virtuous, honourable life is suddenly cut off before it has had time to become tired of existence. It's just like when a man takes to wearing

a wig long before his hair turns grey. You may always command my best services, Mr. Richard, and if I or my dear child can at any time do anything for you, we shall be only too glad, for the sake of old times."

Here his feelings proved too much for his eloquence, and giving my fingers a final wring, he sat down to silently indulge his grief. I did the same, and it appeared to me, as I gazed through the open window upon the bright world beyond, that its smiling aspect lent a softer tone to the melancholy which surrounded me. It seemed as though that spirit of Beauty whom I always sought after, were now beaming upon me from the pure blue of the broad sky, from the peaceful expanse of the sylvan landscape, in the gentle rustling of the leafy boughs, and in the fragrant breathing of the balmy air which stole in to fan my anxious brow. It seemed as if Nature were afflicted with the spectacle of my grief, and as though she were endeavouring to assuage it by flooding my soul with a gush of harmony such as alone can be produced by the appearance of her softest charms. I still felt the dead, dull weight in my heart: I knew it was irremovably there: but yet it seemed as if it were floating in a sea of subdued pleasure. I know not whether I express myself clearly; but the image of a floating weight comes nearest to the feelings which then reigned in my bosom.

And thus I sat, taking no heed of passing time, but occupied solely with the growing sense of calm which was spreading over my mind, save when for a moment the current of my thoughts was interrupted by Mr. Druitt, the lawyer, coming to the door and summoning Martin Dawes. I strove not to think of those pleasant times when I had strolled with my father through the garden which lay down there so bright and unchanged, and when he had sought so lovingly to imbue me with the admiration of beauty and of virtue; nor of those sunny afternoons, such as the present, when, seated in the rustic arbour whose fantastic roof just peeped out from amongst those cluster-

ing shrubs, he would enchant my whole being with the melodious strains which proceeded from his violin; nor of those balmy evenings when wandering by the rivulet he would excite the deepest emotions of my soul by reciting the song of some great poet. I strove not to think of these things lest their remembrance should unnerve me for the scene of poignant anguish which I knew too well would shortly take place; but in spite of all my efforts my memory continually reverted to those now mournful topics, and added more and more to the weight which floated in my heart.

But if the Past were pregnant with grief-dealing themes, what was the Future! I shuddered as I directed my thoughts towards the dread To Come, and beheld a new Life arise before me, a Frankenstein-monster, as it were, with the soul wanting. Yes; there would ever be a sense of vanity, a feeling of an existence bereft of all aim and destitute of any pivot about which to turn. Darkling, I tore myself away from the contemplation of this hideous prospect; but still recurred to it gloomily at intervals. Nor could this access of emotion with which I was convulsed well have been otherwise. I had, positively, no other object than my father upon which to rest my affections; for the Vikings, my only relations, were strangers to me, with the exception of Charles, and he, as I have before said, appeared to me simply in the light of an acquaintance. I had never known my mother, and the friends whom I had obtained in the neighbourhood were naturally far removed from the regions of love. If, therefore, I should lose my father I must necessarily be cast upon the world alone and desolate, surrounded by an atmosphere in which, for all I saw, there could exist no trace of love or affection.

While immersed in thoughts such as these, the door of the room opened, and Nancy Gliston appeared, sobbing violently, with her apron held up to her eyes. Upon seeing me she said, with much difficulty, "Please sir, master wants to see you."

I immediately went to my father's

chamber and found him sitting up in bed, supported by pillows. A great change was perceptible in his countenance, the old, wearied, suffering look having given place to one of soft calm and affection. But no hope was excited by this change: that mysterious light which heralds death, shone from his eyes in all its strange brilliancy, falling upon me only to make the darkness of my heart more dense. Drawing near, I placed my hand in his, not trusting my voice to utter a word.

"Dick," he said, all his wonted tenderness being concentrated, as it were, in each word, "I am about to leave you for ever. I felt from the first that my injury was mortal. I have taken care to provide for you, and Mr. Druitt will see that my wishes are carried out."

"Oh, my father!" I interrupted; "speak not thus about me. Rich or poor, what shall I do, with you no longer present to teach me and to guide me?"

"It is for that reason, Dick," he replied, with a trace of something sweetly mournful in his voice, "that I could wish to live for some years longer. But, my boy, our separation can only last at most for a few years. It has been thus with another separation, to the termination of which I have long looked forward, and which now draws to an

end. That picture, Dick, before which you have often seen me sit, will shortly be exchanged for the reality. Your sainted mother, whose last kiss of ineffable tenderness I seem to feel at this very moment upon my cheek, waits to welcome me with her well-remembered glance of love."

His strength here failed him, and he remained for a short time quite silent, with his eyes closed and his arms hanging loosely by his sides. The domestics whom he had caused to be summoned stood around the bed in an extremity of grief; Martin Dawes was sobbing heavily in a retired corner of the room; Mr. Druitt and the doctor were standing by the side of their dying friend, exhibiting in their trembling lips and quivering features the difficulty with which they controlled their emotion; while I, a prey to the keenest anguish, knelt by my father's side, and rested my head upon the bed in mute despair.

Presently he regained his consciousness, opened his eyes, and looking around him, gently said, "Good-bye, my friends." Then, pressing my hand, which I had placed in his—"Kiss me, Dick"—and, when I had done so, "God bless you, my son!—Kate—darling wife."

My father was dead.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE SHADOW OF A COMING EVENT GROWS MORE GLOOMY.

AGAIN I was quietly seated in the old library, amongst whose silent harmony of happy associations there now ran a theme all jarring and discordant. Again I looked upon those eloquent walls, but no longer with the pleasant anticipations of yore. Again I recognised the well-worn cover of some huge folio whose umquihle entrancing pages were now destitute of all power to attract or to charm.

It was a dull, cloudy day. The wind howled at intervals around the many corners of the old house as though wailing for the absence of *his* well-known form; while ever and anon a few rain-drops descending from the heavily-laden atmo-

sphere beat dismally upon the windows. The branches, too, of the neighbouring trees shook now and then for a few moments, so that the prolonged rustle of their leaves sounded like the lugubrious heaving of a sigh. Indeed, all the scene without appeared infected with some feeling of sadness which served to obscure the whole face of nature.

Nor were we in a brighter mood within. The sad ceremony which we had but just seen completed had cast a gloom over us all, and rendered any conversation of a light character very unwelcome, if not impossible. We were impressed with that indescribable feeling of awe which is occasioned by viewing the



disappearance of one dear to us when the coffin is lowered into the dark and gloomy grave; and we sat silently awaiting the time when Mr. Druitt should make us acquainted with the contents of my father's will.

There were only four of us present—my cousin, the Rev. Charles Viking, his father and mother, and myself. It was the first occasion upon which I had seen my uncle and aunt; and I cannot say that I was much prepossessed in their favour. Mr. Viking was a man apparently about sixty years of age, of a short, stoutly-built figure, with a very round, whiskerless face, and with exceedingly sharp-looking eyes. He appeared to have formed a habit of incessantly snapping his finger and thumb, but without any noise, a practice which at first sight seemed to indicate a nervous and irritable temper; but, as I afterwards found out, if this indication was trustworthy, it was very certain that the symptom amply sufficed for the exhaustion of the complaint, for Mr. Viking, both in speech and action, was invariably calm and collected. His wife was very unlike him, being tall and spare, and of an easily excitable disposition. In her features I could trace no likeness to my father, but she still exhibited the remains of a beauty which, in her younger days, must have been somewhat striking. There was, however, a sinister expression in her countenance, which by no means pleased me; and I soon discovered that, though sharing the same blood with my father, she possessed very few of his virtues. Nobility and chivalry, which formed, as it were, the very atmosphere of his soul's existence, seemed to have found no resting-place in her heart; and although she was not, I suppose, absolutely without generosity, yet she suffered it in nowise to influence her actions. Accordingly, when I saw what manner of people the parents were, I felt in no degree surprised to find that the son had become so cold and calculating.

Presently Mr. Druitt entered the room, and walking to the table, produced from his pocket a document which he unfolded, saying—

"I have here the will of our dear friend, and although we must all

deplore the painful circumstance which has led to our thus meeting together, yet I think you will agree with me that it would be well to avail ourselves of the present opportunity for learning the disposition which Mr. Arcles has made of his property."

A murmur of assent from the Vikings having followed this proposition, he continued, "You are, of course, all aware that making his will was the last act which Mr. Arcles performed?"

At this I observed that Charles and his father exchanged glances of surprise; but ere either could answer, Mrs. Viking rose hastily from her seat and exclaimed—

"Why, surely, Mr. Druitt, you don't mean to say that poor dear Richard made this will only just before he died?"

"Indeed I do, madam," replied the lawyer; "but did you not know that such was the case?"

"Certainly not. We have heard nothing whatever about it." And looking up at that moment, I found my aunt regarding me with quite a malevolent glance; although Heaven knows I was perfectly innocent of any intention to keep her in darkness, having, in fact, been so much taken up with the contemplation of my loss, and with the funeral preparations, that the circumstance of the will being made had completely escaped my memory. "But, Mr. Druitt, this present one of course revokes all former wills?"

"It does, madam, as you shall hear," returned the lawyer, raising the document from the table.

With another glance at me, which, although I should have preferred not to do so, I could not help regarding as unamiable, to say the least, and with a meaning look at her husband and son, the lady resumed her seat, while Mr. Druitt commenced to read the will. After reciting that, although grievously hurt and in speedy expectation of death, the testator was yet of perfectly sound mind, the instrument went on to direct that legacies of various amounts should be given to the domestics and to several of my father's friends. Then followed two bequests of one

thousand pounds each to Mrs. Trevor and to Mr. Druitt, and these were succeeded by a direction that a share which my father possessed in a ship trading between London and Calcutta should be sold, and the proceeds given to Charles Viking. And finally, the whole residuum of the property, after these charges should have been satisfied, was declared to belong to me, and Mr. Druitt was appointed sole executor of the will, and my guardian until I should come of age.

During the reading I confess I was more occupied in noticing the countenances of my relatives than in attending to the contents of the will. In Mr. Viking I discerned no marked change, save that his finger and thumb were more than usually restless; but his wife was at no pains to conceal her chagrin. Several times she seemed as though she were about to interrupt the lawyer by making some angry exclamation; and upon hearing that portion of the will which related to her son, she clenched her hands tightly upon the leather-covered arms of the chair. As for my cousin, he looked very pale, and eyed the lawyer with a glance fully as bitter as that which his mother had bestowed upon myself.

A short silence ensued as the lawyer finished, but it was soon broken by Mrs. Viking, who said—

“So-ho! It seems, then, that Richard considered his only sister as unworthy even of a mere mention in his will!”

“Madam, in that you wrong your noble brother and my honoured father,” cried I, starting from my seat; “he always spoke most tenderly of you.”

“Don’t ‘madam’ me, Master Dick!” returned the lady, with strong symptoms of irascibility. “I have a very good idea as to whom I may thank for your father’s *accidental forgetfulness*. It isn’t usual, you know, after one’s purpose is effected, for one to trouble one’s-self by continuing to play a part.”

This puzzled me not a little, and I had to reflect for a few moments before I perceived that my worthy

aunt was insinuating that I had for some time past endeavoured to estrange her from my father. Immediately I understood this I felt quite at a loss for a suitable reply to so unlooked-for an accusation; but having at length recovered my confidence, I was about to deny the charge with much indignation, when my cousin, who had paid no attention to the dialogue between his mother and myself, but had sat involved apparently in some absorbing train of thought, suddenly raised his head, and addressing himself to the lawyer, said, with a determined expression of countenance—

“Pray, Mr. Druitt, did not my uncle make a will some long time ago, in which Rumbleton Hall was left to me?”

“You are right, sir,” replied the gentleman thus questioned; “there was a will of that nature, which Mr. Arcles made before his marriage. In fact, he never revoked that will, until the one which I have just read was executed. He, however, often intended to do so, but put the matter off from year to year until he narrowly missed putting it off for ever. It is certainly a most extraordinary thing that such should have been the case, but in all my experience I never yet knew of any will the attendant circumstances of which were quite business-like.”

While Mr. Druitt was thus speaking, I noticed that my uncle’s finger and thumb was very busily engaged; and immediately the lawyer had finished he said—

“I suppose you have not yet destroyed this former will, Mr. Druitt?”

“No, sir. In fact, I have it in my room up-stairs, as there is a schedule of rents attached to it, which I shall find serviceable in performing my duties as executor. If you would like to see it, I shall have much pleasure in showing it to you. But you, of course, understand that the will which lies here before us is the only one that can be acted upon.”

Mr. Viking was about to answer when my cousin interrupted him by saying—

“There’s not the slightest occa-



sion for troubling yourself to fetch it. My father merely asked the question in order that he might know whether any record of my poor uncle's kind intentions towards me still existed. But really I must ask you to excuse me if I just take a turn or two on the terrace outside; the atmosphere indoors is to-day very oppressive, and the sad scene which we have witnessed has unstrung my nerves."

He accordingly rose from his seat, and looking paler than ever, quietly left the room. His father and mother seemed much astonished at his departure; and as they glanced at each other, I noticed that they appeared somewhat ill at ease. Mrs. Viking immediately entered into a conversation with the lawyer upon a variety of topics connected with our division of the county, but I heard little of it, being much more occupied in talking with my uncle, who, as soon as Charles had left the room, said to me—

"Dick, was your father very intimate with the Trevors?"

"I believe that he esteemed them much, although he seldom saw them," I replied.

"It's rather strange that Mrs. Trevor should never have mentioned to me that she knew your father so well. She certainly said that her husband had been often engaged in business transactions with him, but I little thought that she was on terms of legacy acquaintanceship. I suppose, then, she occasionally visited here?"

"No," said I; "I only remember her and Lily coming once."

"Aha! Then you know Miss Lily," returned my uncle, in a jocular tone; "and if it is a fair question, may I ask your opinion of her?"

"I am hardly able to give an opinion, for it's more than seven years since I saw her; but even then she was very attractive. Pray, what is she like now?"

"Why, as for my own part, I don't think she's much more than ordinarily good-looking, although certainly she has a very taking way with her. But then, you know, it isn't every person that has the same opinion upon these matters. There's

Charles, now, for example; he says that Lily——"

He suddenly paused here as the door opened, and my cousin entered, seeming in no degree revived by his walk, save that his eyes were gleaming rather more brightly than before. Upon hearing Lily's name pronounced he stopped short, but perceiving that his father did not continue, he said, with a slight flush mantling over his cheek—

"Pardon me for interrupting you. You were speaking about Lily Trevor, I believe. Don't let me hinder you from proceeding."

"Oh! I was merely saying," explained Mr. Viking, "that Lily is a near neighbour of ours, and that she is generally reckoned the best musician in the country; in which statements I shall have your support, no doubt."

He said this so easily, and, as he concluded, looked at me with such an aspect of quiet confidence, that I did not venture to ask him to finish his description of my cousin's opinion concerning Lily; although I would—I know not why—have given much to have heard it.

The weather had now cleared up, and the sun breaking forth from the clouds which had so long obscured his glory, was shining most brilliantly. When, therefore, Mrs. Viking proposed that we should adjourn into the garden until we were summoned to dinner, no one was found to dissent from the proposition; and we accordingly all sallied forth. Mr. Druitt, who was an ardent politician, still remained in close converse with my aunt, while Mr. Viking and Charles walked off arm-in-arm, leaving me to myself. For this I was by no means sorry, as I had long wished to have an opportunity of being alone, and of reflecting sadly on my bereavement. I accordingly bent my steps towards my old station, and was soon standing with my back resting against that tree behind which I had stood upon the occasion of my first acquaintance with Lily. There I remained for some time, busily engaged in picturing to myself the many pleasant scenes which the place had witnessed, when all at once my reveries were disturbed by the sound of voices approaching—or, rather,



my reveries were not *disturbed*, but the conversation which fell upon my ears seemed to be distinctly apprehended by my mind, and yet to in nowise interfere with the current of my thoughts. That is to say, I heard and understood every word of what was said, without for a moment attempting to listen to the conversation; a phenomenon of frequent occurrence to those whose minds are often much pre-occupied.

The speakers were my uncle and cousin, the former of whom, as I first heard them speak, was saying—

"But why not obtain the other and destroy it?"

"Because," replied Charles, "I have no wish at present to injure him. Besides, if I were to do as you propose, it would be a very easy matter to prove its existence and purport. Why, the evidence of Martin Dawes alone would be sufficient to turn the tables on us."

"But, my dear boy, if you are so determined to do nothing, why the deuce do you run such a risk? Remember my motto, 'The moment a game's not worth its candle, it ceases to be a legitimate pursuit'—a doctrine which I fancy very neatly embodies all that I have ever taught you upon the Absolution of Success."

"Oh, you needn't be anxious that I should forget your motto. It has led me by the nose too long for me not to remember it, although I sometimes wish it would cease to haunt me so when I'm engaged in teaching a very different doctrine in my little pulpit at Rickerston. But let that pass. What was it that you said?—Oh! that I ran a risk—that's not the case."

"How can you show that?"

"In this way. Suppose I pay a visit, and putting my hand into my pocket, don't find something which I intended to bring from home: what is the first idea that occurs to me?"

"You'd think you'd left it at home."

"Good! Now, suppose that I go home and can't find it there; what then?"

"You'd imagine that you had lost it on the road."

"Right! And suppose, further, that upon investigating the circumstances of the case, I find a hole in my pocket—not cut, mark you, but caused by some stitches in the seam having given way—what do I now think?"

"Why, of course, you'd feel pretty certain that your carelessness had been rewarded by the article dropping through the hole."

"Very good! Now, then, put 'bag' for 'pocket,' and——"

Here the voices became too distant for me to hear anything more, and as the dinner-bell rang immediately afterwards, I dismissed the subject from my thoughts, and walked towards the house. On my way thither I overtook the couple, a part of whose conversation I had just overheard, but they were now engaged in a discussion upon the right of a government to the highways of a nation, so that there was nothing to arouse my remembrance.

Dinner passed off very quietly, more especially as Mrs. Viking seemed disposed to make amends for her first ebullition of angry disappointment by treating me with as much courtesy and blandness as was compatible with her disposition—not a very great amount, I am sorry to say. My uncle, too, and Charles, were very polite, and Mr. Druit did his best to cheer me; so that I felt myself less sad than I had been for some days.

When dinner was over, Mr. Druit and I were much astonished to hear that the Vikings intended to leave us immediately. We had expected that they would pass the night at Rumbleton Hall, but it appeared that Charles had suddenly remembered an important appointment for the next day, which it was necessary that he should keep, and, therefore, Mr. and Mrs. Viking had determined to accompany him to Rickerston. As all entreaties were vain, nothing remained but to procure a postchaise from the village, which was accordingly done, and my relatives departed in apparently very good humour both with themselves and with me.

## A SYLVAN STORY.

BESIDE the embers of his smoking hut  
The trapper sat, and mourned,  
A poor, rude dwelling, but to him 'twas home,  
By his own hand adorned.  
There smiled his silent welcome, when he came  
Laden with skins and furs,  
Back from a journey through primeval woods,  
Where seldom footstep stirs.

Save when the stealthy Delaware did go,  
Keen-eyed, upon the chase,  
Treading as if wool-shod and upon snow,  
War-paint about his face.  
There the swift stag displayed his dappled sides,  
The gaunt wolves howled at night,  
And overhead, for days and nights, was heard  
The pigeons' noisy flight.

He had forsaken this old world of ours,  
Its quiet farmstead homes,  
Seaports, and cities, with the smoke of toil  
For ever round their domes,  
To dwell afar where law, apart from might,  
Is utterly unknown,  
With rifle in his hand and fearless eye,  
Treading the woods alone.

His drink, the sparkling waters that did run  
A stone-throw from his door;  
Fat venison his food, or the rich ham  
Some shaggy monster bore.  
The New Year dawned upon him, and no voice  
Did say "I wish you well!"  
The Old Year died beneath the fair starlight,  
And no hand stirred a bell.

None cheered or shared his sylvan solitude,  
Nor sought his beechen walls,  
Save prowling Indian, or some trapper rude,  
At lengthy intervals.  
No woman's eye met his, no tiny voice  
Did laugh with him in glee.  
He lived throughout the year like one who holds  
A lighthouse in the sea.

And he was happy in his way, nor felt  
His heart within him die.  
Mute fondness many an animal gaze did beam  
On his observant eye.  
At night he watched the Pleiads overhead,  
And the fair Milky Way,  
Dreaming of Atlas, and the giant-babe  
God-born, as poets say.

The deadly war whoop thrilled the forest leaves,  
The crackling flames rose high,  
And in a savage ring the Mohawk danced,  
With wild and vengeful cry.  
Farewell to all the trophies that did grace  
The beams of that rude home,  
Dear to the hunter, as to scholar are  
Relics of Greece and Rome.

Antlers of deer, which emperors might prize,  
Claws of the grizzly bear,  
Skins of bears, wolves, and leopards, like night's skies  
With bright stars here and there ;  
Otter and beaver, and the unwieldy moose  
Had added to the spoil,  
And now, one desolating hour destroyed  
The fruits of years of toil.

Over the smoking embers of his hut  
The trapper sat, and mourned,  
A poor, rude dwelling, but to him 'twas home,  
His woe should not be scorned.  
Achilles, mourning for Patroclus dead,  
Will raise the classic tear ;  
Believe me, there are humble eyes that shed  
Salt waters as sincere.

The brushwood rustled to the hunter's track,  
Onward he stoutly trod,  
A rifle on his shoulder, his strong heart  
Elate with faith in God.  
Once more amid man's haunts he speaks and moves,  
And kneels where prayers ascend,  
Too worn to charm the Graces and the Loves,  
But dear to many a friend.

" Sermons in stones, tongues in the running brooks,"  
By him were understood,  
And he by waterfalls, in mossy nooks,  
Drinks wisdom from the flood.  
Birth, life, and death, and change and chance he saw,  
In herb, and rill, and flower ;  
And the resplendent chariot of the Sun  
Moves, witness of God's power.

R. C. F. HANNAY.

---



## THE HIGHWAY OF CLOUD.

A FEW evenings ago, we spent an hour enjoying some music on the fine organ of a certain church. As we stepped out of the sacred building, lo! in the west a marvellous conflagration of scarlet clouds dashed across a pure reach of pale sky; delicate lines of cloud of wondrous effulgence, bathed in a most tender hue of inconceivable colour, at once bright, soft, ethereal, remote, melancholy, pure. So suggestive, so elevating, so accusing, by their extreme beauty and purity, we hesitate not to use the word *melancholy*; leading the mind away to regions of ineffable tranquillity and light unsullied, that on its return to this dark earth mourns the ills and sorrows of men. Long we gazed at the awakened heavens, flushed with new lustre as the day declined — brightest ere it sped away, and turned again and again to gather the beauty of those high clouds, where sunlight lingered long after earth lay dark below. Paler and paler grew the sky; more westerly passed the colouring, as the light left one and another cloud, which gradually took the grey shades of night. A sort of grave gladness, we had almost said a sorrowful rejoicing, took possession of us as we thought of so much loveliness evolved from such scanty materials, and of the *reserves* of beauty and grandeur which such a scene suggests.

Perhaps the main characteristic of the sky is its *diversity*, open to the enjoyment and admiration of all, even of those pent in city dens, where, between close walls, and from noisome alleys, may some gleams be caught of hasting cloud or the far expanse of blue. Community of interest pertains to the sky. Choice spots of earth, and open freedom of the sea, may be given to the few for admiration; but the sky knows no restriction, and reveals scenes of grandeur and loveliness to all who are watchful for its display. The poorest peasant from the plough may gaze on match-

less combinations of form and colour, which even a Turner may not *fully* express. Much room for study is there in aerial effects, not only in an æsthetical point of view, but the practical one of weather forecasts. Again, no two skies, short of perfect blue and complete cloud, are ever precisely alike; but day after day change follows change in the form, colouring, height, and massing of clouds. This feature of the sky is peculiarly interesting, since we may be assured, as we linger to look on the glowing west, that no other sunset with clouds was ever precisely like *that*, which so becomes peculiarly ours.

We are writing in autumn, at which season, perhaps, more fine sunsets and sunrises are produced than at any other season of the year, especially in late autumn, when storms begin to sweep the sky clear of vapour between cloud and cloud, and so bring about that readiness to receive the half colours of the sun. Sunset among the higher clouds at such a time is often wonderful in brilliancy and duration of colour, as well as clear backgrounds of free sky; both sky and colour full of *appealing*, imaging some super-earthly rest. Many a time have we gone out to take better the lustre of such a sunset, when the far high clouds have been bathed with a surpassing tone of crimson, or rather a colour for which language has no name. Sometimes we can foretell the coming splendours of evening from the clear sky below, which at far altitudes bears thin and delicate and well-defined lines of white cloud, crossing and interlacing, but stationary to us for hours. As the sun goes lower, first an amber warmth comes upon them, slowly deepening to orange, which gradually and almost imperceptibly turns to scarlet; then comes that tone of crimson, above all others pure and soft and pensive, as the lustre floods the West, and completes the magical chord of beauty of unexpressible,

clean, shadowless colour. Such a colour we once saw reflected on the craggy summits of part of the mighty Berwyn, like beacon-fires lit for joy. The heights of that mountain-range were fairly aflame with dying daylight.

How strange it is that so many people take little or no regard to the beauties and wonders of creation around them! We have more than once been struck by the apathy of those about us, when the flushed heavens called for admiration: no rapt gaze—perhaps no regard at all—when burning filaments of cloud lay dashed across the west by a masterly hand. Again, how commonly do we find ordinary people we pass in the way pay no heed when cloud beauty calls for observation. All that wealth, all that display, is lost to them; they apparently care not for it; so that it is not a rare thing to find a look of surprise, or some token of disdain when we point out the beauty of cloud. Only a few days ago we passed along a suburb of a midland town, where the ascending road gave a good view towards the west, which at that time glowed in rare tints of sunset that permeate many delicate long cloudlets of unspeakable tranquillity and charm, thrown upon a clean sky ranging in tint from blue to green and primrose. Several clouds were contorted and turned up at the edges in a strange wild way, as though just transfixed after a boiling tempest. A knot of young workmen stood where a good view might be had of such splendour; they were grouped in common conversation, heeding only each other's "chaffing" talk, without one look across to the west, as it seemed to us,—certainly without any worthy regard. Their loss the greater. Several times, from a railway carriage, we have caught glimpses of a good sunset; but found generally the occupants of the compartment indifferent thereto. Thus common gifts of great worth are often disregarded. Those young men standing vacantly "in their shirt-sleeves," coatless and loud of speech, would probably see more to admire in the gross portraiture of the "Marquis of Granby," that great warrior so

often found gracing a wayside tavern, in amazing sleeves and buttons, and, with a far-seeing eye, sublimely looking into the far distance! Their loss, we repeat, the greater.

It came to pass this last spring, that we stood one evening at sundown, on the summit of craggy Moel Wyn. Here and there, on this side, on that, the pride of evening rested on the brown backs of sundry mountains near, burnishing their rugged tops with surprising rosy light. But away, over the sea, hung poised a few drops of gold that fairly dazzled sight, becoming changed to warmer and softer colour as the sun set behind the sea. The clouds we felt, but what a melting lustre theirs! No brightness on earth can surpass the pure tints of such clouds, that verily seem the gates to some heavenly city. A brief while was that crimson sheen upon them, then gradually the light left them one by one: until we scarce could see them, so inconspicuous but as receptacles of that marvellous light. Such a change to cold ashy grey, mostly brings the observer a touch of mild regret for so much beauty gone. We have before now longed to follow the sun at the same distance round the world, and see *one continued sunset* with all its marvels and mysteries of beauty.

Occasionally it happens that a sunset reveals to us the unequal distances of clouds, that in broad daylight seem alike removed from us, by leaving a rich legacy of light on some, while others are standing in the cold. The clouds nearest to us are soonest abandoned to grey: while remote shreds of snowy vapour continue invested resplendently. Colour lingers longest on the highest clouds, especially at altitudes where water can only exist as snow or minutely frozen vapour. These remain white when the sun has set to us, but still for some time shines fully there: then comes the charming change, while the tints linger, tost by reflection from cloud to cloud, as though unwilling to be gone. Now and then such clouds may be seen to brighten into fresh tints after we deemed their treasure gone, the reflection caught just for a moment from



some lower and more westerly clouds, just then taking the full splendour of evening.

Sometimes it shall happen, probably only once or twice in a lifetime, that at sunset the sky from horizon to zenith, is flecked with minute cloudlets, thick as falling flakes of snow. Provided the light catches these at the right angle, we have a scenic display compared with which all earthly pageantry is poor indeed. It becomes as though the heavens were strewn with the blazing wings of seraphim. Awed into reverence we gaze entranced, when thus sun and cloud combine to show us a little of what may be done in the way of colour. So lifts our hearts that beatific vision into contemplation and awe, that we long to pass the portals of that bright city, of which it is told us "there is no night there." We have beheld such a sunset overspread the face of the sky, like bright grains of wheat flung from the sower's hand. Then is the rich reflection glowing on the favoured earth, its fields, and trees, and human dwellings. Then is its lustre caught from the eye of a friend, westward turned in fellowship of admiration. Then the unwonted ruby light is on the page we have left to front the sky. Then we measure not its parts of beauty, but stand mute, struck into silent wonder and delight, while such passages of unearthly melody are being rendered out of the air. When such hues of tenderness have left the sky, we feel we have been privileged to gaze upon one of the choicest pictures of the Great Master.

Such occasions very rarely come : perhaps but once during our lifetime. Hear Ruskin upon them : his words very greatly surpass anything we could say upon such sunsets. "Nature has a thousand ways of rising above herself, but the noblest manifestations of her capability of colour are in these sunsets among the high clouds. I speak especially of the moment when the sun's light turns pure rose-colour, and when this light falls upon a zenith covered with countless cloud-forms of inconceivable delicacy, threads and flakes of vapour, which

would in common daylight be pure snow-white, and which give therefore fair field to the tone of light. There is then no limit to the multitude, and no check to the intensity, of the hues assumed. The whole sky from the zenith to the horizon, becomes one molten mantling sea of colour and fire : every black bar turns into massy gold, every ripple and wave into unsullied crimson and purple, and scarlet, and colours for which there are no words in language and no ideas in the mind—things which can only be conceived while they are visible : the intense hollow blue of the upper sky melting through it all, shewing here deep and pure and lightness ; there modulated by the filmy formless body of the transparent vapour : till it is lost imperceptibly in its crimson and gold."

Dwellers by the sea have large opportunity for observing and studying a variety of sunsets, many of which are effective and would be worth a special description. The open uninterrupted view of sky, if seen towards the west, affords every chance of seeing whatever sunset effect there is : whereas the power of the evening is frequently lost to others by near obstructions to sight. Now and then the gleaming west lies reflected in a flickering sea, which sparkles with gems whose multitude gives power. Sometimes rays of evening fall upon bits of sea, aglow as with fires fallen from the firmament. Occasionally, and more rarely, a calm sea yields much of the form and colour of clouds reflected therein, and so repeats the splendour. Passages of surprising effect ever and anon arrest the eye of the dweller on a western shore, comprising lustre and gloom ; warmth of splendid colouring contrasted with deathly shades of grey ; rich purple clouds seen beside gleams of gold ; voluminous rolls of vapour passing across a single long line of thin scarlet cloud ; deep tones of neighbouring water set off by alluring flashes of sunlight beyond, on the far horizon of the sea ; blackest mass of sea and sky, contrasted with luminous spaces of peculiar greenish sky low in the north-west, when the sun has been gone an hour or two ; bright detachments of light



reflected from pools left by the tide among the black sands of late evening, which reflections look like openings in the earth to another sky below; the play of many effects of evening on the dimpling arch of sea.

Leaving the consideration of sunsets, we turn to more sober but scarcely less interesting combinations of cloud, visible in some form or other nearly every day of our lives. On this evening of October, 1870, we are having refreshing rain for hours, which the aspect of the sky makes one think to be general over the Island, after a dry time of of three weeks at the least, during which not one shower has fallen, we believe, in this district. It has been interesting to note the sky change concurrent with a falling barometer, yesterday and to-day; and this morning the fog gave way to a general *high* obscuration of cloud, spread over the entire sky, with detached clouds passing below:—a sure sign of rain at hand, and generally much of it. For some years past we have observed a gradual veiling of the whole sky at high altitudes, with underclouds moving separately, is mostly followed speedily with continuous rain. It would seem as though the great body of the atmosphere at such a time were slowly relinquishing a part of its moisture, which soon resolves itself into a steady rain. This would seem to be brought about by some great change affecting the whole mass of the air, as distinct from rain brought up directly from the sea. But how mysterious the “balancings of the clouds, the wondrous works of Him that is perfect in knowledge!” What is this great change that brings the treasures of the rain this evening, whereas for weeks it seemed as though all the moisture had forsaken the sky, and only fogs of earth were left? What hath loosened the bands of the air that before seemed tied with continuous drought? Verily small is our knowledge of any material thing, and scanty even yet our intimacy with the laws imposed by the Almighty on the working of nature.

Who has not been charmed while

wondering at those miracles of towering *cumulus* clouds beheld in a spring day of alternate sun and shower? Largely weighted with folds of vapour, substantial-looking, black and angry next the earth; rising into plications of wreathing steam, that boils and alters as we gaze, displaying most subtle shades of grey, from pure snow-white to deep brown or purple gloom, and revealing cavernous depths of rounded pendulous walls back into their very heart; passing above into tenderest and purest white of many gradations of folding surface, sharply outlined against a background of lovely blue. Such clouds are studies in themselves, and exhibit delicacies of tinting, and melting of light into shade, such as we find scarcely equalled elsewhere. In such clouds we may see the shadows of one part cast on another, telling up in wondrous semblance of solidity, and showing the great size of one such cloud, which may also be guessed at from the extent of moving shadow cast on the landscape. We have watched such a cloud travelling over the plain in summer, and seen it launch forth a tongue of lightning, followed by thunder peal and pattering hail, then passing on undiminished. How sometimes we see such clouds soaring to the zenith in vesture of clear white, as though assailing the very seat of the empyrean! So also have we seen them standing on the verge of night, like stranded icebergs in a polar sea, and taking a soft warm tinting of *rose* from the setting sun, the very counterpart of the last rosy light on the crest of the Alps.

The contrast is marked when such *cumulus* clouds detached pass rapidly under other high clouds of long-striated and contorted forms at rest in the far quiet of the upper sky, and well away from the troublous wind that drives along their brethren nearer earth. Now and then we see the lower sky change its cloud several times, and wear a variety of aspects, while remote shreds of snow retain their form, howsoever strange and agitated. Such still high clouds are like the lofty thoughts and purest feelings which should soar and abide in the highest concave of the dome of the soul, though rack of storm

may fly below and overshadow the ground with flecks of gloom. Very suggestive are the images of *rest* brought by such remote thin clouds of calm white. In imagination we gain their snowy repose "above the dissonance of time," and away from the cares that will more or less pertain to life. Professor Wilson has some beautiful lines upon this subject, and was wont to take long rambles among the Westmoreland mountains by night, when beauty of moon and cloud particularly won his admiration. Hear his words :—

"The waveless clouds that hung amid  
the light,  
By Mercy's hand with braided glory  
wove,  
Seemed, in their boundless mansions,  
to my sight.  
Like guardian spirits o'er the land they  
love.  
  
My heart lay pillowed on their wings  
of snow,  
Drinking the calm that slept on every  
fold,  
Till memory of the life she led below,  
Seemed like a tragic tale to pity told."

For thorough enjoyment of open air, and for picturesque effect of sky, no days surpass those intermediate days, mostly of spring and early summer, when the pure blue is "dashed with wandering isles" of cloud detached, changing, bright, and high—days when the rain of yesterday has thinned and cleared the air, and the whole pageantry of sky and landscape stands revealed in sharp definition, every bit of colour telling up on forest, glade, or hill, while the far horizon lies expressed in peculiar distinctness. This is the time for cloud study in one variety, if from some eminence or mountain, so much the better for beholding the manifold shadows of moving clouds, such as lie (like dark islands on the sea) upon the fair face of earth. Interesting it is to watch a huge cloud come on from the horizon, growing in bulk as it approaches our station, and observe, at the same time, its shadows conforming to undulations of country below, now mounting some hill, perhaps lost to us for a moment on the far side, then sweeping over the crest and down the slopes, as though making up lost time; or enveloping field, and wood,

and village, with its ample cloak, until it reaches where we stand, when suddenly we plunge into shade, and as rapidly again into light, while the skirts of the cloud pass onward away. Such cloud-shadows, on a gleamy day, have power to unfold to us the passages and configurations of the hills: for what looks afar as a broad unbroken surface of mountain is suddenly seen to consist of a series of ridges and valleys, when the shadows cross them and plunge into the hollows alternately with leaping the crags. Into bold definition do they often throw up the hills, gleam and gloom resting in turn on their varied surface: here a bright light, there a deep tone of purple or brown.

This brings us to speak of a good effect of cloud once beheld among the Stretton Hills of Shropshire. An artist friend had accompanied us one evening up the Ragleth, which hill stands separated by the Stretton valley from the extensive moorland range of the Long Mynd, there broken into rounded masses of rich brown moor and rifted with valleys that extend far into its broad back. As we stayed up there a long time admiring the view, a grand effect came on. Enormous masses of heavy cloud brooded over the hills, shot with lurid under-light from the sinking sun, and assumed marvellous purples and browns of what we would call *luminous glooms* that swept the lowering edges of cloud over a score of miles, and lay reflected on the broad Long Mynd range in tones of severest purple, that heightened its grand sweeping surface, and drew our repeated wonder and admiration. Over so large a surface of cloud and hills lay that effect of ponderous colour; yet between the air was clear, and enabled the eye to travel far southward, when it could detach itself from those unwonted purples and browns.

Did you ever remark how, in the case of some clouds, there was a supreme delicacy of shadow, and shading of grey into grey, of brown into brown, so gradually and softly, that while you looked you wondered. We have seen the lights of some clouds so interwoven and interchanged, and passing so miraculously one into another, that we



might almost call them shades of white. So subtly, so delicately, will one bulging billow of cloud overlap another of scarcely discernable difference of shading, yet separated off in so marked a way, that we are left to wonder how such distinction is apparent. Occasionally we see such clouds evolving themselves and boiling up in protuberant bosses out of their inmost recesses, all the time cleaving the blue air with sharpest outline. This bold outline, so defined and clear, is a wonder in itself, when we think of the soft vapoury nature of clouds. How, one asks, can a puff of vapour, shaken and altered at every breeze, rear such a towering solidity of semblance, and assail the sky like a dome of white marble? Something, doubtless, is due to distance; but there remains a mystery about the consistency of a *cumulus* cloud, as, indeed, of clouds in general. Like leviathans of the air, they hold on their way, undaunted by the fiery sunlight beating on their flanks.

There are many mysteries concerning clouds. For instance, how comes it that we shall find the sky laden with clouds that trail near the ground and drag straggling rags of blackness, that yet pass over without so much as a spot of rain? Whereas, perhaps shortly afterwards, when the air is far lighter, and the clouds higher and paler, a steady rain descends. We are led to ask, What held it up before, and why falls it now? No doubt some aerial, probably electrical, change has come about; but *what* change? And by what astonishing chemistry of the air is so vast a weight of water upheld? Then, again, what changes are those that resolve the dark clouds out of previously invisible vapour as largely diffused in the air? We know the air is clearest when containing the greatest amount of moisture: in what way, then, is so large a body of water sustained which a cold wind can quickly throw down in blinding sheets of rain or hail? Truly must we confess our utmost knowledge to be merely playing with the surface of things, whose inner workings defy our keenest search. This vast aerial ocean, at the bottom of which we live, hath many wonders, and among them conspicu-

ously these travelling reservoirs of water, sent as bounties for herb and seed into a thousand lands; not alone where men dwell in friendly communities, but "on the wilderness where no man is," where only the wildest animals of the desert yield unconsciously thanks to the Giver.

To-night, as we write, the hurrying rack is driven over the earth, while the storm walks the sky on the wings of the wind, and flings the torn rags of cloud far from the edges of the great masses of black tempest that come surging up from the west. What a gust was that! shrieking at our windows, as though some troubled spirit sought a refuge from the storm. So rain-laden the clouds, that spates impinge with great noise on the panes, even during the strongest gusts: splashes of rain against which—oh, the poverty of umbrellas. But we may even enjoy being abroad on such a night, with a sort of wild savage glee at the fury of the elements, as we become a part of the storm, and let out our fancies on the pennons of the blast, and watch the driven clouds racing along in troubled shapes and strange bewildered companies, and press our way steadily against the tremendous wind as we feel the comfort of a good stout coat and a cap that defies the sudden gust. How the wind wrestles with the trees, and tears away branches, while it sends the leaves afar, as boughs bend and rise again under the mighty pressure, with forms strangely altered from those they wear on calm days. But the flying rack overhead shows best the strength of the storm, like breakers on the ocean shore. How thoroughly such a storm clears this highway of cloud from impurities and smoke of towns, bringing us a fresh supply of oxygen from the sea, as we feel when inhaling the great freshness and sharpness of the air, which at such times differs but little from that of the coast. Last evening we were out on a long walk at sundown, and from some high hills remarked a level whitish mixture of mist and smoke lying over this inland town, like a long lake in a far landscape. But all that is gone to-night, and, instead thereof, we have a changed atmosphere that an hour or so ago was far on the broad Atlantic. Gales of the



equinox ! how powerfully do they sweep along ! as we listen and watch the sky, we feel almost as though it would be enjoyable to launch our spirits off on the wings of the wind. How to-night the drifting clouds must be blending with tossed waves on the sea, where the crests of huge billows are *swept* off like smoke by fury of the gale, and sea and sky are confused in one mass of hurrying, blinding mist, that drenches the struggling, loud-voiced mariners, like immersion in the sea itself, while spates of strong rain dash against the fisherman's window on the shore ! Well for the wife within if her husband and sons are safely housed to-night ; for, without doubt, *some* good fellows will go to the bottom ere the morning light arrives. Peace be with them above the storm !

Speaking of storms, how varied are the manifestations of cloud when thunder accumulations walk the sky like an army with banners ! Sometimes a dense dark mass of cloud is resolved out of the troubled air by slow degrees, culminating at length in the flash and peal. Sometimes clouds are borne on the wind much as ordinary clouds, sending here and there their tongues of flame and fertilising rain. At times a great bank of tempest-cloud comes up from the horizon, charged with wrath, like a battalion of resistless warriors, wide and deep, and high. We have seen such a mass of cloud filling all the broad horizon in front of us as we stood on a hill, and assuming remarkable tones of colour, down even to copper tint, and dark shades of positive green, lurid and fearful to see. Make sure tempest is abroad at such a time, and that of no little severity. We have seen such clouds come rolling up on the electrical breeze, and eddying over in curves like the waves of the sea, as faster and faster they hastened on, as though possessed of an independent life of their own, until the storm burst on us in all its wild roar and conflict, obscuring everything in profound gloom, and drenching us with sheets of flung rain. Oh, the power of cloud is seen forcibly when out of the blackness starts the jagged lightning, as though the very firmament were cloven, followed by a crash like the dissolution of all things. Out of

the gloomiest and most sullen clouds comes thus the brightest and most instantaneous and dazzling light. We may often have witnessed such a storm before, yet are we again awed and amazed at the instantaneous flash, quick as as the execution of the fiat of God. What commotion must be going on in the air, as for hours we hear the rolling thunder, almost without a pause. On rare occasions the clouds preceding a storm may be seen boiling like a cauldron, twisting and turning one over another, as though directly stirred by some great staff. Once, when on a twenty-mile journey across country, we witnessed a white wave of cloud driven up by a tremendous wind, and cresting over just like a great breaker on the coast. A fearful storm followed. Again, what a power is abroad in the air, when at night we can watch the lightning burst over the sky in a blaze of light, from which are seen threads of electricity irradiating in every direction ! How profound the darkness that follows, smiting us in the face, and like a black wall !

Turn we for a moment or two to another phase of the highway of cloud, and one widely contrasted with the last. It was but a few evenings ago we sat some time in our little study, admiring the effects of moon and clouds, as light vapour came across again and again, whitening as it neared the moon, and becoming vested with delicate haloes of light when they crossed that shield of silver, until again they wore their sober shadings of grey. What exquisite effects of calm ! how deep the repose of the scene, which seemed to reprove all unseemly haste of men ! Now some tiny cloudlet would pause an instant, bathed in silvery radiance, penetrated with peace. Now a darker cloud would obscure the moon, only for it again to career, as it were, into light and freedom all the brighter by contrast. Now a thin veil would be drawn across the disk, which told its attenuations in tints of finest gradation. Now all lower clouds would pass off, leaving the lamp of night in majesty unobscured, exulting in the pure illimitable heavens. On some autumn nights, when winds are

up, in addition to the usual effects of golden light, we may see some peculiar tints of green, as clouds are driven along. Then what sudden contrasts present themselves of light and gloom, as the splendour of one moment is merged in black midnight of shade the next, when a huge cloud dashes across the moon, which seems herself endued with visible motion, and to plunge in dark caves of obscurity until all trace of the light is gone. By and by out leaps the glowing orb, again vesting tree, and field, and hill with a lovely sheen, and casting a fringe of beauty on the skirts of the flying cloud. Fair passages of Night: how do they image scenes of unearthly tranquillity, drawing away the mind from the small cares of day which too largely engross its attention, and leading it to dwell on the hope of a grand rest remaining!

During the evenings of the 24th and 25th of this October, men were startled by a sudden and wonderful light, illumining the heavens shortly after sunset. We ourselves went out one of those evenings, and were surprised by the unwonted light cast over half the sky. A little to the south of the zenith was a kind of halo or corona, dark in the centre, from which emanated rays or streamers of light which descended on several sides down to the horizon, like the fingers of a great hand spread out. In the east and south-west were broad spaces of bright rosy light, like the fairest colours of sunset, so strong as to tint a watch-face and white articles of dress: and changing their position and form as time went on, sometimes extended up to the corona before mentioned, sometimes seen as rosy streamers shooting up from the north: while on this side, on that, turn where we would, bright auroral light would at one moment or other light up the heavens in a startling way, enough to terrify simple folks in far rural places. After two hours or so had elapsed, the display vanished from the dome of our sky, and resolved itself into a pale auroral arch in the north, near the horizon, from which shot up, now and then, pale quivering streamers. As we watch such a

display, while the suddenly awakened heavens are aglow with wondrous and changing colours, a thrill of awe comes across us as we surmise on the origin and mode of operation and influence of such phenomena.

We will imagine an early morning of spring, and ourselves stationed on some mountain, surveying the progress of day. As the light dimly and coldly first breaks in the east, it gradually reveals the earth-clouds, those mists that night leaves in the lap of the world, settled in all valleys most probably, very like the appearance of lakes, with here and there some height raised above the vapour: all looking cold, grey, cheerless. Slowly the light grows up the east, while more and more clearly we can discern the face of the land in its broader features, until rich tints gleam along the eastern clouds like watch-fires burning in the dawn. There away they strike, higher, and wider, and richer; now the whole east is eloquent with colour, and lavishes streaks of rosy light on the high rocks, tinting the mist surface into warmer shewing, while clearer and yet more clear becomes our view of earth and mist below, until at length bursts forth the sun, like a strong man armed. All nature is glad with the returning day, and man, bird, and beast, begin to bestir themselves over a space of a thousand leagues. When wearying sickness claims us for its own, how welcome the first streaks of dawn through the bedroom window, after the long restless night! "My soul waiteth for the Lord, more than they that watch for the morning." What significance in the words! how full of powerful simile! We see the solemn watch standing on the walls of old Jerusalem, with face toward the east, waiting and watching for the morning. Surely it comes at last, the glad light cheering the heart that hath watched so eagerly. To return: presently, if we watch long enough, we shall see the mists astir and rising here and there out of their graves in the dark valleys. We shall see a slow but sure movement of change coming over the fogs and earth-clouds, as by degrees they obey the sun; one by one coming



forth and creeping like ghosts along the flanks of the dripping hills, about which they wreath in shapes fantastic. When most of the valleys are clear to those who walk at such a time, we shall see the mists still lingering about all the loftier heights, and now first taking their rank as true clouds. As the morning advances, we find these clouds rising higher up the mountains, and one by one floated off as detached aerial clouds to join their fellows now dotting the blue, many of such latter having been imperceptibly drawn up by the sun out of the hollows and from the plains of earth. What a glorious prospect expands before us on any such morning, just when all neighbouring heights are clear, and the sky is adorned with light fleecy clouds that do but enhance the blue! Who does not feel the better for such a view, and more free and easy of heart? Often on such heights our hearts partake of the lightness of the air. Standing well above the earth, we feel the benign influence of the sky, which, as a childish fancy, seems *nearer*. If during any change of the morning, some clouds overshadow us where we stand, we feel more separated from earth, as the white vapour wraps us round. And how strange and unexpected the freaks and changes of clouds witnessed from such high standing-point: now dissolving and leaving no trace in the sunny sky, now forming around some peak out of a clear air, now settling on the hills, now rising up rapidly, like smoke out of some ravine. The effects of seeing clouds forming *below* us and settling on the hills, or clinging pertinaciously to some craggy summit, or reposing on a level bank like down, is captivating and sometimes startling. Once on starting down at evening from the top of Snowdon, when the sky was clear, we were surprised how rapidly clouds began to form here and there on the lower spurs of the mountain, while we above were free. At one time a ridge would be touched with a snowy vapour, and a moment after quite clear: then out of a deep ravine a column of cloud would rise to shew itself in the colder air above. We felt how uncertain

was the clearness of vision we enjoyed; and how perilous a walk over Snowdon may become, in the uncertainty of evening clouds, which at any moment might wrap us round as with a cloak.

Among the mountains we have a better arena for the display of atmospheric effects. There we find stronger tellings of light and shade, more subtle and fugitive passages of colouring. Where masses of rock of divers forms soar far into the sky, there do they gather to themselves wonderful properties of obscurity and relief, of gaiety and gloom. Clouds play about their broad flanks as not on lesser elevations, and hover on their topmost crests, to add greater dignity to the scene and reveal to men more of the mysteries of the air. There, up among the ruined crags and along the face of deadly mural precipices, occur those contrasts of temperature and density between rock and wind, such as attract or disperse the clouds. There we may often see that striking effect of some cloud pertinaciously clinging to some lofty peak for hours, while all the sky besides is clear, and the entire landscape below rejoices in sunshine. It is not *one* cloud that lingers up there but many, that shew themselves for a moment and are gone, formed out of the warm moisture-laden air upon the cold stones of that high point, which condenses the cloud upon itself for a moment, only to be again taken up and lost in the warm air beyond. This is often very tantalising to the traveller, who casts wistful glances from the heated valleys up to the cloudy peaks, where still and yet still the vapour lingers, as though never more to leave them. Sometimes he has to wait for a week or more, before a favourable opportunity occurs for the ascent of some attractive mountain. Nor must we always trust the guides in their opinion on the weather, which, not unfrequently, turns out quite opposite to their views; though, of course, long acquaintance with wind and cloud and their own mountains gives them a good general idea of the subject. We remember a trusty guide at Keswick, once remarking, just before accompanying



two of us up Skiddaw, "It will be fine, but I don't know about the wind." It was a lovely day, scarcely a breath of air was stirring, and altogether delightful. But, sure enough, there *was* a wind on Skiddaw enough to blow one off. Indeed, one man *was* blown down, and cut the knee of his unmentionables; another person who came up shortly afterwards had his face cut with small stones flung by the wind. We had to lean at a great angle to avoid being blown over, and were thankful for what shelter we could find behind the earn of stones on the top. But below all was quiet, and only a gentle breeze stirred the surface of Derwentwater, when afterwards we boated on that queenly lake. Now, how could the guide *tell* there would be a wind such as we found on Skiddaw? Perhaps from the motion and direction of the few clouds; but it puzzles us yet. That guide, Robinson by name, was a trusty and respectful fellow, and had often had what Christopher North calls "a good sprinkling of the heavens."

There is nobody like an old mountain shepherd for weather wisdom, who spends long hours of profound solitude amid mist and cloud, in severe loneliness of remote glens, and on the wide fenceless moor. You shall often see his face scarred with wrinkles, like the front of a precipice long worn by wind and rain. Little recks he of a Highland mist, or even the snow-storm that sweeps the wilds and burys landmarks. He knows at least something of the aspects of clouds, and understands a little of the whispers of the wind. Whence comes the fairest weather he can tell you, and from what quarter to expect the heaviest spates of rain. Often led, for very companionship, to study the face of the sky, he grows instinctively to recognise its features and to gather its teaching, as with solemn visage he scans the firmament, and gazes afar through the level atmosphere from his high watch on the mountain side. How many secrets of hill and cloud are in his keeping! how to him are their rarer aspects familiar! We lowlanders may come and go, and fancy we know something of the mountains;

but his *home* is in the mist, his *walk* the free ranges of cloudy fell.

Doubtless among the influences acting upon the formation and dispersion of clouds, their descent in rain to fertilise the fields, or absorption again in the atmosphere, the element or energy known to us as electricity plays a most active part; greater probably during days of mild benign showers than when thunder-storms rend the air. Secret but most effectual are the processes over a thousand leagues that gather out of ocean and the air those beneficial rain-clouds of every season. None can say how electricity and heat act in combination, being possibly separate expressions of *one* power of law imparted to nature. We all know there is an intimate connection, during a thunder-storm, between the flash and the succeeding shower; hence we infer the agency, greater or less, at work during the fall of calm and moderate showers. Again, as the power of the air to uphold invisible vapour is proportionate to its heat, it follows that a sudden contact with a cold current from any quarter must throw down out of the warmer air a quantity of water equal to cold superadded. This we may often observe to take place; as frequently seen, for instance, when a harsh *cold* wind from the north or east meets a warm air from the south or west; then we often see a thick drizzle to fall for hours, until the warm air is displaced, or the excess of water precipitated. This moisture-suspending power of the air, according to temperature, is easily made the subject of experiment. Thus a cold water-bottle, on a dining table in summer, is often seen to have condensed a coating of water-drops out of the warm air of the room, the chilled air close to the vessel being able no longer to sustain all the water it had before. Hence also, as before alluded to, arises the frequent cloud clinging so determinedly to mountain summits, when the cloud is actually formed, in many cases by the mountain, its rocks being much colder than the warm air dashing against them. A common instance of the power of warm air to uphold water, is often seen in summer, when the steam we know to be issuing

from the funnel of a railway engine is taken up instantly by the atmosphere, without any appearance of steam or vapour. But how comes it that now and then we find the sky overshadowed with black clouds, whose darkness shows their density and height, which pass over, it may be even for hours, without a spot of water falling? Clouds that contain water enough to desolate a wide stretch of country, yet which are held up so remarkably, we know not how; while occasionally we find it raining smartly, when the sun is shining and the blue sky scarcely contains a trace of cloud. Here we are brought up to one of the wonders of creation, whose inner cause and effect baffle out utmost search. Well is it if while we wonder we adore.

Nothing more marvellous, if we could estimate them duly, than the silent slowly-falling crystals of snow, that pure miracle of the air; simple in its exquisite whiteness, complex in its perfection of delicate crystallisation; the angles and lines whereof are absolutely true, fashioned of law, obedient, we see, to fixed rules of creation imposed by the hand of God. Thus far down the stream of time is that snow crystal falling with entire silence on thy black vesture, as obedient to settled law and plan fore-determined as the first white mantle of winter that ever fell in these northern latitudes. As we gaze on its beauty, so perfect yet so fragile, we think of the power reserved for creation of beauty, since so much has been given to so evanescent a thing. How lightly fall the white flakes out of the heavy and troubled air! delicately as an angel visitant from realms of light. What so fragile as these frozen mists of air which a breath can destroy, yet what more mighty or terrible to men as the wild moor during a bitter winter's night when the dense storm blinds and baffles the benumbed traveller, who stumbles on over hidden rocks, and through curved snow-drift, until mayhap all road is lost, and hopeless and mightily wearied he lays him down to sleep, his long, last sleep? Singly so weak, those flakes of snow, gone quickly from spicular crystal into plain water-drop! But banded together

how resistless! like the inroad of remorseless tyrants of the north, they spare neither man, beast, nor bird in their fury, when wild winter is at work on the hills, forming drifts of wondrous beauty of curvature and rosy colouring, but so deadly to the lost traveller or aged shepherd. With what surpassing purity snow covers the earth! the darkness that lately filled the air lying so radiantly on the silent landscape. We have thus brought to us something of the severe stillness that mostly reigns among icebergs and snow-field of the far north. The snow that round our homes is drifted into such exquisite curves and reflects light so delicately and multiplies shadows of such inconceivable softness and gradation, was yesterday in the highway of the northern sky, above widely extended plains of ice where white bears and foxes range, within the light of flickering aurora.

Earth presents few images of loneliness and simple dreariness greater than that of rain far out on the open sea. In thinking of that wide uniformity of sea and cloud, one instinctively associates ideas of discomfort and cold and solitude therewith: hence the desolation and cheerlessness of the scene, in our imagination. But there we see the littleness of man's power to mould or alter the grand phases of nature: there the mighty waste of tossing waters, there the cloud rock over-head: each ordered in its place, working on unseen for the most part by human eyes. There are fashioned the vapours that are wafted far to lands where men abide; there sun and ocean form vast rain-clouds for fertilising continents afar. How vast the scene of these operations, over the great oceans of the south! Oh, for the wings of an albatross, to sweep the trackless wastes of air, and gaze unlimited over the wide floor of ocean below, and cleave the clouds on a flight of a hundred leagues! Or to rest becalmed on the still atmosphere, and on our outspread pinions sleep.

Strange as it may sound, the air is the pathway of the sea. On its wide wings are borne the vapours drawn up by the sun from the sea. Hence



a wonderful change goes on : the air we breathed yesterday is to-day hundreds of miles away ; the rain that rattles on our skylight to-night was but lately rising and falling with countless waves far in mid-ocean. So the sea is verily borne aloft on the breeze, little by little, to this land and that, to fertilise our fields, and do its work in the economy of creation. Most mobile of all constituents of earth, we experience constant change of atmosphere ; so the wildest storms of winter do great good by thoroughly removing any noxious gases that may lurk about our great cities, and carrying them out to the deep, there to "suffer a sea change," and replacing them with a purer air. Air and ocean are the two great physical purifiers of the world. So while we fasten our garments more tightly round us, and hurry along in the pelting shower, flung at us by a boisterous wind, let us think of the health-giving oxygen that comes on the tempest ; and, while enjoying the shelter of our roof, think of the good work going on above us in the sky, alike whether we wake or sleep. We love to think of the mighty operations of the hand of God going on ceaselessly for the good of man and the mass of living things on earth, when we are passive and powerless ; and this wind-movement is one of these. We all have a community of interest in this highway of cloud, and one time or other some of its notable features come before us all. We may live in plain or very unpicturesque districts, with but flat uniformity of fields about us, yet now and then shall the grand or beautiful aspects of cloud challenge our contemplation, and help us to remember that all true beauty is good, and everything truly good is beautiful. We may live in narrow dwellings, and be confined to a few roads and pathways ; but none can deprive us of the clouds, in their many forms and countless changes, so long as eyesight remains to us. Poor Shelley wrote a beautiful poem called "The Cloud," full of sweet fancies, yet true to nature. We may only quote the opening stanza, but all is excellent :—

"I bring fresh showers for the thirsting  
flowers,  
From the seas and the streams ;

I bear light shades for the leaves when  
laid

In their noon-day dreams.

From my wings are shaken the leaves  
that waken

The sweet buds every one,

When rocked to rest on their mother's  
breast,

As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,

And whiten the green plains under,

And then again I dissolve it in rain,

And laugh as I pass in thunder."

There is one aspect of clouds which only one or two men have ever seen, but which must form a grand sight—we mean, the appearance clouds present when the beholder is at a vast height *above* them, and they are spread out below like a white sea, with here and there a rift showing the dark earth below, while some masses tower up above the rest like enormous domes. The view must be very novel and striking, as we find Mr. Glaisher describing it : the remote elevation, the profound silence, the wide circle to the horizon, the gleams of sun on cloud, must combine to produce an effect of strange loneliness and wondrous vision. One would like to enjoy such a sight for once in one's life ; but how fraught with danger such a balloon journey ! The best and most intrepid aeronauts have mostly narrowly escaped with life, to relate their experience to us on the ground. Yet one thinks it might be almost worth the risk, in order to survey the play of a thunder-storm below us, or to gaze on the colours of sunset.

Who that has often gone forth abroad, when clouds stand far in the azure, fair of form and full of repose, has not at one time or other *longed* to soar from earth far above their quiet home, and to pass at once to the spirit-land of ineffable tranquillity ? True, our home and work lie here : this is the preparation-time. Stones are dressed in this quarry of earth for the abiding city ; so to wait becomes us well : and, waiting, to work and watch. But the sudden desire to pass off into the visible kingdom comes like an instinct ; and to hold fellowship with the good and great of all time. Occasionally, to gaze for long into the depths of the serene sky, either by day, when flocks of clouds are dotted over high heaven, or at evening, when bands of gorgeous co-



louring deck the west, or in the deep night, when the great dome of "heaven's wide hollowness" is opened up, and displays in its far recesses star on star in multitude innumerable, glittering through amazing spaces,—is not likely to do us harm, though our work lies yet on earth, wherein it behoves us to be content—content as far as present happiness is concerned, but content in nowise as regards goodness. Not likely to do us harm, we say; but rather to influence us for good, and counteract in a little degree the materialistic tendencies that so abound. As we look upon fair cloud

islands floating in the azure, sometimes when weary and disturbed, we must long for some mighty pens to bear us aloft, like the frigate bird, that king of the air, whose powerful wings convey him above the storm.

"Wings! wings! to sweep  
O'er mountain high and valley deep.  
Wings! that my heart may rest  
In the radiant morning's breast.  
Wings! to hover free  
O'er the dawn-empurpled sea.  
Wings! above life to soar,  
And beyond death for evermore."

H. P., F.G.S.

## CHRISTMAS EVE; OR, THE SALE OF CLOONMORE.

ONE morning, about fifteen years ago, a mean-looking, shabbily-dressed man, upon whose ill-favoured countenance cunning, sensuality, and truculence were depicted, might have been seen proceeding at a shambling, stealthy pace towards the picturesque village of Cloonmore, in the county of Limerick. As he approached the place of his destination, he ascended an eminence, when, glancing furtively around as if to satisfy himself of the security of his position before coming to an encampment, he seated himself with much apparent satisfaction on the grass. He now drew from his pocket a suspicious-looking black bottle, and held it between his eyes and the light, peering at it as he did so with a keen, yet benignant expression of countenance. At length, withdrawing the cork, he applied the bottle to his mouth, and indulged in a copious draught. "Augh! 'tis butiful!" said he, with gusto, yet wincing withal beneath the liquor's potent strength. "Yis, your milder nor milk," he continued, "and a babby might partake of ye without harm. Oh, whiskey, darlin', your the best friend I ivir had! Many's the black eye and bruised head—aye, and the broken limb too, you've consoled me undher. Many's the broad-acred bleggard and fox-huntin' scoundrel, who was never known

to pay a penny he owed to mortal, has had me hunted like a mad dog through the county, jist because I put the law in force agin thim,—whin pantin' for breath and nigh dead wid fatague, I'd have dropped on the road-side if I hadn't you, my honey, to fall back upon and comfort me beneath my woes. Aye, I mind the time whin ould Major Bodkin had me ducked in a horse-pond, and thin set his dogs after me, whin, afther escapin' wid difficulty from the bastes, I'd have perished with cowl and exhaustion if I hadn't you, my jewel, to keep the life in me an' howld me up, until I had satisfaction of my foes. And, musha, but that day has come, and 'tis I that's proud of it. The Incumbered Estates Court has done the business for me,—och, my boys, but that's the Court that knows how to dale wid the whole pack of yis. Where's ould Bodkin now, I'd like to know? Why, hunted like a red shark out of the county. I'm to the fore, but he's driven off—his estates sowled to strangers, and his illigant family scattered everywhere like worthless chaff. Och! but the Incumbered Court was a brave invintion, not but what the same court has done a dale o' mischief to many a dacent fellow, who niver forgot in his days of prosperity that the poor man was God's creature as

well as himself; but so it is—the good always suffers with the bad; and that reminds me now of the little business I have on hands.”

Having indulged in these remarks, he solaced himself with a second draught from the bottle, and drawing a heap of papers from the capacious pocket of his surtout, he selected from the varied collection two small documents, and deposited them within the greasy linings of his hat. “Aye,” he continued, “the Incumbered Court is the place, and here’s to you.” And once more resorting to the bottle, he arose from his seat and prepared to resume his journey. Taking a further survey of the locality, and satisfying himself that the coast was clear, he struck into a bye-path to avoid passing through the village; and after many devious wanderings he arrived at the gate of Cloonmore House, the residence of Mr. John Graydon, the landlord of the neighbourhood. And now a complete change took place in the appearance and bearing of the man. His aspect before had been defiant and threatening; but now it was all humility and cowardice, and servility was stamped upon his countenance. Having satisfied himself that he was not perceived, and that few persons were astir in the village, he approached the gate, and timidly rung the bell.

“The top o’ the mornin’ to ye, Mrs. Davis!” said he to the lodge-keeper, who had answered his summons. “I was jest passin’ by in a promiscuous way, mem, and thought I’d drop in and ask ye for a light of the pipe; for d’ye know, mem, I raly find the dhudeen has a sweeter flavor when ’tis set a-goin’ by a frind.”

Pleased with his civility, the good-natured woman assured him he was welcome, and civilly invited him to step in and obtain the light himself, and, like Red Riding Hood in the story, she allowed the wolf to enter—for such indeed he proved. Her visitor being one of those individuals so unpopular at all times in the rural districts of Ireland, known as law messengers or process servers, and just now was on professional business to the master of the house. Never had the lodge-keeper been so surprised and disappointed as on

this occasion. The unsuspecting woman, on giving admission to her visitor, had expected to have enjoyed what people of her class delight in—a little cheerful gossip; but instead of indulging her, as in accordance with custom and etiquette he was bound to do, he not only dispensed with the light he had before seemed so anxious for, but winking rather offensively at her, remarked “that it was all serene;” and without further ceremony walked at a rapid pace towards the house.

“Well, Gleeson, what’s a-stir with you this morning?” asked Mr. Graydon, from the window where he had been sitting, reading a newspaper.

“I have a trifle of business to transact with you, sir; and I’m very sorry for it,” returned the man in a servile tone—

“Oh, indeed!” said Graydon with a shade of hauteur, but with some timidity withal.

“This, sir, is a conditional order of the Incumbered Estates Court,” said Gleeson, handing the gentleman one of the papers he secreted in his hat; “and here’s the original,” he added, holding forth another having the seal of the court in question impressed upon it.

Astounded, and for a moment almost stupefied, Mr. Graydon took the paper that had been handed him, and with assumed composure attempted to examine it; while Gleeson, fixing his small cunning eyes upon him, read him to his inmost core.

“Oh, I will see to this,” said Mr. Graydon, anxious to get rid of his visitor.

“Bedad thin, sir,” returned the latter, “you should lose no time about it, for ’tis astonishing how they whisk away a gentleman’s property from him in that same court—I niver see the likes of it! It bates anything—they’ll sell ye out while you’d say thrapstick. Property is changing hands all over the country; and be-gonnies, sir, if things go on as they are, Ireland will soon be Scotland, there’s such a dale of gentlemen from them parts settlin’ down here. They’re continually prowling about the country, looking for what they can buy up chape. I mind them by

their hungry looks and high cheek-bones.”

“You do a good deal of business of this kind?” remarked Mr. Graydon, listlessly.

“Why thin, sir” returned Gleeson, “ye may well say that, for I’ve a dale to do. Times is bad with most people, but they’re flourishin’ with me; and raly, sir, I’ve more work than I can attend to. I sarved Sir Charles O’Connor and Colonel Burke, o’ Moylmore, last week, wid just the sort of document that I’ve handed you; and they’ll be sould out as sure as my name is Tim Gleeson. And then regardin’ other business, sich as I may call of a miscellanus nature, bedad, sir, I’m burstin wid it. I left the ‘Grace o’ God,’ with Major Dartnell, and with Mr. Bagwell of Kappagh, before I kem here this morning,” said he, using the irreverant slang of the fraternity, to denote that he had sarved writs upon the gentlemen alluded to. Observing, however, that his disclosure were not at all well received, he corrected his mistake at once. “I’m open-mouthed about these gentlemen,” said he, “because they have never treated me dacently, and daserved it; but with the like of yer honor ’tis different.” Then bending down until his face nearly touched the window-seat, he placed his finger on his mouth and added, “Mums the word!—I towld Mrs. Davis, at the Lodge, that I kem to ask a favior of ye—and took the circuit of the village to avoid being seen,—d’ye mind?”

“Oh, yes, I understand—thank you,” returned Graydon haughtily, handing the man half-a-crown and closing the window.

“Bedad!” soliloquised Gleeson, retracing his steps, “’tis seldom I’m rewarded for sarvices of its kind—’tis more kicks than half-pence I recave, as the saying goes. I aint yet over the batin’ the Garryduff boys gave me—bad luck to them!—for doing a liddle business of the same nature with ould Captain Hartigan,”

said he, passing his hands sympathetically to his wounds. “But, to be sure, you’re rale old stock were always open-handed and generous, and, signs on it, the country’s thinnin’ o’ them fast. Ay, the good as well as the bad are going.” And pocketting his winnings, Mr. Timothy Gleeson proceeded on his way.

Graydon now read over the document that had been served, and soon became aware of its precise nature. It was an order made by the Commissioners of the Encumbered Estates Court, on a petition presented to them by a professed friend of his, praying for a sale of his estate for payment of a debt secured upon it, the alternative being given of avoiding sale by payment of the amount within a time limited. While perusing the document, in a state of much uneasiness and alarm, his wife entered, and observing his disquietude, demanded to know what had happened.

“Gerald Mac-Mahon has brought Cloonmore into the Encumbered Estates Court,” replied Graydon, throwing the paper on the table; “there’s the order for its sale, which has just been served upon me.”

“What! Gerald Mac-Mahon!” exclaimed Mrs. Graydon, in amazement: “why I saw him but a few days ago, when he asked how you were, and appeared all friendship.”

“It’s but too true,” returned her husband; “you can depend upon no one in these times. There’s but a year’s interest due, and no one knows better than he that I should not have been behind in that had I not applied my entire income in trying to keep the life in our starving people,” and poor Graydon paced the room in great agitation, while his wife, all amazement, took up the paper, and endeavoured to inform herself of its contents, as if unwilling to believe the interpretation her husband put upon it.

John Graydon was the remnant of an old and once wealthy family, whose estates had extended over a

<sup>1</sup> The preliminary step in an action at law is the service on the defendant of a writ, which, being issued from the Queen’s Court, commences with an intimation from Her Majesty, beginning with the words, “Victoria, by the Grace of God,” &c. Hence it is customary amongst the class of men to which Gleeson belonged to designate such documents “The Grace o’ God.”



large portion of the County Limerick, and whose character had been deservedly held by all classes in the highest estimation. Their virtues, like their family estates, had been hereditary, and the name of "Graydon" had for years been associated with everything that was generous and good. Generosity, however, unless accompanied by prudence, has ever been found to prove mischievous to its possessor—and so it was with the Graydon family. Profuse hospitality—at one period looked upon in Ireland as the first of virtues—boundless liberality towards the tenantry, and extravagant generosity to the poor, carried on throughout a long series of years, had gradually reduced the property to comparative insignificance; and now the once extensive Graydon estates were represented by the family mansion, and about 10,000 acres of land, comprising the adjoining village and the land surrounding it. On succeeding to the property, the present proprietor had found it burdened with heavy incumbrances, and in a way of being soon so swamped in debt as to be entirely lost to his family. By prudence and good management, however, and a steady avoidance of the wasteful extravagance indulged in by his predecessors, he was enabled, after a few years, to extricate himself from most of his difficulties. By the aid of his wife's fortune, and with the produce of the sale of an outlying portion of the estate, he was enabled to clear off all the encumbrances upon it, save the mortgage debt of £7,000, in respect of which the order for sale had been served upon him.

In prosperous times, the rental of Cloonmore amounted to about £2,000 a-year, but since the sad times that followed the memorable Irish famine of 1846, it had fallen off so considerably as hardly to produce a third of that sum. This arose altogether from an exceptional state of things. The fact was, that by the fatal blight, or potatoe plague, that had fallen on the country, the small farmers of Ireland—at this period a very numerous class—were reduced to pauperism. This downfall re-acted on the better class of farmers, who suffered also directly by the failure of their own crops, and who, in consequence, were

soon reduced to a state of comparative indigence. By the fatuous course adopted the following year of replanting extensively the potatoe, the first misfortune was repeated, so that a state of things the most pitiable and disastrous took place. Here was a population exceeding 8,000,000, a large portion being in a state of affluence, and the greater portion of the remainder either in prosperous circumstances, as able to support themselves without extraneous aid; for pauperism in Ireland, at the commencement of the calamity, was represented by a very small per centage of the people; yet, in little more than one year, owing to the dreadful blight with which the country was visited, a third, at least, of the active population was reduced to such a state of destitution, that despite the efforts made by the wealthy and influential classes, both in Ireland and England, hundreds of thousands, from sheer want, perished in their empty cabins, or by the desolate road-side, aye, and in the busy streets too. And the cheerful, hard working Irish peasants, having no food, nor any means of obtaining it, died of starvation, leaving the land he used to till with such profitable results for the time almost worthless. In many cases the landlord applied such rents as they were enabled to collect in supporting the starving families of the small farmers and labourers on the estates, frequently contenting themselves with the humblest fare. But in the majority of cases, the owners of estates in Ireland were at the time living abroad in utter indifference to the sad condition of their tenantry, or so deeply in debt that they were not only unable to alleviate the effects of the calamity, but were actually in want themselves.

Amongst the gentry who took an active interest in the preservation of his tenantry was John Graydon. At a time when agricultural affairs were paralysed, his efforts to afford employment and food to the starving people on his estate were unceasing. Had his tenantry been members of his own family, he could not have made greater efforts for their preservation than he did. His diminished income was almost spent in this manner; and so it occurred

that he was obliged to allow the interest on the mortgage-debt affecting the property to fall into arrear. And now it was a sad misfortune to find that, in his declining years, the estate which had been in his family for centuries, and which he had striven all his life to preserve, about to be sold, to pay a debt which did not amount to more than a fifth of its value. The work of his lifetime, he felt, was gone for nothing. Poverty and want stared him in the face ; but, worse infliction than all, the darling passion he had inherited with his estate, which all his life he had cherished—family pride—would receive a shock which was worse to him than death. For, although the world knew it not, Graydon was a proud—a very proud man. Yes, although his outward bearing was such as would hardly lead to that impression, he cherished a degree of pride that few can either understand or conceive. Frank and friendly to his equals, courteous and even familiar to those beneath him, and outwardly clothed with a gentleness and humility rarely exhibited by people in his station, he yet nursed this passion until it had become part of his very nature. It was not that vulgar feeling we are all familiar with, proceeding from a consciousness of wealth or position, nor did it proceed altogether from a sense of his ancient lineage. No ; it was pride of caste ; pride resulting from the conviction that there was something inherent in his race and in his blood that rendered him superior to others. Graydon was proud, not only of his name and family, but because of the spotless honour and noble qualities that had always characterised his family ; qualities, he considered, which did not proceed so much from principle or nurture as from nature, being indigenous, as it were, in his blood. This passion had grown with him, until it had assumed the form of a disease ; a sort of moral cancer, that, without openly displaying itself, eat away and diseased his heart and mind. Imbued with such feelings, he selected a lady for his wife whose views he considered best coincided with his own. Elizabeth Derinzy, descended from an

ancient family like his own, was elegant, handsome, and accomplished, and all that could be wished for in a wife. Her principal attraction, however, in John Graydon's eyes, was the possession of a pride something akin to his own, which assured him that in her he would find a partner who could not only understand and appreciate his principles, but who would cherish, like him, the darling passion that he worshipped. He was correct in the estimation he had formed of her. She not only understood and reciprocated his feelings, but abetted him in the peculiar ideas he had formed.

In course of time they had a son, who proved an only child, and upon whom the intense love they bore for each other was lavished. They looked upon him as the living embodiment of their principles, and destined by Providence to perpetuate them. And, indeed, Horace Graydon afforded his parents the fairest promise of future distinction. Talented and high-principled, with an amiable disposition and an open, winning countenance, he was beloved and admired by all ; and now that he approached manhood, and his good qualities began to display themselves more prominently, they had reason to felicitate themselves that in him they had been blessed with a true representative, who would transmit their name with honour to posterity, and perhaps, too, add lustre to their house. Their fond anticipations, however, were doomed to disappointment ; for Horace Graydon blighted their hopes and shattered their expectations by marrying, while yet a mere boy, a humble girl, the daughter of the village schoolmaster ; her sole attractions being her beauty and a guileless, loving heart. The blow thus given to their pride, conjoined with apprehension for the fate of their child,—for they looked upon the alliance he had formed as the most terrible earthly calamity that could have befallen him,—produced at first a kind of stupefaction that prevented them from calmly reviewing the event that had taken place. But when the first violence of the shock had passed over, and the dreadful fact, in all its naked-



ness, stood out before them, their course was clear and simple. The love they had borne for their son was swallowed up in their wounded pride. Outraged in their darling passion,—disgraced, as they believed themselves, in the eyes of the world,—disappointed in their fondest hopes, and incensed at their son's disobedience,—they banished and disowned their child, who, though grieved at his parents' displeasure, yet, actuated by a pride of a totally different nature, bravely strode forth upon the highway of life to earn a living for himself, buoyant with hope, and rich in his young wife's love. This had occurred many years ago, yet Graydon and his wife, fortified by their pride, and justified, as it seemed, by their own hearts, had grown to forget that they ever had a son ; or if they thought of him, it was only with angry feelings, and with approval of the course they had adopted towards him.

At the time we treat of, landed property in Ireland, owing to the causes we have touched upon, had greatly depreciated in value. Rents were not, and could not, be paid ; and, as a consequence, the interest on the encumbrances, with which the landed property of Ireland was at the time enormously burdened, had to remain unpaid also. Mortgagees thus felt the pressure of the time, as well as landlords, and being unable to obtain payment of either interest or principal, persisted in forcing their securities to sale, with the view of realising their money. The consequence was, that at a time when land had but small productive value, and when, from various causes, it had become temporarily depreciated to an unheard-of extent, the market became so glutted with property, that valuable estates were, in many instances, sacrificed for a third or a fourth of their value, ruining the owners and leaving the great body of the creditors unpaid. Capitalists, for a time, seemed seized with panic ; and the more they held away, the more the creditors, blind to their own interest, persisted in throwing their securities upon the market. Had they waited until the crisis had passed, and land had regained

its true value, which it did in the cause of a few years, all of them, as subsequent events proved, would have been paid in full ; and the unfortunate owners, would not, as hundreds of them were, have been turned out of their estates upon the world without any means of support.

One of the estates thus disadvantageously forced to sale was that of John Graydon. He had used the most strenuous exertions to make an arrangement with his creditor, without effect. Gerald Mac-Mahon insisted on immediate payment of his debt. Nothing less would satisfy him or induce him to forego a sale. This Graydon was unable to do, and now all thought of saving the property having been abandoned, it only remained to see that the estate should not be sacrificed. Graydon's future subsistence depended on this, for should the estate not realise sufficient to pay off Mac-Mahon's mortgage, and leave a large surplus for himself, he would be destitute of the means of support, and might, in fact, be reduced to pauperism. Thus it was that he who had made pride the ruling passion of his life, who had disowned his only son for having disgraced him, as he believed, by intermarrying with a person beneath him in station, was about to be reduced to the ranks, dashed from the high pedestal he had so long occupied, his estates handed over to a stranger, and his name and lineage wiped from the national records. Soon he and his family should be unheard of, unknown, and uncared for ; surely there was retribution in all this.

The Commissioners appointed for the sale of encumbered estates energetically proceeded with the business deputed to them. In their procedure they steadily avoided precedent, and knew not of the existence of red tape, and the "laws delays," in consequence, were unheard of in their court. The lawyer, having the management of the sale of the Graydon estate did his part skilfully and promptly, and now the time approached when it would be brought to the hammer.

It was early in December, and the court where the sales took place was crowded with the usual concourse that collected there on days of sale. There on the bench sat the presiding



commissioner, whose fiat was to decide the ownership of the various estates offered for sale, inflexibly prepared to do his duty. There were the intending purchasers who had collected from all parts of the three kingdoms, only anxious, regardless of consequences, to buy at the lowest figure ; there were the snug, comfortable-looking solicitors, smiling and happy, knowing, as they did, that whether the owners or creditors suffered, they were sure to win, as their costs would be paid in priority to all the other charges. And there were the anxious owners, many of whose estates were encumbered far beyond their value, eagerly watching the proceedings in the visionary hope that perhaps a "fancy price" might be given for the property, such as would leave some trifle for themselves. Amongst the latter might have been seen poor old Graydon, awaiting with apprehension the time when his estate should be put up for sale. He was sadly changed in appearance since we first presented him to the readers. Anxiety and care seemed to have added years to his age. His erect, commanding figure was stooped, and his hair had turned quite grey. Few would have recognised him now as the fine-looking, elderly gentleman he appeared but three months ago. There was something almost abject, too, in his demeanour ; his old pride seemed to have burnt itself out, and the stamp of the "poor man" could be plainly seen upon him.

There were two large estates sold before his, and the low prices they brought, and the rapidity with which they were disposed of, caused his heart to sink within him. "If it were wheat or barley, instead of the land that that produced them," thought he, "they could not use greater expedition. At this rate, they will make short work of my property."

"Proceed with the next estate," exclaimed the Commissioner :—

"Graydon Estate" was now called on, and the officer of the court, whose duty it was formally to put up the property to auction, now read from the printed rental the particulars of the estate, adding, while a groan of anguish escaped from poor Graydon, that as the mansion-house and offices

were in the owner's occupation, the purchaser might have immediate possession.

"Any bid for this estate?" he asked, looking blandly around.

There was a pause, and a faint hope animated Graydon, that possibly no purchaser would appear, and that the sale, in consequence, would be respite until a more favourable season.

"I'll give you £6,000 for it," said a little man in green spectacles, with his hands in his pocket, as if prepared at any moment to pay over the money and take possession of the property.

"£6,000!" exclaimed Graydon, indignantly, forgetting in his warmth that he was sitting in a Court of Justice.—"Sir, it is five times that sum you should offer."

"£6,000 offered ; any advance on that sum?" said the officer.

"One hundred," added a gentleman who had been making calculations with his pencil as to the sum he should give.

"Fifty," said the first bidder.

"Any advance on £6,150?" asked the official of the Court.

"Come, noo," said a burly, cheerful-looking North Briton, pushing forward towards the Bench. "I'll give ye two pound extra—there!"

"You cannot bid less than five pounds—that's the rule of the Court," returned the officer ; while a half-suppressed laugh at the canny Scot's expense pervaded the Court.

"Well, then, I'll make it a fiver, and knock it doon to me," returned the imperturbable Scotchman.

"Six thousand one hundred and fifty-five pounds offered. Any further bid?" asked the officer, looking anxiously around, for there was other heavy business before the Court, and time was pressing.

"Ten pounds," responded the little man in spectacles.

"Any further advance on six thousand one hundred and sixty five pounds?" and again the officer of the Court appealed to those around him.

There was no response, and poor old Graydon, in an agonising frame of mind, stood up and appealed to the Bench. "Oh, my lord!" said he, "I implore of you to protect

me. I am the unfortunate owner; and if my property is allowed to be sacrificed, then I shall be turned out penniless upon the world. There's not five years' purchase offered for it."

"I am quite willing to adjourn the sale," returned the Commissioner, knowing the fairness of Graydon's remarks; "but I cannot do so without the consent of the petitioner, whom I understand is the only creditor on the estate."

"And my instructions are, my lord," said the petitioner's solicitor, rising from his seat, "to insist on having the property sold. My client wants his money, and cannot afford to wait further."

"In that case," said the Commissioner, addressing Graydon, "I must allow the sale to proceed."

Graydon now turned to the officer of the Court before referred to, and implored him to read out the description of the property once more. "They cannot possibly understand the value of it," said he, "or they would never bid such paltry sums."

The gentleman thus appealed to good-naturedly complied with Graydon's request, and went a second time over the rental, carefully bringing out its most attractive features.

"Yes, gentlemen," continued Graydon when the officer had concluded, "all that has been read to you is strictly correct. The tenantry are orderly, respectable people, having all solid interest in their holdings, for I never rack-rented them, gentleman, and excepting during the last year or two, when the times were bad, they have always paid their rents with punctuality, and will again, please God. The mansion-house is in excellent repair, commanding a delightful view over the entire county; the offices, too, are in the best order; and then there's the garden, orchard, and pleasure-grounds. There's not a handsomer place, for its extent, in all Ireland, gentlemen. Besides, there is the timber, with the royalties, and the sole right of shooting on the hill of Dunnamona.—O, my lord!" he added, again appealing to the Commissioner, "you surely won't permit me to be plundered

outright. The property is good value for thirty thousand pounds."

A murmur of pity pervaded the Court when Graydon had resumed his seat. The judge, however, was inflexible, and no person seemed inclined to make a further offer. These were iron times, when nothing but hard facts were dealt in, when the beautiful and picturesque were uncared for, and nothing was valued but that which was practically useful.

The Commissioner now raised his pen, that potent feather, which has changed the ownership of more than twenty millions' worth of landed property in Ireland, and was about to declare him of the green spectacles the purchaser, to that person's evident satisfaction, when an elderly gentleman, who was recognised by many in court as a solicitor of eminence, pushed his way through the crowd, and having rapidly made some inquiries of those around him, advanced one hundred pounds on the last bid.

"Six thousand two hundred and sixty-five pounds is now offered," said the officer, throwing a look of encouragement at poor Graydon, who stared before him with a look of mingled stupor and anxiety in his face.

A spirited contest now ensued between the two last bidders, until the solicitor, alluded to, had offered seven thousand five hundred pounds for the property.

"Shall I say another fifty?" asked the officer, addressing the man in spectacles.

"No more for me," returned the person addressed, wiping his glasses.

"Will you advance anything?" asked the officer of the North Briton.

"No, no!" returned the Scotchman, buttoning up his pockets and retreating in alarm. "I'll gi'e na mair siller. I never venture oot o' ma depth."

Another painful pause now followed, during which Graydon's heart beat violently.

"No further offer?" said the Commissioner, growing impatient; the officer of the Court bowed assent.

"Then," returned the Commis-



sioner. "I declare the bidder of seven thousand five hundred pounds the purchaser."

And gasping for breath, broken in spirit, and crushed with his misfortunes, poor old Graydon hurried out of Court, the impersonation of misery and despair. Those few words just uttered by the Commissioner had reduced him to penury, for the sum which his estate had been sold for was only sufficient to pay the mortgage-debt due upon it, with interest, and the costs of the sale, without leaving any surplus for himself. The formal ratification of the sale was soon concluded. The solicitor who had bid the sum of seven thousand five hundred pounds, having declared that he had purchased the estate for a client, made an entry to that effect in the Court sale-book, and it now only remained for the purchaser to pay his money into court, obtain his conveyance of the property, and take possession.

Excitement, and the depression following it, brought on a severe attack of illness, from which poor Graydon did not recover for several days, during which the purchaser's solicitor had been actively at work completing the sale. And now the conveyance was executed, and it was intimated to Graydon that he would be shortly called upon to surrender possession. As the new proprietor, through his solicitor, had made arrangements to purchase the furniture in the house, nothing about the premises was to be disturbed, so that a complete transfer of poor Graydon's property and effects was to be made. Several days now passed over without any precise time being fixed upon for giving up possession, and as Christmas was close at hand, the old couple had begun to hope that they would be allowed to remain until that festival was over; for Christmas had been always held by Graydon and his family, and, indeed, by all his tenantry, as a period of great rejoicing and festivity. They were fated, however, to meet with further disappointment. The purchaser evidently never dreamed of consulting their comfort or convenience in the matter, for early in Christmas week they received a letter from his solicitor, appointing the

24th instant—Christmas Eve—to take up possession.

"Christmas Eve!" exclaimed the old man; "and why that day above all others. Surely it is some enemy who has purchased the place, and who has selected that festive time to render an expulsion from our home the more heartrending and painful." But on tasking his memory, he could not think of any one who bore him ill-will.

Christmas Eve arrived, and the old couple, after a sleepless night, arose with heavy hearts. This was the day they should part for ever from Cloonmore, the place in which they had lived so long and loved so well,—the place where Graydon had lived in from infancy to manhood, and where his forefathers, for so many generations back, had dwelt before him. It was a dull, cold morning, yet never did the dear old place appear to them so attractive and invested with so many charms. Every feature around it seemed hallowed by old associations, so that the most insignificant objects had interest for them they had never known before. For some time they spoke not, for their thoughts were busily engaged. The memories of years came flashing upon their minds—they thought of their childhood and of their early lives; of their marriage, and the happy years they had lived together: and they thought, and that too with bitter feelings of remorse, of their banished son, for though they uttered not his name, the memory of the absent one was burning into their hearts, and searing their inmost souls with an anguish they tried to conceal from each other.

At length Graydon, heaving a heavy sigh, broke the painful silence. "I never thought to have seen the day when the dear old place should be wrested from the family. I little dreamed that, while striving as I have done all my life to preserve the property, I should be driven from it thus in my old age. Oh, dear Cloonmore! home of my youth! how can I part from you! I have lived with you too long to thrive elsewhere. Like the oaks that surround you, I am too old to bear transplanting." Then bursting into a fit of anger, he exclaimed, with a fierceness unusual to him, "What have I done that we



should be driven away like outcasts upon the world,—what, I say, have I committed that I should be punished so ! I who have striven all my life to be just to all men, and to do as much good to those around me as my means and position enabled me.”

“Oh, John, dear!” said his wife, who, though suffering quite as much as her husband, yet, more subdued and humble, bore her grief with comparative resignation, “let us recognise all as the will of Heaven, and endure our sorrow with submission to the Divine will. We should not fly in the face of Providence—there may be happiness in store for us yet.”

“Happiness!” exclaimed the husband, with a bitter laugh ; but, observing the meek and patient bearing of his wife, his anger lost itself in his anxiety for her. “Oh, my own darling wife!” said he, throwing his arms around her, and pressing her to his heart, “it is for you I should grieve, and not for myself. In the selfishness of my nature I have forgotten you. When I think of that day, two-and-thirty years ago, when, with proud heart and bright hopes, I bore you here in the bloom and beauty of youth, and that now, when both are fading, and old age is stealing on, that poverty should overtake you, and you should be deprived of your home, and thrown upon the coldness and charity of the world,—when I think of this, despair and madness seizes upon me, that I should live to witness it, and be powerless to prevent it. Oh, it is breaking my heart!” and dropping into a seat, he bowed his head upon his bosom and wept.

“My dear old husband, you must not give way thus to despair. God will not forsake us if we trust in him,” returned Mrs. Graydon, endeavouring to console him ; but overcome at length with her feelings, she could proceed no further, and throwing herself upon his neck, mingled her tears with his.

For sometime they remained thus in silent grief, when suddenly starting up and assuming the same fierceness as before, Graydon continued, “And to think that we should have to bear our sufferings alone ; that we should have no one here, to share our sorrows and

console us ; that an ingrate son, who should have been the stay and prop of our old age should, by his base, unnatural conduct, have been lost to us, and that all we should have of him should be the memory of dishonour and disgrace.”

In thus referring to his son, old Graydon indulged in a species of self-deception, that human nature loves to resort to on such occasions. His reason and his conscience told him that his conduct towards his son was unnatural and unjust, but his pride and self-love would persuade him that he had acted properly and was justified in the course he had pursued ; and now he sought to smother the voice of conscience, by heaping reproaches on his child, and to cheat himself into the belief that he, and not his son, was the victim.

“O, John dear, do not mention him ; do not in our trouble speak badly of our lost, our only child,” said the wife, pressing her hands over her eyes, as if by doing so she could banish from her mind the remembrance of her absent son. For some time she remained thus in silence, but, overpowered at length by her feelings, she continued,—“O John, I have never ceased to think, with bitter sorrow and shame, of our treatment of him, for assured I now am, that it is we—yes, John, you and I—who are to blame, and not our banished son. What did he do ? why, only what hundreds as good as he have done before and been pardoned for, married a girl that pleased his boyish fancy ? Aye, married one, who though poorer and humbler in station than he, was a blameless girl, whom we should have received and cherished, instead of trampling on her as we did.”

“We did our duty, and acted as we should have done,” said Graydon doggedly.

“Oh ! no, no, no !” continued the agonised mother. “We acted wrongly and unnaturally, in the vanity and pride of our hearts. We drove him, homeless and friendless, upon the world ; deaf to the voice of nature, and blind to everything but our silly, foolish pride.”

“He was an ingrate son,” returned Graydon, with the same obstinacy as

before ; "you know he deserved his punishment."

"Oh! no, John,—no!" continued the wife, "an unthinking, foolish boy, he was only imprudent, while we, who should have been wise, were cruel and unjust, allowing our vanity to usurp the place of reason, and deaden all our feelings of nature. We showed no mercy to our erring son, and yet, in the selfishness of our hearts, we hope for mercy from our God. That mercy we deserve not, and shall not receive ; for now I feel that retribution is overtaking us, and that Heaven is punishing us, by turning us adrift upon the world, to battle, like our child, with the waves of adversity. Where now," she continued, the strength of her feelings completely overmastering her,—“where now is our pride? what avails it to us now that our boy chose a low-born girl for his wife.” And the mother’s love, which had not died, but slept, gushed forth like a fountain released from the rock. “O, Horace!” she cried, “my son, my darling boy, who never but once brought a pang to our hearts, God is dealing out justice to us for our harsh and cruel treatment. O, my darling child, whose infant lips I taught to pray—I remember it, aye, as but yesterday—who nightly used to kneel at my feet, and lip out blessings on our heads, and who loved his unworthy parents so well,—where are you now? dead, perhaps, or wandering a beggar in some other land, exposed to every hardship and indignity that a cold and heartless world can inflict upon you.” And now, overcome with her feelings, she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

“Eliza, you will drive me mad,” exclaimed her husband, walking about the room in a distracted state ; for remorse was gnawing at his heart, and conscience thundered into his ears, in words that burnt into his soul the truth of his wife’s utterance.

Adversity, that purifying element, was exercising its influence on their hearts ; the vain passion they had cherished, that, like a foul alloy, had intermixed with the true gold of their nature, was gradually being eliminated ; and the base metal they had valued was coming to the surface in all its foulness and impurity.

At this distressing moment, their friend, the village pastor, with his daughter, called upon them, to cheer and comfort them. As it had been arranged that, on leaving Cloonmore, the old couple were to spend some time at the Rectory, their visitors had the better excuse for calling at so early an hour. Observing at once how matters stood, the father and daughter, with a taste and delicacy, that only pure and gentle natures possess, proceeded to divert their friends from their sadness, and pour hope and consolation into their hearts. And their efforts were successful, for soon the violence of their grief subsided, and the old couple joined with calmness in conversation with the friends.

“Ah, it is a bitter thing,” said Graydon, in reply to a remark of the Rector, “to be driven thus from our home, and left destitute in our old age, deprived, as I may say, of every thing.”

“This, at least you do not part with,” said their friends, taking down the well-worn family Bible from its shelf. Here you will find the true balm for all your cares.” And now they took their seats at the table, upon which the yet untasted breakfast was laid out ; and the rector read a chapter from the Book of Job, infusing, as he proceeded, resignation, hope, and courage into the hearts of his afflicted friends ; the usual family devotions were next proceeded with, and Graydon and his wife partook of breakfast, and prepared themselves to meet with calmness, and even cheerfulness, the events of the day.

Meanwhile, it having become known throughout the neighbourhood that Mr. Graydon and his wife were to take their departure from Cloonmore on that day, and that the new proprietor was to arrive and take possession of the property, the tenantry and inhabitants of the village turned out, to pay their adieus to their dear old landlord and his wife ; for the old couple were beloved by all. There is no people in the world who possess such strong and genuine feelings of gratitude as the Irish peasantry. Journalists and political economists may write of the Irish as they will, but they cannot gainsay the fact, that



poor, despised Paddy, though he may revenge an injury, never forgets a benefit, but repays it in the only way his means permit, with sterling gratitude. Paddy, no doubt, has strong prejudices and feelings; he will stop at nothing to gratify his resentment for a wrong; but if occasion presented itself, he would sacrifice his life to save his benefactors. So genuine was the regard which the people had for the Graydon family, and so strong their sense of gratitude for the past benefits they had received from them, that there was not a tenant on the estate who would not have cheerfully surrendered all he possessed, if, in doing so, he could confer a service upon them. The warm-hearted people now thronged the road, loudly lamenting the sad occasion that had called them forth.

"Oh, that I should see this day, when the dear ould family should be going from amongst us," cried a decent-looking countryman, wringing his hands in grief. "Oh, sure this is the black day for us all—where would every soul of us be to-day, but for them? When the famine visited the land, and we were alone in our misery, who but them went about with the food, and the nourishment, and the clothing, comfortin' and strengthenin' us, and fastenin' the life in us all, tacin' us to hould up in our sufferings, and to look forward for better days."

"'Tis true for ye, Bridget!" broke in a countryman. "Every word spoke is God's truth, and nothin' else."

"Yis," continued the woman, carried away by her feelings; "and whin our sufferin's and hardship brought the faver amongst us, that threatened, like a destroyer, to sweep us all off God's earth;—who was it, I say, brought the doctor to our bed-sides, and gave us wine and comforts they denied themselves? Why, 'twas them, and none else! Aye, them! who, while pestilence and death was around them, were not afraid to enter our lonely cabins and sit by our bed-sides, giving us the pleasant word and the cheerful smile, that drove away despair, and put courage in our hearts!"

"It's all thrue, Bridget,—every

word of it!" remarked another countryman. "And now I say," he continued, "'tis disgraceful to see us, now that our sorrows are past, with comfortable clothes on our backs, a roof over our heads, and plenty to ate and drink, allowing the family to be turned out of their own home, that ought to belong to them, and nobody else! Sure, 'tis mane and ungrateful of us to let them go!"

"Don't you know now, Pather," said another, in a deprecating tone, "that we daren't offer them any assistance. Why, if I thought that money would sarve them, I'd sell off every baste I have—aye, and give up my house and farm also; but I know they wouldn't accept it. Didn't me and Phil Costello propose it to the master, and offer to make up a subscription; but his honour wouldn't hear of it. He's too proud intirely. Sure I know the family well; they were all the same. He wouldn't be beholdin' to one of us. Nothin' that we can do will prevint his going—"

"Well, God's blessin' attind them wherever they go!" returned the former speaker. "They were ever the friends of the poor."

"I've lived on this property, man and boy, for nigh eighty years," said a white-headed old man leaning upon a staff, "and I niver yet knew or heerd tell of a hard act done by one of them."

"Barrin' one act o' theirs, Neal acushla!" broke in a gossiping old woman, who contrived to eke out a living by retailing news from house to house through the country, and who, more from curiosity than affection, was present on the occasion. "Barrin' one act. You remimber, Neal!"

"No; I don't remimber anything o' the sort!" returned the old man. "Kindness was natural to the family; it flowed from them spontaneous, like the mountain strame!"

"Arrah, Neal O'Leary!" continued the woman; "don't you remimber their son, Master Horace, that wint and married ould Dan Johnston, the schoolmaster's daughter! Sure, dear, they banished him for doin' the like. And if it hadn't been for that, 'tis likely he'd be here to-day to cheer their ould hearts."

"Oh, whisht wid you now! and



don't rake up old memories o' the kind," returned the female who had first spoken, annoyed that anything harsh or unkind should be imputed to the family. "Sure he med a low match of it, and they sint him off. Your rale quollity can niver stan' the likes o' that." Then, turning from the old woman she had rebuked, she raised the lid of a heavy basket she carried across her arm, and addressing a farmer near her, said—"I've got here a couple of young pullets, a dozen of fresh eggs, and two rolls of butter, just such as the mistress likes. D'ye think, dear, they'd accept them from me?"

"I tell you what you'll do, Bridget," said the man thus appealed to. "They'll not take them from you off the road, where we are now; but just wait till they git to the minister's, where they're goin' to stop some time, and thin step up to the Rectory, and I'll be bound the mistress will take them from you."

"Bedad, thin, I'll just do that same. I'm glad you towld me," said the woman, overjoyed with the thought that her homely present would be accepted.

"And what's more, Bridget," continued the farmer who had just spoken, "now that you've put it into my head, 'tis myself that will present them wid a fine flitch o' bacon, and a couple of illigant hams, of my own curin', as ever a knife was put into."

"And I," said another, "will send them a crock of butiful butter and a pair of fine fat geese. Bedad, Bridget, that was a brave notion of yours. They'll take trifles o' this sort, you see, tho' they'd scorn to recave money from us."

And now, as a means of displaying their gratitude to their landlord and his wife, they all determined to present them with some humble token of their affection. One had a pair of ducks to offer them, another a basket of "butiful butter and eggs;" while another declared that he would present them with a nice young pig, ready killed and dressed. "The villin's alive now, and runnin' about as lively as you, plaze," said he; "but when I get home I'll put the knife in the cratur, and scald and do him up nately." And one old

farmer declared that he would give them a couple of sacks of "illigant maly potatoes," of the kind called "Madinties," "that will laugh at you wid delight when they're biled." So many and so varied were the offerings which the warm-hearted people, in their simple, but genuine, gratitude, had determined thus to bestow, that the Rector would have required a barn double the extent of his present one to contain all the good things they intended to present his friends with.

While this scene by the roadside was taking place, Graydon and his wife were occupied receiving a number of friends, who knowing that the old couple were to leave Cloonmore to-day, had called to testify their friendship and sympathy on the occasion. The Graydons were greatly cheered by the kind wishes expressed for them on all sides. They had never before imagined that they were held in such high estimation, or had so many sincere friends. Numbers of their friends invited them to spend the Christmas holidays with them, and all were anxious to discuss with them some mode of providing for themselves in future, and were otherwise assiduous in pressing on them some proofs of their regard. Many inquiries were made as to who was the person who had purchased the property, but no one had ever heard of his name.

"I never troubled my head about him," said Graydon, in reply to this question; "I only know that he's a stranger, from some part of America. All communications respecting him and the place were made to me by his solicitor, but, whoever he may be, I suppose we'll have him here shortly."

"Well, then," said Father Hogan, the parish priest, an old and sincere friend of the Graydons, and one of the first who had attended to sympathise with him on the occasion, "I'll say this of him, and I don't mind if I say it to his face, too, when he comes, that he's a heartless, unfeeling scoundrel, without a particle of humanity in his bosom,—yes, a scoundrel, unworthy of the name of Christian; for the man who could select this, of all days in the year, to turn out a gentleman from the home of his ancestors, would be capable

of anything that is uncharitable and vile."

This speech of the priest met with the approval of all present, for, in truth, in delivering himself thus, Father Hogan had but given expression to the feelings that were uppermost in their minds. Several others applied similar language to the new proprietor, and rather an excited conversation on the subject took place. Availing himself of the opportunity thus afforded, the priest now drew Graydon aside.

"Now, my dear sir," said he, "you and I have known each other a long time."

"We have indeed," returned the other, squeezing his friend's hand, but without any idea of what he was aiming at.

"Yes," continued Father Hogan, "and often I, and my family before me, were beholden to you and yours in times past—and, may be, will again. Well, then," said he, taking an old leather purse from his pocket, and assuming a remarkably knowing look, he added, "there's 120 sovereigns in that; you'll not mind taking a loan of them from a friend like me?—you'll find them useful just now, I'll be bound. When times come round with you I'll take them back again, with interest; do you mind, now?—with interest, at £5 per cent;" and squeezing Graydon's hand, and bestowing, as he did so, a wink of the deepest mystery upon him, he turned away, and joined in the conversation, leaving the old man spell-bound with gratitude at this genuine act of kindness.

A carriage with luggage on the top was now observed driving rapidly towards the house, which, there could be little doubt, belonged to the new proprietor and his family. All conjecture on the subject was removed when it was seen to stop at the lodge. And now all present, nervous with expectation, waited to see the new proprietor, and observe the mode of procedure he intended to adopt. The driver of the vehicle dismounted, and handed in a large official letter, which the lodge-keeper delivered to Mr. Graydon, to whom it was directed, and then having returned, she opened the gate, and allowed the vehicle and its occupants to proceed to-

wards the house. Graydon now broke the envelope, and took out a sheet of parchment, which he carefully examined, without, however, being able to understand its purport.

"What on earth can this be?" said he, appealing to his friends. "There's a lot of law matter, with a complete map of Cloonmore annexed. Ah! I suppose it's the writ of possession, or something of that sort" and he handed it to a gentleman near him.

"Why," exclaimed the latter in amazement, "it appears to me, unless I make some strange mistake, to be a conveyance of the entire property to yourself, Graydon?"

"Oh, nonsense! nonsense!" escaped from several voices.

"I tell you," continued the former speaker, "there's no nonsense in the matter at all. What else can this passage imply:—'We—two of of the Commissioners for sale of Encumbered Estates—do grant unto John Graydon, of Cloonmore House, in the county of Limerick, Esq., the town and lands of Cloonmore with the appurtenances.'"

"Ah!" said Graydon with bitterness, "it's one of your legal fictions. I've learned to know something of them by this time. Read on, and you'll find your mistake."

The company became much interested in this mysterious document, many of them, curious to know the meaning of it, gathered round and examined it, each putting his own construction upon it, until one of them better acquainted with documents of the kind than the rest, having read it through carefully, declared that the meaning first ascribed to it was the correct one. "By Jove, Graydon, there's no fiction or mistake about it," he exclaimed, "It's a deed granting the estate to yourself and your heirs for ever. There it is, and I defy you to make anything else out of it. There's some extraordinary mystery at the bottom of all this?"

"Granting it to me!" repeated old Graydon, staring wildly around and resting his eyes on his wife, who, amazed and confused, had been watching all that passed, without, however, being able to arrive at



any conclusion on the subject. "What can be the meaning of it?" said he, appealing to those around him.

"Perhaps this may throw some light upon it," said his friend, the Rector, taking up a small paper which had fallen from the envelope, and had remained unperceived on the carpet until now. Running his eyes hastily over it, he exclaimed, in a state of the wildest excitement, "John, my friend, the estate is yours, every inch of it. It is a gift from your son, who's alive and well, and waiting to see you."

"What, from Horace! my own son!" exclaimed the old man, dreadfully agitated.

"O, John dear, what does this mean?" said his wife gazing at him with an expressive countenance, approaching alarm.

"Here is his letter, explaining all," said their friend, still retaining possession of the paper.

"Oh, read it—read it!" cried Graydon and his wife, for they were too nervous and excited to think of doing so themselves. And now, while all observed profound silence, the Rector read the following aloud:—

"DEAR FATHER,"—Since the day we parted, I have gone through various scenes and encountered many difficulties and hardships; but, by patience and perseverance, I have overcome them all. I have succeeded in business, and realised some property. Having seen from an Irish newspaper that accidentally fell in my way, that Cloonmore was about to be sold in the Encumbered Estates Court; and fearing that you and my dear mother might probably in your old age be reduced to want, my wife and I talked the matter over, when we determined to apply some of the means that God has blessed us with in purchasing it for you. Accordingly I instructed a solicitor to attend, and bid for it at the sale, charging him to keep the matter private, as we wished to give you an agreeable surprise at this happy time of year.

"I now enclose the deed of conveyance, granting back the dear old place to you, free from all encumbrances, trusting that you and mother may live to enjoy it for many years.

"My wife with our eldest boy have come to spend Christmas with you, for we trust you are now reconciled to

"Your affectionate son,  
"HORACE."

"Hooray!" cried the priest, when the letter had been finished.

"Hooray!" said the parson, flourishing the letter above his head in triumph.

"Hooray,—Hooray!" cried all present, perfectly wild with astonishment and delight.

As for Graydon and his wife, while the letter was being read, they remained motionless as statues, hardly crediting its contents; but now that the full conviction of the truth flashed upon them, they rushed wildly towards the entrance-door. And now a blessed scene took place. Awaiting them on the threshold was a tall young fellow, about thirty years of age, whom, though changed from the slim and beardless youth of ten years ago, they at once recognised as Horace, their son, whom they had banished and disowned.

"O, my son! my long-lost, ill-used son!" exclaimed the old man, rushing into the young man's arms, and resting his hoary head upon his broad, stalwart chest.

"My child! my daughter! have you, then, forgiven us?" cried Mrs. Graydon, clasping to her bosom the young woman whom ten years ago she had treated with such contumely and contempt; her very love for her son drew her first to his wife.

"Ah, Horace, my boy," said the old man, his arms still clasped around his son, "I am heavily punished for my conduct towards you; but in your punishment you have displayed more generosity and true nobility of heart than I, in all my vanity and conceit, was capable of. You have humbled and overpowered me, Horace, and I feel my position deeply; the Scriptures tell us how to treat the wasteful and the wicked son, when he returns home repentant; but how am I to receive him who returns to that father who has wronged and trampled upon him, only to load him with benefits, to prove his benefactor, and heap coals of fire upon



his head?" And the scalding tears ran down his furrowed cheeks.

"Dear father," returned the young man, deeply affected, "I was a wayward, headstrong boy: do not sadden this happy meeting with tears like these."

In those ten years that had passed a wondrous change had taken place in the father and the son; the one had ripened during that time into mature and vigorous manhood, the other had fallen into the serene and yellow leaf.

"Dear, dear mother! have you not often thought of your own Horace?" said the young man embracing his mother affectionately. "You thought you had sent me empty away; but no, you were mistaken, for your early lessons were never forgotten, and the blessed teachings I received from you proved to me more valuable than gold." But his mother replied not; her heart was too full for utterance; she could only sob and press Horace to her bosom.

"And you, my own dear child," said the father, taking his daughter's hand, and gazing with pride and pleasure at the handsome, elegant young woman, upon whose intellectual countenance true gentleness and amiability were impressed, "How can I atone for my heartless conduct? Instead of spurning you from my door, as I did, I should have welcomed you to my house, and rejoiced that my son had found so good and worthy a wife."

"O, dear sir," returned the young woman, radiant with smiles, as she affectionately kissed her father-in-law, "I never entertained an angry feeling towards you. I knew I was not good enough for Horace, and I told him so; but he would have it otherwise."

"Good enough!" exclaimed her husband, in a burst of enthusiasm; "she was worthy of ten times as good a husband as I was." And here the young man, launched into such encomiums on his wife as effectually brought the blushes into her cheeks, and threw her into a state of embarrassment, that she was only able to extricate herself from by bringing forward the stout, little flaxen-headed fellow, who had been watching attentively the scene be-

fore him, alternately laughing and crying as the varied emotions of his seniors had affected him. "Here," said she, "is your grandson, after crossing the wide Atlantic to see you."

And now the old man raised the little fellow in his arms, and pressing him to his heart, felt that he was richer than if all the Graydon estates, that had from time to time passed away from the family, had been restored to him, and his son had added to the importance of his house by marrying into the proudest family in the land. As for the grand-dame, she poured out her love on her little grandson by pressing fondest kisses upon his smooth, chubby cheeks, vowing, and steadfastly believing, that he was the sweetest and loveliest child she had ever sat her eyes upon:

Hitherto their friends, unwilling to intrude upon them on such an occasion, had purposely remained apart; but now, unable to restrain themselves further, they came forward, headed by Father Hogan, and heartily joined in the happy scene. Most of them having known Horace and his wife previous to their marriage, hailed the young couple as old friends, proud to renew their acquaintance and to cultivate the friendship of so worthy a pair. The ladies present, in particular, were assiduous in their attentions to the young wife, whose noble qualities, they felt, had obscured her humble birth, and even elevated her above themselves.

"Horace, my boy," said the priest, wringing the young man's hand, "I am proud to meet you once more in your own home again. I always thought you had superior stuff in you, and now I find that I was right.—And now," said he, addressing young Mrs. Graydon, "you and I must shake hands. I remember you when you were only the size of your own little boy there; and though I never liked to say so to my old friends here, I always knew that in marrying you Horace had secured a wife of the right sort."

"Yes, and so he has," said old Mr. Graydon, taking his daughter-in-law by the hand, and leading her into the house.

"Sir, you have made a noble use

of your wealth," said a strange gentleman, addressing Horace. "I am proud to have the honour of your acquaintance; you're a wonderful young man, to have realised so much money in so short a time. Fortune has deservedly favoured you."

"No, sir; there you and I disagree," said Horace gaily, as he wrung the gentleman's hand with hearty good will. "Fortune, in the sense you use the word, had nothing to do with my success. Fortune, as it is called, is but a myth. Any man can succeed in business, if he goes the right way about doing so, but there lies all the difficulty."

"John, my old friend," said another gentleman addressing old Graydon, "I wish you joy from the depths of my heart,—you have got back your own again, and long may you and your wife enjoy it. But, better than all, you have regained a son and daughter, a richer and worthier treasure than all the estates in the county combined. Had I such a son as Horace, and such a daughter-in-law as his wife. I should feel prouder than any man in the whole county."

"And so would I too," cried the priest with energy; but I must apprise the people—and the worthy man rushed out on the road, bare-headed as he was, and sent the welcome tidings around. A wild burst of cheers now rent the air, which was taken up by the various groups on the road, until the whole neighbourhood resounded with deafening shouts of joy,—a genuine heartfelt rejoicing, that echoed through the glens and valleys, reverberated on the hills, and filled the whole country with joy and happiness, waking up the drowsy rooks in the tall elms, and compelling them to join in the chorus of gladness.

And now the people, overjoyed at the glad news, cut down branches of evergreens, and flourishing them round their heads and cheering vociferously, assembled in a wild, promiscuous group, men and children, around the house, like Birnam Wood at the Castle of Dunsinane, but with a much more peaceful intent; their object being to testify their joy at the happy events that had taken place, and to congratulate the landlord and his family. Young

Graydon must needs go out and meet them, a step which his father was unable to take from excess of his emotion. With beaming face and joyous heart, the young man cordially shook hands with those around him, recognising, as he did so, many an old acquaintance. His little son insisted on following the example set him, and, greatly to his own satisfaction and amusement, shook hands with every one. A stout young countryman now stepped forward, and raising the little fellow upon his shoulders, carried him, to his great delight, in triumph through the whole village. A joyful time was that in Cloonmore, on this happy Christmas Eve! Every one felt that in the good fortune that had befallen their landlord they had derived some especial benefit themselves. Bonfires blazed on the surrounding hills. Festivity and joy were expressed in every face, and loud was the sound of merriment that night in the peaceful village of Cloonmore. Never had merry Christmas been ushered in so cheerily.

Old John Graydon and his son would not let their friends depart, but insisted on their remaining and spending with them the remainder of the day; and a joyous group gathered round Graydon's hospitable table, which they had so often been entertained at before.

And now all their guests had retired, and the re-united family, sitting round the fire, unrestrainedly opened their hearts to each other. The old couple now learned something of the young people's history; how Horace and his wife had struggled on amid hardships, perplexities, and disappointments, through which Horace declared he was only steered by the courage, counsel, and skilful pilotage of his wife. How he obtained a clerkship in a large manufacturing concern in one of the Western States of America, where, by attention to his business, he rose to a lucrative post; how, by economy, they were enabled to save money, which Horace invested in the manufacture of an article in great demand amongst factory owners; how he succeeded and enlarged his concerns, and ultimately became a large manufacturer himself, afford-



ing employment to hundreds of people, and was then driving a large and successful trade; how, just as the sun of prosperity had begun to dawn upon them, the eldest child, a sweet blue-eyed girl, who had cheered them through their early struggles and shared in all their poverty and privation, was taken from them, and called away to Heaven; how they were for a time bowed down with affliction, and their hearts were near to breaking; but that, sustained by that religion which had supported them throughout all their trials, they learned to bend submissively to the will of God, and even to thank Him for having lent them their darling so long; and how, in all their hardships and perplexities, they had never ceased to think with affection of the dear old country, and the friends they had left behind them.

And now, in their turn, the old couple confessed to the young people what they had never attempted to own to each other: how that, when their first ebullition of anger on Horace's marriage had passed, and the shock their feelings of pride had sustained had subsided, they yearned to clasp their son to their bosom again,—to receive his wife, and forgive them both; but that, whenever they were about to propose that course to each other, their pride, like a wicked demon, intervened, and choked their good intentions in their birth; how, for the ten years that they were separated, their lives had been one continued struggle between the natural promptings of their hearts, and the pride and prejudices that had blinded them; how, by sophistry and subtlety of reasoning, they tried to justify to themselves the course they had adopted, and that while apparently callous in their conduct, and even cheerful in their intercourse with society, yet that inwardly the canker-worm of remorse—the scathing tortures of an upbraiding conscience—had for these ten years been eating their hearts away; and how, on that very morning, great as was their regret at having, as they had supposed, been obliged to leave their beloved home, it was as nothing compared to the poignancy of their grief, the anguish of the re-

morse they suffered on opening the secrets of their hearts to each other, and becoming fully sensible of their guilty, cruel conduct.

But now, the clock upon the chimney-piece striking twelve, they bid each other a happy Christmas, and retire to rest.

What a happy group was that on Christmas morning! old John Graydon and his wife, filled with gratitude and happiness, proceeding to church with their son and daughter-in-law, and their little grandson. The old man led the way, with his daughter-in-law upon his arm, and his grandchild by the hand. His wife followed, proudly leaning on her son's stout, sinewy arm. What cordial greetings they received, and what pleasant smiles welcomed them as they passed! And when they had entered the sacred house, and taken their seats in the old family-pew, and the organ pealed forth its solemn notes, rejoicing, as it were, with them at the blessed anniversary they had met to celebrate, the hearts of the old couple swelled with gratitude for the mercies and benefits that had been showered upon them. God had remembered them in their adversity, and now they did not forget him in their prosperity.

And now, once more, Horace Graydon and his wife prepare to take their departure from Cloonmore. The old people, at first, supposed that they had returned to reside permanently in Ireland, but Horace soon undeceived them. They loved their native country dearly, but, strange though it seemed, they prized their adopted one better. And so it is with most of those who have sojourned for any time in the western world. There is an undefined something in the very air and soil of America that fascinates all who have sojourned there, and impels them to prefer that country to their own. It is not the offspring of prejudice, nor does it arise from political considerations, for those whose affections, prejudices, and associations, have been always with the old country and its institutions, have, on arriving in America, become smitten with the contagion, and adopted the country in preference to their own.

“No,” said Horace to his father,



who had been urging him to remain in Ireland—"no, father, I could not now content myself here. Although Ireland is my native land, and I have you and my mother around me, I still feel that I am in a strange country. I cannot persuade myself out of the feeling. America is the only place where my energies find scope, and where I can realise that perfect sense of ease and contentment that is necessary to happiness. There, with the fertile plains, interminable in extent, and boundless prairies before me, I feel myself at home. It is there that the mighty Anglo-Saxon race is destined to spread and flourish to an extent to which the history of civilisation has not yet afforded a parallel. There, unpromising as affairs may appear to you, that race is destined to form one mighty homogeneous nation, which will yet become so vast in its

numbers, so boundless in its wealth, so eminent in science, literature, art—aye, and in morality, and all the virtues that give dignity to human nature—as will pale to insignificance the civilisation of the old world. These are my sentiments, father; and old as you are, if you would come with me to America, and make yourself acquainted with the people, they would be yours also before six months. But when I do return to my adopted country, father," continued Horace, softening with affection, "it will be a source of true happiness to me and my wife to know that we have seen you and my mother, to feel that we are friends; and that you are both happy by your own firesides."

And so Horace Graydon and his wife once more turned their faces to the West, and bade adieu to old Ireland, and all the dear friends they left there. W. H. B.

## THE IRISH CULDEES, AND THEIR ABBEY OF MONAINCHA.

It will very much illustrate and establish what has been advanced in the last number of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE on the early monastic state in Ireland, to detail at some length the history of the Culdees. In a remote corner of the world and in the sixth century, this celebrated monastic order commenced. Distinguished for letters and an inviolable attachment to their religion, their adversaries, devoted to the Roman See, have consigned their name and tenets to oblivion;<sup>1</sup> while others of inferior merit are pompously brought forward, and extolled for virtues which they never possessed, and for actions which they never performed. Nor have those who collected memorials of the champions of evangelical truth, recorded their

merits;<sup>2</sup> but the writings of Bede, Lhoyd, Usher, and above all, those of Sir Robert Sibbald<sup>3</sup> and Sir James Dalrymple<sup>4</sup> have placed their reputation and noble defence of their doctrines and liberties on the most solid basis. To restore them, and the lustre which their actions acquired to their native country, are the objects of this paper.

Their name has given rise to various fanciful conjectures; Toland will have it, Ceili-de, the separated or espoused to God.<sup>5</sup> Bishop Nicolson<sup>6</sup> thinks it derived from Coul-du, a black hood, which, without authority, he supposes the principal part of their dress; whereas from a passage in Bede,<sup>7</sup> it is probable their garments were white. Shaw's<sup>8</sup> opinion is, that Ceil-de, or servant of God, was Latinised Keledeus and

<sup>1</sup> So unfriendly were the Columbean institutes to the cause of popery, that the festival of St. Columba was not permitted to be kept in Ireland, till 1741. Burke, *Hib. Domin.* p. 22.

<sup>2</sup> Catal. Test. Verit. Argent. 1562. Mosheim and others have omitted to mention them.

<sup>3</sup> History of Fife and Kinross.

<sup>4</sup> Collections for an History of Scotland.

<sup>5</sup> Toland's Nazaren. p. 51.

<sup>6</sup> Irish Hist. Library, preface.

<sup>7</sup> Vit. S. Cuthberti, c. 16.

<sup>8</sup> History of Moray, p. 251. Buchan. l. 6. p. 181.

Colideus, and in English Culdees. The great difficulty in accounting for the name of Culdee, arises from not knowing the precise time when it was given: if it was late, Nicolson is probably right; but not so, if early, for sanctity was attached to dress only by the late monastic orders.

Columba, their founder, was born of illustrious parents, A.D. 522.<sup>1</sup> The fashions of the times and his own propensity led him to the cultivation of ascetic virtues, and their preparatory exercises. Monachism had taken root in this kingdom, and was already flourishing in its numerous professors and learned seminaries. The most remarkable of the latter was that of St. Finian, at Clonard, where, at the age of twenty-five, we find St. Columba engaged in study, and acquiring the rudiments of that knowledge and discipline which were afterwards productive of such eminent advantages to Christianity in Ireland, Scotland, and England.

Having completed his monastic education, in 546 he founded the monastery of Durrogh, and established such admirable rules for his monks, that they soon became as conspicuous for erudition as sanctity of manners,<sup>2</sup> and were from thenceforward distinguished by the honourable appellation of Culdees. The Scots, rivals of the Irish in every branch of antiquities, have claimed these monks as their own, and as springing up in their country so early as the beginning of the fourth century; nor did they want the aid of forged charters,<sup>3</sup> or the plausible tales of elegant writers, to support this fiction,<sup>4</sup> which is full as probable, as that the idea of Culdeism had its origin in Greece.<sup>5</sup> Bishop Nicholson, no friend of the order, expressly says: "the Culdees were of the Irish rule, and carried into Scotland by St. Columba, and from thence dispersed into the northern parts of England." But to return to Columba.

Brilliant parts, and an unabating zeal in the service of religion, with a strain of powerful eloquence, exalted his reputation among his countryman to a degree scarcely inferior to that of the most celebrated Apostles. Such talents were too large to be confined within the narrow pale of a monkish cell, they were called forth to the regulation of state affairs,<sup>6</sup> and in these he held as decided a superiority. Amid this splendour of authority and of parts, it would have been miraculous if human weakness did not sometimes betray him into error, from which his biographers do not attempt to exculpate him. He instigated a bloody war without just cause, of which being made sensible, he abjured his native land by a voluntary exile, and imposed on himself a mission to the unconverted Picts. Of this event Bede thus speaks:<sup>7</sup> "In the year of our Lord's incarnation 565, there came out of Ireland into Britain, a Presbyter and Abbot; a monk in life and habit, very famous, by name Columba, to preach the word of God to the provinces of the northern Picts. This Columba came into Britain, when King Bridius, son of Meilochon, reigned over the Picts. It was in the ninth year of his reign that, by preaching and example, he converted this nation to the faith of Christ." A few remarks will illustrate this extract. The proof is here direct and positive to the late reception of Christianity among the Picts. Ninian's spiritual legation to the northern Picts is attended with too many improbabilities not to seem at least doubtful. If this be so, Columba and his disciples have clearly the merit of promulgating the Gospel with effect, notwithstanding the partial labours of earlier missionaries, and the date of the arrival of the Culdees in Scotland is immovably fixed.

Bede is very accurate in his description of the profession and ex-

<sup>1</sup> He is commonly called Columbanus, but see that error corrected in Usser Prim. pp. 687, 689, 1131.

<sup>2</sup> *Moribus et vita parum vulgæ observationis.* H. Boeth, p. 166. Broughton, for a particular purpose, changes 'parum' for *patrum*. True Memorial, p. 322.

<sup>3</sup> Fordun, Boeth, etc.

<sup>4</sup> Ossian. The battle of Lora.

<sup>5</sup> Cressy's Church History, p. 162.

<sup>6</sup> Adamnan. Vit. Columb. passim.

<sup>7</sup> Lib. 3. c. 4.

terior of Columba: "he was a presbyter and abbot, a monk in life and habit." The ancient monks had no office in the Church, but retired from the common employments of the world to study and devotion. If, says St. Jerome,<sup>1</sup> alluding to the practice of the eastern monks, you will enter on the ministry of the Church, and perform the functions of the priesthood, keep in towns; but if you would be a monk, that is, a solitary, what do you do in towns, which are no habitations for monks, but for those who love the world? According to Dionysius Areopagita, the most excellent state among the laics is the holy monks, called Ascetics. Pope Gregory, in many parts of his epistles, expresses his disapprobation of having priests chosen for abbots, for the clerical, adds he, is perfectly distinct from the monastic order. Nor had monkish abbots the priesthood antecedent to the twelfth century.<sup>2</sup> Columba, then, was no anchorite or Sarabaite, but a Cœnobite; not only connected with, but the head of a regular community. By being a presbyter and abbot, we are to understand such a junction as was not only highly honourable, but very unusual.

Upon account of his preaching, example, and success, was the Isle of Hy given him, whereon to construct a monastery. This isle is one of the Hebudes or Hebrides, not large, but sufficient, says Bede, for the maintenance of five families, according to the computation of the English. It was called by the Scots, I, Hy, Hu, and Hui; these are obviously the Gothic Ai, Ei,<sup>3</sup> referring to its oval, or egg-like sha e. By the Picts it was called Onas, and from both, was made Ionas, or as it at present is named, Iona. This accidental compound, which in Hebrew signifies a Dove, as Columba does in Latin,

did not escape the notice of the learned in Hy. Adamnan, one of its abbots, early remarked it, and from what he says on the occasion, there is reason to believe that Greek and Oriental literature was not unknown in that seminary. Mr. Pennant describes it as three miles long and one broad, and details at some length its antiquities. It was in the genuine spirit of monkery that Columba selected an island for his retreat: at once a barrier against the intrusions of curiosity, and the impertinence of visitors, and he was closely imitated by his disciples. Bede proceeds:—"Before Columba came into Britain, he formed a noble monastery in Ireland, called Dearmach, from which and Hy, many others, by his disciples, have been propagated in Britain and Ireland. Over all, this Island-abbey, where he lies interred, has supreme rule. It is always wont to have a presbyter-abbot for its rector: and even the bishops themselves, after an unusual or inverted order, ought to be subject, according to the example of that first doctor, who was no bishop, but a presbyter and monk."

Dearmach, mentioned by Bede, Camden, and Walsh, is supposed to be Armagh, but improperly; the word is Doir-magh, commonly written Durrogh, and which Bede and Adamnan rightly interpret—"the oaken field."

From Bede's saying the bishops were subject to the abbots of Hy, and some absurd amplifications of Fordun Major, and Hector Boethius, affirming the Scottish Church was originally ruled by monks, who were only presbyters, Selden, Blondel, Smectymnus, and the London Ministers *jus divinum*, took occasion to ground arguments in favour of the antiquity of presbyterianism and its precedence of episcopal church government. Rather the eminence of the writers than the

<sup>1</sup> Ad Paulin.

<sup>2</sup> Concil. Pictav. A.D. 1100. And Lettere Ecclesiastiche di Pomp. Sarnelli. Ep.

3. Tanner's Notit. Monast. pref.

<sup>4</sup> Grot. ad Procop. p. 584.

Vir erat (Columba) viæ venerabilis et beatæ memoriæ, monasteriorum pater et fundator, cum Jona propheta homonymon fortitus nomen. Nam licet diverso trium diversarum sono linguarum, unam tantum eandemque rem significat; hoc quod Hebraice dicitur Jona, Græcitas vero Peristeran vocitat, et Latina lingua Columba nuncupatur. In exord. sec. præf.



validity of their proofs, made an impression on the public. In the warmth of controversy, the things that would have ended the dispute are passed over. One instance will suffice: Oswald sends to the Culdees, "ad majores natu Scotorum, petens ut sibi mitteretur An- tistes." Upon this, "accepit Aidanum pontificem." Again, "veniente ad se episcopo." In these notices in Bede the very foundation of Selden's and his brethren's arguments is effectually sapped. Bishop Lhoyd has completely prostrated the adversaries of his order, and demonstrated episcopacy to be co-eval with Christianity in these isles.<sup>2</sup> I shall take the liberty to add a few observations which did not occur to him.

There were but two episcopal sees in Scotland in those early ages; one for the Picts at Abernathy, the other for the Scots at Iona or Hy. Their dioceses were regionary,<sup>3</sup> and like the Irish Bishops of those times, they exercised their functions at large. Thus, about the year 560, Columbanus is stiled by Adamnan, "Episcopus Lagenensis," or Bishop of Leinster. Bede's words imply, that Bishops were established in Scotland immediately on its conversion, otherwise how could they be subject to the abbot's power? The Irish multiplied bishops, like the Eastern church, for the extension of Christianity depended on them; consequently the Irish missionaries established episcopacy wherever they preached; and hence our annals testify<sup>4</sup> that there were a bishop and abbot together at Hy at this time. Before Columba had fixed the seat of his little spiritual kingdom at Iona, his character had risen to a great height. The controversies of kings were settled by him: he could therefore easily procure what places or powers were most conducive to the convenience and

aggrandisement of his institutions: a prince at once his debtor and admirer could refuse nothing he asked, or which royalty could bestow. The canons of general and provincial councils, and these confirmed by an imperial law, placed absolutely the discipline, care, and correction of monks in the hands of the bishop. Brideus inverted this order, and bestowed those rights on Columba, together with the alloidality of Hy, and incidental prerogatives, thereby subjecting the bishop to his temporal power, without, however, affecting the inherent rights of episcopacy, as is evident from the respect Columba himself paid to a bishop at the consecration of the eucharistic elements.

In the observation of Easter, Columba was a Quartadeciman: he left it in charge to his religious at Hy, to keep it from the 14th to the 20th of the moon, which they did to the year 716. This eminent missionary, worn out in the service of religion, died at Hy, A.D. 597, aged seventy-five years. To distinguish him from others of the same name, he was called Colum-celle, from being the father of above a hundred monasteries. Bede, though closely attached to the see of Rome, yet with truth and candour confesses the merits of the Culdees. "Whatever he was himself," says he, "we know of him for certain that he left successors renowned for much continence, the love of God, and regular observance. It is true they followed uncertain rules in the observation of the great festival,<sup>5</sup> as having none to bring them the synodical decrees for the keeping of Easter, by reason of their being seated so far from the rest of the world; therefore, only practising such works of charity and piety as they could learn from the prophetic, evangelical, and apostolical writings." Their warmest panegyrist could not pronounce a finer eulogium

<sup>1</sup> Bed. l. 3. c. 3.

<sup>2</sup> On Church Government, chap. 7.

<sup>3</sup> Non levibus momentis et auctoritatibus probari posset, habuisse olim tam Pictos quam Scotos ante regnorum conjunctionem unum faltem pro unoquoque regno episcopum proprium, atque sedem episcopalem Pictorum suisse apud Abernethy in Stratherne; sedem vero episcopi Scotorum in Iona insula sitam. Wilkins, p. 28.

<sup>4</sup> Spelman, p. 342. Nicholson's Scot. Hist. Lib. p. 210.

<sup>5</sup> Apud Usser. p. 701.

<sup>6</sup> "Repair," says the vision to Egbert, "ad Columbæ monasteria, quia aratrorum non recte incedunt." Bed. l. 5. c. 10. A very gentle reprehension.

on the purity of their faith and integrity of their practice. It is true, they did not adopt the corruptions of the Anglo-Saxon Church, or the superstitions which had contaminated Christianity. For centuries they preserved their countrymen from the baneful contagion, and at length fell a sacrifice in defence of their ancient faith.

The abbots, who succeeded Columba in Hy, were Baithen in 597; Fergnanus in 598; Segienus in 623; Suibney in 652; Cummineus in 657; Failbeus in 669; Adamnan in 679; Conain in 704; and Cunchad in 710. No sooner had the papal power got footing in England, than it made attempts on our Irish Church, but the Culdees, the most celebrated for learning and sanctity, opposed it, and their vigorous opposition retarded its success. It was not a doubtful ray of science and superstition, as Gibbon remarks, that those monks diffused over the northern regions. Superstition, on the contrary, found them her most determined foes; and of their learning, let the reader judge from Cumman's letter to Segienus, abbot of Hy.<sup>1</sup> Cumman was desirous to bring the Culdees over to the Roman manner of celebrating the paschal festival, and addresses his treatise to Solienus, as head of the Columbean monasteries, and the other regents of these seminaries.<sup>2</sup> He tells them he does not presumptuously or inconsiderately offer this apology to them; nor was it disrespect for their customs, or the pride of worldly wisdom, that induced him to undertake the discussion of the paschal controversy. That after the introduction of the cycle of 532 years, he was silent for a year, neither presuming to praise or blame it. During this interval he examined the Scriptures and the history of cycles. The types of the paschal ceremonies in Exodus he illustrates by the comments of Origen and St. Jerome; and adverting to the oriental custom, with much acuteness, he endeavours to evince the impropriety of the Irish manner of keeping Easter. He in-

sists largely on the unity of the Roman, Jerusalem, Antiochian, and Alexandrian Churches, on the decrees of the Nicene council, and on that of Orleans on this subject. He cites St. Jerome warning the faithful, of Jews, heretics, and conventicles, entertaining perverse opinions. "Do you consider," says he, "which are the conventicles here spoken of, whether those who agree in the observation of the holy solemnities, or the Britons and Irish, placed on the extremity of the earth, are as it were a letter on the globe." "You," addressing himself as before, "are the heads and eyes of the people; if through your means they continue obstinate in error, the blood of each soul shall be required of you. Our elders simply and faithfully observed what, in their days, they knew to be best; but they left in command to try all things, and hold fast that which was right."

He then proceeds to establish the doctrine of the Church's unity, on the authority of Scripture, reason, and on that St. Austin, St. Jerome, Cyprian, and Gregory. He then enters on an account of the various cycles, as those of Patrick, Anatolius, Theophilus, Dionysius, Cyril, Morinus, Austin, Victor, Pachomius, and the Nicene. Throughout his letter he every where discovers great ingenuity and erudition, with much knowledge of the sacred writings. The works of Jerome, Origen, Cyril, Cyprian, and Gregory, are often quoted by him, as are the acts of the Nicene and other councils. Nor was he inattentive to his state, for in the conclusion he entreats them to correct whatever may appear uncouth or vicious in its composition. In this tract we can discover Cumman's acquaintance with the doctrine of time and the chronological characters. He is no stranger to the solar, lunar, and bissextile years, to the epactal days and embolismal months, nor to the names of the Hebrew, Macedonian, and Egyptian months. To examine the various cyclical systems, and to point out their construction and errors, re-

<sup>1</sup> Usser. Syllog. Epist. p. 24.

<sup>2</sup> Dominis sanctis et in Christo venerandis, Segieno Abbati Columbæ sancti et cæterorum sanctorum successorum. Usser. supra.



quired no mean abilities: a large portion of Greek and Latin literature was also indispensibly necessary. Though a man of learning, Cumman apostatised, and listened to Roman emissaries. Like all new converts, he sees nothing but error and corruption in the religion he left. He upbraids the Irish with dissenting from the Greek, Hebrew, Scythian, and Egyptian Churches, and the Roman, in the observation of the paschal festival,—that it was heretical pravity to affirm Rome erred, Jerusalem erred, and that the Britons and Scots were alone wise. He tells them that in the synod of Lene, or Leighlin, where the abbots, the successors of Ailbe, Kiaran, Brendan, Nesson, and Lugid were assembled, it was determined to send to Rome to know how the festival was kept, which on their return they reported to be every where the same, and different from the Irish: that thereupon it was resolved to conform to the practice of the universal Church. These missionaries brought back with them, from the Italian metropolis, holy relics and sacred writings; “in which,” says Cumman, “was proved to be the power of God: for I saw with mine eyes a blind maiden restored to her sight by them, a paralytic made to walk, and many evil spirits cast out. However,” adds he, “there was a whited wall,” supposed to be St. Munnú, “who recanted and returned to the traditions of his fathers, whom God, I hope, will strike in some signal manner.” Here we perceive the intolerance of Cumman’s new religion.

In 635, Oswald, Prince of Northumberland, who had received baptism among the Irish, and was no admirer of Roman innovations, sent to Hy, for a Culdee bishop to instruct his people in evangelical truths. He took no notice of Paulinus, the ancient prelate of York, nor of James, the deacon, his companion, for they were devoted to Rome. Aidan, an Irishman, and a Culdee of Hy, was consecrated and sent. He was a man,” says Bede, “of the greatest modesty, piety, and

moderation; having a zeal for God, but not fully according to knowledge, for he kept the Lord’s day of Easter according to the custom of his country. This abatement of his merit could not be passed over by an eleve of Rome, but it is conveyed in no rancorous or intolerant language. “The king,” continues Bede, “gave the bishop the Isle of Lindisfarne, on the coast of Northumberland, for his episcopal see. Gregory had before fixed these at York: this nomination Aidan rejected for two reasons: first, it was not agreeable to the spirit of Culdeism, which chose islands in preference to the mainland, as its master, Columba, did; and, secondly, as it would be an acquiescence in the decision of the Roman pontiff, which the Irish hierarchy, complete and independent in itself, never submitted to. Oswald personally attended Aidan’s ministry. When the latter preached, not perfectly understanding the Anglo-Saxon tongue, the king was interpreter, for during his exile in Ireland he had learned the language of the Isle. Numbers of Culdees daily arrived from Ireland: those who were priests baptised the converted; numbers flocked to them, and the Church of Christ was greatly enlarged. Aidan gave a luminous example of charity, piety, and abstinence, and recommended his doctrine by his practice.”<sup>1</sup> Thus far Bede, whose third book of Ecclesiastical History is principally employed in praise of the Culdees. Wherever he mentions their dissent from Rome, (and this was their only crime,) he does it with great delicacy; and when he says it was from ignorance of synodical decrees, we have seen he endangers his veracity in such an excuse.

Aidan died in 651; he was succeeded by Finan, an Irishman and Culdee, of Hy: he baptised Peada, prince of the middle Angles, and gave him Diuma, a Culdee, for his Bishop. After Diuma, Ceolla, another Culdee, was advanced to the episcopate of Mercia, but he resigned and retired to Hy. To the apostolic labours of the Culdean missionaries were the Northern

<sup>1</sup> The very words of Bede: *Doctrinum ejus id maxime commendabat omnibus, quod non aliter vivebat quam ipse docebat: l. iii. c. 3.*



English indebted for their conversion; and Doctor Innet, in his learned *Origines Anglicanæ*, records their exertions in honourable terms.

Finan departed this life, A.D. 661, and Colman, a Culdee of Hy, came in his room. He was an intrepid opposer of papal doctrines, as his disputation with the Romanists who supported them fully proves. King Oswy, who presided at this conference at Whitby, had been too much tampered with by the Romish party to be a fair arbitrator. Colman, when he found his opinions rejected, collected all the Irish Culdees at Lindisfarn, and about thirty monks, who were studying there, and stopping at Hy, he sailed to Ireland. Immediately the Culdees were everywhere expelled by Oswy, and replaced by Benedictines. Not contented with this triumph, the Romish clergy used Egfrid, King of Northumberland, to wreak their vengeance, a few years after, on the diffident Irish, a harmless and innocent people (says Bede, pitying their calamities), and always friendly to the English. Johnson, in his notes on the Saxon councils, throws some light on the transactions at Whitby: "The conference was held in the presence of King Oswy, in a nunnery erected by Hilda, the abbess. Two Irish bishops were there, but Colman was the principal advocate for the British and Irish Easter, and Wilfrid, chief speaker for the Roman. Oswy, who had kept the Irish manner, yielded to Wilfrid, because he was told St. Peter was the author of the Roman manner, and that he was the key-keeper of heaven, from which Oswy desired not to be excluded. The two Irish Bishops went away unconvinced; the king pronounced sentence for himself only and for his family; for before this he had kept his Easter sometimes, while his Queen, who was a Kentish lady, and followed the Roman manner, was in her Palm Sunday. Oswy passed sentence, not in consideration of the merits of the cause, but in honour of St. Peter. Theodore made great exertions for the observance of this Roman Easter, yet the Welsh continued their old

practice till about the year 800, and then Elbodeus, a bishop of their own, brought them into it." The controversy on this subject may be seen in Usher, and other ecclesiastical writers. At length Adamnan the Culdean abbot of Hy, apostatised, and by the instigations of Ceolfred, Abbot of Girwy, Naitan, King of the Picts, expelled the Culdees from Hy. This happened A.D. 717. Thus expired those illustrious seminaries of Culdees at Hy and Lindisfarn. After bravely preserving their tenets for more than a century against the secret machinations and open violence of their enemies, at length they fell a sacrifice to encroaching ambition and spiritual intolerance. A great access, says Cressy, in a high tone of exultation, was made to the lustre of this year by the conversion (conversion!) of the monks of Hy, and all the monasteries and churches subject to them, to the unity of the Catholic Church.

The monasteries of Columba were the bright constellations of our hemisphere, enlightening every part with the brilliant radiance of the gospel and learning. Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, says Innet, set up schools in every place to out-do the Irish and break the interest of the Quartadecimans, for so the Culdees were called. They continued, as an excellent writer observes,<sup>1</sup> until a new race of monks arose, as inferior to them in learning and piety, as they surpassed them in wealth and ceremonies, by which they captivated the eyes and infatuated the minds of men.

It would be doing injustice to the subject, and leaving this little history imperfect, to omit some practices of the Culdees which deserve notice. They, as well as the British monks, supported themselves by the labour of their hands. In this they resembled their archetypes of the East. The Culdees were married, but when it came to their turn to officiate they did not cohabit with their wives. By the twenty-eighth canon of the African code, sub-deacons, who handle the holy mysteries, deacons, priests, and bishops are directed at their

<sup>1</sup> Buchan, *supra*, p. 127.

several terms to abstain from their wives. By terms, as explained by the thirteenth of the Trullan canons, are meant the times of their ministration; or, as the old scholiast on the third African understands it, some time before and after the Eucharist,—a practice derived from Egypt to the Jews, and from them adopted by Christians. Celibacy was unknown for the first three hundred years of the Church. Northumberland was converted by Irish Culdees; in 950 the priests of that country published canons; one was, “if a priest dismiss one wife and take another, let him be an anathema. Here the censure falls on second marriages. The Culdees in St. Andrew’s were married to the year 1100.

The registry of St. Andrew’s informs us, that the Culdees, relaxing in discipline, were deprived of their possessions, but King Alexander restored them conditionally, that they should be more attentive in attending divine service, which they neglected, except when the king or bishop was present, performing, however, their own office in their own way in a small corner of the church. This account is obscure, merely because the truth is not related. For the registry acquaints us, when Alexander began the reform in the church of St. Andrew, there was no one to serve at the altar of the blessed apostle, St. Andrew, or to celebrate mass. This shews that the Culdees, who were settled there, paid no respect to these holy relics or to the mass, but chose rather to forfeit their church and property than desert their principles; preferring their ancient office with integrity of heart, in a corner, to the possession of the choir and its superstitious pageantry. Their office was Gallican, but very different from the Roman. We are sure it was not the mass, which Pope Gregory confesses was the work of a private person, and not of Apostolic authority.<sup>1</sup> The Anglo-Saxons accepted the Roman office, but the Britons and Irish retained their primitive forms.

The conduct of the Romanist towards the Culdees was uniformly persecuting in every place. A charter of David, King of Scotland, recites, that he had given to the Canons of St. Andrew the Isle of Lochleven to institute there the canonical rule, and that the Culdees, its ancient possessors, if they thought fit to conform to that rule, live peaceably and in subjection to the Canons, might continue there; but if they rejected these terms, they were to be expelled. This proposal, incompatible with their principles, not being acceded to, they were ejected. “In the greater churches in Ulster, as at Cluaninnis and Daminnis, and particularly at Armagh, in our memory,” says Archbishop Usher, “were priests called Culdees, who celebrated divine service in the choir, their president was styled Prior of the Culdees, and he acted as præcentor.” It was not easy to eradicate a reverence founded on solid piety, exemplary charity, and superior learning, or to commit sudden violence on characters where such qualities were found. The Romish emissaries were therefore obliged to exert all their cunning to remove those favourable prejudices, and where force could not, seduction often prevailed. The alternative of expulsion or acquiescence must ever strongly operate on human imbecility: in a few instances the latter was chosen. Thus, about the year 1127, Gregory, abbot of the Culdean monastery of Dunkeld, and Andrew his successor, were made Bishops, the first of Dunkeld, the other of Caithness. The last-cited intelligent antiquary confirms the wary manner in which the Culdees were treated, as making their abbots bishops, and preserving to those who had parishes their benefices during life. The same policy was followed in Ireland. The president of the Culdees was made præcentor; he was to have the most honourable seat at table and every respect from his corps. Such little distinctions, while they flattered and saved appearances,

<sup>1</sup> Epist. 63. l. 7.

<sup>2</sup> Priori Colideorum locus primus in mensa, et a Colideis cæteris reverentia congrua debeat. Usser. supra.



were fatal to the Culdees; many breaches were made in their rights, and at last they lost all their privileges, their old institute, and retained barely the name of their pristine celebrity. Such as they were in latter ages, they continued to exist, and so late as 1625, they had considerable property in Armagh, as seven townlands, with smaller parcels, a great number of rectories, vicarages, tithes, messuages, and houses.

Let us now attend to the antiquities of one of their ancient seats: this in old records is named Inchenimeo, corrupted from Innisnabeo, or the "Island of the living," but, from its situation, most commonly called Monaincha, or the "Boggy Isle." It lies about a mile south from the road leading from Burros-in-Ossory to Roscrea, and about three miles from the latter. Gildus Cambrensis, who came here with King John in 1185, thus speaks of it:<sup>1</sup> "In North Munster is a lake containing two Isles:<sup>2</sup> in the greater is a church of the ancient religion, and in the lesser, a chapel wherein a few monks, called Culdees, devoutly serve God. In the greater, no woman or any animal of the feminine gender ever enters, but it immediately dies. This has been proved by many experiments. In the lesser isle, no one can die, hence it is called, 'Insula Viventum' or the island of the living. Often people are afflicted with diseases in it, and are almost in the agonies of death: when all hopes of life are at an end, and that the rich would rather quit the world than lead longer a life of misery, they are put into a little boat and wafted over to the larger isle, where, as soon as they land, they expire." Thus far our author. This *Insula Viventum* is exactly the same as the Icelandic *Udainsaker*, or the land of the immortals, and of which Bartholine tells us: that this place is situated in North Iceland: that the natives believe no one can die there, although labouring under a deadly

sickness, (*etiamsi letali morbo infectum*,) until he is carried out of its precincts: that therefore the inhabitants have deserted it, fearing all the terrors of death, without enjoying the prospect of release.

Monaincha is situated almost in the centre of a widely-extended bog, called the bog of Monela, and seems a continuation of the bog of Allen, which runs from east to west, through the kingdom. Since the age of Cambrensis, and from the operation of natural causes, the lesser Isle is now the greater, and Monaincha, which contains about two acres of dry arable ground, is of greater extent than the women's island. In the latter is a small chapel, and in the former the Culdean abbey, and an oratory to the east of it. Monaincha is elevated a little above the surrounding bog; the soil gravel and small stones. We may easily understand what Cambrensis means by the Church here being of the "old religion." The Culdees, its possessors, had not even at this period, when the Council of Cashel had decreed uniformity of faith and practice, conformed to the reigning superstition: they served God in this wild and dreary retreat, sacrificing all the flattering prospects of the world for their ancient doctrine and discipline. Their bitterest enemies bear testimony to their extraordinary purity and piety.<sup>3</sup> In more places than one of his Topography, Cambrensis mentions this ancient religion as existing in many parts of Ireland: his language breathes the vindictive spirit of their old persecutors. "There is," says he, "a lake in Ulster, in which is an Isle divided into two parts: in the one, which is pleasant and beautiful, is a church of the orthodox faith; the other rough and horrible, and inhabited by demons."<sup>4</sup> In the latter the Culdees, no doubt, resided.

When Columba selected islands above other places for his monks, he closely imitated the first professors of the ascetic life. A Latin

<sup>1</sup> Topog. 2 c. 4. p. 716.

<sup>2</sup> This was Thuomond, which was one of the seven independent provinces of Ireland, ruled by the O'Briens, at the Norman invasion.

<sup>3</sup> *Devote Deum deservunt*, says Cambrensis of the Monaincha Culdees, and the Welsh Culdees he styles, *Monachi religiosissimi*. Itiner. Camb. p. 865.

<sup>4</sup> Topog. p. 717-728.

<sup>5</sup> Rutil. Itiner. l. 1.



poet thus writes about the year 417:—

Processu pelagi jam se Capraria tollit,  
Squallit lucifugis insula plena viris.  
Ipsi se monachos, Graio cognomine,  
dicunt,  
Quod soli nullo vivere teste volunt.

The monasteries in the isles of Canobus and Lerins were, very early, famous.<sup>1</sup> The Scottish isles were filled with Culdees, and their insular establishments in Wales and Ireland were numerous.

Cambrensis tells us no one ever died or could die in Monaincha, thereby insinuating that death, the only comfort of the wretched and diseased, was denied to the heretical isle. But this is a shameful and mean perversion of the honourable denomination of Innisnaboe, or the island of the Living, given from remote ages to Monaincha. Buchanan expressly assures us, the cells of the Culdees were converted into churches; so that it was not in the gross and vulgar sense, given by Cambrensis, the name is to be understood, of no one ever dying there, but in a refined and spiritual one, of men acquiring immortality by the exercises of religion and the cultivation of virtue. In Scotland are many small isles, named the Islands of Saints, wherein people have a most superstitious desire of being interred, which Pennant erroneously supposes to arise from the fear of having their bodies devoured on the mainland by wolves; but the true reason is, the holiness of these places, sanctified by the residence of Culdees, and before them by the Druids.

The length of our Culdean abbey, in Monaincha, is thirty-three feet, the breadth eighteen. The nave is lighted by two windows to the south, and the chancel by one at its east end. The former are contracted arches, the latter fallen down. The height of the portal, or western entrance, is seven feet three inches to the fillet, by four feet six inches wide. The arch of this, and that of the choir are semicircular. Sculpture seems here to have exhausted

her treasures. A nebule moulding adorns the outward semicircle of the portal, a double nebule with beads the second, a chevron the third, interspersed with the triangular frette, roses, and other ornaments. It is also decorated with chalices, artfully made at every section of the stone, so as to conceal the joint. The stones are of a whitish grit, brought from the neighbouring hills of Ballaghmore: being porous, they have suffered much from the weather; but the columns of the choir are of an harder texture (though grits), close-grained and receiving a good polish. Being of a reddish colour, they must have been handsome objects. They were quarried on the south-west side of the bog, and are a species of lapidum schistarium, splitting into laminæ, six feet long, with which most of the Abbey is cased without. By some accident ashen keys have been dropped on the walls of this building, in a number of years they have become large trees. Their roots have insinuated into every crevice, burst the walls every where, and threaten the whole with ruin. Such was the state of the Roman edifices, after the destruction of the capital by the Goths, as is minutely and affectedly described by Cassiodorus.

It will readily occur, how great must have been the labour and expence of transporting the materials of this and the other structures in cots of excavated trees to Monaincha, and before this was done, the carrying them a great distance over a deep, miry, and shaking bog, before they reached the margin of the water. It appears by the tradition of the old inhabitants, that about a century ago the island was not accessible but in boats; every drain for the river Nore being choked up with mud and fallen trees; the surface, in consequence, to a vast extent, was covered with water. Present appearances fully confirm this account.

Adjoining the abbey, on the north side, was the prior's chamber, which

<sup>1</sup> Hieron. Prolog. ad Reg. Pachom. Savaro. Not. in Sid. Apoll. The Teutonic people held both islands and lakes sacred. Tacit. Ger. c. 40. Greg. Turon. de Glor. Conf. c. 2. Tacitus mentions a—castum nemus,—an unpolluted Druidic grove in an isle. The monks adopted the holiness of such places into their ritual.

communicated with the church by a door with a Gothic arch. There were a good garden and orchard, in the memory of living people, and many heaps of stones, and some crosses, were dispersed over the isle.

At what time the present Abbey of Monaincha was built is not easy to determine. The poverty and fewness of the Culdees in this isle in the age of Cambrensis, and his omission of their beautiful fabric, strongly incline me to think, that the Abbey was constructed after this author wrote. Bentham describes the Norman style of ecclesiastical architecture in general use to the end of the first Henry's reign, A.D. 1135, to be constituted of circular round-headed doors, massive pillars, with a kind of regular base and capital, and thick walls.<sup>1</sup> The arches were adorned with the various mouldings, like those already noticed on the western portal of our church. But besides this Saxon or early Norman, we discover plainly the Gothic style mixed with it at Monaincha, which style Ducarel<sup>2</sup> supposes to have been introduced about the end of the twelfth century, and he further observes, that this mixture of styles was frequently used for ornament or beauty.

If we acquiesce in the opinion of these ingenious and learned antiquaries, the date of our Abbey will be about the beginning of the thirteenth century, at which time Augustinians were settled there, and the Culdees removed to Corbally, a small distance from their former residence, where they erected a curious little chapel, of a cruciform shape, the windows long and very narrow: it still remains in tolerable preservation. The Augustinians did not appear in this kingdom until 1193, for at that time Earl Strongbow brought four from Bodmyn in Cornwall, to his Abbey of Kells, in the county of Kilkenny, which he had dedicated to this order; so that here are circumstances and a coincidence in point of time agreeing very well with the conjecture respecting the age of our Monaincha Monastery. As to its being under the invocation of the blessed Virgin, St. Hilary, and St. Donan, the monks of St. Austin might have deserted it, and others of different orders possess it. Wherever the influence of Rome prevailed, the Culdees were removed, and Columba himself was not supplicated in Ireland as a patron saint before the year 1741.

<sup>1</sup> Antiquities of Ely, p. 34.

<sup>2</sup> Anglo-Norman Antiquities, p. 162.



















UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 110907513